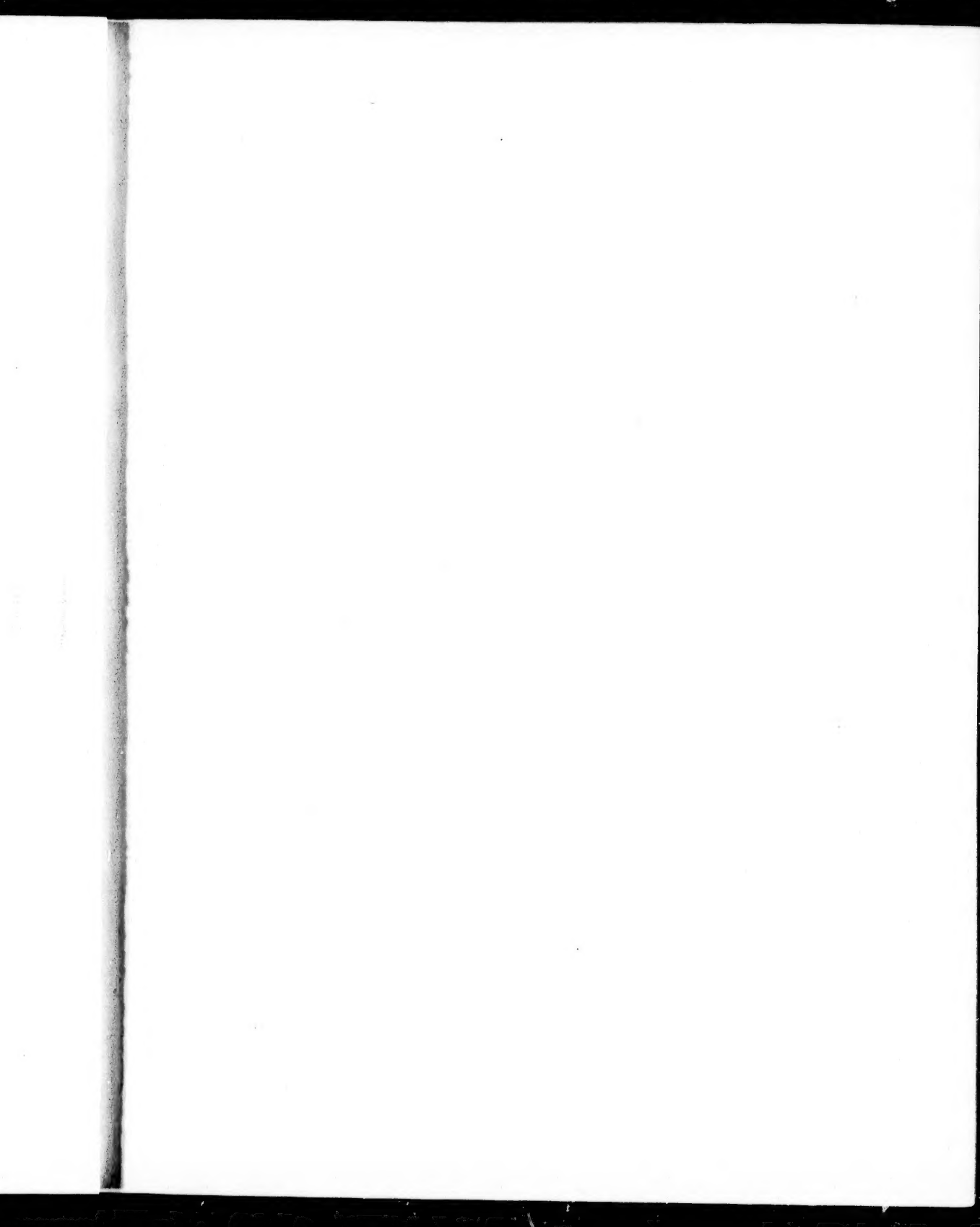
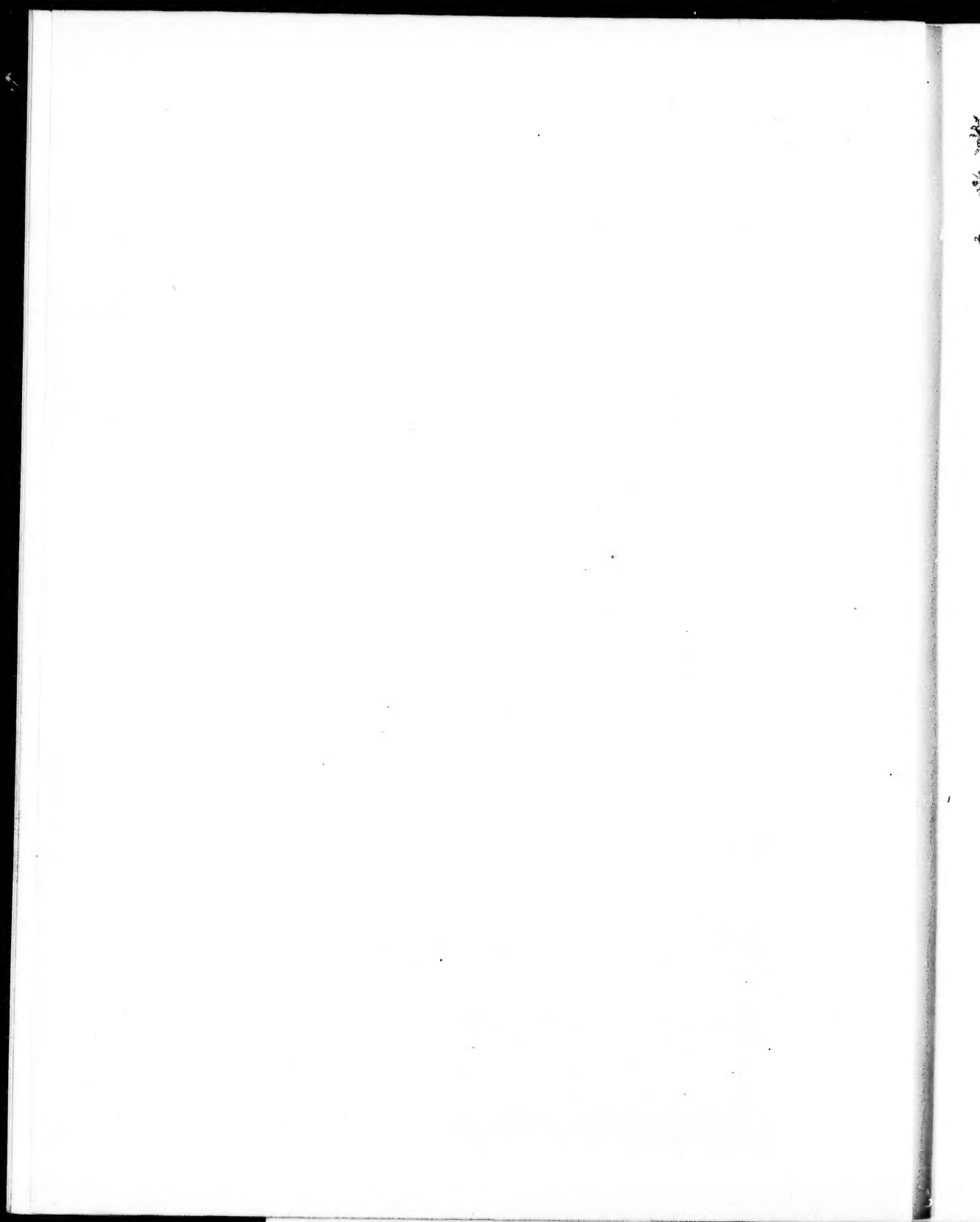




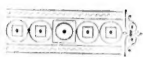




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LL AROUND



THE WORLD

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD

OF

Voyages, Travels and Adventures

IN ALL PARTS OF THE GLOBE.

With Hundreds of Illustrations,

AFTER DRAWINGS BY

GUSTAVE DORÉ, BÉRARD, LANCELOT, JULES NÖEL, AND OTHER EMINENT ARTISTS

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PREFACE.

THE object of "ALL ROUND THE WORLD" is to set before the Stay-at-Home Traveller an exact image and representation of the World wherein he lives; supplying him with that ready means of acquaintance with each Country, its Inhabitants, its Scenery, its Vegetation, its Animals, and its Monuments, that can only be attained by the eye, and accompanying each pictorial delight with graphic Illustrations by men of celebrity in the career of Travel and Adventure.

We propose to take our readers "ALL ROUND THE WORLD," in a long and varied traverse; opening to them the great Books of Geography, of Science, and of Nature.

How necessary such a Work is at the present moment; how little we know of ourselves and each other—of those even who live almost in contact with ourselves—may be judged from the fact, that the interior of even our own great Colonies is as yet *Terra Incognita*. In Asia, the vast range of the Himalayas, with the health-giving breezes of a northern climate, looking down upon the sun-burnt plains of India on the one side, and the smiling pastures of Tartary on the other, were until lately unvisited; China and Cochin China, with their swarming millions of population, unfrequented; and Japan a sealed country. In America, while of the South-east we still only know

"Those vast shores washed by the farthest sea."

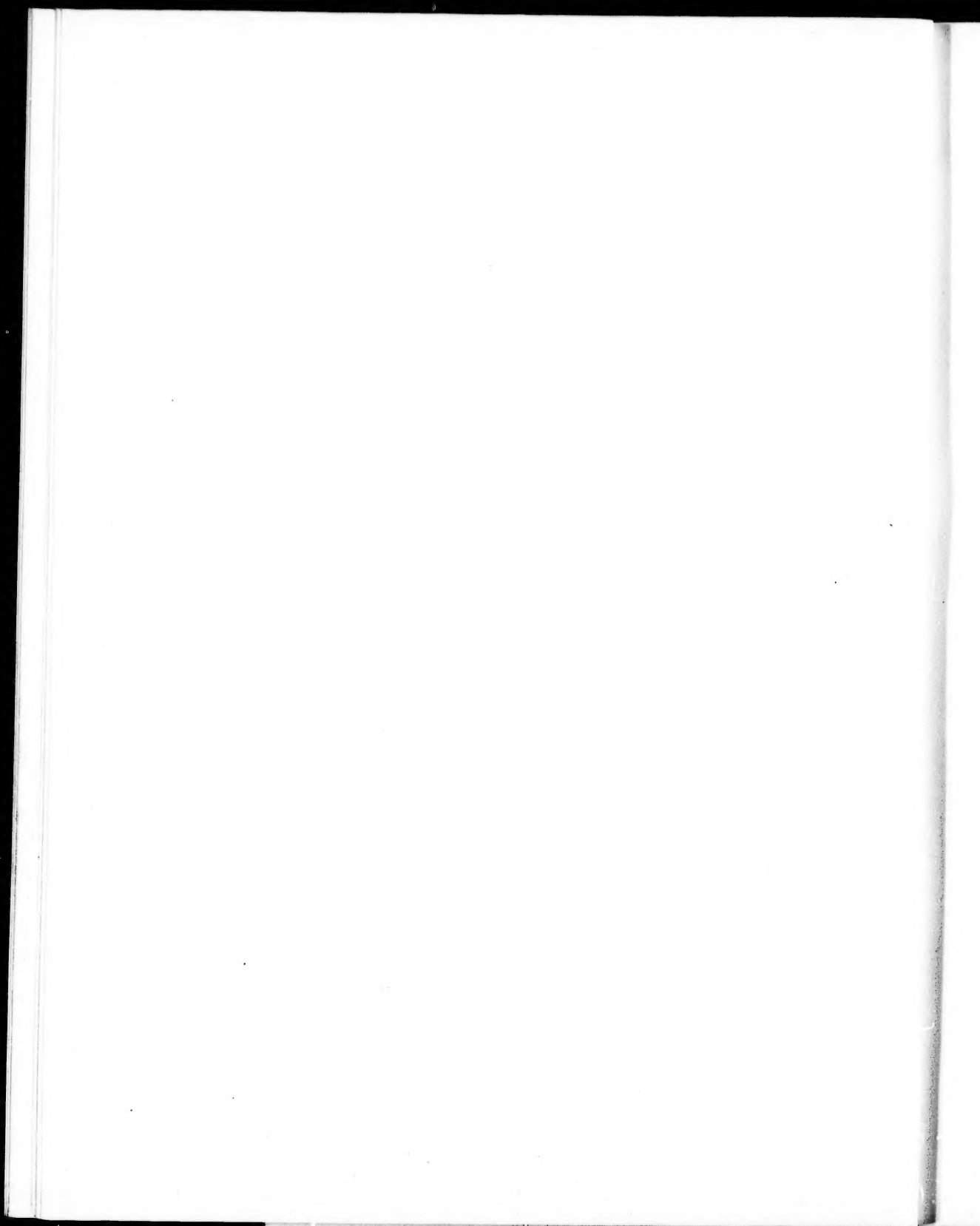
of the Centre and the West we were almost wholly ignorant, except that they were inhabited by untamed savages. It is a fact that the whole of a country, since pronounced to be the most beautiful in the world for scenery as well as the mildest in climate, whose valleys teem with fertility, and whose mountains abound with gold and other metals, and minerals even more precious—viz., from California upwards to Vancouver's Island, and across from the Red River to the Pacific, was left for two centuries in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, as being a region of ice and snow, fit only for the bear, the beaver, and the trapper.

In Africa, we are only just roused to the importance, not of exploring merely, but of trading with the tribes and nations of its fertile and healthful central regions; while Commerce no longer brandishes the bloody whip and clanks the iron fetters of the slave, as she sails up the Gambia, the Benawe, and the Niger, or loads her polluted decks with a human cargo from barracoons on the fatal Western coast; but, with Religion by her side, advances up the Congo and Zambesi, to assure and certify a conquest more enduring than arms—intercourse in connection with the precious gift of instruction in the Religion of Peace.

Wonderful, indeed, has been the progress of discovery effected within the most recent times. Whilst the exploration of the Niger, the Benawe, and the Zambesi, in Africa, reveal new fields of inquiry, the navigation of the Murray and the Murrumbidgee in Australia, and of the Amoor in Russia, opens up new regions to the colonist, and that of the Yang-tse-kiang in China, and of the Parana, the Paraguay, the Amazon and other great rivers in South America, equally extensive realms to commercial enterprise. Nor are the remarkable accessions made of late to our knowledge of the interior of Australia—more especially of the discovery of a vast extent of land available for pasturage or tillage—of less import to the future. The discovery of a whole district of lakes, and of a region of snow-clad mountains in intertropical Africa, with the exploration of the upper affluents of the White Nile, solves the great problem of all ages—the source of the Nile; nor ought it to be omitted, that the determination of the existence of an available pass in the Rocky Mountains is like the last link in the great line of communication, which will inevitably be established with the lapse of time, between the Atlantic and the Pacific through British America.

Every care has been bestowed in making "ALL ROUND THE WORLD" a work of intrinsic value, not only as a book, but as a work of art. The designs are not ornamental landscapes, but drawings by travellers themselves, executed by the most able artists and engravers.

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ALL ROUND THE WORLD:

EDITED BY W. F. AINSWORTH, F.R.G.S., F.S.A.

FIVE DAYS AT JERUSALEM.



VIEW OF JERUSALEM FROM OVER THE POOL OF HEZEKIAH.

I.—JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

He who would visit Jerusalem aright must do so with the Bible in his hand and faith in his heart. He must throw down the measuring rod, and lay aside the historical disquisition, while he visits the scene of Jehovah's just wrath and a Saviour's never-ending mercy, with the hushed silence of a penitent and the reverential enthusiasm of a pilgrim. It was with such feelings that we first touched the soil of the Holy Land, when landing from the steamer at Jaffa, and set forth on a six hours' ride towards Ramleh, the first stage on our journey towards Jerusalem.

Jaffa or Joppa, before whose time-stained and battle-worn walls we are now landing, through a difficult surf, is one of the most ancient cities in the world. It is here that Noah is said to have built the ark; here the cedars from Mount Lebanon for the building of the Temple were landed by Hiram, at the order of Solomon, for conveyance to Jerusalem; here the prophet Jonas embarked for Tarsus; hither came St.

Peter from Lydda, to restore to life the charitable Tabitha (whose dwelling may yet be seen); and during his residing here, in the house of Simon the tanner, (there is a row of tanners' shops on the other side of the town), it is here that the Apostle saw, while sleeping on the roof (just as many of the inhabitants are doing at this very moment, for the tops of these houses are all flat and battlemented) the vision of the clean and unclean meats; here the messengers of the Centurion found the Apostle; hence he went further on his great mission to the Gentiles; and tradition points to the Convent of the Holy Land as built on this very spot, where Simon lived. Burnt by Judas Maccabeus, taken by Vespasian, Joppa was erected by the Crusaders into a titular county. Godfrey of Bouillon died here, as some say, though we shall shortly see his tomb at Jerusalem; and the walls of a donjon keep, built by St. Louis, still remain: as does also, sad and doubtful monument! the vast magazine or hospital where died of the plague, and, as scandal says, of too much opium administered (in mercy, as he alleges) by

their chief, so many of the victorious soldiers in the French expedition to Egypt. Nor are classical heroes wanting to the place; for at ten minutes' distance to the south (in eastern travelling we allow three miles to the hour—a horse's walking pace,) you can see on the summit of an eminence a small Mussulman sanctuary, the very place, we are assured, where Perseus, mounted on the winged horse Pegasus and armed with the Gorgon-headed shield of Minerva, conquered the sea monster and rescued the fair Andromeda. The fact, we know, never occurred any more (than the fellow fight between St. George (who was born in this district) and the Dragon; but, nevertheless, St. Jerome himself, in his Commentaries, does not disclaim to mention an oral tradition as existing in his times. A clever writer suggests that the city itself was the Andromeda, and the sea monster the Phœnician pirates; the winged horse being the Desert Arabs, who were invited to her rescue.

The town is charmingly situated on a hill coming down to the shore, with the sea on the west, and beautiful gardens on the east. The gardens of Jaffa are estimated at one hundred and fifty, in one hundred of which are large pools, constantly supplied from shallow wells, wherewith all the trees, as well as vegetables, are daily watered. The citron, orange (both fruit and blossom on the tree, for it is April), the lemon, the banana, and the palm, will strongly impress you with the notion of tropical scenery; but the apples, pears, and quinces, even the mulberry trees, will remind you of Devonshire. Feast your eyes upon this verdure, and these orchards, and these pomegranates, good Pilgrim! for you will see no where again such luxuriant vegetation until you reach the Valley of the Jordan!

Pass through the one only gate looking towards Jerusalem, and notice the void space near it, and how the people gather there. You perceive the governor and the judge are hearing cases there, just as you read of those seated at the gate in the Scrip-
: res. Now are we in the open country—in the very Desert of Egypt—for all along this part of the coast the sand blows in from the sea, and destroys the natural fertility of the soil, watered as it is by many streams now hidden in minute percolations. They say this sand is brought up by the northern current

of the Nile. It may be seen in the Bay of Acre, begins again at Cesarea, south of Jaffa, passes Askalon and Gaza, and rolls on in desolating waves to the Great Desert that lies between Arabia and Africa.

Water your horse, before starting, at this noble Saracenic fountain, with its elegantly ornamented roof supported on six pillars. It is the most beautiful object in the place; the courts and minarets that surround it, the Arab merchants, and the busy people, always about, cannot fail to impress upon your mind a recollection of what Arab life must have been when the Moors were a great and civilized people.

I see you take out your pistols and examine the priming. If ever you wish to be robbed while travelling in the East, you should carry arms. They are the articles most coveted by wild people; consequently, the greatest temptation you can offer them: they will rob you for your arms, and even murder you. From Jaffa to Jerusalem, you are, otherwise, as safe as between London and Birmingham. You hire a dragoon and horses, and place yourself in his custody at about a pound a day, if for a long journey; just as in former times men hired post horses, and took a guide through the Lake Districts. They will ask you to have a guard, but you might as well walk along the Strand, or any other high street, at noonday, with a policeman to take care of you. The best friends for a voyage through the Holy Land, are a priest or a clergyman: those who are known only to do good are everywhere respected.

Passing through the green forest of gardens, and, thence, through thickets of cactus, we come out at last upon a wide spreading plain, not a flat dead level, but swelling with gentle undulations, rising into long sandy ridges, from which occasionally slope up rocky mounds and hills. The day is hot, though the sun has not long been up; the heat is hardly bearable, the vapour rises steaming from the sands, and out upon the horizon is the mirage—the phantom of a lake! You are now in the land of Dan. The peasant of Sharon—the valley of which is hard by—bears, as you may see, the Egypto-African characteristics of that race. Our road is lonely, but how picturesque the few we meet! The camel, with a burthen seemingly larger than himself; the slow, heavy, down-looking Jew; the haughty Turk; the slender, swarthy, muscular, lithe limbed peasant—the women, bearing jars of water on their heads!

Having early in our journey passed a fountain in the Moorish style, surrounded by cypresses and ancient sycamores, the pious erection of the good Abu Nabbut, a former governor of Jaffa, we reached a village called Yazan, situated to the left of the way, on a mound all green with gardens; for wherever there is water here, there is verdure, and, wherever care is taken, everywhere there is water. This village marks the first hour of the distance. On the right stands a sepulchral chapel, surrounded by nine cupolas, on the right, again, of which is a cistern or fountain with a narrow mouth, whereupon rests a jar from which the thirsty wayfarer may quench his thirst. This is called the "Fountain of the Plane-tree." The chapel marks, so says tradition, the tomb of the Prophet Gad—Gad, the Seer,—at whose instance, as we read (2 Samuel xxiv. 18), David bought from Araunah the Jebusite the area (now known as Moriah) on which the temple was afterwards built,—not the Patriarch Gad, as it is

¹ Rabbinical writers derive the name of Joppa from Japhet, while the classical geographers refer it to Iope, daughter of Edus, and they argue that such a form of the word best suits the Phœnician original, which signifies "an eminence." Joppa existed when the Israelites invaded the land of Canaan, and is mentioned as lying on the border of the tribe of Dan (Joshua, xix. 46). It was the only port possessed by the Israelites till Herod formed the harbour of Cesarea. Although the port is bad and even dangerous, Joppa has been from the first Crusade down to our own day the landing-place of pilgrims going to Jerusalem. There is still an hospital for pilgrims there, dependent on the Convent of San Salvador in Jerusalem, and occupied by Spanish monks. The eminence prominent on which Joppa is built, is picturesquely crowned by a castle, the town itself chiefly faces the north; and the buildings appear, from the steepness of the site, as if standing upon one another. The most prominent features of the architecture from without are the flattened domes by which most of the buildings are surmounted, and the appearance of arched vaults. From the steepness of the site, many of the streets are connected by flights of steps, and the one that runs along the sea-wall is the most clean and regular of the whole. There are three mosques, and Greek and Armenian convents, as well as the Latin one. No ancient ruins remain in a place so frequently destroyed in war. The chief manufacture is soap, and the inhabitants are said not to exceed 4,000, of whom one-fourth are reckoned to be Christians.

argued, for the sons of Joseph all died in the land of Egypt: unless, as a pious writer suggests, the bodies of all the patriarchs were embalmed, as was expressly directed to be done with those of Jacob and Joseph, and transported to the Land of Promise; a supposition strengthened by the fact that the pious Mussulman points out, about an hour's distance from the tomb of Gad, the tomb of Nebi-Ruben, the Holy Saint or Patriarch Reuben.

Thus surmising, we slowly jog on for another half hour, until we reach a grove of olives, planted in quin cunxes, and a plantation of mulberry trees—the remains of an enterprise of certain French speculators in the 17th century, undertaken at the instigation of Colbert. You must not fail to picture to yourself how, when the 18th century was in its prime, these olives and these mulberry trees afforded a grateful shade to Bonaparte and his staff, who came thus far on their way towards Jerusalem. The mulberries here are grown for their fruit, and not for the silk worm. We are too early for their fruit, which does not ripen until May, and is very sharp, and in flavour like an overgrown blackberry. To the right of the road—if so a camel path or horse track be rightly called—half hidden in the grey foliage of these olive trees, at about a mile distance, lies the village of Beit Dagan. Pronounce this, as do the Egyptians, Beit Dagan, and you will have (for *Beit*, or *Beth*, means house or place belonging to) the House of Dagon, that great idol of the Philistines, who could not endure the proximity of the Ark of the Lord. We are near to Ashdod—where the captured ark was deposited before Dagon and triumphed over the idol—and not farther than an hour from Gath.

Passing Surpud, a poor village, and its ruinous aqueduct, about a musket shot to the right, where the prophet Jonas is said to be buried—a fact which the pious Mussulmans dispute, when they show his tomb at Nineveh—we come in sight of the wished-for tower and minarets of Ramleh, the Arimathea of the Scriptures, rising up from a wood of olive trees, whose trunks are about as thick as those of pollard oaks. The name now given implies the City of the Sand. It is, indeed, a city of dust and ashes, for the mounds of grey rubbish that lie about in the narrow, crooked streets, are the dried lees of soap factories, and the slightest wind blows them about, so much so as to blind a large proportion of the population. We hasten to the Latin Convent, a large building walled round for safety, as are all convents in the east. There we find shelter and refreshment, thinking, thereupon, the goodness of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, who founded it, as well as the kindness of the venerable brothers who offered us the welcome solace of so excellent a repast. How delicious the shelter from the sun with which this pillared corridor provides us! How cool this stone floor; how clean that whitewashed, arched roof, with its frescoes of St. Joseph! How grateful the look-out from the cloisters into the gardens, that palm-tree's shade, and that far-spreading, thick-leaved vine!

Ramleh is a town of some size, and has 3,000 inhabitants.¹ When the pirates of the Mediterranean hunted out the merchants' ships along the sea coast of

Syria, the trade from Persia and India came inland by Bagdad and Damascus in caravans, and then, Ramleh was a stopping place. Hence its large khans or open inns, its yards and storerooms for travellers and merchandize. Large houses are numerous, and there is a Greek and Armenian convent, as well as the one of whose hospitality we are now partaking. But the streets are narrow and crooked, as well for safety and defence as for shade. The square tower to the right of the road is known as "The Tower of the Forty Martyrs." It forms a portion of an old church built by the Crusading Templars, in honour of the sacred relics of forty soldiers murdered in Armenia. What is now the mosque within the walls—you see its minaret between the palm trees to the left as you come up the town—was once an establishment of the Knights of St. John. Let us ascend the tower and gaze from this advantageous spot over the first extensive view of the Holy Land, and its pleasant places, that we have been able to obtain. The plain of Sharon spreads bright, fertile, and beautiful before us—from the dark mountains of Judea and Samaria to the sea, and from Holy Carmel to the sandy deserts of Philistia. See the white villages, glittering in the sun, along the many declivities of the mountains. See the waving corn, the barley already in the ear and ripe for harvest; the heavy crops of wheat, rich as Lincolnshire. Yonder the shepherd walking before his flocks, as they return frisking to their folds; the reaper returning from his toil. In summer you would see hills of grain, and the thrashing floors and the oxen driving the machines ("the new sharp thrashing instrument having teeth" (Isaiah xli., 15) over the bruised grain. But our horses await us at the convent gate of the good Franciscans. They have rebuilt the old house entirely, all but one room, where Bonaparte slept when he constituted Ramleh his head quarters. Nothing therefore remains of the house of Joseph of Arimathea, except only the site on which we are now standing.

The journey across the fertile plain of Ramleh is oppressive. There is a sirocco of the quiet dry heat kind; our very clothes are dry and hot. It is the south wind of Job (xxxvii. 17) that "quieteth the earth." The birds have sought the shade. The very air is weak and languid with heat. An hour and a half brings us to Berea (the desert) a modern village, awakening no memories. An hour further and we reach a spot where a village nestles. On the left the cactus hedges show the declivity of the first ripple in which the plain begins to ascend towards the mountains. This is Kubab, or the City of Roast Meat (the roast or frizzled khibobs, as the British traveller well knows, being small pieces of meat roasted on a skewer, the only roast in the Turkish cookery books), and in this village we begin, for the first time, to meet with reminiscences of Sunson, whose birth place, Ashdod, is not far distant. The Arabs have a curious legend about this place.

Malik; that Ramah and Ramleh have not the same significance, for that Ramleh is in a plain, while Ramah implies a town on a hill, but it has been justly remarked that Abulfeda's statement may mean no more than that Sulaiman rebuilt the town, and with regard to the name it cannot be assumed that Hebrew proper names were always so significant. Indeed it is generally admitted that Dr. Robertson's objections have not destroyed either the tradition, or the grounds for following the usual course of describing Ramleh as representing the ancient Arimathea.

¹ Professor Robinson disputes the identity of Ramleh with Arimathea. "a city of the Jews" according to Luke, on the grounds that Abulfeda alleges Ramleh to have been built after the time of Muhammad, or about A. D. 716, by Sulaiman Abi-el-



JAFFA.

In the legend referred to, it is not difficult to detect an Arab reminiscence of Sampson's 300 foxes, with torches to their tails, by means of which he revenged himself upon the Philistines (Judges xv. 4, 5). Along by the south-western side the slope is pierced with subterranean magazines for grain, and the numerous openings, like well-holes, leading to them are dangerous traps for horses. We next reach Amwas or Emmaus, "Hot baths," also called Nicopolis, but not the Emmaus of Luke (xxiv. 13), where Our Saviour met his disciples in their disconsolate walk after his crucifixion. This is 28 miles from Jerusalem, and the disciples could scarcely have walked there and back to Jerusalem the same day, especially as "the day was far spent" before they "sat down to meat."

The country now is broken up, and the mountains gradually rise in front of us. We are fast ascending. The road begins to be rugged, and gradually narrows into a mere valley, then to a defile.

Two miles south of Amwas or Emmaus we come upon Latrun, or the Town of the Thief, situate on a conical mound, commanding a wide prospect, and crowned with the ruins of a large and strong fortress—from which Jaffa and the Mediterranean can be seen. It was a strong military post in the old time, commanding the road from Jerusalem to the sea. It is called the Castle of Emmaus by St. Jerome, and afterwards the Castle of the Good Thief. Here is the legend. It is here the good thief was born and dwelt, and made his living, like the barons of the Rhine, by robbing the passengers up the valley (Wady Aly) leading to Jerusalem. One day, the Holy Family, while passing this way in their flight into Egypt, were stopped here by this thief and his companions, and required to pay a ransom. Dimas, for such was the good thief's name, was so touched by the grace of the Divine Infant, that he protected the Holy Child from the brutality of his accomplice; to which good inspiration is attributed, by tradition, the special favour of that thief's conversion at the moment of his expiring upon the Cross, while the other died in impenitence to the last.

This also, is the site of the *Medin* of the Maccabees;

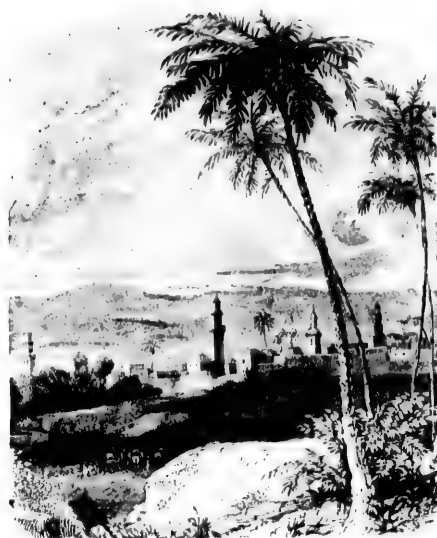
it is here that Judas Maccabeus conquered Gorgias, the lieutenant of Nicanor (i. Maccabees, iv., 3). Here, too, the Crusaders had a camp, and here was the last advance post of our own Richard Cœur de Lion. He came no nearer to Jerusalem, but returned to be captured on his road home. A little to the right lies a village, where the Tomb of Samson was said to have been, but is not. It lay between Zorah and Eshtaoi. The site remains, as do the ripening fields of corn, and the noble fountain from which the women—as oft did the mother of Samson—may even now, be seen coming with their full pitchers balanced on their heads.

Returning to the road, a short half hour brings us up to the "Well of Job," (Aynab) a deep fountain, or shallow well, about five feet in diameter and six feet in depth, containing about three or four feet of water, by no means tempting to the sight or taste. This is considered the half way between Jaffa and Jerusalem. We are now following the itinerary of the Ark, which, when restored by the Philistines from Ekron, was taken by the unbroken and unguided kine, harnessed to the cart containing it, across the plain to Bethshemesh (1 Sam. vi., 10, 12), whence the terrified inhabitants conveyed it to Kirjath-jearim. The stones by the well beside which we are now standing, are regarded by the Jewish pilgrims as marking the threshing floor of Joshua of Bethshemesh, where the Ark first halted. The streamlet flowing from this well now waters a field of gourds. This is said to be the boundary of the tribes of Ephraim and Benjamin,—the well and waters of Nephtali marked down by Joshua (xviii., 15).

Hence we follow a narrow valley, barren and rocky, into which numerous other minor valleys trend. The road is everywhere rocky, and strewn with stones that endanger our horses' limbs, and plough up with deep ravines a mass of colossal stones, heaped up on each other as if by some mighty Titanic masonry. The scene is one of dreariness and desolation. We have been three-quarters of an hour in this ravine, and now the road opens, the valley becomes less abrupt, and we find ourselves in a kind of basin amongst the rocks, under a green clump of oaks—a delicious retreat and halting place for refreshment. A ruined kiosk stands near this fountain: this is the tomb of the Imam Aly, from whom the valley takes its name.



LYDDA.



RAMA (ARIMATHEA).



KIRJATHJEARIM.

Passing the kiosk, we push our horses up to the culminating point of the valley by a steep and rugged path, cut through clumps of cactus, among huge boulders scattered over the rocky sides. Still rising upon the ridge we come to the thicket of olives, wherein lies an ancient desolate village, Saris, by which the Ark of Jehovah passed over to Kirjathjearim, and where David is said to have taken refuge from the wrath of Saul. Another hour, over an undulating road, always rising—for we must reach to full two thousand feet

above the level of the sea before treading on the plateau of the Holy City—and we turned the hill, and found Kirjathjearim, or Kuriet el Enab (the Village of Raisins) at the opening of a cultivated valley, prettily situated in a basin on the north side of a spur putting out from the western hill. This is where the Ark rested twenty years in the house of Amiah, on a slight elevation (Gibeon). They show the site, and within a house erected upon it dwells the sheikh or head man of the village tribe. There is an open space in front of Kirjathjearim like one of our village greens. It is shaded by five or six fine fig trees, under the leafy shelter of which council is held and judgment given on matters of importance to the little community. There is a fine fountain of excellent water, and flocks and herds are to be seen lying about—a scene of pastoral repose! Be not deceived; this village was until lately the residence or den of the greatest bandit of the Holy Land, the terror of priests of all religions. Each successive chief of this family succeeded to the same title—Abu Ghush, “Father of Deceit,” which ultimately became a word of terror throughout all Palestine. So long as 500 years ago, one Abu Ghush murdered all the monks in the village, where there is a large convent of the “Good Fathers of the Holy Land;” so thenceforward in their annals the place bears the name of Jeremy, as well from the once noble church now in ruins—yet finely preserved, so far as its pointed gothic porch and aisles, and its round-arched windows—a strange mixture of the Crusaders’ time, dedicated to the Prophets, and now a stable,—as from its moral resemblance to Anathoth, the mournful scene of “Jeremiah’s lamentations.” Twenty-one years ago the Abu-Ghush of that period commanded 10,000 Arabs, and rebelled against his sovereign from Ramleh to Jerusalem, and from Hebron to the mountains of Jericho. There are still sixty or seventy members of this family remaining, but the Turkish government took them in hand in 1846, seized the grand delinquents, and sent them to Constantinople. Some of these died in further banishment; one only has returned, after years of expatriation, to private life and painful respect for other people’s purses, a saddened and an honest man. Some day ere long, perhaps, there may be an Abu Ghush figuring at the head of a prospectus for the mercantile development of the Holy Land by a railway from Jaffa to Ramleh, with branches to Jerusalem and Damascus. Even now the wealthiest of the family is largely interested in soap-boiling, which (tell it not in Gath!) is, now-a-days, one of the principal and most flourishing manufactures of the cities of Palestine.

This Kirjathjearim is most probably Emmaus, where our Saviour broke bread with the disciples (Luke xxiv. 30).¹ It is just three hours’ ride from this place to Jerusalem, down by a long descent to Kustul, a ruined fort upon a hill—whence may be seen, high on a hill-top, and bending over the valley of the Gibeonites, Nebi Samuel, the tomb of the prophet Samuel, said to be the Ramah,—in Hebrew, “assembly place”—of that Prophet. After this we have a steep descent and a slippery path down to Colonia. It was here, in all probability, that Uzza put his hand upon the Ark, for the steep is

¹ Kirjath-jearim signified “City of Forests.” The first part of the name *Kuryet-el-Enab*, signifies, like Kirjath, “city” only, “jearim,” forests, has been changed to “enab,” grapes. So close a correspondence of name and position seems to justify Dr. Robinson’s conclusions in favour of the identity of the two.

rocky and dreadful for a cart; and close at hand here, no doubt, were the sites of the thriving floor of Nacion and the house of Obesedom. At Colonia we stop a few minutes, to ease our horses and examine the stone bridge, with round arch, the large ruins, evidently extending, the fine pools and copious fountains. These are the works of Hadrian the Emperor. Henceforward the path winds up a valley and steep hills, over a waste of dreary rocks. This long and weary passage past, we look for Jerusalem, but in vain. There is yet a mile of stony table land to stumble across. Nebi Samuel is again in sight, however, on a hill above. Then comes another white tower; that is the Convent of the Ascension, on the Mount of Olives. Another swelling ridge surmounted, and the wall of Jerusalem, battlemented with towers, rises blank before us. The slope of the ground eastward prevents the houses, temple, domes, or minarets, being seen above. There is only the gray old square tower of Hippicus, and the wall; and the first impression to the mind, highly wrought up as it cannot fail to be, is singularly disappointing. A moment's pause, a look around, and the desolation of the scene strikes the beholder in all its awfulness—"mountains without shade, valleys without water, earth without verdure, rocks without terror or grandeur," and gray walls rising on the brow of Zion. Not a breath of wind murmuring, not a sound. "Jerusalem, where we would visit one Sepulchre only, is, itself, the tomb of a whole people." But this is not the vantage spot to gaze upon the city. Seen from the Mount of Olives, on the other side of the valley of Jehoshaphat, Jerusalem presents an inclined plane, descending from east to west. The embattled wall, fortified with towers and a gothic castle, encompasses the whole of the city all round, excluding, however, part of Mount Zion, which, in more ancient times, was enclosed within its precinct. The city, here, presents to the imagination the appearance of an army advancing down a hill, the pinnacles and the domes on Mosque Moriah, looking like the banners raised in advance. Here, there is a vacant space to be seen, as also towards the Fort Antonia, in the western part of the city; while towards the Holy Sepulchre and Calvary the houses appear to stand close together; but towards the east, and down along to the Brook Kedron, the eye falls on ruins and desolation. The houses are heavy masses, very low, without chimneys at top or windows externally, and with flat roofs or terraces, with cupolas on the top. They look like prisons or sepulchres. The whole city would appear like one level roof, but for the rare steeples of the churches, the minarets of the mosques, the tops of a few cypress trees, and the dark clumps of nopal, which only break the uniformity of the plain. The general aspect has been well compared to the confused monuments of a cemetery in the midst of a desert. Such is the present condition of "the most beautiful city of the whole earth;" Josephus, speaking without knowledge of the new and greater claims to the admiration of the world which the City had attained as the scene of the great martyrdom and testification of God's goodness and man's great wickedness, says (*Wars*, vi. x., 6) "Yet hath not its great antiquity, nor its vast riches, nor the diffusion of its nation over all the habitable earth, nor the greatness of the veneration paid to it on a religious account, been sufficient to preserve it from being destroyed."

II. OVER JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM, standing, upon four hills—Zion and Aera on the west, Moriah (with Ophel) on the south, and Bethesda on the north; defined on three sides by deep valleys or ravines—Jehoshaphat, Hinnon, and Gihon; and cut asunder by a deep dingle, the Tyropæon, or Street of the Cheesemongers, forming what was once its main street, dividing the Temple from Zion—is easily comprehended at a single glance, in its most striking features, from almost any point of vantage.

On entering under the deep archway of the Jaffa Gate we have on the right the ditch and tower of the citadel or "Castle of David," as it is sometimes called, being, however, in fact, the fortress built by Herod Agrippa. Of the three great towers, dedicated to his queen Mariamne, whom he murdered through jealousy, and his brother Phisaelis and friend Hippicus, who both fell fighting for him in battle, one only remains, the gloomy, squat looking, but massive tower of Hippicus. The lower portion of that, too, alone is standing, formed of massive stones, similar to those that remain of the temple in the Haram walls, monuments of masonry in the Roman ages, such as were pointed out to the Saviour, "Seest thou these great stones?" (*Mark*, xiii. 2). Here was the palace of that sumptuous king, the vast bed chambers for one hundred guests, with roofs of great beams of cedar, and furniture of silver and gold, as recorded by Josephus. Those gilded porticoes and richly carved pillars, and gardens ever cool and green, and groves of trees, and canals with their dove houses, are all gone—all burnt with fire by the zealots during the siege by Titus, when discord within aided the enemy without, and a Jewish hand first fired the Temple itself. The ancient portion of this tower is now only forty feet in height, but its dimensions remain, fifty-six feet by seventy. An additional height of about eighteen feet was built up on this by the Crusaders.

Mount Zion is to our right; to our left are Aera and the lower city, with the Holy Sepulchre, Calvary, the Via Dolorosa, the whole scene of our Lord's suffering; before us the Temple and—over the Valley of Jehoshaphat, which lies concealed between them—the Mount of Olives.

To the right of the gate, as we enter, is an open square, once ruinous and desolate, now a kind of West-end to Jerusalem. Here stands, upon the site of King Herod's palace, an English church, newly erected, in the modern Gothic style, like some Baker-street chapel, the whiteness of its fresh-cut stones strangely contrasting with the mellow brown colour and antique Sarracenic architecture of the buildings all about. There are also the Bishop's house, and the new Armenian Convent, a fine building with gardens. There are bankers and *boutiques* and shops of all kinds, and three tailors' "establishments," in strange discordance with the solemn Orientalism of the general costume and character of all about them. We pass on; for this is not what we have come to see.

The small community of British, American, and German residents are doing much good, but nothing in comparison with the mighty change that has to be effected before Jerusalem or her people are restored. The Protestant congregation numbers, it is said, occasionally two hundred. These are under the protection of England and Prussia in an anomalously united bishopric. Austria defends the Roman Catholic institutions; France is "Protector of Christianity (generally)

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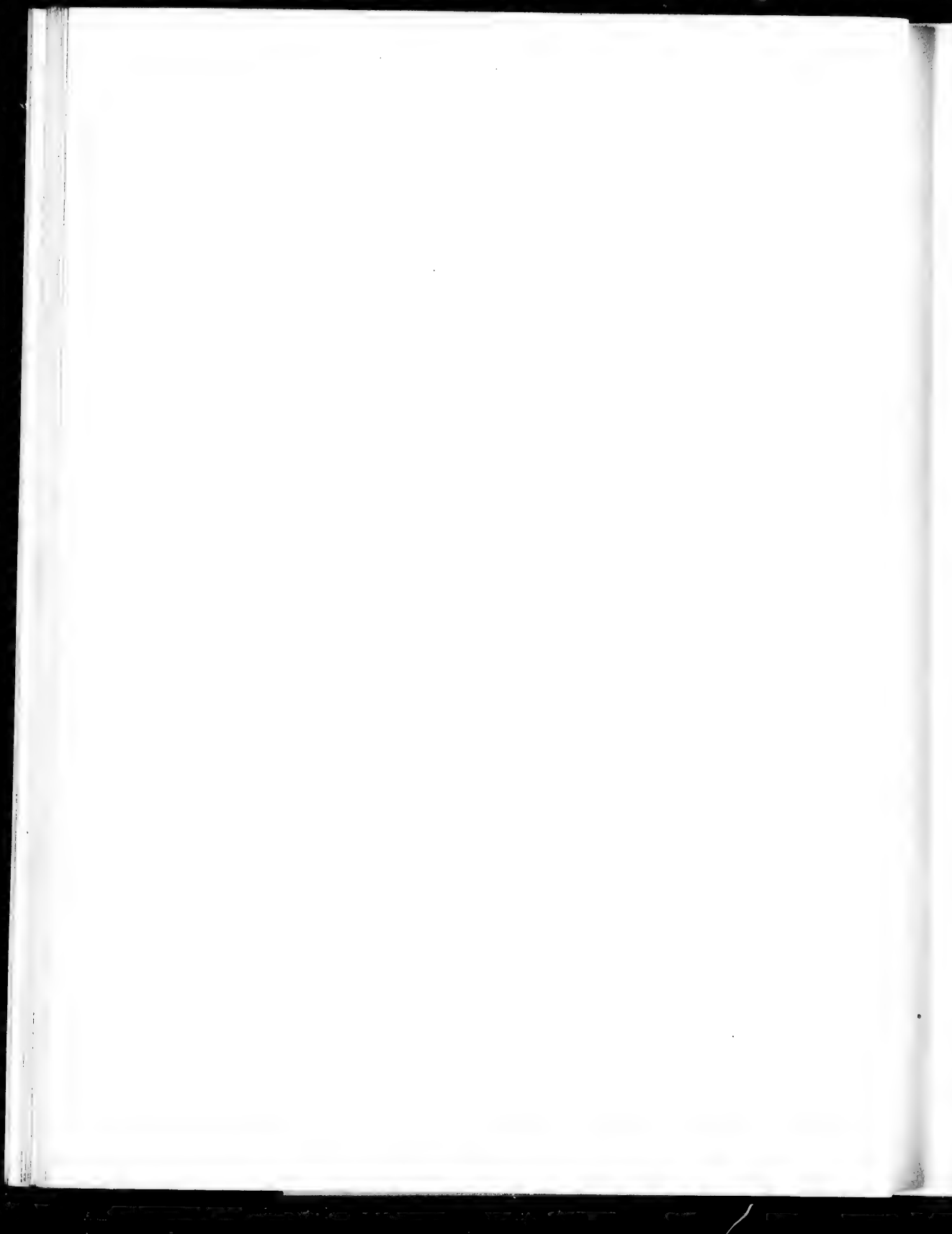
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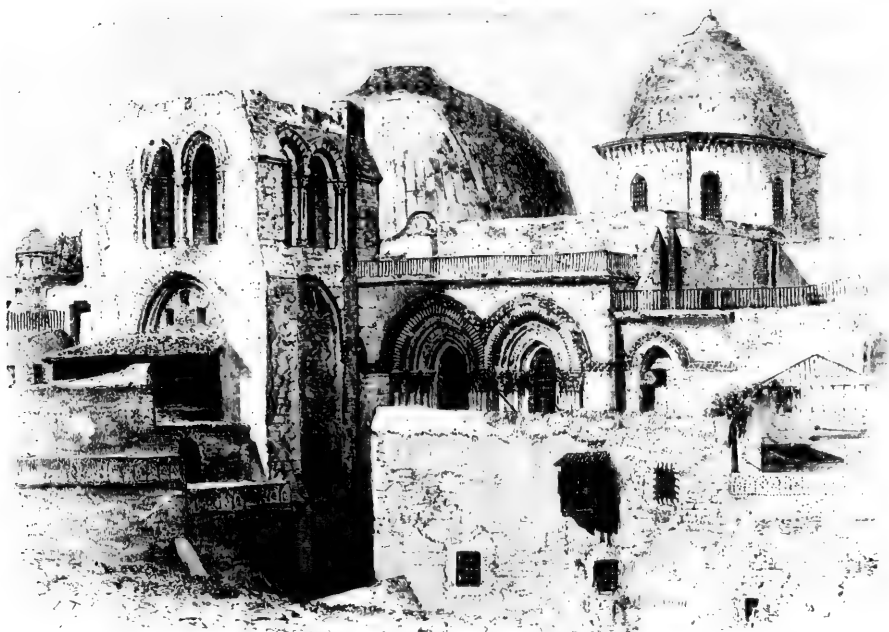
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SARACENIC FOUNTAIN, NEAR THE COUNCIL HOUSE, JERUSALEM.





THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE AT JERUSALEM.

in the East;" and the Emperor of Russia is head of the Greek Church. These communities reside for the most part in the Frank Quarter, from the Jaffa Gate to the Damascus Gate, while around the Holy Place, whence the glory has departed, the Jewish people still linger. The Jew in Jerusalem is himself a perpetual miracle and lasting monument of Scripture truth. Enter the abodes of these people, you will find them doing what they did five thousand years ago—teaching their children to read the Holy Book. Seventeen times have they seen Jerusalem destroyed, yet still they turn their faces towards Zion, expecting still a king who is to deliver them. "Greeks, Persians, Romans, are swept from the earth," says a noble writer, "and a petty tribe, whose origin preceded that of those great nations, still exists unmixed among the ruins of its native land."

8,000 (some say 11,000) Jews, 5,000 Mussulmans, 3,000 Greeks, 1,500 Latin Catholics, 1,000 Armenians, and from 100 to 200 Syrians and Copts, form, with the Protestant community, for the most part English, the present population of Jerusalem, which Jewish historians narrate to have at one time equalled the enormous and indeed incredible amount of two millions. This was during the Holy Week, when pilgrims from all parts came to Jerusalem. How far this must have exceeded the enthusiasm of our degenerate days may be judged from the fact that the pilgrims who visit Jerusalem yearly do not exceed 12,000, of whom 10,000 are Mussulmans. This being Easter, is the most crowded season, so we are enabled to judge for ourselves.

The foundation of the city dates from Melchisedek. Of this one of the Arab traditions, many of which

breathe the pastoral air of the early portions of the sacred Scripture, has preserved the following charming legend:—

"Jerusalem was a ploughed field, and the ground, on which the Temple now stands, the joint inheritance of two brothers, one of whom was married and had several children, the other lived a bachelor. They cultivated in common the field which had devolved on them in right of their mother. At harvest time the two brothers bound up their sheaves, and made of them two equal stacks, which they left upon the field during the night. A good thought presented itself to the younger. 'My brother,' said he to himself, 'has a wife and children to maintain; it is not just that our shares should be equal; let me then take a few sheaves from my stack and secretly add them to his; he will not perceive it, and therefore cannot refuse them.' This project the young man immediately executed. That night the elder awoke and said to his wife, 'My brother is young, and lives alone, without a companion to assist him in his labours and console him under his fatigues; it is not just that we should take from the field as many sheaves as he does; let us get up and secretly go and carry a certain number of sheaves to his stack; he will not find it out to-morrow, and therefore cannot refuse them;' and they did so accordingly. The next day both brothers went to the field, and each was much surprised to find the two stacks alike, neither being able in his own mind to account for the prodigy. They pursued the same course for several successive nights, but as each carried to his brother's stack the same number of sheaves, the stacks still remained equal, till one night, both determining

to stand sentinel to elucidate the mystery, they met, each bearing the sheaves destined for his brother's stack.

"Now the spot where so beautiful a thought at once occurred to and was so perseveringly acted upon by these men, must be a place agreeable to God; and men blessed it, and chose it whereon to build a house to His name."¹

Improved by David, who drove the Jebusites away, and enriched by Solomon, who added to Mount Zion the Temple and circumjacent buildings, the City was reduced, by the division of the tribes at his death, to the capital of Judea simply, but in the next four centuries it was still further embellished and aggrandized, until, the worship of false gods, the true sin of the Hebrew nationality, replacing the law of Moses, the wrath of God fell upon the children of disobedience, and its fall was not far distant. In vain, under Hezekiah, did Jerusalem resist the armies of Sennacherib; for it was destroyed soon after by Nebuchadnezzar. Its inhabitants were carried into captivity. Sixty years later Cyrus permitted its re-establishment, and a theocratic government took the place of its monarchy. While on his march to Persia, Alexander received its submission, though he spared it, owing to a divine interference communicated through a dream. From the sovereignty of the Lagides, after his death, it passed to the Seleucides, whose persecutions gave occasion to one of the brightest periods of its history; the devotion of the Maccabees, who succeeded in delivering their country, and governed it with glory. A quarrel between

Hyrcanus II. and Aristobulus II., who disputed its throne, brought to its walls the Roman armies under Pompey, and then the Parthians, and then again the Romans under Crassus, from whom Herod, by successful intrigue, obtained authority to assume the honour of entitling himself its king. Antigonos, the son of Aristobulus, and the last of the Maccabees, being captured by Herod, an officer of his uncle's court, was delivered to Anthony, by whom the last descendant of the Maccabees was scourged to death. It was in the reign of Herod the Great that Christ was born, and in the reign of Herod Agrippa, his grandson, that those events passed which have given to Jerusalem its immortal interest among Christians,—the life and death of the Saviour, and the appearance of a new religion destined to transform the world. Jerusalem next became apportioned for a time as one of the tetrarchies that replaced the unity of government under Herod, but the successive revolts of the Jews brought upon it capture and destruction by Titus, after a siege of seven months, the miseries of which were aggravated by internal discord; then afterwards by Hadrian, who drove the Jews entirely away from it, gave it the name of *Elia Capitolina*, and desecrated the Christian shrines, and even the revered sepulchre of Christ, by introducing the filthy rites of the worst part of Eastern idolatry, adopted into Pagan pantheism under the title of the worship of Adonis. The once Holy City preserved its Roman name until the time of Constantine, whose mother, the Empress Helena, was the first to avail herself of her son's conversion to Christianity, and search for and restore the Christian monuments with a pious care. The subsequent capture by the Persian king Chosroes, the release of the holy shrine by the Crusaders, and the final triumph of the Saracens, with the subsequent history of Palestine, need no recapitulation in our brief summary. At the present moment, the Holy City is the seat of government of the district of Liva, and the residence of the Pasha of Palestine. How long it will thus remain is one of the questions imminent for settlement in the present disturbed state of Syria.

Every dynasty has left its stamp upon the city. The site is Melchisedek's, and all around speaks of the Pastoral ages; Zion tells us of David; the Temple platform, of Solomon; the towers, of Herod; the walls and bridge, of the Romans; the Great Mosque, of Omar and the Turks; the Holy Sepulchre, of Constantine; the churches and monuments, of the Crusaders; the Mount of Olives, of the Saviour; the Valley of Hinnom, of the worship of Moloch; the Valley of Jehoshaphat and its tombs, of the Prophets and the Kings, and of the wretched People who live in exile and fear, and, trembling, beg to purchase permission to lay their bones there. The whole Land in its desolation is a record of the wrath of an offended God.

Such are the recollections, and these the solemn thoughts, to which our first entrance into Jerusalem gives rise. But the day is far spent, and we will turn to the left by the north-west angle of the castle, and take up our quarters, not at any new inn, the Mediterranean, or the Malta, but at the Casa Nuova, a new building erected as an addition to their old convent by the establishment of the Latin monks, who, from time almost immemorial, have habitually entertained pilgrims to Jerusalem, of every rank. Walking out from this convent, and mounting the wall which is

¹ The identity of the Salem of Melchisedek with the Jerusalem of sacred history, has been demonstrated by a close critical analysis of all the passages in which the circumstances are alluded to; and it has been further shown to be highly probable that this patriarch was identical, not with Shem, as has been sometimes supposed, but with Heber, the son of Peleg, from whom the Land of Canaan obtained the name of the Land of the Hebrews, or Heberites.

The elucidation which the early history of Jerusalem receives from the monuments of Egypt is extremely important and valuable, as relating to a period which is passed over in silence by the sacred historians. There is a city which stands forth with a very marked and peculiar prominence in the wars of the kings of Egypt with the Jebusites, Amorites, and neighbouring nations. We meet with it first as a fortress of the Amorites. Sethos II. is engaged in besieging it. It is situated on a hill, and strengthened with two tiers of ramparts. The name in hieroglyphs, translated into Coptic, and thence into Hebrew, is *Chadash*. The next notice of *Chadash* belongs to the reign of Sesostris, and connects it with the Jebusite nation. The inscription further describes *Chadash* as being in the land of Heth or of the Hittites. It was thus apparently the metropolis of three or four of the most powerful Canaanitish nations before the time of the Hebrews. Its metropolitan character appears in Scripture, at the time of Joshua's invasion. We cannot hesitate in identifying the *Chadash* of the hieroglyphs with the Kadatis, or Caditis of Herodotus, the Khadatha of the Syrians, and El Kuds of the Arabs—"the Holy City." It was not till David's time that the Jebusites were finally expelled, and under his son, Solomon, it became the ecclesiastical head of the nation and the ark of the covenant, and the tabernacle of the congregation. The name, Jerusalem, is generally admitted to be a compound of two earlier names. Some have supposed of *Jehusalem*, "the tramping down of peace," euphonised into "possessio hereditaria pacis," or as others have it, "the vision of peace." Old Sir John Maundeville seems to have anticipated the researches of the most learned scholars of Europe when he says, "You must know that Jerusalem of old, until the time of Melchisedek, was called Jebus; and afterwards, it was called Salem until the time of King David, who put these two names together, and called it Jebusalem, which King Solomon altered to Jerusalem." But he did not anticipate the Egyptologists.

close by, we obtain a general view of the City, and may obtain a cursory knowledge of its localities.

The present walls of the City are about two miles and a half in circumference, and average about forty feet in height; but in some few places they are about twice that height. In position, they are nearly identical with those erected by Hadrian, which were so decayed in 1178, (just before the final expulsion of the Christians by Saladin, in 1187), that large sums were sent by Christendom for their reparation. Saladin himself repaired them in 1192; but Sultan Melek el Moadh-Shem threw them all down, except the Haram walls (about the Temple), and El Khlat (the citadel). In 1243, the Christians, to whom the city was again handed over by Barbacon, (it having been previously surrendered to Richard, Earl of Cornwall, in 1240, and captured again), rebuilt the fortifications, principally at the expense of the Knights Templars; finally Sultan Suliman I, the second of the Mirzan Sultans that reigned over Jerusalem, built the present walls in 1542; St. Stephen's Gate, and some portion of the Damascus Gate remaining as they were left by the Crusaders, as well as some portion of the existing walls. The fosse, then deep, is now filled up by accumulating rubbish. At a few points the native rock is merely faced with masonry, or often, as in Mount Bezetha, built into the wall. The gates—only the principal gates are now only open—face the cardinal points of the compass. These are the Jaffa or Bab el Khahl (Gate of a Friend, that is Abraham, the friend of God), on the west; the Damascus or Bab es Sham, or Bab el Amud. (Gate of the Column), on the north; the St. Stephen or Bab Sitti Miriam, (St. Mary's Gate) on the east; and Zion or Bab en Nebi Daud (Gate of the Prophet David) on the south. These are kept open from sunrise to sunset every day, except an hour on Friday—the Muslim sabbath-noon, when they are closed while service is performed in the Mosque of Omar. The Mugharibeh¹ or Dung Gate,²

situated in the Tyropæon, is never opened except during seasons of scarcity of water.

The other gates are walled up—the Golden Gate especially, the Turks having a tradition that at some future time a mighty conqueror is to enter through it into the city.³ There are several battlemented towers of minor elevations, besides that of Hippicus. At the north-east corner of the Temple enclosure, are remains of the tower of Hamaneel. In the north-west corner of the city wall are also the remains of a large fortification called "Goliah's Castle," (Khlat-Julib), better known as "Tancred's Tower." The existing wall occupies only about one-third of the site of the original city, much of Mount Zion being excluded on the south, and nearly all of Cenopolis, or the Lower City, on the north.

The streets of Jerusalem are narrow, seldom more than ten feet wide, and mostly not so much; they are filthy and ill-paved, covered with stones of all sizes embedded in the earth. In many there is a ditch or trench in the centre, hollowed out for horses and camels, between side paths for passengers. The ditch is often two feet in depth, and one beast can only pass at a time. The natives know only two or three streets by name. The Christians have endeavoured to remedy this inconvenience. Thus there is "Zion Street" from Zion Gate to Damascus Gate, dividing the Jews quarter from the Armenian; the continuation of it which separates the Latin and Greek quarters from the Turkish, is called "Saint Stephen's," there being a tradition that the courageous deacon was martyred near the gate. The "Street of David" designates the great thoroughfare from Jaffa Gate to the Temple, dividing the Latin and Greek quarters from the Armenian. The continuation of this between the Turkish quarter and the Jews is called the "Street of the Temple." "Mill Valley Street" runs from the Mugharibeh Gate at the end of the Tyropæon into Damascus Street. The zigzagging street from Saint Stephen's Gate to the north-western corner of the city, as far as Damascus Street, is the famous "Via Dolorosa,"⁴ up which the Saviour passed from judgment to crucifixion; from the last point mentioned, it is the "Street of the Holy Sepulchre," the church of which forms the main feature of it. The "Street of the Patriarch" is a short and narrow street from Hezekiah's Pool to the Greek Convent of the Forerunner, and is between David Street and the Street of St. Sepulchre. The short street lying between Damascus and Valley Streets, immediately in front of Helena's Hospice, is sometimes called "Market Street," but generally Tariki el Sitti ("Lady Street"), in honour of the lady who raised

¹ The Mugharibeh, who have a quarter named after themselves, which they no longer entirely occupy, are the people of the West, or of Barbary. There are some of them the descendants of the Moors driven from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella. These exiles were charitably received in the Holy City; a mosque was built for them, and they receive even now a liberal portion of bread, fruit, soup, and money (the latter rarely), allowed from the Hospice of St. Helena, or rather Roxalana, for the poorer Muslims of Jerusalem. The heirs of the proud Abencerages, the elegant architects of the Alhambra, are become porters at Jerusalem, who are sought for on account of their strength, and as messengers esteemed for their swiftness and intelligence. What would Saladin and Richard say, if, suddenly returning to this world, they were to find the Moorish champions transformed into doorkeepers of the Holy Sepulchre, and the Christian knights represented by brethren of the Mendicant Order?

² Bishop Arculf, who travelled in the year 700, relates a curious legend in reference to this exit of the Tyropæon—once a fosse within a fosse, shutting in Zion and Moriah into one compact mass, which explains the origin of the Frankish name of its gate, Dung-gate—which might otherwise appear repulsive. "On the 15th of September, annually, an immense multitude of people, of different nations, are used to meet in Jerusalem for the purpose of commerce; and the streets are so clogged with the dung of camels, horses, mules, and oxen, that they become almost impassable, and the smell would be a nuisance to the whole town. But, by a miraculous providence which exhibits God's peculiar attachment to this place, no sooner has the multitude left Jerusalem, than a heavy fall of rain begins on the night following, and ceases only when the city has been perfectly cleansed." In other words, heavy rains carry off a large portion of the filth of the streets by this gateway. The so-called Dung Gate is supposed to be the same as Josephus's Gate of the Essenes. (Neh. ii. 13; xii. 31.) It has also been identified with "the gate between two walls." (2 Kings xxv. 4. Jer. xxxix. 4).

³ The Pilgrim Sæwulf, who travelled in 1102-1103, says:—"There is a gate of the city, on the eastern side of the temple, which is called the 'Golden,' where Joachim, the father of the blessed Mary, by the order of the Angel of the Lord, met his wife Anne. By the same gate, the Lord Jesus, coming from Bethany on the Day of Olives, sitting on an ass, entered the city of Jerusalem, while the children sang 'Hosanna to the Son of David.' By this gate the Emperor Heraclius entered Jerusalem when he returned victorious from Persia with the Cross of Our Lord; but the stones first fell down and closed up the passage, so that the gate became one mass, until, humbling himself at the admonition of an angel, he descended from his horse, and so the entrance was opened to him." Sir John Maundeville describes in his time (A. D. 1322) the marks of the ass's feet as being still seen in three places at the Golden Gate, the steps of which are of very hard stone. Maudrell calls it the Gate of the Temple, and below this gate, he says, in the bottom of the valley, was a broad hard stone, discovering the prints made by our blessed Saviour's feet.

this magnificent structure—either the Empress or Dame Tanshok—the wife we believe of a German crusader, who was exceedingly charitable in founding hospitals for poor pilgrims. What the Empress Helena endowed, the Sultana Roxalana seized, and perverted, adding further endowments, to providing soup for poor Turks. The benefaction is still carried into effect.

The domestic architecture of Jerusalem, as can be seen, is of the simplest character. The houses are all constructed of the common limestone of the country. There being no timber in Palestine, this material is of course exceedingly high-priced here; and the doors and casements of the windows are the only portion of the houses made of wood, not a particle being used about the floors, roofs, or any other part whatever. The windows are few and small, and all grated with iron if sufficiently large to admit a thief. Window-glass is a rarity but just introduced. There is only one door to the largest establishments, and there are no windows below, which, as those above are generally latticed, ensures seclusion—almost that of a prison—to the inmates. The want of timber necessitates an extensive use of crypts, arches, vaults, and domes. This characteristic will be remarked in the View over Jerusalem at page 1.

We will now set forth to get another view over Jerusalem, and, reaching the Patriarch Street, ascend to the top of the Coptic convent adjoining the noble caravanserai of the same church, thence looking down upon one of the notabilities of the city, the Pool of Hezekiah. This deep cistern is nearly 250 feet long, and 150 feet wide: an immense reservoir, capable of holding water sufficient for half the city. It is quite surrounded by houses. Its depth below the surface is eight or ten feet, but it is considerably deeper at the southern than at the northern extremity. It is usually thought to be supplied by rain-fall from the neighbouring houses, but it is in reality in connection with the upper Pool of Gihon—outside the Jaffa gate, and at the head of the Valley of Hinnom. Jerusalem was once abundant in water; it is a part of the curse upon it that water should be now deficient; hence it sometimes fails at the end of autumn. The view we have from here (*see page 1.*) is a fine one. But still,

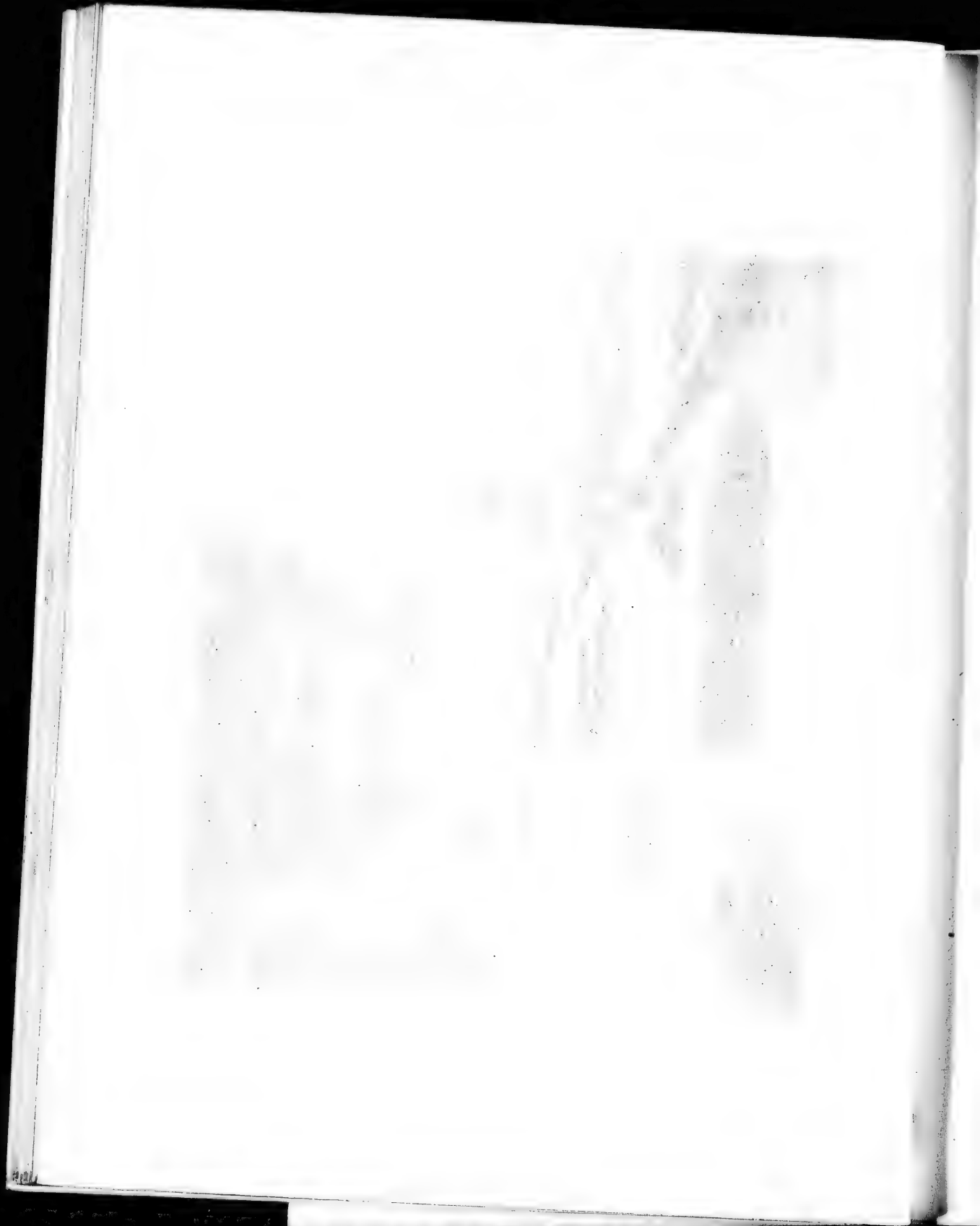


VALLEY OF HINNOM

the desolation of the city is most conspicuous. The whole of Bezetha beyond on the left, and a large part of Acra to the left just below, is uninhabited; the Temple enclosure is a vast void space; the parts about Mugharibeh or Ophel, and the south-east of Zion, are either ploughed fields, or overrun with cactus; the entire west face of Zion is occupied by the gardens of the Armenian Convent; the space south of Calvary is vacant, and what is occupied is merely filled by mosques, convents, and churches; though even where there are houses, they are for the most part in ruins. We have now a fine prospect of the walls, which form almost an oblong square, the longest sides running from west to east. The ancient Jerusalem could not have been much more extensive than the modern city, and must have occupied, in its palmy days, the same site, except that it comprehended within the walls the whole of Mount Zion, but excluded Calvary, which was afterwards enclosed by Adrian. Solomon, the son of Selim (1534), is reported to have slain his architect for not comprehending the whole of Zion within the walls, but this, it is hinted, he did, as the readiest means of paying him. In modern warfare the City would be untenable, as it is commanded by hills on all sides. We are now on the edge of Acra, between which hill and Zion—the sloping buildings of which are on the right—the valley of the Tyropæon is seen descending. Over to the right, where once stood the Temple of Solomon, may be seen two blue cupolas marking the octangular Mosque of Omar, with the long low roof of the minor Mosque El Aksa. The minaret rising to the left of the Mosque of Omar (Temple Enclosure) was erected, we are told, by Tunguz, Prefect of Syria, when he built the celebrated school at the side of the Gate of the Chain. It is served by the most eminent Muezzins, and gives the directions to the others in announcing prayer. It stands near the Gate of the Chain, which opens from the Temple Enclosure into the Street of David, but into which it is not advisable to peep unless you desire a sound beating from the Turks. Around and about it are majestic planes and cypresses, an union of nature and art peculiar to Turkish religious enclosures. It was from their living in this Mosque el Aksa that the Knights Templars took their name; and in front of its porch lie buried the murderers of St. Thomas à Becket, who died at Jerusalem, upon a pilgrimage undertaken in expiation of their crime. At the corner of the wall is the "House of Pilate," now a barracks, late a stable, whence stolen views of the sacred platform were of old vouchsafed to favoured Christian pilgrims, such as Châteaubriand and Lamartine. To the right, just below, are the swelling domes and heavy massive towers of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—one dark elliptical dome overlooked by another, and a white one rising out of a cloud of little domes over an ocean of houses. This is Calvary and the Sepulchre. The line of walls, the pointed minarets stand out in bold relief against the deep blue of the orient sky; but no voice is heard in the widowed City; no roads seem to lead to her, and were it not Easter Week, few would be passing in and out of her gates. The centre of attraction for the Pilgrims is evidently the square before the Holy Sepulchre: here beads from Mecca, and mother-of-pearl images from Bethlehem, and crosses of bitumen from the Dead Sea, are attracting purchasers of various nations. The tall and elegant minaret adjacent to the

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THE DAMASCUS GATE, JERUSALEM.

Church of the Holy Sepulchre belongs to a mosque, called El Khauky, formerly the residence of the Latin Patriarch. Of this building we read a curious story, related by an Arab authority, who tells how the Christians were greatly distressed at seeing this minaret arising in such close proximity to the Holy Sepulchre, which it entirely commanded. They offered a large sum to Sheikh Ibn Ghanem, to bribe him to desist from his pious intention, but he persisted and completed the structure. The Prophet then appeared to a Holy Man and commanded him to seek out and salute Ibn Ghanem, and assure him of his intercession at the day of judgment for his meritorious work of having out-topped the infidels. But see! how the eager pilgrims crowd to the portal of the Holy Sepulchre—where the whole scene of the Saviour's crucifixion and entombment are vividly brought before their eyes. The church is a magnificent monument of the Byzantine age. (See page 9).

We shall soon be down there, and following the eager enthusiasts in visiting the religious stations of that sacred spot.

The spacious deserted enclosure close on the right, and on which grow two or three olive trees, a palm tree and a few cypresses, was once the magnificent house of the Knights Hospitallers, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. The Greek Convent forms one side of this square, and that community had hoped to obtain these gardens and the ruins pertaining thereto, but within the last few years the whole square containing them, as well as the Church of St. Anne in another part, have been made over by the Sultan to the

Emperor Louis Napoleon. The very curious and picturesque gateway which forms the subject of our illustration (*page 17*) stands at one end of this vacant spot, facing into the street leading from the Church to the Sepulchre. The external façade displays a flattened pointed arch, while the archway beyond is round headed. The carving is extremely rich. Among the ornaments and emblems is seen the Lamb, the emblem of the noble order of St. John of Jerusalem, of whose palace this was the entrance. Behind the gateway are seen some remains of the buildings. The interior is the receptacle of every kind of filth; from the open area a staircase mounts up to a cloister, from which opens sundry rooms, not capable of being entered from multifarious pollutions. There is a large hall with painted windows absolutely filled with dung. How are the mighty fallen! Immediately upon the capture of Jerusalem by the Crusaders (in 1099) followed the foundation of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, the origin of which was an hospice founded in Jerusalem in 1048 by a few merchants of Amalfi for the accommodation of pilgrims from Europe. An hospital for the sick was afterwards added—hence the term, Knights Hospitallers, the members of which were also known as Knights of Rhodes. When the Crusaders entered Jerusalem, many of the chevaliers determined on joining the order. Godfrey granted a donation, an example which was followed by other princes. To the usual vows of chastity, poverty and obedience, was added a vow to be always ready to fight against Muhammadans and all who forsook the true religion. In 1118 the Knights Hospitallers of St. John, then called also the Knights

of Malta, became a military order. The building now so desecrated was described in 1322, as having 178 pillars of fine stone, and having near it the church called "Our Lady the Grand" and "Our Lady the Latin," "and there stood Mary Cleophas and Mary Magdalen, and tore their hair when Our Lord was executed on the cross." Napoleon Bonaparte expelled the last relics of the Order of St. John Hospitalers, when he took Malta from them. Will Louis Napoleon resuscitate their ancient glories? Stranger things have happened.

With the City thus lying before us, and its landmarks denoted, it will not be difficult, looking down upon the valley of the Tyropæon, which separated Zion from the Temple, and over which was a bridge connecting the two parts of the City (each of which were separately walled), to imagine Jerusalem restored to its pristine magnificence under Herod the king, and that during the anarchy that ensued after his death it was crowded, as Josephus tells us, by two millions of people—when the ridges of Zion—now covered with their crops of corn, and here and there an olive tree—were adorned with magnificent structures. We have in our mind's eye the beautiful city in its grandeur. Between that and its destruction and its present desolation our Christian associations intervene. There to the right is the Mount of Olives, from whose sacred brow the Saviour saw the glory of Jerusalem, and wept over it and predicted its fall. Down that hill he approached the City, and passing into the deep Valley of Hinnom, ascended to the Temple, the crowd accompanying him like a conqueror with their hosannas, and strewing palms. There is the Golden Gate by which he entered, now walled up. There is the outer court whence he drove out the money changers; there the dark groves of olives, through which he passed to Olivet, or traversed on his way to the house of Lazarus at Bethany; and there the garden of Gethsemane. There the scene of his Passion and his Ascension. To the "governor's house" to the right was the Saviour conveyed before Pilate; and along the "Dolorous Way," from St. Stephen's Gate to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, was the scene of his long agony prior to his final suffering on the Cross of Calvary, which that building covers. The destruction of Jerusalem, in fulfilment of his prophecy, followed within a few years. Judea, after the death of Agrippa, was made a Roman province, and a Roman Pro-consul appointed over Jerusalem, thus destroying the independence of the city and abolishing its hierarchical or theocratical form of government. The Zealots resisted, however, and were driven into the Temple by the High Priest and the people. Here John of Giscala, driven in from Galilee, united his forces with the fanatics within the city; they together admitted the Idumeans by stratagem during a storm; the barbarous allies plundered and slaughtered the Jews and the high priest, and the contending factions triumphed over the citizens, who, however, sought aid in a third party, and Simon, son of Giorias, was admitted to occupy the upper city, whence he attacked the Zealots in the Temple. While the wretched city was thus divided within, the banners of the Roman army under Titus appeared at the north-western wall—you can trace it by drawing a line from the extreme left across Acre and round inside of the Holy Sepulchre, up to the Temple—but one legion was encamped to the right, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, facing the Temple.

Step by step the Jews defended the city. Driven from the first wall, they fought upon the second, and the Roman engines having broken in a breach, the troops poured through, but became entangled in the narrow streets, and were driven out, being unable to withstand the missiles poured upon them from every roof. The misery of the Jews was indescribable, death and starvation were everywhere. Titus withdrew from the attack and awaited the result, having vainly offered mercy and terms to the besieged. Josephus tells us of their indomitable obstinacy; until, at last, Titus dug a deep trench round the city, and closely blockaded it. This is said to have been completed in three days, and to have been five miles in extent, and to have had thirteen garrison towers—a fact which, as narrated by the historian, an eye-witness, without any great expression of wonder, gives us a great idea of the engineering powers of a Roman army. The City became a charnel house; the mothers "saddened their own children for meat." A forlorn hope of Romans scaled the walls, but were valorously repulsed. At last a breach was made in the fort by the Roman engines; and one night the soldiers rushed through it upon their prey. The fortress was taken, but the Jews retreated, only to defend themselves in the Temple Court below. Driven thence, they fell back to the inner court, and rallied round the Temple. This Titus had resolved to save. But the Jews having sallied forth in rage upon their enemies, were closely followed up by the Roman soldiers, one of whom fired the sacred precinct. The Jews rushed infuriated upon the Roman swords, and a terrible carnage ensued around. One historian only has been equal in description to his task. We have the places before us to our right. In the centre is the upper city. "It was an appalling spectacle to the Romans. What was it to the Jew? The whole summit of the hill which commands the city blazed like a volcano. One after another the buildings fell in with a tremendous crash, and were swallowed up in the fiery abyss. The roofs of cedars were like sheets of flame; the gilded pinnacles shone like spikes of red light; the gate towers sent up tall columns of flame and smoke. The neighbouring hills were lighted up, and groups of people were seen watching with horrible anxiety the progress of the destruction; the walls and heights of the upper city were crowded with faces, some pale with the agony of despair, others scowling unavailing vengeance. The shouts of the Roman soldiers, as they ran to and fro, and the howlings of the insurgents, who were perishing in the flames, mingled with the roaring of the conflagration, and the thundering sound of falling timbers. The echoes of the mountains replied or brought back the shrieks of the people on the heights; all along the walls resounded screams and wailings; men who had been expiring with famine rallied their remaining strength to utter a cry of anguish and desolation." Simon and John cut their way, by desperate fighting, across the Tyropæon bridge, into the "Upper City," where, in spite of the remonstrances of Josephus, and the personal instance of Titus himself, they still held out. But, with the Temple, the hearts of the people had fallen. Flushed with their victory, greedy for fresh spoils, and clating at resistance, the impetuous Roman conquerors burst into the upper city, exulting; but found there only death and desolation—empty streets and houses full of dead bodies. Even now the ruins over Acre, within, on the

right, and over the city to the left, even as far as the Holy Sepulchre, tell the tale of that fierce onslaught and defeat. The monument of this Roman triumph over a people left to their own devices and the wrath of the Almighty may be seen on the Arch of Titus at Rome, where Jewish captives bear the sacred furniture of the Temple, the golden candlesticks and silver trumpets, to adorn the triumphant show of their conqueror. In that one siege one million one hundred thousand Jews perished, about one sixth of the population of the whole of Palestine, at that period. Ninety-nine thousand prisoners of war were carried off, some of them to labour in the public works, others to march in the triumph of Titus; after which they appeared in the amphitheatres of Europe and Asia, and killed one another for the amusement of the populace. Those under the age of seventeen were put up to auction with the women, and thirty of them were sold for a denarius—about tenpence. The blood of the Just Jesus, as it has been finely said, was sold for thirty pieces of silver at Jerusalem, and the people had cried: "His blood be upon us and our children." God heard this wish of the Jews, and, for the last time, he granted their prayers, after which he turned his face from the Land of Promise, and chose for himself another people. It was only thirty-eight years after the death of Christ, that the Temple was burned, so that many of those who had heard the prediction of our Saviour, might, also, have witnessed its fulfilment.

The Jerusalem that now lies extended before us, is but the seventeenth shadow of the primitive one, for it has been seventeen times captured.

Looking from this spot, you may imagine that scene in the Crusaders' siege (1099), when, their army having taken up its position, Godfrey's troops left their encampments before the Damascus Gate, and turning to the East descended into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, whence they proceeded, like peaceful pilgrims, to offer up prayers on the Mount of Olives. It was on a Tuesday, the 13th of June, as chroniclers tell us, that the Crusaders attacked Jerusalem by escalade, having first beaten down the outer wall with their machines. The attack failed, although night, alone, put an end to the bloodshed. The Crusaders, feeling certain of success, had neglected to bring victuals, and for ten days were without bread, until their ships reached Jaffa; even then they suffered greatly from thirst, their horses and mules having drank out Siloe, were sent six miles to water, while the soldiers dug holes in the ground and pressed the damp clods to their lips; they licked the stones wet with dew; they drank the putrid water caught in hides, and even abstained from eating in the hope of mitigating by hunger the pangs of thirst. On the 12th of July, the great attack was made. Godfrey and his two brothers, Baldwin and Eustace, fought on the towers "like two lions defending another," until "at the hour when the Saviour gave up the ghost," a Flemish warrior named Letolde leaped on the ramparts of the city. He was followed by Guicher, "Guicher, who had conquered a lion." Godfrey was the third, and all the other knights followed their chief—sword in hand. The enemy fled, and the soldiers of Christ pursued them with loud shouts. The Count de St. Gilles, who was outside the Zion Gate, heard the tumult, and summoned the Emir there to surrender, which he did. "But (says the chronicler) Godfrey with the French was determined to avenge the

Christian blood spilt by the infidels in Jerusalem, and to punish them for the raileries and outrages to which they had subjected the pilgrims. Never had he in any conflict appeared so terrible, not even when he encountered the giant on the bridge of Antioch. Guicher and several thousands of chosen warriors cut the Saracens in two from the head to the waist, or severed their bodies in the middle. None of our soldiers showed timidity, for they met with no opposition. The enemy sought only to escape; but to them flight was impossible; they rushed along in such crowds that they embarrassed one another. The small number of those who contrived to escape took refuge in Solomon's Temple, and there defended themselves a considerable time. At dusk our soldiers gained possession of the Temple, and in their rage put to death all whom they found there. Such was the carnage, that the mutilated carcases were hurled by the torrents of blood into the court; dismembered hands and arms floated in the current, that caused them to be united to bodies to which they had never belonged." "The Holy Sepulchre," says another historian, "was now free, and the bloody victors prepared to accomplish their vow. Bareheaded and barefoot, with contrite hearts, and in a humble posture, they ascended the Hill of Calvary, amidst the loud anthems of the clergy, kissed the stone which had covered the Saviour of the World, and bedewed with tears of joy and penitence the monuments of their redemption." The scenes of these fierce and tender passions we are now about to visit.

III.—IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF OUR SAVIOUR.

Following the example of all pilgrims to Jerusalem in ancient times, and imitating their undoubting faith and reverence, we determined to resign ourselves to our feelings as Christians, and make it our first duty in the Holy City to follow the footsteps of our Lord in captivity, judgment, death, and entombment, up to his ascension. Catholic tradition, preserved through ages, by a succession of pious memories,—traditions as yet undisturbed, except by guesses and suggestions merely, always disputable and mostly fanciful—enables us to recall with sufficiently distinct identity, the scenes of sacred Scripture and the localities of our Lord's sufferings. We are contented so to receive them. We have found Jerusalem; we shall see Bethlehem.

Rising early (it is hardly possible to sleep late in such a place), we set out from St. Stephen's Gate, to which we shall shortly return on our solemn path with the captive Saviour. Before going farther from this gate, we may observe the Church of St. Anne, said to be the birth-place of the Virgin, raised upon the site of the house of Joachim and Anne, and the scene of the Immaculate Conception. In the grottoes beneath this church, the building of which is attributed to Justinian, is shown the humble chamber where dwelt the Holy Family. It was converted into a Turkish school by Saladin, and subsequently a mosque, but has recently by the able intervention of M. Thouvenel, aided by M. Barrere, the consul of France at Jerusalem, been made over by the Sultan to the Emperor of the French, and restored to the worship of the Christian faith under the pious care of the Latin fathers. There are two Christian nations active in Jerusalem, France and Russia, and the aggrandisement of the Greek and Roman Church makes itself everywhere conspicuous.¹

¹ The church of St. Anne is of great antiquity. Sewulf, a pilgrim of the twelfth century, describes it as the place where



THE FIELD OF BLOOD, IN THE VALLEY OF HINNOM.

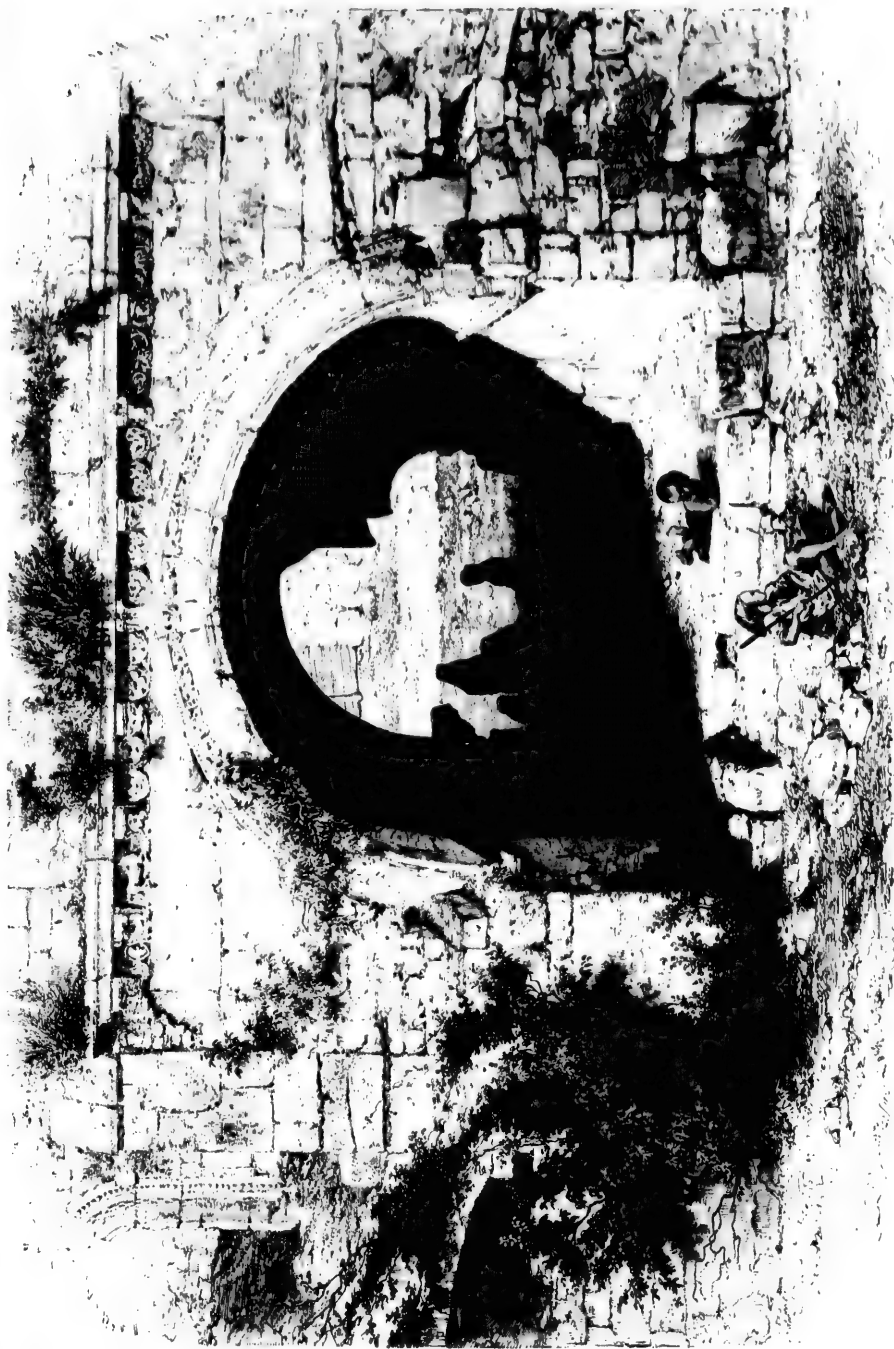
The Pool of Bethesda, now a broad deep ditch without water, lies just within the gate, and is a specimen of the primitive architecture of the Jews at Jerusalem. It bounded the Temple on the north. It is a reservoir one hundred and fifty feet long and forty wide. The sides are walled and composed of a bed of large stones joined together by iron cramps, a wall of mixed materials run up on these large stones, a layer of flints stuck upon the surface of this wall, and a coating laid over these flints. The four beds are perpendicular with the bottom, and not horizontal; the coating was on the side next to the water, and the large stones rested as they still do, against the ground. The pool is now dry and half filled up. It is used as a threshing-floor. Here grow some pomegranate-trees, and a species of wild tamarind of a bluish colour. On the west side may be seen two arches, probably leading to an aqueduct that carries the water into the interior of the Temple.¹ The western angle is full of nopal.

the mother of the Blessed Mary lived with her husband, and she was there delivered of her daughter Mary. Sir John Maundeville, who travelled in 1322, says that before the church grew a great tree which began to grow the same night, that was the night of the conception, not of the birth. In Maundrell's time (1697) it was a convent or nunnery, the church of which was large and entire, as were also part of the lodgings; but both were desolate and neglected.

¹ Sawulf describes the pool called, in Hebrew, Bethesda, as having five porticoes, of which the Gospel speaks. Maundrell describes it as 120 paces long and 40 broad, and at least 8 deep,

and it was on the brink of this pool that Christ said to the paralytic man, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk." This is the only monument left of the primitive Jerusalem of David and Solomon. Outside this gate we come upon the great Turkish burying-ground, a place, it would seem, of parade as well as sorrow for the Turkish population, for they resort hither in the evenings dressed out in their gayest attire—the women especially—who, flitting among the tombs, in their long white veils, are perhaps seeking, as widows, the consolation of a new husband, though many of them, it must be said, are seen for hours bending in faithful sorrow over the turbaned tombs of their lost lords. A rapid descent brings us across the narrow bridge of one arch that crosses the dry brook Kedron, and spans the gloomy and mysterious Jehoshaphat, the "Valley of the Tombs." Every step here is full of sacred associations; the vast sepulchral monuments all round; the tombs of Absalom, Zechariah, and Jehoshaphat, with the thousands of Jewish tombs everywhere about, tell a solemn story of death past, present, and to come. Hither wend the Jews, from the far corners of the earth, to purchase a final resting place near the Temple of the Lord in the land of their forefathers; the place allotted being

and void of water. At its west end it discovers some old arches, now dammed up. "These," adds the quaint but trustworthy old traveller, "some will have to be the five porches in which sat that multitude of lame, halt, and blind (John v.); but the mischief is, instead of five there are but three of them."



GATE OF THE HOSPITAL OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN, AT JERUSALEM.

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calculated at a price, which goes to the Jewish chest for the support of their poorer living brethren. Here Melchizedek met Abraham to congratulate him on his victory over the five kings. In this valley, the wicked Jews worshipped Moloch and Belphegor; Solomon here planted his cedars; the Temple overshadowed it; here "flowed softly" the waters of Siloam; here David sang his songs, and Jeremiah uttered his lamentations; here Our Saviour underwent his agony; and here, according to the prophecy of Joel, all mankind will at last appear before one awful Judge. "I will gather all nations, and will bring them down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there." (Joel iii, 2).¹

The Valley of Jehoshaphat is but a deep trench at this spot, sinking rapidly southward until near Zion, where it is nearly five hundred feet below the top of the Mount. Jerusalem is on one side: the Mount of Olives on the other, and the dark shadow of the Mount of Offence,—so denominated from Solomon's idolatry, for there he had his gardens and his "women's" palaces, and was led by them to the worship of strange gods. The stone on which we are now standing, just near the bridge, is revered as the spot of St. Stephen's martyrdom.² The two contiguous hills rise up close to us, nearly naked, and of a dull red colour. Their sides are bare, but of some scattered wild olive trees, and, here and there, a scanty few black and parched vines, with sparse chapels, oratories, and

mosques in ruin. The bottom of the Mount of Offence and its sides (no preferable place, and sold at small price to the poorer Jews) are covered with tombs in heaps, right up to the poor and badly characterized village of Siloam, whose houses seem like sepulchres themselves, and are so. The grave, melancholy stillness of Jerusalem, the silence of a great city, smokeless, noiseless, suggests to the imagination that the tombs are here, the dead have not yet been summoned to awake.

Mounting the Hill by a rocky path, the same along which David went lamenting when driven forth from his beloved Zion by the rebellion of Absalom, we proceed down a few steps to the left, leading us to an open court surrounded with rocky walls, at the end of which we reach a beautiful building of Gothic architecture, of a severe and antique character, with a picturesque façade, opening by a marble door, into a subterranean chapel, where are the tombs of St. Joseph and the Virgin, excavated in the solid rock. Down from this solemn entrance, fifty marble steps, each twenty feet long, lead us to the floor. The tomb of the Virgin is on the right, in a large recess, with an altar over it, and a painting of her death, with the Saviour himself standing by her bedside to comfort her. The tomb of St. Joseph is higher up, as are also those of St. Anne and St. Joachim. Mary, who died at Ephesus, was, as they tell us, miraculously buried here by the Apostles, according to the tradition of the Fathers; for there is a full relation of this marvellous funeral by Euthymus, who tells how "St. Thomas" (who was always desirous to satisfy any doubt by ocular testimony) "having caused the coffin to be opened, nothing was found in it but a virgin robe, the simple and mean garment of that Queen of Glory whom the angels had conveyed to Heaven."

Arculf, a Gaulish Bishop, who travelled in A. D. 700, speaks of the "round church of St. Mary, divided into two stories by slabs of stone. In the upper part are four altars; on the eastern side, below, there is another, and to the right of it, an empty tomb of stone, in which the Virgin Mary is said to have been buried; but who removed her body, or when this took place, no one can say. On entering this chamber you see, on the right hand side, a stone, inserted in the wall, on which Christ knelt on the night on which he was betrayed, and the marks of his knees are still seen in the stone, as if it had been as soft as wax." Arculf also tells another traditional story that he heard on the spot, of the disappearance of the body of the Virgin Mary, that "St. Mary expired in the middle of Jerusalem, in the place called St. Sion, and as the twelve apostles were carrying her body, the angels came and took her from their hands and carried her to Paradise." He adds that the church is called St. Mary, not because her body rests there, but in memory of it.³

¹ The traditions which associate the tomb of the Virgin Mary with the locality in question appear, with the exception given above, never to have varied. Maundeville, who was partial to wonders, saw there "the stone which the angel brought to our Lady from Mount Sinai, which is of the same colour as the rock of St. Catherine." St. Thomas appears to have been of a very sceptical turn of mind; for Maundeville describes a great stone as lying at the bottom of the Mount of Olives, "upon which you are told the Blessed Virgin let fall her girdle after her assumption, in order to convince St. Thomas, who, they say, was troubled with a fit of his old incredulity upon this occasion. There is still to be seen a small winding channel upon this stone which they will have to be the impression made by the girdle when it fell, and to be left for the conviction of all such as shall suspect the truth of this story of the assumption."

¹ The traditions connected with this point are curious. Bernard the Wise, a monkish pilgrim, who travelled in A. D. 867, describes a church in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, called that of St. Leon, "in which it is said that Our Lord will come at the Last Judgment." Sir John Maundeville says "Also in coming down from Mount Olivet is the place where our Lord wept over Jerusalem. And there beside is the place where our Lady appeared to St. Thomas the Apostle after her assumption, and gave him her girdle. And very near is the stone on which our Lord often sat when he preached; and upon that same shall he sit at the day of doom, right as he said himself." The permanence of the tradition is not a little remarkable, the Muhammadans have even availed themselves of it. Upon the edge of the hill, on the opposite side of the valley, there runs along, in a direct line the wall of the city, near the corner of which there is a short end of a pillar jutting out of the wall. Upon this pillar, the Mussulmans have a tradition that Muhammad will sit in judgment at the last day; and that all the world will be gathered together in the valley below, to receive their doom from his mouth.

² The traditions of older times are so much the more deserving of attention as they were nearer to the time of the events to which they related. It can hardly be supposed that the Christians, inhabitants of Jerusalem and its neighbourhood, under the Romans, did not preserve some authentic traditions concerning the localities of the more important events of Gospel History. The earliest notice we meet with of the site of the martyrdom of St. Stephen is that of Bishop Arculf, who travelled A. D. 700, who describes it as being on Mount Zion. Bernard the Wise, who followed in A. D. 867, also places the scene of the proto-martyrdom on Mount Zion, and describes a church as existing at the spot in commemoration of the event. Sawulf, who travelled in A. D. 1102, describes the stoning of St. Stephen as having occurred about two or three hundred years without the wall on Mount Zion to the north, where a very handsome church was built "which has been entirely destroyed by the Pagans."

So far from the eighth till the twelfth centuries. In the fourteenth century we first find the site of the tradition removed. Sir John Maundeville, who travelled in 1322, says "over against that vale of Jehoshaphat, out of the city, is the church of St. Stephen, where he was stoned to death." After this the tradition grew in strength, and we find Maundrell, in A. D. 1697, speaking of a broad stone on the way up the hill to the city, going from the Virgin's Tomb to St. Stephen's Gate, on which the Saint suffered martyrdom. The gate which had previously been called that of Jehoshaphat, as in the time of Benjamin of Tudela, that is in A. D. 1164, became the Gate of St. Stephen, and has remained so.

Thirty paces from the border of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, is an enclosure of about forty-seven paces long by forty-four wide—the Garden of Gethsemane. Tread reverently, for under the shade of that scathed trunk of the oldest of those eight venerable olive trees,—so old that its roots are growing in strangely-shaped monstrosity out of the earth,—was the Saviour betrayed with a kiss by the traitor Judas. In a cavern outside is a sombre grotto,—the place where the Apostles hid themselves on their Master's being captured. The wall around is high, and plastered, and whitewashed. The garden has become the property of the Fathers of the Latin Convent, who have planted young trees among the old ones, the grim gnarled arms, pillar-like trunks, and thin foliage of which have a weird and solemn antiquity about them that strikes the beholder. The scene is one that has its fitness for the mournful scene of the Saviour's Passion. The deep valley, the dark and barren heights, the sorrowing mead of the streams below, and the shadow of the guilty city over all! They point to us a stone marking the spot where Christ prayed that the cup might pass from him; a little further the place where he sweated great drops of blood, and, a little farther on, the spot where he found his disciples sleeping. The traditions of this place are innumerable.

It is Easter week, and we have a host of pilgrims of all nations with us, mounting in long procession upwards towards the Chapel of the Ascension. About half way up, by a rugged winding path, worn with the footsteps of ages, are the ruins of a monastery—on the site of the stone from which Christ, looking over towards the sinful City, bewailed the approaching desolation of Jerusalem. It is just on this spot that the Sixth Roman Legion is said to have encamped during the siege by Titus. From the Rock of the Prediction we march up to some curious grotto excavations, called the Tombs of the Prophets. Their ground plan is very singular, something in the shape of a quadrant, and there are more than fifty tombs. Some have said they are the Apostles' tombs; others caves for the worship of Baal; others, again, consider them as belonging to the Priests of the Temple, but all this is guesswork.

Going upwards from these tombs, and imagining the scene of the raising of Lazarus as taking place in some such place, we climb up a few more feet of the ascent, and stand before the Chapel of the Ascension—the last grand consummation of our Saviour's history in the form of man. We are now gazing up to the same Heaven that opened to receive him ascending to His Father's right hand, upon the accomplishment of the atoning sacrifice which took place in that City, we have but to turn our heads to look upon. The chapel is a small octagonal building with a dome, and half in ruins. This is the Chapel of the Ascension. Within it is the rock or stone from which Christ is said to have ascended. There is the print of a left foot. It has been said the Turks removed the print of the right, and placed it in the Mosque of Omar; but this may only be from the tradition of Mahomet's foot on El Sakhara. The authorities that assure us we are now gazing on the veritable foot print of our Lord are St. Augustine, St. Jerome, Paulina, the Venerable Bede, and Sulpicius Severus. The foot is turned towards the north; Tradition says, the Saviour had his foot towards the north, at the moment of his Ascension, as if to renounce the south, involved in errors. The scene of the Ascension has not been without its describers. Traditions of the Fathers tell that the Lord "ascended to heaven, attended by the souls of the patriarchs and prophets, delivered by him from the chains of death. His mother and one hundred and twenty disciples witnessed his ascension." "He stretched out his arms like Moses," says St. Gregory Nazianzen, "and commended his disciples to his Father; he then crossed his almighty hands, holding them down over the heads of his beloved friends, in the same manner that Jacob blessed his son Joseph; then, rising from earth with inexhaustible majesty, he slowly ascended toward the eternal mansion, till he was enveloped by a brilliant cloud." The Empress Mother Helena first identified the spot by the erection of a church, on which, however, says St. Jerome, "it was found impossible to cover in that part of the roof through which Christ pursued his heavenward way." The Venerable Bede declares that in his time, on the eve of the Ascension, the Mount of Olives was all night seen covered with flames. We find the meaning



GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.



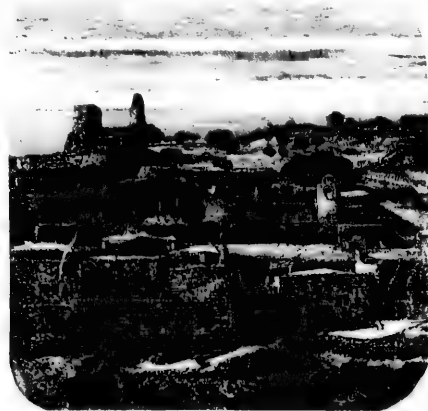
MOUNT OF OLIVES FROM JERUSALEM.

of this story in Arculf's writings (he visited Jerusalem in A.D. 700), and tells us that, "On the highest point of Olivet, where our Lord ascended into Heaven, is a large round church, having around it three vaulted porticoes. The inner part is not vaulted and covered, because of the passage of our Lord's body, but it has an altar on the east side, covered with a narrow roof. On the ground in the midst of it are to be seen the last prints in the dust of our Lord's feet, and the roof appearing open above where He ascended; and although the earth is daily carried away by believers, yet still it remains as before, and retains the same impressions of the feet. In the western part of the same church are eight windows, and eight lamps, hanging by cords opposite to them, cast their light through the glass as far as Jerusalem, striking the hearts of the beholders with a mixture of joy and divine fear. Every year, on the day of the Ascension, when mass is ended, a strong blast of wind comes down and casts to the ground all who are in the church. All that night lanterns are kept burning there, so that the mountain appears, not only lighted up, but actually on fire, and all that side of the city is illuminated by it."

The foot-print is in the rock, enclosed by an oblong block of marble, and we bring away with us an impression in wax, which pilgrim after pilgrim treasures as one of his dearest remembrances of the Holy Land. We are now about twenty minutes,—hardly a mile, from the walls of Jerusalem, so we finish our "Sabbath day's journey" by going over the crest of the hill to Bethany. As we walk down the footpath so often trodden by the Saviour on his friendly visits to the house of Lazarus, whom he loved, many landscapes of wildly pleasing variety open before us. We seem to have left the desolation in Judea on the other side, and pass through open corn-fields, across which, among groves of olives, are seen the white roofs of the little village that stands almost on the border of a desert land. Here Jesus picked the corn by the wayside, and here the sister of Lazarus met him, as she came forth with the mourners from her brother's tomb. The house of Lazarus, where the Saviour so often received hospitality, has given place to a church founded by Queen Melisenda. A chapel marks the dwelling where

Simon the Leper addressed the Lord, and perpetuates the memory of the devout Magdalen, who anointed the feet of Christ. Lastly, the rock, whose hallowed sides formed the tomb of Lazarus, has been surmounted by a mosque, the entrance to which is down a stair of twenty-four steps.¹ Christian and Moslem alike reverence this spot, and the pilgrimages to it are numerous. The sick children we see here have been brought by the Mahometans in the neighbourhood, from a persuasion that some trace of the divine virtue of the great Prophet Jesus, the Spirit of God, still rests upon these stones. Towards the left, about three-quarters-of-a-mile farther on, is Bethphage, the Village of the Figs, and a little farther some bold interpreter and guide ventures to show the very fig-tree that withered at the Saviour's word. It was very old, and certainly very withered, but we may not vouch further for the tradition.

Returning back over the crest of Olivet, after pausing to admire the view of Jerusalem,—the whole panorama of the Gospel narrative spread out before us,—we proceed obliquely, by a sloping path that brings us to the village of Siloam, where the natives have made their dismal dwellings among the rock-hewn tombs. Hence we look down upon the dry bed of Kedron and the platform of the Moriah (the Temple enclosure) overhanging it. It slopes down, gray and bare, 500 feet. We gaze upon a perfect City of Tombs—everywhere along the valley. Opposite to us is the Fountain of the Virgin, where the water rises and falls with sudden-flowing swell. Here come the neighbouring flocks to water. There is a cavernous connection between this and the Pool of Siloam lower down, along which some topographers have crawled more than 1750 feet. It was once a sealed fountain—that is, closed with a stone. Tradition tells that here the mother of Jesus was accustomed to wash her garments. Mohammed declared that these waters flowed from Paradise, and some say it is the very stream brought down subterraneously by Hezekiah into the city when he ordered the fountains without Jerusalem, and the brook to be stopped, saying, "Why should the Kings of Assyria come and find much water?" The stream has been ascertained to run down from the Temple area—indeed, it is said, from Zion. It is pleasant in the heat of the day to descend the flight of steps that lead under a dark archway down into this fountain, and, standing on the upper steps worn with the footsteps of ages, to look deep into a mysterious cavern, down into which again goes another flight of steps to the spring. The women coming up and down the steps with water-jars gracefully balanced on their heads, the wayfarers trending hitherwards from all sides, and the horses and sheep that are being watered at the trough above, form a picture that reminds us of the patriarchal ages. There is an old Arabian tradition connected with this well which was in days very, very old, called the "Fountain of Accused Women." Women accused of adul-



BETHANY.

¹ Canon Stanley has designated the religion of Palestine, from the moment it fell into the hands of Europeans, as far as sacred traditions are concerned, as "a religion of caves;" but if we compare the reports of pilgrims and travellers between the ninth and seventeenth centuries, it will be readily seen that in the instance of the Grave of Lazarus that it was the Muhammadans who profited by the passion for cave history and mythology, and who improved upon it by removing the site that was traditional in the eighth century, to a grotto of far larger dimensions before the seventeenth.

tery used to come **here** and drink the water, which, if they were innocent, did not hurt them, but poisoned them if guilty. When Sitri Miriam (the Virgin Mary) was found with child and accused, she submitted to this ordeal, and was thus proved guiltless: she then prayed that the water might never harm any faithful woman, and from that day the waters have been intermittent.

Following the arid path above Kedron we now come to the Tomb of Absalom, one of the most striking monuments about Jerusalem. It is a monolith, or square mass of stone, measuring eight feet each way, cut from the solid rock of the neighbouring hill, from which it stands detached fifteen feet. Twenty-four columns of the plain Doric order, six on each front, are hewn from the rocky mass, and support a triangular pyramidal top, evidently not of the same style as the monument. It is forty feet in height. May not the old stone pillar, "which is in the king's dale," (2 Samuel, xvii, 18,) have been thus ornamented by after hands; "it is called to this day Absalom's place." Every pious pilgrim—Jew, Turk, or Christian—still shows his abhorrence of the rebellious son of David, by flinging a stone at this monument as he passes: a circumstance of which Jehoshaphat, the pious King of Judah, "who walked in the ways of the Lord," might justly complain; for his tomb, also cut out of the rock, with a Doric portico, is just behind, and receives an undue proportion of the ungracious missiles. Close to this stands the tomb of Zachariah, similarly hewn away from the rock, and surrounded by a plain pyramid. This is without an entrance, in fact merely an ornamental stone. Further down the valley, and just above the Pool, lies a garden, close upon the point of the junction of the valley of Jehoshaphat with the valley of Hinnom, that runs round at the foot of Mount Zion, now rising above us in rough terraced ground, dotted with scattered wild olive trees.

Near this garden is a rugged old tree, raised on a rough broken bank, said to mark the spot of Isaiah's martyrdom. The bank is protected by a wall of stones, half in ruins, and the old tree still puts forth green foliage from its scarred and aged trunk.



ISAIAH'S GRAVE.

Below this, in a little corn-covered hollow, we come upon the well of Job. It is the En Rogel where Adonijah summoned a meeting of his followers, to proclaim him king—a deep old well, consisting of a fountain, a tank, and three drinking troughs, under an arched chamber of rough hewn stones, part of a bygone

mosque. A constant train of donkeys, bearing its water to the city, are seen ascending and descending on the hill sides by a steep path to Zion Gate. In the winter, when the rains are abundant, the water of this well bubbles forth, from a hole, about fifty paces below and flows with a strong stream into the brook Kedron, which then becomes a real torrent for some weeks. At such times, in this dry parched land, such an overflow causes a general holiday, and parties are made from the city to enjoy the *fête*. The water collects for this purpose in the subterranean basins of the Temple, which are mostly supplied from the collected rains drained off from the city in wet weather; hence the overflow, but Muhammedan traditions give another reason.

"The Haram Sherif (Mosque of Omar) is guarded at all hours, night and day, by a guard of honour consisting of 70,000 angels, always present in the holy precincts. By a decree of the Most High, while this celestial garrison watches and prays about the sacred rock (El Sakkarah), an equal number of infernal spirits are groaning in the depths of the mountain, condemned to support the sacred building, and the vast plain about it, upon their accursed heads. This weight is heavy enough, but, beyond this, every time a faithful Mussulman, in a pure state, places his foot on the platform, the mere weight of his body augments, by sixty times, the pressure of the burthen already piled on the demons. If the devout be numerous, the sufferings of these *Shayatin* (evil genii) are proportionately augmented, and they shed tears of agony and rage. The greater the fervour of the true believers at the sanctuary, the more plentiful these tears, until the reservoirs of the Temple vaults are filled by them and overflow into the neighbouring wells. The abundance of the water in the Bir Ayaub (Well of Job) is a measure of the Creator's goodness. Only prayers are wanting to ensure abundance of water, and a consequent good harvest."

Such is the legend. These wells are called, by the Jews and Christians, the Wells of Nehemiah; and it is here, we are told, that the prophet preserved the sacred fire of the Altar in concealment, after the departure of the Hebrews in captivity to Babylon, and, here, he found it safe and burning on his return.

Returning back up the valley, just as we come to the foot of Zion, is the Pool of Siloam;—

"Siloah's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracles of God."

Milton.

It is a square basin, about fifty feet long and twenty deep, from which trickles a small stream, spreading verdure where it goes, but soon exhausted in small gardens of radishes and cucumbers. The taste of the waters is no longer sweet—it is like that of rain water too long standing in a cistern. It was different in Isaiah's time—out of this pool was drawn the water of separation, to be mingled with the ashes of the red heifer, at the Feast of Tabernacles, and hither was the blind man sent to wash and be clean; (John ix., 11, 17,) and now, at this moment, we see the pilgrims bending over the walls and washing, like ourselves, in its hallowed waters. The scene is beautiful from the contrast of this spot with the general nudity and arid sterility of the soil around Jerusalem. This was the "king's dale, near the king's garden and wine-press"—a garden and pleasant green, a sparkling gem—hard by Tophet—a paradise close upon Gehenna! On reaching the brink

above this pleasant place, the waters, that have thus far "run softly," tumble over, and dash, splash, and rush from a hundred little cascades, to be distributed in a thousand murmuring rills, for the irrigation of this delightful spot. Upon the rock in which this pool is dug down twenty steps, stood the pleasure palace of David. The stones comprising its walls are polished by ages, and carpeted with ivy and mosses—a solace and relief to the eyes, wearied with perpetual sunshine. The women of the valley—like the daughters of Judah of old—come down these steps which shine like marble from the tread of centuries,—come up and down the cool steps with naked feet, to fill their pitchers. We bathe our hands and foreheads, and listen to the evening wind as it sighs up the valley, sweeping over us and rustling in the trees—a music the more delicious to the ear from its strangeness, in this otherwise treeless, bare and silent land.

We now return, further upon our footsteps, upwards, nearly back to the tombs of the Jews, whence a few lingering mourners are hastening homewards, belated, from a funeral, to reach the gates ere nightfall. Here we cross the brook Kedron, by the passage, now dry, where the Saviour is said to have passed over, dragged along by the brutal hands of the servants of the High Priest. They point out to us a stone in its dry bed, bearing the impress of the knees, the mark left by Our Lord in falling on the spot. The path up here is steep and long, by the City wall, and it will be as well to pause awhile and admire the "Golden Gate," which opened, in Herod's time, under the eastern porch of the Temple. We have told you of the traditions among the Turks that a conquering Christian King is to enter here, and how they have walled up both its arches, and keep a guard over it. Here you will observe enormous blocks of stone—bevelled round the edges—the characteristics of the ancient Hebrew architecture, and just such as are to be found in the walls of Babel. Could we remove the stones from the archway, and enter within the walls, we should find the interior passage of the "Golden Gate," inside the tower, to be seventy feet high, and ornamented with lofty pillars, bearing rich and elaborately carved capitals. There is a legend about the closing of this gate related by Seiwulf (A.D. 1103), who tells us of a lesson of humility given to the Emperor Heraclius, who rode up to this gate proudly after his victory over Chosroes, king of Persia, returning in all the pride of a conqueror, and with, as he thought, a justificatory oblation in the True Cross, which he had valorously recovered from the Infidel. He thus advanced victorious to enter the Golden Gate at the head of his chivalry; but the stones fell down and closed up the passage, so that the gate became one solid mass, until Heraclius, at the admonition of an angel, humbling himself, got off his horse, and so the entrance was opened unto him. The lesson is a good one for human pride and human sufficiency in the face of God's all absorbing vastness.

We are now under what were once the Temple walls. These very stones, if not so old as Solomon's time (which they are believed to be, nor is there any reason to suppose the contrary), are, at any rate, as old as King Herod. Josephus speaks of the enormous proportions of the materials used by that magnificent monarch, and these are the great stones spoken of (Mark xiii., 1, 2.) "And as he went out of the Temple, one of his disciples saith unto him: Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are

here! And Jesus answering, said unto him: Seest thou these great buildings? There shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down!" Keeping along the wall towards the south, we remark the end of a column jutting out like a cannon from an embrasure. This is the mortice on which will be supported the abutment of the famous bridge, Sirath, that immense passage-way which is to be thrown over (as Mussulmans tell us) the abyss of infernal punishment, and over which, on the Day of the Great Judgment, all the good will have to risk a passage, before arriving at the mansions of peace. This bridge, not over wide, as we see, in its commencement, is to be no thicker than a hair, and as sharp as a Damascus blade. Many will fall at the first step, but the just will be held up by guardian angels—as many in number as they have done acts of charity and mercy in life.

We have now reached the angle of the wall. Here is a projection like a seat, and on this the Prophet will stand on the Day of Judgment, near the foot of the throne, to intercede for the faithful. Jesus and Mary being by his side.

Turn the angle of the southern portion of the eastern wall, and we are under the mosque El-Aksa, formerly the Church of the Presentation, and erected by Justinian. We now follow the course of the conduits—pipes conveying water from Solomon's Pool, just by Bethlehem, into the city, under the wall, by the Tyropean. To the right is the grotto whither St. Peter withdrew to lament his fault after hearing the cock crow three times, and near to it—just above—on the hill top, separated by a small interval from the Zion Gate, is the house of Caiaphas, the High Priest, now covered by a small Armenian convent.

In this chapel are shown a dark corner, where Christ was imprisoned till the morning, when he was carried before Pilate, and a little to the west is the place where, as some say, the Virgin died, and whence she was carried to her tomb on Mount Olivet by the disciples. They also show "the very stone" which secured Our Lord's Sepulchre, a stone two yards long, one yard deep, and one broad. It is now, after long argument, recognised, we learn, as the true stone; but all say (and the Armenians do not deny the fact) that it was stolen from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.



VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.

Here likewise is the small room where Peter was frightened into the denial of his master.

The Cenaculum or "large upper room," the scene of the Last Supper—now a Turkish Mosque, which has succeeded to a church and monastery formerly occupied by the Fathers of the Holy Land. The room is on the second story, is constructed of stone, and is large and dreary, about fifty or sixty feet long by some thirty in width. An ancient tradition says, that here Our Blessed Lord celebrated the Passover, and, at the close, instituted the Sacrament. Here, too, he gave us the great lesson of humility, in washing his disciples' feet. Here he appeared to his disciples on the day of his Resurrection. Here, too, the Apostles are said to have assembled together on the day of Pentecost, when the miracle of cloven tongues was shown. This sanctuary is equally celebrated in the Old Testament. Here David built himself a palace and a tomb; here he kept, for three months, the Ark of the Covenant. The place hallowed by the Last Supper was transformed into the first Christian church the world ever beheld. Here James the Less was consecrated first Christian Bishop of Jerusalem, and St. Peter held his first council of the Church. From this spot set forth the Apostles, on their mission to seat their religion on all the thrones of the earth.

Below this is the most sacred of all sacred places in the estimation of the Turks. This is the Nely Daud, or Tomb of the Prophet David—the word Nely meaning Prophet. It is situated beneath the Cenaculum, or "Upper Room." Its traditional locality as connected with the Last Supper of our Lord, and the repute of its containing the ashes of the Sweet Singer of Israel and his son the wisest of men, as well as millions of buried treasure, has led to much bribery on the part both of the Jews and Christians to obtain admission; but in vain, for the old Sheikh who has the care of the tomb invariably receives the bribe and palms off upon the spectator a tumulus of richly canopied stone and mortar on the floor of an upper room. To one person only, besides Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore, (who were only allowed, at an immense cost, to "behold it through the lattice of a ivy-laced door,") has it been permitted to see the sacred and royal deposit of the best and noblest of kings. This was the daughter of a physician, Dr. Barclay, who went disguised, and thus describes what she saw and did.

The reputed Tomb of David is just outside of Zion Gate, hard by the Cenaculum or "Upper Room," and the Armenian cemetery. It is surrounded by an irregular pile of buildings, and surmounted by a dome and a minaret. In the interior are some of the most grotesque architectural embellishments imaginable, on the capitals of some remains of the Crusader's architecture.

The frightful owl occupying the place of the classic acanthus and the mystic talus. We passed several halls and corridors before reaching the consecrated apartment, the entrance to which is guarded by double iron doors. In front of these, an aged dervish lay prostrate in earnest prayer on the stone floor, and, not being privileged to enter within the sacred precincts, he gazed eagerly at the tomb through the iron bars. The key was fished, the dervish dismissed, and the doors closed and double locked behind us. The room is insignificant in its dimensions, but gorgeously furnished and decorated to produce a splendid effect. The tomb

is apparently a sarcophagus of rough stone of very large size (about four times the height of a man) covered by green satin tapestry, richly embroidered with gold. On this is fixed a tabature of black velvet, framed in gold embroidery, and having inscribed upon it in rich golden bordering certain verses of the Koran. A canopy formed of red, blue, green, and yellow satin, in stripes, is suspended over the tomb. At one end of the room hangs a piece of black velvet tapestry, embroidered in silver, with an arabesque pattern; this, they told me, covers a door leading to a cave underneath. Besides this door, and fronting a grated niche in which is suspended a golden lamp, stand two tall silver candlesticks, each about the height of a man. The ceiling of the room is vaulted, and the walls covered with blue and pink porcelain in floral figures. The golden lamp of which I have spoken is kept constantly burning, and, to my surprise, my devout companion took from it the wick, thoroughly saturated as it was with oil, and swallowed it eagerly, doubtless withunction, muttering to herself a prayer, with many a genuflection. She then, in addition to the usual form of prayer, prostrated herself before the tomb, raised the covering, pressed her forehead to the stone, and then kissed it many times. Having remained here an hour or more and completed my sketch, we left, and great was my regret when I found myself once more at home, out of danger and, still better, out of my awkward costume.

Josephus tells us how Hyrcanus the High Priest, when besieged by Antiochus the Pious, opened the tomb and took out three thousand talents, with which he bought off his attack, and subsequently how Herod the king opened another chamber and took away some furniture of gold and precious goods; and how two of Herod's guards were slain by a wrathful flame that burst forth from the tomb, (supposed to be the mouth of the cave covered with the black velvet tapestry) and how Herod the king built up a propitiatory tomb of white stone. Another chronicler, in whom some trust is placed, Benjamin of Tudela, and who visited Jerusalem about 1160-1170, tells the following story of this tomb.

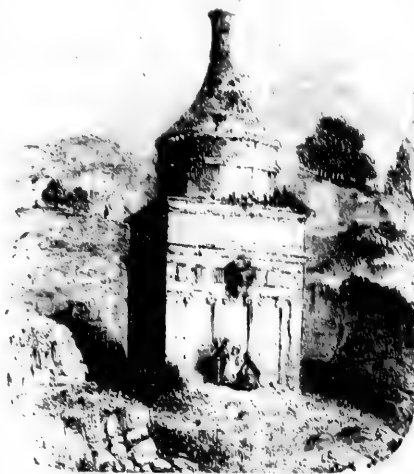
"On Mount Zion are the sepulchres of the House of David and those of the kings who reigned after him. In consequence of the following circumstance, however, this place is hardly to be recommended at present. Fifteen years ago, one of the walls of the place of worship on Mount Zion fell down, which the patriarch ordered the priest to repair. He commanded him to take stones from the original wall of Zion, and to employ them for that purpose, which command was obeyed. Two labourers who were engaged in digging stones from the very foundation of the walls of Zion, happened to meet with one which formed the mouth of a cavern. They agreed to enter the cave and search for treasure, and in pursuit of this object they penetrated to a large hall, supported by pillars of marble incrustated with gold and silver, before which stood a table with a golden sceptre and crown. This was the Sepulchre of David, King of Israel, to the left of which they saw that of Solomon and of all the kings of Judah who were buried there: they further saw locked chests, and desired to enter the hall to examine them, but a blast of wind like a storm issued from the cavern, and prostrated them almost lifeless upon the ground. They lay in this state till the evening, when they heard a voice commanding them to rise up and go

forth from the place. They proceeded, terror-stricken, to the patriarch, and informed him of what had occurred. He summoned Rabbi Abrahah, of Constantinople, a famous isctine, one of the mourners of the down-fall of Jerusalem, and caused the two labourers to present the occurrence in his presence. Rabbi Abrahah, upon informed the patriarch that they had discovered the Sepulchre of the House of David and of the Kings of Judah. The patriarch ordered the place to be walled up, so as to hide it effectually from every one to the present day.



THE TOMB OF DAVID

We come forth from the Tomb of David, and by the light of the moon, gaze down upon Jerusalem. The hill slopes down to the south by terraces, and is of a yellowish colour and barren appearance, opening in form of a crescent towards the city. By the full light of the harvest moon of Judaea—in April—we look out upon what was once the loveliest scene in the world.



ABSALOM'S TOMB.



POOL OF SILOAM

The eye rests upon the Valley of Jehoshaphat, once green with many waters, and pleasant with gardens and palaces. The opening in the eastern hill, leads it from deep to deep into many heights, rising over each other like tumultuous waves, to whom the Dead Sea lies shining in the distance. To the right is the beautiful esplanade of the Mosque of Omar, the glittering domes, and the embattled walls. Beneath and near are tombs and ruins. A universal silence reigns over all, save where the voices of the muezzin from the top of the high minarets of the Mosque ring out in prayer, which murmurs again as if an echo, from various parts of the City. Five times every day the sound of prayer may be heard around Jerusalem alone breaking the silence. These prayers or *intima* are five in number, and have each their allotted hour. First, that of daybreak (*salath Surub*); this, as we learn from the *Mutala* (a collection on the canons of the Mahomedan Faith), was composed by Adam, at the moment when, after his expulsion from the terrestrial Paradise, he saw, for the first time the light of day, and was released from the fear of perpetual darkness. Second, the prayer of midday (*salath Dhuhr*), recited by Abraham on the occasion of the sacrifice of his son Isaac. Third, that of the middle of the day (*salath asar*), the expression of Jonah's gratitude on coming forth from the belly of the whale. Fourth, the prayer at evening (*salath*

Mughrab) was uttered, towards twilight, by Jesus Christ, to assure the Eternal of his own submission and that of the Virgin Mary. Lastly, the fifth, that of the night (*salath Erebo*), has Moses for its author; that prophet, having lost himself while going forth from Midian, was, just at nightfall, in the plain of Wady Eyham, comforted by the voice of God, and composed this prayer, in thankful acknowledgment of His mercy.

And thus ends our first day in Jerusalem.

IV.—MOUNT ZION AND THE JEWS.

To "go round about Zion and mark well her bulwarks," and see her beauty and her strength, is a task that requires no slight pedestrian strength, as well as determination, in a pilgrim traveller. We are up and out early, strongly tempted everywhere throughout our route by narrow, intricate, half-covered streets, or rather alleys, darkened with canvas where not by arches, to turn aside hither and thither by celebrated localities, long before we have reached the gate of Zion. Passing through this, we place ourselves once more at the House of Caiaphas, where we paused last night in the footsteps of the Saviour, leaving him imprisoned, and awaiting the morning to be taken before the Sanhedrim or Council of the Jews, by them to be condemned, mocked, and blasphemously maltreated. We proceed on our way to the spot where was the Council-Chamber, first pausing to look down upon the Christian burying-grounds. That of the English is on the south slope of Zion, overlooking the Valley of Hinnom. Here lie Bishop Alexander, Robert Bateson, M.P., Dr. Schultz, the Prussian Consul, and others. That of the American Missionaries, which is on the Hill of Zion itself, though but a few years established, has some remarkable names. The burial-ground of the Roman Catholics is nearer to the gate; and the story of an unfortunate there buried is so curious as to be worth noting. This is Costigan, an Irish traveller, who was the first in modern days to navigate the Dead Sea (a feat since successfully performed in a thoroughly professional style by Lieutenant Lynch of the American Navy), and whose death from so doing the superstition of the people hereabouts—Jew as well as Christian—have invested with peculiar terrors. He had a boat brought over from the Mediterranean to Lake Tiberias and came down the Jordan; sliding through its rapids with some danger, and even entering with it into the Dead Sea, into which its waters constantly pour, and where it loses itself. He had only a Maltese sailor with him, and they rowed together round the sea, taking eight days to accomplish that journey. On their return Costigan was exhausted. It was in the month of July, and from nine to five dreadfully hot; every night a north wind blew, and the waves were worse than in the Gulf of Lyons. They had suffered exceedingly from the heat, so the sailor reported; Costigan taking his turn at the oars for the first five days; on the sixth day the water was exhausted, and Costigan gave in. On the seventh day they were obliged to drink the water of the sea; and on the eighth, they were near the head of it, the sailor also being exhausted, and unable any longer to pull an oar. There he made coffee from the water of the sea; and a favourable wind springing up, they hoisted their sail for the first time, and in a few hours reached the head of the lake. Feeble as he was, the sailor set off for Jericho; and, in the meantime, poor Costigan was found by some Arabs on the shore, a dying man, and by the

intercession of an old woman was carried to Jericho. He was next conveyed up to Jerusalem, where he died in the Latin Convent; but he never once afterwards referred to his unhappy voyage; remaining silent and—as the people about him imagined—terror stricken at the horrors he had seen while floating over the doomed cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. We now enter the city by the Zion Gate. Turn to the left towards the Jewish quarter where, even before reaching it, we find ourselves in the midst of all kind of filth, ruins, and desolate waste ground overrun with the cactus. The walls of the Armenian Convent rise high on one side, shutting out all view; on the other side the ground slopes down towards the Tyropæon through half-ruinous houses over to the site where the Temple enclosure rises. A little on one side are the houses of the lepers—a loathsome race—whom we must avoid. See where "the grass upon the house-tops" is "withered before it be grown up." See where the woman is sitting at that hovel-door, spinning woollen yarn with a spindle, while another near her is twirling the ancient distaff.



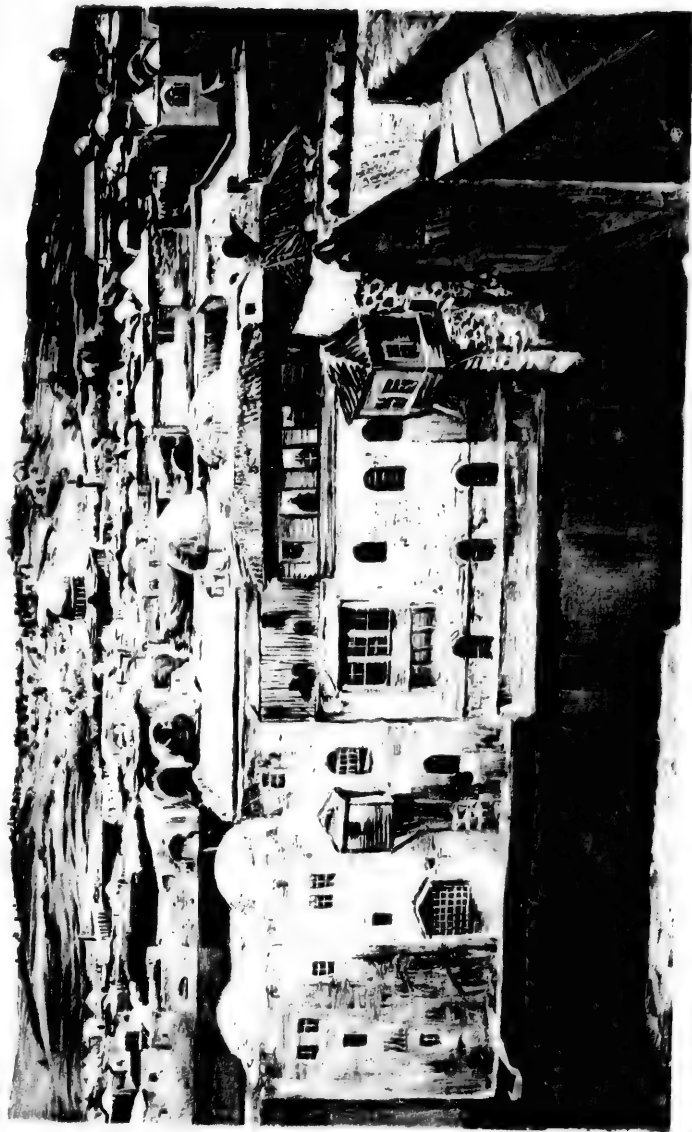
JEWS' QUARTER JERUSALEM.

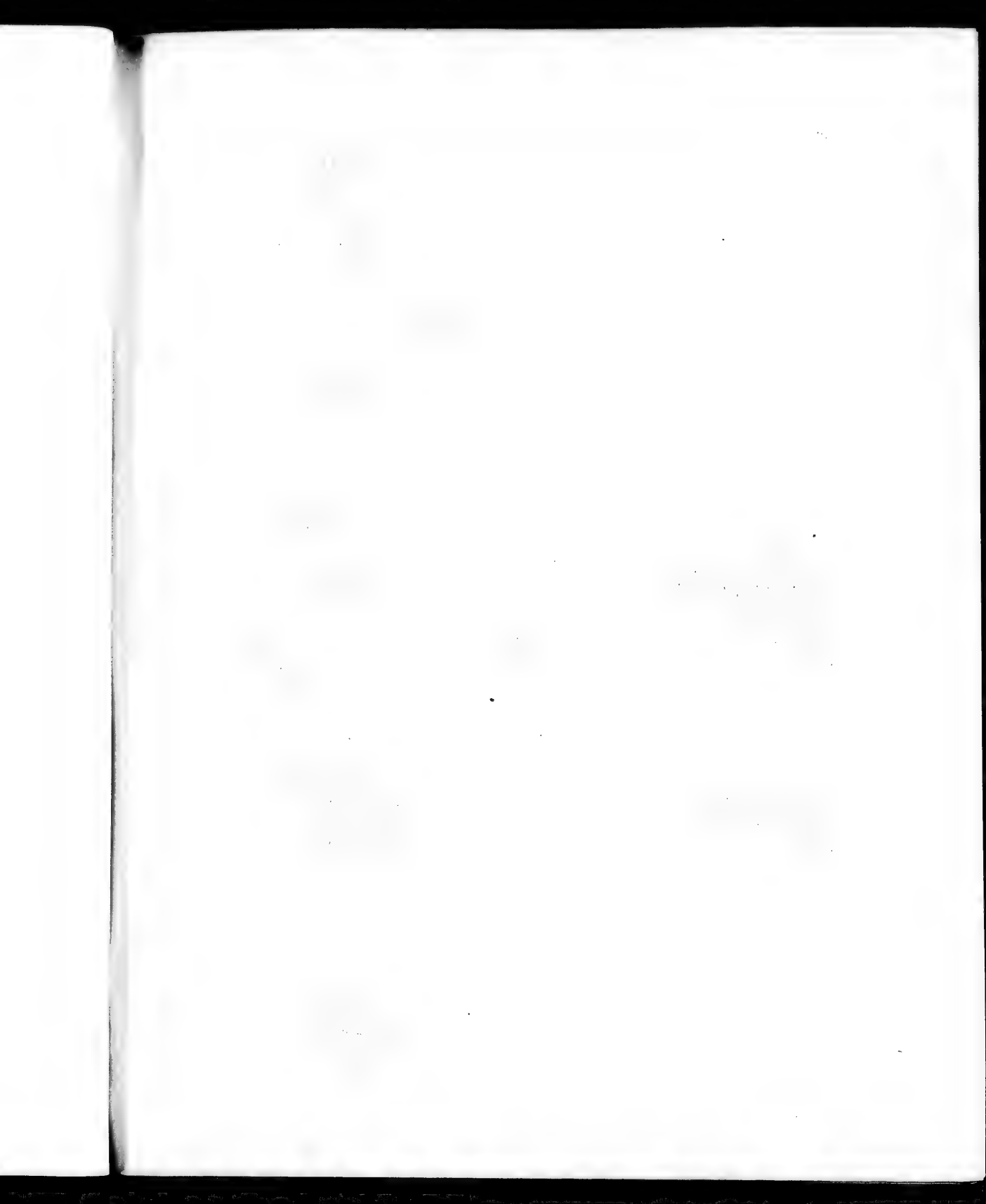
As we are looking over the Tyropæon, the Valley of the Cheesemongers, in coming down the slope, towards the Temple wall—that within the city—let us imagine one scene of the olden times. Take the Temple in its splendour; the Priests in all their power. Let the murderess-queen, Athaliah, hear across the Tyropæon, as she sits stately in the Zion Palace, the rejoicings of the people, as the High Priest points to the young king,—preserved within those sacred precincts from the wholesale murder of his race (2 Kings, xi. 16)—"Treason!" she cries, and rushes over the connecting bridge from the Palace to the Temple, but the High Priest orders her to be taken out immediately, "and they laid hands on her," and carried her out down by "the Horse Gate," to Kedron, and there was she slain. The "great stones" of part of one arch of this bridge that Athaliah crossed, on which, too, Titus stood in order to hold a parley with the Jews in the Temple—are still here. Let us measure this one; it is twenty-five feet long, another, twenty; the width of the bridge we can tell from the spring of the arch remaining, and its length must have been over the Tyropæon from Zion (as it were from Snow Hill to Holborn Hill, across the Valley of the Fleet)

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not less than three hundred and fifty feet. Of course there must have been several piers and arches. What a magnificent passage along this causeway, from the south porch of the Temple to Zion!

But this is not the place to speak of the glory of Zion. We are now nearing her wall; that narrow passage like a corridor open to the sky, with that huge massive wall rising about forty feet, and at the base of the wall which supports the west side of the Temple area, is the *Wailing Place* of the Jews. Doubtless these huge stones with bevelled edges—some of them still preserving the polish so carefully tooled upon them, as you will notice on the old Egyptian monuments—formed part of the foundations of the Holy Temple itself; certainly they are not later than Herod's day. Here we see a sad and affecting sight, the most painful spectacle in Jerusalem; there are at least fifty Jews, old and young, white-headed, turbaned, fur-capped, or broad-hatted, along the wall, praying and lamenting, with tears running down their cheeks. They lay their foreheads against the sacred stones, they kiss them. They lean against the wall, and seemingly try to pray through cracks and crevices. The tradition which leads them to pray *through* as well as *against* this wall is, that during the building of the Temple, a cloud rested over it, so as to prevent any entrance; and Solomon stood at the door, and prayed that the cloud might be removed, and promised that the Temple should always be opened to men of every nation desiring to offer up prayers; whereupon the Lord removed the cloud, and promised that the prayers of all people offered up in that place should find acceptance in his sight; and now, as the Mussulman looks it over the place where the Temple stood, and the Jews are not permitted to enter, they endeavour to insinuate their prayers through the crevices in the wall, that they may rise from the interior to the throne of Grace (see p. 32). How long and fervent their prayers! See how they stand, with the right foot extended, and the Bible in their hand, intoning the Lamentations of Jeremiah (v., 21, 22, 23), or the Psalms of David, or singing with Isaiah (lxiv., 9-11): "Be not wrath very sore, O Lord, neither remember iniquity for ever. Behold! see! we beseech Thee! we are all Thy people. Thy Holy cities are a wilderness, Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation. Our holy and beautiful house, where our fathers praised Thee is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste." Benjamin of Tudela mentions this touching custom in the twelfth century. After the capture of the city by Adrian, the Jews were excluded from entering within Jerusalem, and it was not until the age of Constantine that they were permitted to approach so as to behold Jerusalem from the neighbouring hills. At length they were allowed to enter the city once a year, on the day on which it was taken by Titus, in order to wail over the ruins of the Temple; but this privilege they had to purchase of the Roman soldiers.

The present condition of the Jew at Jerusalem is exactly what it was when Nehemiah attempted their restoration. "The remnant that are left in the captivity, these are in great affliction and reproach."

All the Jews in Palestine are under the spiritual domination of a Chief Rabbi, called *Chackham Bashi*, "the First in Zion." He is assisted by a special council of seven leading rabbis, and a large number of sub-rabbis. Hither, to the Holy City, asking but to lay their bones in Jehoshaphat, Jews crowd from all parts

of the world; but there is no trade, no employment, and they are, consequently, miserably poor. The subscription for the Jews, generally, throughout the world, does not avail to allow the poorer Jews more than thirty shillings a year, on which wretched pittance they live miserably, starve and die, constant in their faith, though strongly tempted aside by schools, and hospitals, and allowances, and employment, offered in pious zeal by the different divisions of Protestant Christians, who lay out large sums of money annually in Jerusalem for the purpose. The converted Jew is despised by his brethren and regarded as a dead man; but the unconverted Jew is looked down upon alike by Christian and Turk, nay, it would cost a Jew his life, even at this moment, should he venture into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, or even within the outer court of his beloved Temple. They are divisible into Sephardim and Askemari, or the Spanish and German communities, or southern and northern Jews, the latter numbering 4,000, the former about 7,000. Each class has its own synagogues, and are again divided. The old Pharisees still remain in the Porous-choni, which means "separated" or "isolated." The class assuming that title affect great piety, and a knowledge of the mysteries of the Kabala. Almost all agree, however, in adopting the Talmud and its traditions as their canon. Yet there is a sect of Jews which rejects everything but the sacred Scriptures; but it is a very small community, and rarely represented in Jerusalem. That swarthy proud-looking fellow with the pitchfork in his hand (see p. 49), reminds us that the Rechabites, still exist, and boast their descent from Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses, and High Priest of Midian. They are still dwellers in tents, and still, as in the time of Jeremiah, offer an example to the faithless sons of Israel (Jeremiah xxxv., 8). They drink no wine, and would deem it a transgression to dwell in houses or obtain a living otherwise than by agriculture.

Near this wall or Wailing-Place is a hospital founded for the Jews by the humanity of M. de Rothschild. Each bed bears the name of one of the members of that family—a monument of their charity. Here, too, is a school for Jewish children recently erected—and bountifully supported by Sir Moses Montefiore, but here, as everywhere, the Jewish quarter is full of dirt, and dust, and nasty smells. The men have a magnificent appearance, in spite of all the poverty and the squalor around.

Having seen the Jews in their present degradation, we now revert to the Jewish Sanhedrin, in its haughty pride, and look for the place whither the Saviour of the world was brought before the Council of the Jews to be questioned. We find it in the present *Mekkeme* or Council-house (or Guildhall), of the Turks, at the western wall of the Temple, just where Josephus tells us the "first wall" of Jerusalem abutted. We learn from the Psalmist that it was built on piers or arches, and that like the present building it had one entrance to the Temple area, and another to the city. It has now a splendid Saracenic portal, and here is the most beautiful Saracenic Fountain in Jerusalem, of which our artist has made a drawing (see p. 8), showing the women of Jerusalem as of old, fetching and carrying water from it. "You shall meet a man bearing a pitcher of water," was thus a special direction whereby to notice the individual, sure to engage the attention of the disciples of our Lord, when searching for a fit place and person to prepare the Last Supper. The San-

hedrim and its subalterns, having condemned, mocked, and blasphemously maltreated Christ, "then led they Jesus from Caiaphas, unto the judgment seat of Pilate," and it was early, and they themselves went not into the judgment hall, lest they should be defiled; but that they might eat the passover. Pilate then went out to them. The judgment hall of Pilate was undoubtedly a large apartment in the Tower of Antonia, situated on the north-west corner of the Temple area. Pilate, without condemning him, sent him up to Herod Antipas, Tetrarch of Galilee, who had, no doubt, come up to the feast, and was occupying the magnificent Palace of Herod the Great, near the Tower of Hippicus, where the chief priests and scribes stood, and vehemently accused Jesus; and Herod, with his men of war, set him at naught and mocked him, and arrayed him in a gorgeous robe, and sent him back to Pilate. The governor having examined him, informed the chief priests and the rulers and the people assembled in the yard of the Fort of Antonia, that as neither he nor Herod could find anything worthy of death in the Messiah, he would chastise and release him. But the malicious hierarchs having finally extorted his condemnation, he is taken into the Prætorium by the soldiers, arrayed in mock royalty, and smitten, treated with the utmost indignity and cruelty, and finally Pilate, occupying his judgment seat out on Gabbatha, or "the pavement," brought him out of the Prætorium

below, which is regarded as one of the five towers of Fort Antonia, and stands by an archway of pointed architecture. A few paces to the left of this is a small porch; here was said to have been the celebrated *Scala Sancta*, or Sacred Staircase, up and down which, on his way to Herod's Palace and back, and also, after his delivery to the soldiers, the Saviour must have several times ascended and descended. It was removed by the pious care of the Emperor Constantine to St. John the Lateran's convent. This gate opened into the Prætorium by the guard-room of the Roman soldiers. An iron door under a gateway here, about twenty paces further up, leads into the Convent of the Flagellation, which marks the place where the soldiers mocked and scourged Our Lord. The early Christians raised a chapel on this spot; one Quaresmius will tell you how this church was in ruins in 1618, and how the son of the Governor of that day repaired it and made a stable of it, and how on the night of the 14th January, 1619, the fête of the Holy Name—all the horses placed in it died, and so the Turks abandoned the buildings. A pious Pilgrim, Duke Maximilian, of Bavaria, saw it in 1838, deplored its condition, and paid for rebuilding the convent and chapel. There is still to be seen a beautiful mosaic pavement, whether of the Prætorium or the original Chapel is doubtful.

Coming out of this gate we have before us the Palace of Pilate, now only a ruined portion of a house. A Turkish post use it for barracks. It commands a charming view of the (Temple) Esplanade of the Mosque of Omar, and the gardens and corridors, and marble pulpit or that sacred locality see p. 33, from that upper chamber, where you may see the Turkish colonel smoking at the window as he tranquilly enjoys the prospect.

Christ having been scourged with rods, crowned with thorns (probably of the cactus, as thorny and common) and dressed in a purple robe, was presented to the Jews by Pilate. *Eccce Homo!* "Behold the man!" exclaimed the Judge, and you still see the window from which these memorable words were pronounced.

Over against the northern corner of Pilate's house the arch of the *Eccce Homo* crosses the street. A lofty gateway with a narrow gallery at the top, from which Pilate is said to have addressed the Jews on delivering the Saviour into their hands.

Ecclesiastical tradition commences from these points, the numbering of what are called "The Stations" of our Lord's journey to the crucifixion.

Passing through the arch with the procession of people, soldiers, and the meek Saviour, sorely burthened with his cross, we look up the narrow street, and we see it rapidly ascending, sometimes open, at others, gloomily covered with arches. The walls on either side rise like those of a prison. There is just such a place within Newgate, whence the prisoners pass from the cell to the gallows. It is called the Debtor's Yard, and has a passage just such as this—no wider; with just such walls and stones, which, marked with numbers, the turnkey will point out to your shuddering attention as denoting the graves of murderers, the very mention of whose names, with the memory of the awful crimes associated with them, is appalling. Go there and imagine this *Via Dolorosa*. The stones are rigged and slippery. A few small doorways or grated windows, or a rare wooden lattice, open into it; and at these bend the spectators, gazing on the Procession of Death. We mount the steep



TOWER OF DAVID, JERUSALEM.

V.—THE VIA DOLOROSA.

THE Via Dolorosa is a steep, narrow, crooked street, vaulted with arches, and gloomily impressive in appearance, even were it not for the awful reminiscence that up this steep ascent—along this gloomy way reviled, spat upon, and beaten, the meek Saviour of mankind was compelled to toil, laden with his cross, from the judgment seat of Pilate, to the Hill of Calvary.

Standing with our backs to the city wall, at St. Stephen's Gate, having on the right (behind us) the church of St. Anne, where the Virgin was born, and close to the spot where the woman was healed by touching his garment, and on the left the Pool of Bethesda, where "The angels used to come from heaven and bathe," we have, to the right, a small tower of modern construction upwards, but ancient

ascent until we turn the street by which stands the neatly built house of the Austrian Consulate. At this corner, on the left, is a column, which marks the "Third Station," being the place where Our Saviour first sank down under the weight of the Cross. Turning our backs to this column, we see on the side of this street a dilapidated church,—what is left of the ruins of "Our Lady of Sorrows,"—built on the spot where the Holy Mary—who had been at first driven away by the guards—met her Son, bending beneath the weight of the Cross. St. Boniface and St. Anselm have preserved the tradition, which the love of every Christian mother has perpetuated. Mary, we know, was at the foot of the Cross, with Mary, the wife of Cleophas and Mary Magdalen (John xix., 25). St. Boniface tells us, that the Virgin "sank to the ground as if lifeless, and could not utter a single word." St. Anselm asserts that Christ said, "Hail, mother!" "Eighteen centuries of persecution without end," says Chateaubriand, "of incessant revolutions, of continually increasing ruins, have not been able to erase or hide the traces of a mother going to weep over her son." This is the "Fourth Station."

The road, which before ran east and west, makes here a sharp angle, and turns to the north and south, the Via Dolorosa, continuing in the latter direction—the former trending up to the Damascus Gate. Proceeding southwards, about sixty yards to the left, we come to the House of the Rich Man (Luke xvi. 1), now a Military Hospital. The stones of which it is built are laid in courses of red and white, so that you can easily recognise it. Close by here, the Jews, seeing that their victim was not able to carry his Cross any longer, caught hold of Simon the Cyrenian, who was just going into the city towards the Gate of Ephraim (a street from which leads up here), and made him assist in carrying it. This is the "Fifth Station." A niche in the wall at the angle of the street on our right hand, shows at a short distance on the left the broken shaft of a column marking the situation of the house, on the threshold of which Berenice, afterwards known as Saint Veronica (or the Holy Woman of the True Image), came forth to wipe the sweat of agony from the suffering Saviour's brow, and received on her handkerchief the full impress and character of His Holy visage. This is the "Sixth Station."

Here ends the Via Dolorosa and commences the descent of Calvary. Here begins what an American missionary has called "the most interesting half-acre on the face of the earth;" for within that space are Mount Calvary, Golgotha, and the Holy Sepulchre, the scene of our Lord's Passion.

We have reached the top end of the Via Dolorosa, and begin now to descend. We now pass through a portion of a vaulted Turkish bazaar, and on coming out again, see three columns denoting the spot of another, the third, fall of Our Saviour under his oppressive burthen. Each time was he driven forward as we are told, by the blows and revilings of the impatient soldiers, amid the tears of his followers, and the pitying daughters of Jerusalem, and the outcries of the fanatic party of the Jews, many of whom—strangers from the outer country—were present for the Feast. Up the little street to the right, and we reach the square of the church of Calvary, or of the Resurrection, which is included, together with that of the Discovery of the Holy Cross—three Churches, under the one roof of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.



VIA DOLOROSA.

Thus far we have traced the Sacred Sceno. It is impossible even to peruse, in the Gospels, the mournful history of Our Lord's sufferings, without the most painful emotion. What must be the feelings of a Christian mind, when, with profound and melancholy admiration, it traces the scenes around, and follows the very footsteps of the Saviour at the foot of Mount Zion, in sight of the Temple, and within the very walls of Jerusalem! The Via Dolorosa itself is only a mile in length, but it has taken just two hours to ascend it to the present point. It has been calculated that the distance traversed by the Saviour between the "Upper Room" and Golgotha, was from four to five miles; from Zion to Gethsemane, 900 yards; Gethsemane to House of Annas, 2,400; House of Annas to High Priest's Palace, 2,100; High Priest's Palace to Council House, 400; Council House to Prætorium (in Antonia), 400; Prætorium to Herod's Palace, 1,000; Herod's Palace, back to Prætorium, 1,000; Prætorium to Golgotha, 600. Total yards, 8,000.

We may now step across the square and proceed on to the awful consummation of the day's proceedings as set forth before us in the magnificent and world-renowned Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

VI.—THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

THE representation we have given of this noble Church (page 9), taken as it is, from a photograph, and therefore unexaggerated, will give a correct notion of

the magnificent character of this august edifice, which, in its combination of style, calls to mind memories of the Crusaders, as well as the Byzantine age of its erection. The Convents that cluster round it, as if under its sacred shelter, add to its impressive majesty by increase of area, and to its picturesqueness by their harmonious irregularity. Constantine's mother, the Empress Helena, built the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It has been fired and ravaged, but not destroyed; and though restored and in some parts rebuilt by the Crusaders and other Christians, ancient or otherwise, retains its ancient form. When Jerusalem last fell under the Muhammadan yoke, the Syrian Christians ransomed the Church of the Holy Sepulchre with a considerable sum, and monks repaired thither to defend with their prayers a spot entrusted in vain to the arms of kings. It is said that, within three centuries of Our Lord's sacrifice, the Christians obtained permission to build, or rather rebuild, a church over the Tomb, and to enclose in the new City the spot venerated by the Christians. These places were afterwards profaned, but recovered and restored by the Princess Helena. The letter of Constantine the Emperor, to Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, is still extant, in which he commands him to erect a church on the place where the great mystery of Salvation was accomplished. Coming into the court, we observe the pavement—worn under the feet of innumerable pilgrims—the high tower, the Saracenic arches of the windows and the entrance, as well as the ruins of pillars of Byzantine architecture. This court is paved, you see, with the common flagstone of Jerusalem, and is about ninety feet long by seventy wide. The two ample doorways are elaborately ornamented, but the whole is greatly dilapidated. The tower on the west has a grand effect: there are now but two stories, and the ruins of a third, but there were once five. The under story is the Chapel of St. John; south of it is that of Mary Magdalene, and adjoining this is the Chapel of St. James; connected with it and facing the western side of the court, is a range of chapels; the apse, or semicircular opening behind the altar, (by which the priest passes to prepare the Host), appearing externally as buttresses. The whole is a vast and beautiful monument of the Byzantine age, of an architecture severe, solemn, grand and rich. The monument appears, if not worthy of the Tomb of the Son of Man, certainly of those whose wish has been to do it honor. The small Mosque which faces this magnificent edifice was built by Omar, when, after conquering the city, he came to offer his prayer at the Holy Tomb. But a difficulty arose in the generous mind of the pious Chief of the Faithful. The act of his kneeling there would immediately, according to usage, have converted the whole building into a mosque, and so deprived the Christians of their most cherished monument. Desirous, without, of not passing the Tomb of the Prophet Jesus without offering up his thanks for the victory he had obtained, Omar ordered the place on which this mosque stands to be cleared of the filth and ruins which encumbered it, and, prostrating himself there, addressed a *utma*, or prayer, to the Eternal, of which the mosque itself was, subsequently, erected in commemoration. The property in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is vested in the Sultan, as a means of ensuring free and joint access to all communities of the Christians and Turks; whose representatives, resident on the spot, would otherwise, as they too often do

even now, profane it by their indecent quarrels. Even now, Turks and Christians alike unanimously refuse admission to the Jew, who, as a descendant of the Saviour's murderers, would enter at the sure peril of his life. The key is in the hands of the governor of the City. The door is opened only at fixed hours, and then only with the consent of the three convents, Armenian, Latin, and Greek. The rush of pilgrims this day is something tremendous: we have some difficulty in pushing our way through the motley throng. Every man of any sensibility must feel affected at the sight of so many people of all nations, thus pressing to the tomb of Christ the Saviour of all, and at hearing prayers offered up to Him in so many different languages, here on the very spot where the Holy Spirit gave to twelve humble men, the Apostles of God, the gift of speaking in all the tongues of the earth.

With this serious and solemn impression we enter the nave, passing the Turkish guard, who, sitting on a divan, in the western entrance, have their coffee cups and pipes placed before them on the carpet. Pilgrims, travellers and visitors of every hue and dye of the Frank order, are expected, if not required, to make bare both head and foot on entering any of the sacred localities of the Holy City, whether Jesuit, Moslem, or Christian; and at the Holy Sepulchre, the visitor is expected to doff his shoes as well as his hat; nor must you cross your hands behind your back, or show the slightest gesture of "taking it easy," or longing disrespect—if such vulgarity of mind could by possibility display itself within such precincts, or in the presence of such memories. We see, at once, on issuing from the vestibule, that we are in the first of the three churches that constitute the great whole, and that the Church of Calvary, the first we enter, is built in the form of a cross, the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre constituting in fact the nave of the edifice. We stand at once under the large cupola of the dome. This grand rotunda is most striking and impressive. It rises to a height of about one hundred feet, and the circular opening at the top, for light, is about fifteen feet in diameter. We have to observe, that to the shame of Christendom the roof is out of repair, for the covering of lead has been torn off by the wind, and there is a contest for the right of repairing it. Sixteen marble columns adorn the circumference of this rotunda. They are connected by seventeen arches, and support an upper gallery, likewise composed of sixteen columns and seventeen arches, of smaller dimensions than those of the lower range. Niches corresponding with the arches appear above the frieze of the second gallery, and the dome springs from the arches of these niches. The pictures of the twelve apostles, St. Helena and the Emperor Constantine, with some other portraits, unknown, that once adorned these niches, were destroyed by the fire in 1808. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre stands at the foot of Calvary, its eastern front adjoins that eminence, beneath and upon which are the two other churches connected with it by courts and staircases.

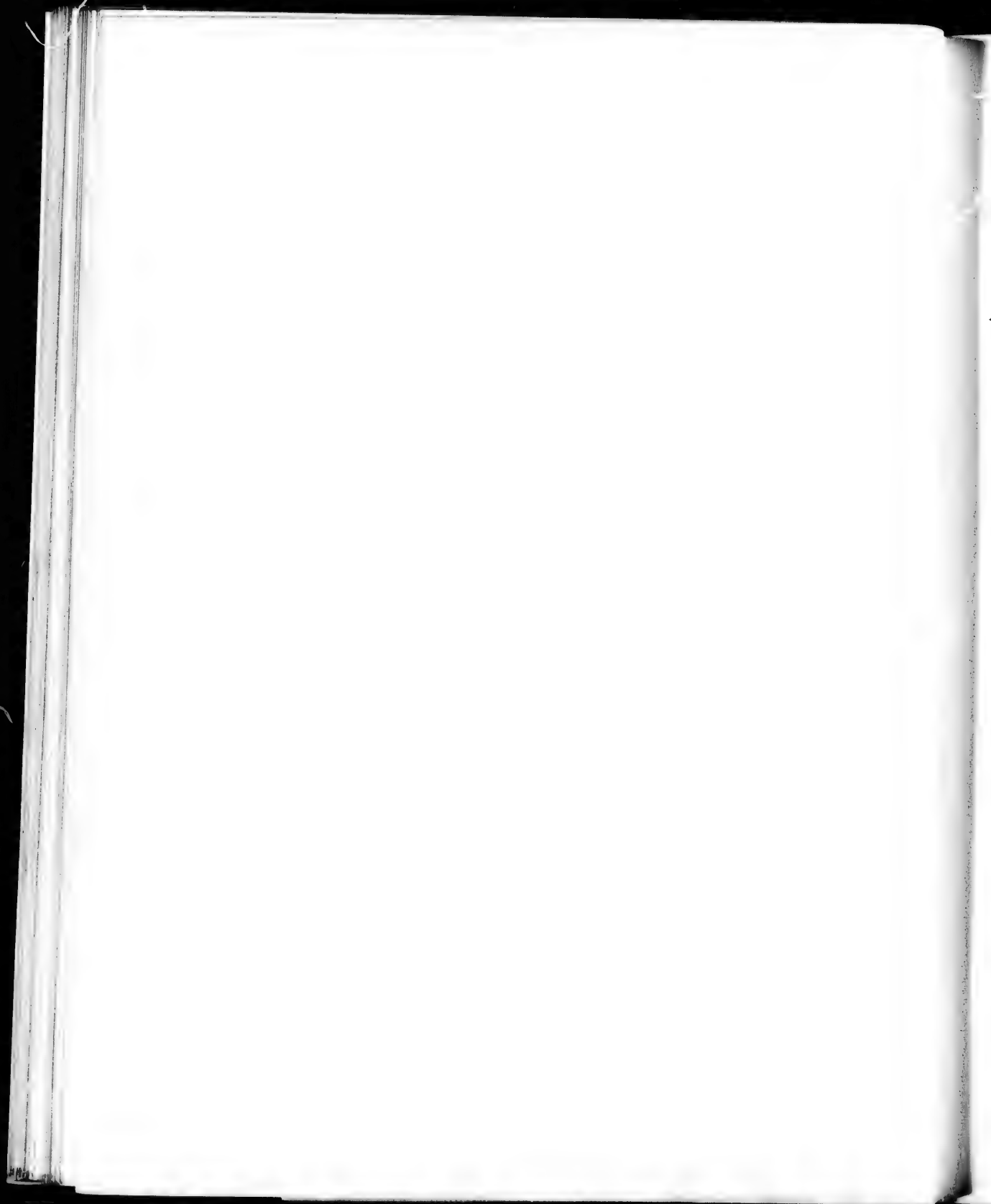
We have omitted to mention that in this original dome were large beams of the cedars of Lebanon.¹

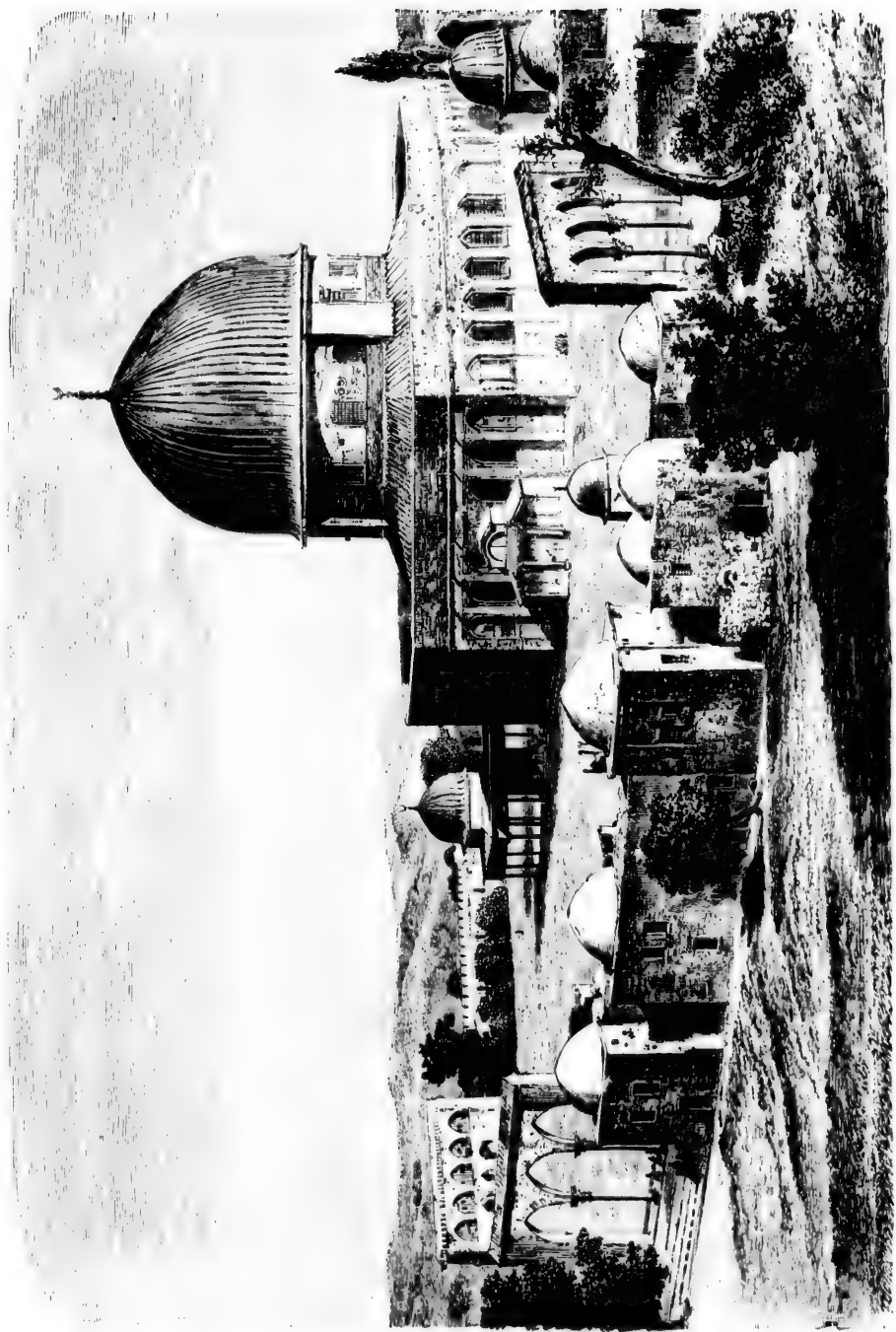
¹ The Cedar of the Bible is now confined to one locality. The celebrated Cedars of Lebanon are situated high up in the mountains, ten hours (or about twenty-eight miles) south east from Tripoli. Besherrah is directly west in the romantic gorge of the Khadisha, two thousand feet below them, and Eiden is three hours' distant on the road to Tripoli. In no other part of Syria are the mountains

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THE WAILING PLACE.—JEWS PRAYING AT THE WALL OF THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON.





THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.—SITE OF THE TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM.



destroyed by the fire of 1808, and impossible to be replaced.¹

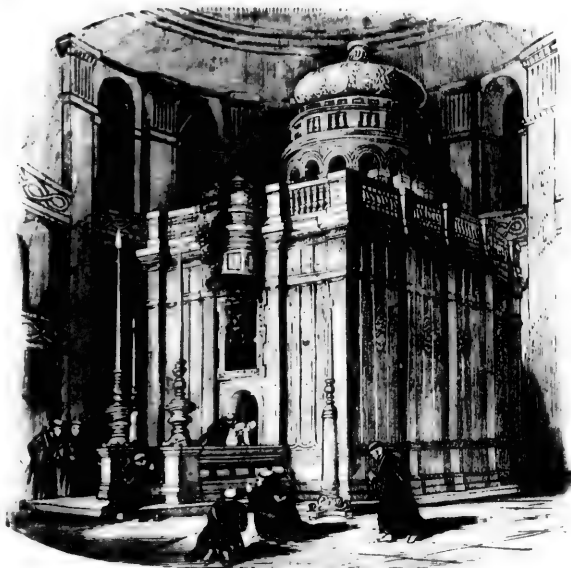
The Greek church opens from the Rotunda, and is in a line with it, though separated by a partition of painted wood hung with pictures, and singularly profuse with ornaments of every description. It is a gorgeous affair, blazing with gold quite up to the dome. It has a high altar at the east end, and wide transepts at the west, and is about a hundred feet from west to east, and the same from north to south. The dark-looking chapel of the Latins, opening from the north east, will not sustain a comparison with the gorgeous glitter of the Greeks; nevertheless, these churches altogether do not fail to create a solemn and impressive feeling. Erected as they are on an unequal surface, illumined by a multitude of lamps, a sombre, dim, religious light pervades the whole, and is singularly mysterious. Priests of the different divisions of Christianity are seen moving about the building. From the arches above, from the chapels below, and subterranean vaults, their songs are heard, the organ of the Latin fathers, the cymbals of the Abyssinian priest, or the plaintive accents of the Coptic friar, alternately or at once assail the ear. You inhale the perfume of incense all around, and merely perceive the pontiff—who is going to celebrate the most awful of mysteries on the very spot where they were accomplished—pass quickly by, glide

so alpine, the proportions so gigantic, the ravines so profound and awful. The platform on which they stand is more than six thousand feet above the Mediterranean, and around it are gathered the very tallest and grayest heads of Lebanon. The forest is not large, not more than five hundred trees, great and small, grouped irregularly on the sides of shallow ravines which mark the birth of the Khadsha river. A night among the cedars is never forgotten—beneath the giant arms of these old patriarchs there comes a solemn hush upon the soul. Some of the trees are struck down by lightning, broken by enormous loads of snow, or torn to fragments by tempests. There is a complete gradation from old to young—young trees are constantly springing up from the roots of old ones and from seeds of ripe cones. The girth of the largest is more than forty-two feet; the height of the highest may be one hundred. These largest, however, part into two or three only a few feet from the ground. Their age is very uncertain, judging from what are called the *growths* or annual concentric circles. The birth of some of them may be carried back three thousand five hundred years. They are carved full of names and dates, and the growth since the earliest date has been almost nothing. At this rate of increase they must have been growing ever since the Flood!

¹ Of the fire which attacked the tomb in 1808, the following account is given by an eye-witness:—"The heat was so excessive, that the marble columns which surrounded the circular building, in the centre of which stood the sacred grotto, were completely pulverised. The lamps and chandeliers, with the other vessels of the Church—brass, and silver, and gold—were melted like wax; the molten lead from the immense dome, which crowned the Holy Sepulchre, poured down in torrents; the Chapel erected by the Crusaders on the top of the mound was entirely consumed; half the ornamental hangings in the ante-chapel of the Angel were scorched; but the cave itself, though deluged with a shower of lead and buried in a mountain of fire, received not the slightest injury internally; the silk hangings and the painting of the Resurrection remaining, in the midst of the volcanic eruption, unscathed by flame, the smell of fire not having passed upon them." This was not the first escape of the Holy Sepulchre from destruction by fire. In 969 the Kutub Muezz gave orders to destroy the buildings, as far, at least, as destruction could be compassed by fire; and during the Khalifat of El-Hakin, the prophet of the Druses, in 1010 the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre was defaced and special efforts made to destroy it. Glaser, a contemporary chronicler, relates that they endeavoured to break in pieces even the hollow tomb of the sepulchre with iron hammers, but without success, and Andenaar, another chronicler and pilgrim, states that when they found it impossible to break in pieces the stones of the monument, they tried to destroy it by the help of fire, but that it remained firm and solid as adamant,

behind the columns, and vanish in the gloom of the sanctuary.

There are some seventy "stations" within, and connected with this mass of buildings, and a visit to them all is no light achievement. The whole pile of edifices is three hundred and fifty feet long from St. Joseph's sepulchre, within the "aisle on the west of the Rotunda, down to the extremity of the Chapel of the 'Invention' on the east, and it is not less than two hundred and eighty feet to the north side of the apartments belonging to the Latins. We will, therefore, for the sake of a more lucid order in visiting the shrines, resume our footsteps in the procession of Our Lord towards Calvary, and pass through the localities of the last impressive scenes described in the Evangelists. We enter the Latin Chapel, and cross it to where, at the right hand, is the Altar of the Scourging, where, through an iron railing, is a portion of the pillar to which the Saviour was attached while flogged by the soldiers in Pilate's court-yard. There are pilgrims here, like the curious country folks who, when they visit London exhibitions, desire to touch everything. For these is provided a long stick, with a handle outside, which the pilgrim thrusts in to touch the pillar, and then draws out to kiss the point, made sacred, as he supposes, by the contact. Passing hence, to the extreme of the left nave, we enter a small vaulted chapel—seven feet long, and six wide—called the Chapel of the Bonds, where Our Lord was confined pending the preparations for his crucifixion. This chapel is on the opposite side to Mount Calvary. In the circular cave adjoining is the shrine of St. Longinus, the Jewish soldier who pierced Our Lord's side after his death. Here he retired after the deed, and reflecting on what he had seen, received the inspiration of his new faith. In this chapel the inscription on the Cross is said to have been long preserved. Very close to this is the "Chapel of the Division of the Garments," five paces long and three broad, standing on the very spot where Jesus was stripped by the Soldiers before he was nailed to the Cross, where they mocked him, cast lots for his apparel, and divided it among them (John xix. 23). This is called the "Tenth Station." Leaving this chapel, and turning to the left as we come out of it, we find a great staircase pierced through the wall—(on the other side of this opening is the small "Chapel of the Mocking")—and, diving down, dark and mysteriously, into a kind of cellar dug out of the rock, pass by a flight of thirty broad stairs down to a most striking spot, on the left. This is the Chapel of St. Helena, a large chamber, nearly a square of eighteen paces, with a small cupola in the centre, having four small windows, that admit a dim light. The cupola springs from arches supported by four short Byzantine pillars, with ponderous but picturesque capitals. Strings of ostrich eggs, suspended from pillar to pillar, and a few silver lamps, are the only ornaments. The pavement is broken and rugged. Here the Empress Helena ordered up her prayers, and here is the marble chair on which she sat and watched the workmen digging for the True Cross. Lower and lower we descend, by thirteen steps, into the subterranean cave. This is covered with red tapestry, and a marble slab, bearing on it a figure of the Cross, closes up the mouth of the pit from which the venerated relics of the True Cross were dug out, "together with the nails, the crown or thorns, and the head of the spear, after lying buried in this place upwards of three hundred years."



THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

There are but few lights here—the scene is solemn and impressive: what wonder that the overwrought feelings of enthusiastic pilgrims have regarded even the moisture exuding from the heart of the rock as tears wept for sorrow at Our Lord's sufferings!

Returning up the double flight of steps, emerging from the sombre cavern to the still dim light of St.

ther on we come to a narrow staircase of eighteen marble steps, up which we ascended to the top of Mount Calvary, the place of the crucifixion. This place, once so ignominious, having been sanctified by the blood of Our Lord, was an object of particular attention of the first Christians. Having removed every impurity, and all

Helena's chapel, into the fuller twilight, as it then looked to us, of the great church, studded with lamps like stars, we feel the full effect of its solemn antiquity and sacred gloom, its dim retiring arches, and shadowy corridors, its lamps, and lights, and pictures, its pealing organs and chanted prayers; while fancy called before our mind the long array of knights and pilgrims who, century after century, through so many perils, had come to kneel around the Sacred Tomb, and, like us, turned their feet, shuddering and awe-struck, towards Calvary. Immediately after coming up the forty-nine stairs, we see, on our right, the "Chapel of the Mocking," a little place four yards long and two and a half broad, under the altar of which is a pillar of gray marble spotted with black, two feet high, on which Jesus was forced to sit down while the soldiers in mockery crowned him with thorns, and cried, "Hail! King of the Jews!" and smote him. Forty yards far-

ther surrounded it with walls, so that it is now like a lofty chapel inclosed within this spacious church. It is fifteen feet square, paved with marble in mosaic and hung on all sides with like tapestry, with lamps descending from the ceiling. Two short pillars support the spring of two arches; that towards the north is the spot where Our Lord was nailed to the cross, and is the "Twelfth Station" of the Pilgrimage. Here thirty-two lamps are kept continually burning, which are attended by the Franciscan brothers, who daily perform mass in this sacred place. In the other part, which is to the south, is where the Holy Cross was erected. You still see the hole dug in the rock to the depth of about a foot and a-half, besides the earth that was about it at the time. This is at the foot of a large



INTERIOR OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

altar at the end, adorned with paintings and figures. Under that altar is a round plate of silver, with a hole in the centre. On each side, rather close, is another, wherein the crosses of the two thieves were erected. That of the penitent thief was to the north, and the other to the south, so that the first was on the Saviour's right hand, who had his face turned towards the west and his back to Jerusalem, which lies to the east. Fifty lamps are kept constantly burning on this spot, which is the "Thirteenth Station." The thieves, it must be noticed, are said to have been buried, as was the custom with such culprits, close by their crosses—generally with them—and it is said that, under the pavement of St. Helen's chapel is a hollow place that was used for that purpose. Look down on this same platform of marble (for all is richly encased), and you will see some brass bars, having a silk cover over them. Lift that silken cover, and you will observe a fissure or crevice in a rock,—the rock that was rent asunder by the dying cry of Our Lord—in the agonies of Death—"My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me!" There is an iron grating, with steps, down which you may descend and see the cleft, going further into, and splitting the rock.¹

Opposite this place is a large monument, said to be erected over the skull of Adam,—a singular Arab tradition strangely connecting with the Saviour's death on this spot the first man through whom all sinned, and the God in man through whom the sins of man are remitted. There is evidently some very ancient tradition respecting a skull connected with this locality, for the names of Golgotha and Calvary given to it in the old times are, otherwise, inexplicable; and the learned, who have not taken this tradition into account, or perhaps have never heard of it, seem to have puzzled themselves greatly about the interpretation of these words.

We descend from Calvary down by a second staircase, that brings us out again to the porch of the Church; so that we now see before us, level with its pavement, surrounded by a railing, with six colossal candlesticks burning beside it, a long flat slab of white marble, not quite eight feet in length and about ten feet in width, round which crowds of pilgrims, old men, young women, and children are prostrating themselves—the rich man and the beggar, the pale Frenchman and the swarthy Copt, kneeling, praying in all attitudes, and kissing the "Stone of Union," for such it is; that upon which the body of our Lord was said to have been anointed with myrrhs and aloes before it was laid in the Sepulchre. This consequently is the "Fourteenth Station." This stone is by some said to be of the same rock as Mount Calvary; others assert that it

was brought to this place by Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, who were secret disciples of Jesus Christ. There are pieces of it to be seen in different parts of Europe, which are of a greenish colour; indeed, so indiscreet were pilgrims in breaking away relics that the whole would have been lost, and it was at last found necessary to cover it with white marble and surround it with an iron railing. On the left is another spot encircled also with railing, and having a lamp burning within it. Here stood "the women," the Virgin Mother and Mary Magdalene, and the sister of Lazarus, sadly gazing on the loved and honoured dead during the anointing.

The Entombment follows the Anointing. It is the last stage (the Fifteenth Station of the pilgrimage) in the awful story. Thirty paces further on, to the right, we are under the cupola; just in the centre of the great dome, approached by a slightly elevated platform, reached by two steps from the side, but gradually led up to from the front, we perceive sixteen golden candlesticks, exceeding the height of a man, with blazing wax candles of colossal dimensions, placed in front of a beautiful (Ediada or small marble church enclosing the tomb in which the Lord of Life lay in death. It stands quite alone, and is about ten feet in breadth and twenty feet in height, and twenty-six feet long. It is here that the pilgrim is expected to throw off his shoes, "for the place is holy." We enter within the first of the two sanctuaries into which it is divided; here is the stone where the Angel was seated when he addressed the two Marys: "He is not here, but he is risen;" and, as well on account of this, and to prevent the Sepulchre from being entered, the first Christians erected before it a little chapel, which is called the Angel's Chapel. The second Sanctuary incloses the Sepulchre itself, which is, in fact, the rock that contained the Sepulchre hewn bodily away, as the rock itself can be seen under the lintel of the low entrance. Within is a sarcophagus covered with white marble, and the rock itself is all cased round with greenish marble, like verd antique. Forty lamps of gold and silver, always burning night and day, light this chapel. The air is warm and balmy with perfume. You enter through a curtain, and if possible—except on such days as this, of Easter festival—alone, with but one guardian monk. The interior of the Sepulchre is nearly square; it is six feet in length, (except an inch), and six feet (all but two inches) in breadth; and eight feet high from the floor to the roof. The entrance, which faces the east, is only four feet high, and two feet and a quarter broad, so that all must stoop that enter. Nor within is there much room, for the solid block of the same stone, left in excavating the other part, and hewn into the sarcophagus shape, is two feet four high, and being six feet (but one inch) long, and two feet wide, it occupies half the Sepulchre. On this table the body of Our Lord was laid, with his head towards the west, and the feet to the east; but on account of a notion of the Oriental Christians that, if they place their hair on this stone, God will never forsake them, and also because the pilgrims broke off pieces, it was covered with white marble.

We enter with reverence, and we come forth with awe. Such impressions admit not of words. "Death," says Chateaubriand, "lies conquered and enchained in this monument." "All the pious emotions," says Lamartine, "which have affected our souls in every

¹ Henry Maudrell, in his journal (1697), says: "At about one yard and a-half distance from the hole in which the foot of the cross was fixed, is seen that memorable cleft in the rock, said to have been made by the earthquake which happened at the suffering of the God of nature, when, as St. Matthew witnesseth (Math. xxvii, 51), 'The rocks rent, and the very graves were opened.' This cleft, as to what now appears of it, is about a span wide at its upper part, and two deep, after which it closes, but it opens again below, as you may see at another chapel, contiguous to the side of Calvary, and runs down to an unknown depth in the earth. That this rent was made by the earthquake that happened at Our Lord's passion, there is only tradition to prove, but that it is a natural and genuine breach, and not counterfeited by any art, the sense and reason of every one that sees it may convince him; for the sides of it fit like two tallies to each other, and yet it runs in such intricate windings, as cannot well be counterfeited by art, nor arrived at by any instruments."

period of life; all the prayers that have been breathed from our hearts and our lips in the name of Him who taught us to pray to his Father and to ours; all the joys and griefs, of which these prayers were the interpreters, are awakened in the depths of the soul, and produce by their echoes, by their very confusion, a bewildering of the understanding and a melting of the heart which seeks not language, but transpires in moistened eyes, a heaving breast, a prostrate forehead, and lips glued in silence to the sepulchral stone."

This stone has been aptly called the material visible foundation of the whole edifice of Christians. The respect which all men acknowledge to have felt on coming near to these relics is one of the most remarkable facts in the modern world. An incontestable truth seems to take its departure from this spot. Doubt, hesitate, suggest, as many do,—it has been found impossible by any to approach this one spot without awe and veneration. "To the Christian or the philosopher," as has been finely said, "to the moralist, or to the historian, this tomb is the boundary of two worlds—the ancient and the modern. From this point issued a truth that has reversed the universe; a civilisation that has transformed all things; a word which has echoed over the whole globe. This tomb is the sepulchre of the old world, cradle of the new; never was earthly stone the foundation of so vast an edifice; never was tomb so prolific; never did doctrine, inhumed for three days or three centuries, so victoriously rend the rocks which men had sealed over it, give the lie to death by so transcendent a resurrection."¹

Twelve yards from the Holy Sepulchre is a chapel containing a large block of grey marble, about four feet in diameter, placed there to mark the spot where Our Lord appeared to Mary Magdalene in the form of a gardener. (John xx., 15.) Farther on is the "Chapel of the Apparition," where, as tradition asserts, Our Lord first appeared to the Virgin Mary, after his resurrection. The Copts, a very small community, have an altar immediately behind the Holy Sepulchre itself. In a straight line from this, the Syrians have a chapel, behind which is a small door between two pillars to the left, as we stand with our backs to the Holy Sepulchre. In this cavern are two openings, constituting, as we are told, the Tombs of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. As you pass from the entrance of the Holy Sepulchre, into the Greek Church, you see in the centre, under the cupola, a spot marked out as the navel or centre of the world. But it is Easter Sunday, and the Turkish Guards are entering, for it is now mid-day, and the great Greek ceremony of the Sacred Fire is about to take place. We must pass, therefore, with rapid glance, the Tombs of Adam and Melchisedek, an Arab and Turkish introduction into the Church. Greeks, Arabs, and Copts, Germans, French and Italians crowd in upon the entrance,

and all rush tumultuously towards the orifice on the right side of the Holy Sepulchre. The Greek Archbishop, with a long retinue of priests, marches in procession round the tomb. At last the Archbishop enters the Chapel of the Angel, and, after a few moments of awe-stricken silence,—the multitude expecting the Divine presence, and a miraculous fire from within,— thrusts through an opening in the Edicule, a bunch of thirty-three wax candles—one for each year of the Saviour's life. These are alight, and are received from him by a person specially privileged. It is impossible to describe the tumult that ensues. There were thousands of pilgrims of all nations present, all in a state of frantic excitement, and they shouted and screamed. The tremendous motion of the arms of so many people at once raised above their heads was in itself surprising. Hands were crossed in every direction, torches blazed in every hand, and a mounted horseman waiting at the gate rides off full speed to Bethlehem to light up the Greek altars there from this sacred fire. The Archbishop was carried back in triumph to his sanctuary, brandishing his torches as he went, and looking like one possessed. The smoke of the torches, and the waving lights, and the shouts of the people, create an intensely exciting scene. The first hurry is to get a light for the candle each carries, and then each tries to snuff out his candle, after a short time, with his skull-cap of linen, called *tekia*, and worn under the turban, tarbush, or fez. This is to be reserved for his burial head-dress. The noise increases, until fervour rises to fury, and enthusiasm becomes converted to a riot; so, at last, the Turkish soldiers quietly but unceremoniously clear the church of its excited and exulting congregation. As we go forth, we look in at the side of the vestibule, at the tombs of Earls Baldwin and Godfrey de Bouillon, the crusading Kings of Jerusalem, which are two stone coffins supported by four little pillars. The epitaphs, which were inscribed in Gothic letters, but are now effaced, may be Englished as follows:—

"Here lies the renowned chieftain Godfrey of Bouillon, who gained over the whole of this land to the worship of Christ. May his soul reign with Christ. Amen."

"Baldwin the king, another Judas Maccabeus, his country's hope, the strength of the Church, the valor of both, whom Candia, and Egypt, and Dan, and even the murderous Damascus, held in terror, and paid tribute to, lies below, inclosed within this narrow tomb."

The pious deliverers of Jerusalem were worthy of reposing near the tomb they rescued from the infidels. These are the only mortal remains interred near the shadow of the tomb of Christ.

VII.—THE TEMPLE, AND THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

From whatever part we view Jerusalem, the Moriah or Temple Enclosure, with its cypresses, minarets with esplanade, and its domes and colonnades, and the Mosque of Omar the Great, forms a conspicuous object in the grand picture. To enter within these precincts is not easy. It was worth a man's head to do so a few years ago; but an Englishman first got in under the disguise of an engineer, then an American doctor, then an English artist, then some ordnance officers, then some naval officers of our own country, then a number of Omar Pacha's Hungarian and Polish friends: until,

¹ According to Eusebius, the Emperor Constantine, being divinely moved thereto soon after his memorable vision of the Cross, "*In hoc signo vinces*"—"Under this banner shalt thou conquer") caused the dirt and other obstructions with which Hadrian had covered the rocky cavern, as well as the sanctuary of Venus, that had been erected by his order upon a vast hill of earth heaped over the ancient Christian chapel which marked his shrine, to be removed, and a magnificent Temple to be built about it. The monticule containing the sepulchre of our Lord was cut away until it became only a foot or two in thickness around the cavern, which seems at that time to have been converted into a double-roomed sepulchre, and was covered with marble within and without.

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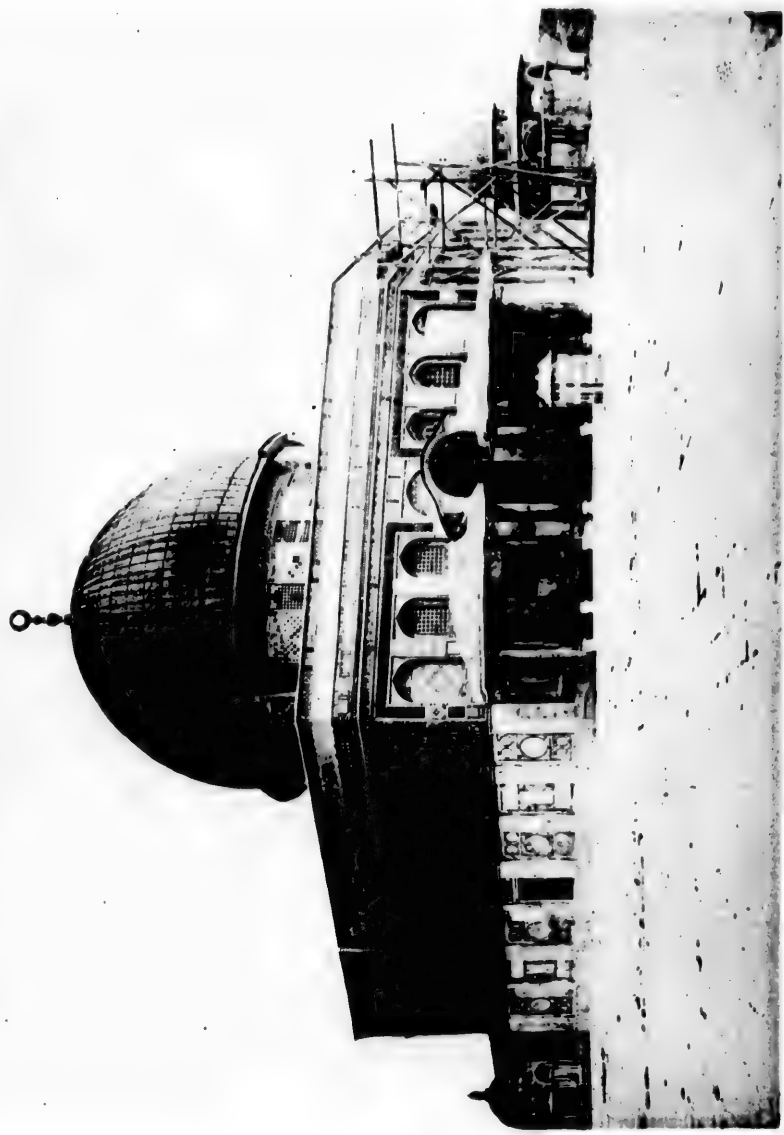
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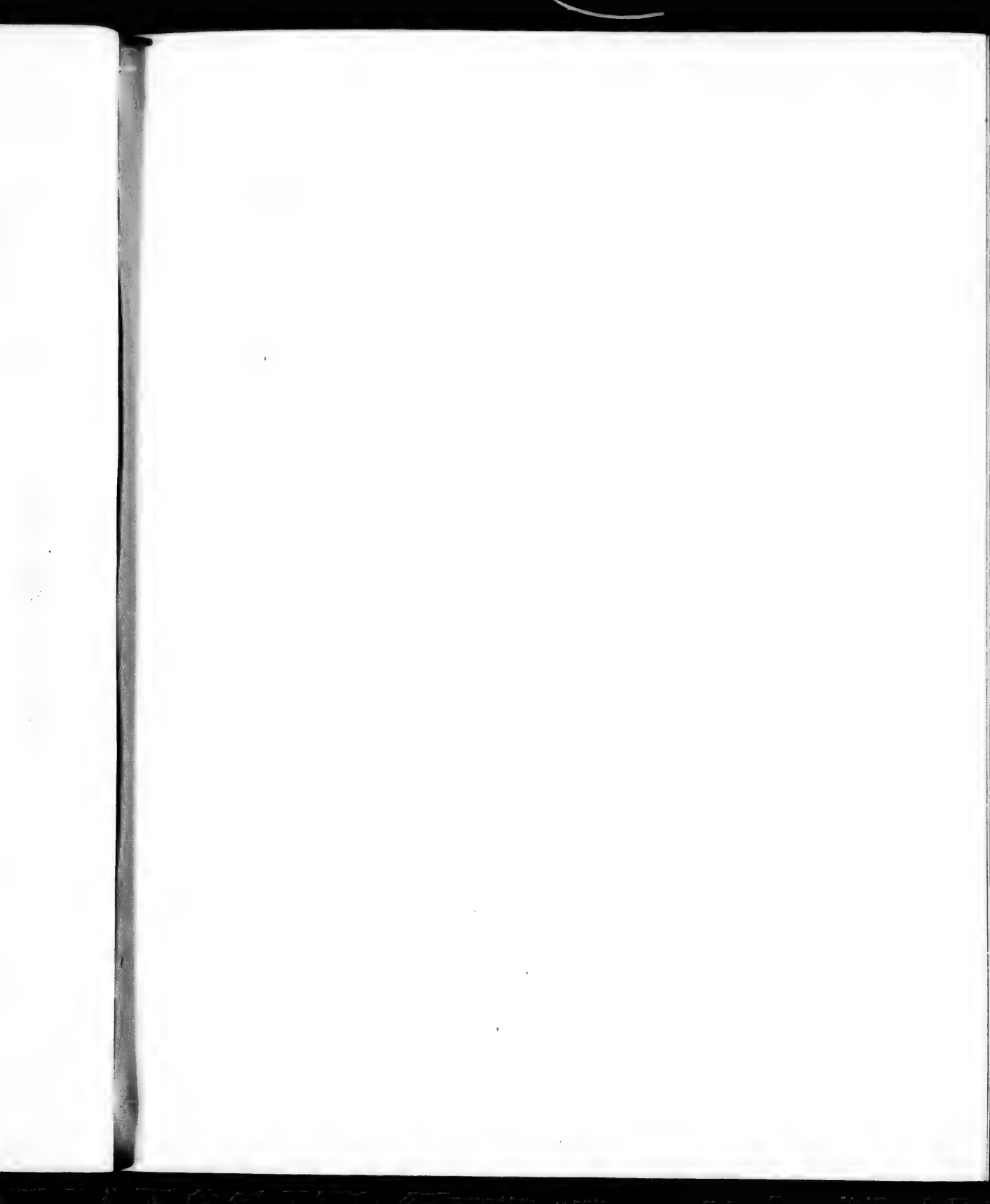
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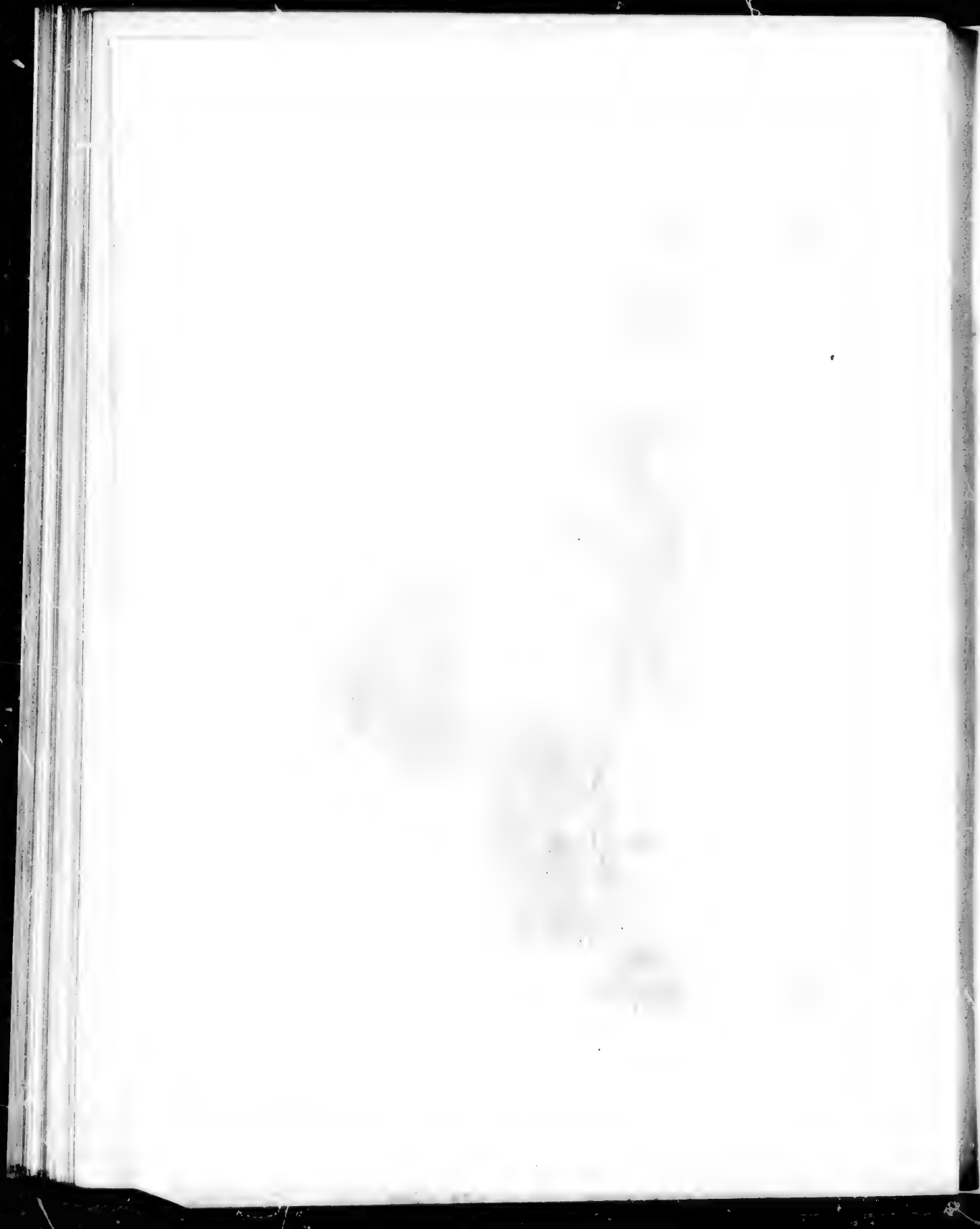
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finally, tolerable interest with either Consul, and the company of an artist, supposed by the fanatic Mussulmans to be sketching for the purpose of repairs by the Architect Effendi, will open the way to you, or any one else, as it did to us.

We have seen the Temple of Solomon and of Herod fall under the arms of Titus, while not even the device of the Emperor Julian the Apostate, who desired to raise it in aggravation as he thought of the Christians, sufficed to execute the work. Fire springing from the earth, and terrible utterances, as we learn from Ammianus Marcellinus (xxiii, 1.), prevented the accomplishment of his impious defiant boast. But when the Caliph Omar took the city, he searched on this spot, the ancient mountain of Moriah, where Abraham had offered up his son, for the sacred stone on which the Prophet Jacob, 'The dreamer of God,' (Israel Allah) had laid his head during his vision. (Genesis xxviii, 10.) This he found, and cleared from the dirt that covered and surrounded it, and built upon it the Mosque, which he called Kubbah, or Kubbet esh-Sakhra, (the Dome of the Stone or Rock).¹

Abdul Malik the First, when he prohibited the pilgrimages to Mecca, and placed the Mosque of Jerusalem on a level with the Kaaba at Mecca, aggrandized the value of the spot in Mohammedan eyes. The Crusaders converted the Mosque into a Church. But Saladin restored the rights of Moslemism, and they tell us how he caused the Holy Place to be purified by washing the whole with rose water, brought for the purpose on the backs of five hundred camels. At this day, Jerusalem stands next in Moslem estimation to Mecca and Medina, as the present concourse of pilgrims shows us, as well as the perpetual muttering of the pious, while reading the Koran for themselves and others. The Guard of seventy thousand angels is represented, visibly, by two hundred negroes, whose post or barracks disguise the beauty of the esplanade (see p 33). In our view the area is free, the photograph having been taken early in the morning; but, when we were there, you might have seen in every direction numerous groups, many of them composed of females, some kneeling in prayer, others gossiping, as is their custom on a warm afternoon. Dervishes in various costume, and people drawing water at the many fountains (there are 34) are also visible. The "Dome of the Chain," an exquisitely elegant building, a mosque on a small scale, stands in front of the Great Mosque on the Eastern side, between it and the Eastern Gate, where are some steps up which Burak, the steed that bore Mahomet

to Heaven, carried the prophet to his sacred rock. It is supported by seventeen marble columns, and here it is that the Prophet, as tradition says, saw the Houris during his nocturnal journey heavenwards. Here is a praying place turned towards Mecca, said to be the *Mihrab*, or Praying Place of David; for, here was "David's Judgment Seat," they tell us. Nor was his task difficult, as to this spot came down a chain from Heaven—(hence the "Dome of the Chain")—to which each party in the suit stretched out his hand in swearing to his evidence, and from which a link dropped off in case of perjury. David's people were not over-strict in evidence; for they swore away the whole chain during his reign, and not a link of it, says Turkish tradition, existed in Solomon's time. The Eastern Gate here is called "The Gate of Death." The northern gate (in front of us) is the gate of Paradise. On coming up into this second esplanade which rises from the great enclosure, we had to take off our shoes and put on red slippers, which are sold for the purpose in the bazars. The whole of the Haram enclosure as it is called, is very large, containing about thirty-five acres, or 1500 feet on the east side, 1600 on the west, 1000 on the north and 900 on the south—including Fort Antonia on the north and the Mosque of El Aksa on the south.

At the eastern end was, according to an Arabic MS. by Kadi Mejr ed din, the *Gate of Repentance*. "When an Israelite transgressed, his sin was found in the morning written on the door of his house; then he went to this place to repent and beseech God. The sign of his pardon was the disappearance of the writing; and so long as it was not obliterated, he dared not approach any one."

The Great Mosque is panelled outside with beautiful arabesque and mosaic work, and verses of the Koran in letters of gold, and both courts are paved with white marble. The Mosque, it will be seen, is octagonal, with a dome of an egg shape covered with lead, and a lantern with eight sides, having a window in each, a pinnacle under a crescent overtopping all. The eight windows in the lantern are fitted with stained glass, and the whole has a Saracenic appearance. There are twelve porticoes like the cloisters of the Alhambra, of three or four arches, the largest of which is said to be the Beautiful Gate of St. Paul. Near the one on the south side, not visible in our illustration, stands a beautiful Muhammadan pulpit and staircase, the staircase, pillars and arches of which are exquisite specimens of Arabian taste.

Within the Mosque the light is dimmed by the stained glass windows; the effect is one of a rich simplicity. The pavement as well as the walls is of marble, grey or white; 28 columns of porphyry form a concentric nave, a second range of sixteen columns supports a dome covered with golden arabesque; but the general prevalence of pillars gives a Byzantine appearance to the building, and has led, in some quarters, to a suggestion that this may have been a superstructure raised by Constantine.²

¹ Father Roger tells of a curious legend. "Besides the thirty-two columns which support the vault and dome, there are two of smaller dimensions very near the west door, which are shewn to foreign pilgrims, who are made to believe that if they can pass with ease between those columns, they are predestined to share the joys of Mahomet's paradise." It is likewise said, that "if a Christian were to pass between these columns, they would close upon him and crush him to death."

² The only meritorious attempt that has been made to arrive at some knowledge of what this Temple of Solomon and of Zerubbabel was, has been made by Mr. S. Sharpe. That gentleman propounds, upon sound data, that it was not a covered building, as the English word might lead us to suppose. The Hebrew and Greek words mean a holy place, which included several courts, some of which stood the covered building of the House of the Lord. Mr. Sharpe believes that Solomon copied the plan of some of the Egyptian temples, the simplest of which consisted of a covered building, with a court in front surrounded by a wall or colonnade. Such are the plans of the temples of Upper Egypt. In the Temple of Babostia, in Lower Egypt, there was a wall surrounding the whole, so that the building stood not at one end of a court, as in the Theban temples, but in the middle of it. Solomon's Temple resembled in some respects both of these. There was a court in front of the house, and a yet larger court which inclosed the house with the inner court. The porch of this temple with two square pillars—Jachin and Boaz—may be explained by the pillars in front of an Egyptian temple.

Immediately under this dome is El Sakrah, or the Rock, also called Hadjar, or the Stone *par excellence*, a mass of native rock, the sole remnant of the top of Moriah, some sixty feet long by fifty wide, and ten or twelve feet high on the lower side. It is surrounded here by a railing of wood elaborately carved and gilt.

Sewulf, speaking of this rock in the Crusaders' time, when he made his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, says, "In this place Solomon placed the Ark of the Covenant, having the manna, and the rod of Aaron, which flourished and budded there, and produced almonds, and the two tables of the Old Testament. Here Our Lord Jesus Christ, wearied with the violence of the Jews, was accustomed to repose; here was the place of confession, where his disciples confessed themselves to him; here the Angel Gabriel appeared to Zacharias, saying, 'Thou shalt receive a child in thy old age;' here Zacharias, the son of Berachias, was slain between the Temple and the Altar; here was the offering of Our Lord; and here he was found sitting in the midst of the Doctors, the footmarks of the Lord were here made when he condescended himself, and went out of the Temple, lest the Jews should stone him; and, finally here the woman taken in adultery was brought before him for judgment."

There are many more traditions, but we will go on with the Turkish legend. From this rock, Mahomet, after his celebrated night journey from Mecca, on the beast El Burak, accompanied by the Angel Gabriel (as described in the seventeenth chapter of the Koran) ascended to Heaven, leaving the print of his foot, which is an object of veneration to all true believers. Some say that the impression of the foot is that of the prophet Enoch, called in Arab *Ur Idrisa*, or the studious. He was a great astrologer and the inventor of writing. His charity was equal to his knowledge, and to reward him God preserved him from death, and translated him alive to Heaven. This also is the rock from which the four great rivers of the East flow. It is said to be suspended in space, or supported on an invisible palm-tree, which is itself held up by the mothers of the two great prophets, Jesus and Muhammed. The Blessed Mothers sit at the universal spring, busied in weaving garments for the just who have traversed Siath (the invisible bridge), without falling. Jewish tradition makes this rock that on which the Ark

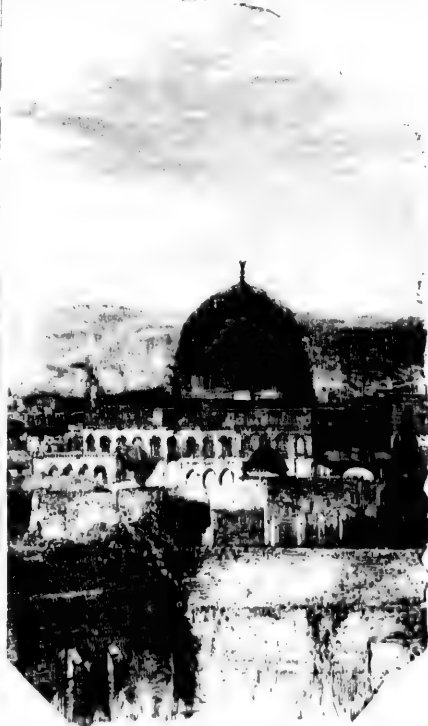
rested, within the Holiest of Holies. It was hidden by the curtain behind which the High Priest alone had the right of entering to pronounce there the holy name of God,—the pronunciation of which word, the Rabbis tell us, is now lost,—the letters only, of Jehovah, remaining to us. Down eight steps, we come to a large chamber or cave hewn in the Rock. Around this are five hollow places, at which Abraham, David, Solomon, Jesus, and Muhammed are said to have successively prayed.

The cave is 8 feet high and 15 feet square. The ceiling of this cave is about four or five feet below the surface of the rock, from four to six feet thick, and pierced with an oval-shaped hole about three feet in diameter. The sides are plastered, "in order," as is said, "to produce the impression that this immense rock is now supported by a wall of masonry," people having been frightened at seeing so large a rock supported on nothing! There is a round piece of stone about the centre of the floor, which marks the site of the Bir Arruah (Well of Souls), formerly kept open for the convenience of holding intercourse with departed spirits—of the wicked, we ought to say, for this is supposed to be the entrance to the Muhammedan Hell.

There is something like a tongue cut in the rock above the entrance, and this, they say, spoke to the Caliph Omar very much after the fashion of the Irish echo, which replied to Pat's "How d'ye do?" with a "Very well, I thank you;" for when Omar, in his



CAVE UNDER THE TEMPLE HILL.



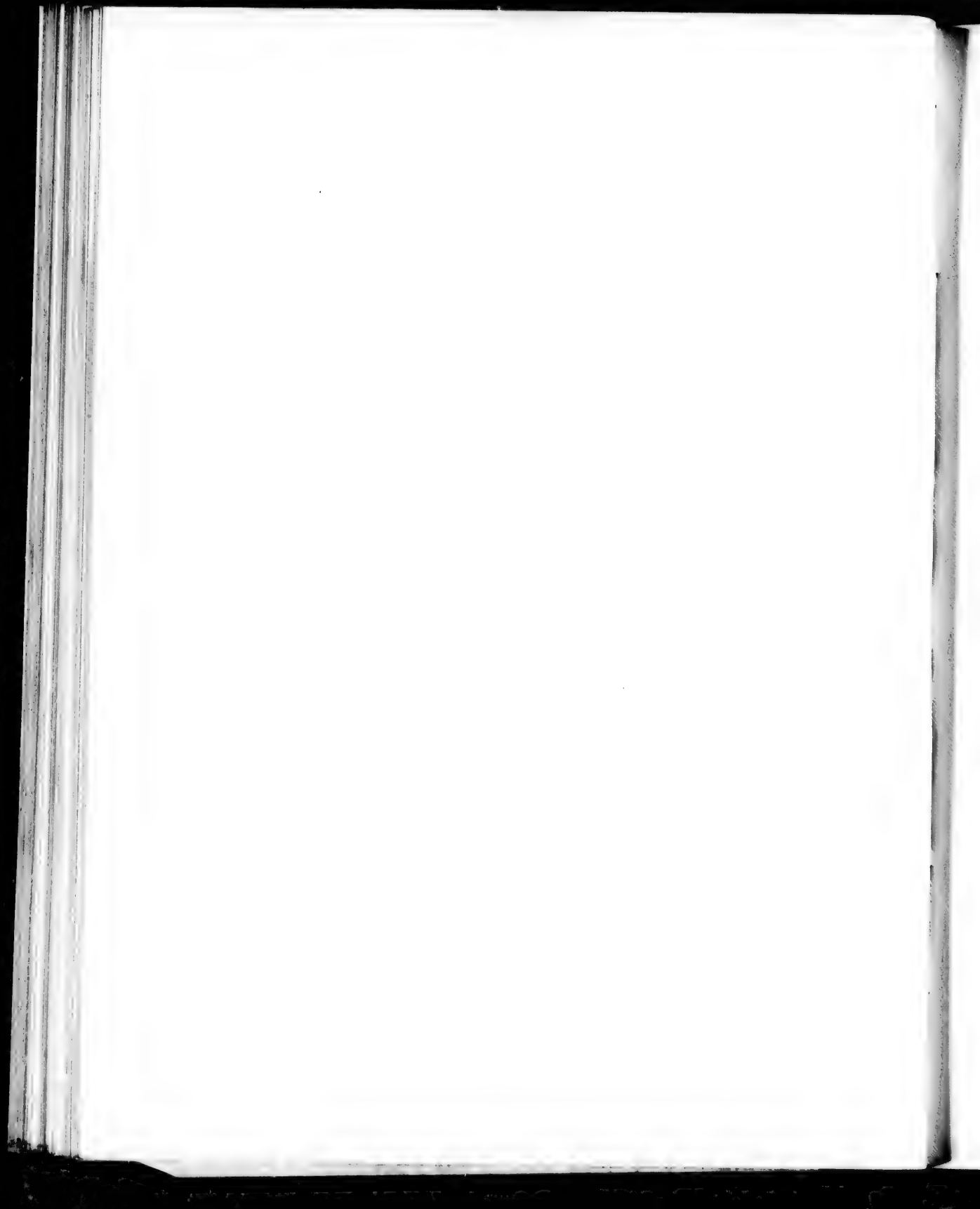
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JEWS AT JERUSALEM.



delight at finding Jacob's Pillow, said to the stone, *Esh salam aleik* ("Health to you"); the stone, not to be behind in civility to the Prophet's nephew, replied at once, "The same to you!" *Aleik, esh salam!* Down in the cave we saw the mark of Muhammed's turban, where he knocked his head against the wall in his fervour after the ride in one night from heaven to this place. Upstairs we go—unable to believe any more—but here we are shown on a desk the Caliph Omar's copy of the Koran, a MS. with pages four feet long, the sword and standard of Ali, the shield of Hamzeh, the Prophet's companion, and a stone strangely shaped, the saddle of Burak, the Prophet's mule! There is, a few paces from the rock, a green slab of marble, with the marks of eighteen nails, said to have been of gold, ten only remaining. There are now only three iron nails left in it, and the priests say that at certain great events a nail is drawn, and that the three remaining, mark the distance of time before the destruction of the world, there being three ages only between us and that consummation. Then Israfil is to sound Burun (the trumpet of Death), and forty years afterwards, the trumpet of Resurrection upon which the judgment will ensue.¹

Coming out of the mosque by the Gate of Heaven, which faces us in the view (see page 33), and turning to the left, we come to two little domed mosques or shrines, with marble pillars. The nearest is that of Fatima, the Prophet's Daughter, whose descendants ruled in Egypt and Morocco as the Fatimite dynasty. The other is the Chapel of Muhammed's Ascension, and at the wall, close by, is the staple to which he fastened Burak, while he made a short prayer before he started on that wonderful voyage, which was so rapidly executed, that although he held various conversations with Moses and others whom he saw in Heaven, he returned in time to prevent the falling of a silver urn, which Gabriel's wing happened to strike as they mounted on high. Just within the east gate is the famous Well of the Leaf, concerning which there is a pretty legend, as follows:—

"The Prophet said, 'One of my people shall enter into Paradise walking, while yet alive.' It happened in the time of Omar that some persons came to Jerusalem to pray. A man of the tribe of the Beni-Temin, named Sherif Ibn-Habasha, went to bring water for his companions, and his bucket fell into the well. He went down to recover it, and found a door in the well which led to gardens. He entered the door to the gardens, and walked in the gardens, and took a leaf from their trees, which he placed behind his ear. He returned by the well, came to the governor, and re-

ported what he had found in the gardens, and about his entering them. He sent some men with him to the well, who descended with him, but they did not find any door, nor arrive at the gardens. And he wrote to Omar, who answered, that the tradition of the Prophet concerning the man that should enter Paradise alive, was true; but it should be ascertained whether the leaf was fresh or dry; for if it had changed colour it could not be from Paradise, where nothing changes." The tradition adds, that the leaf had not changed. At the west gate, outside, are two birds, or something like them, in the veins of the marble, said to be two wicked magpies fixed in stone by Solomon, as a perpetual punishment and sign to all birds, that even the air was subject to his power, and that the birds of the air were bound to reverence the sanctity of the Temple he was then building to the Lord.

We now turn to the South, and proceed to the Mosque El-Aksa, originally a Christian foundation by Justinian on a portion of the Temple of Herod; then again a Muhammedan building; then again a Crusaders' Church and the seat of the Knights Templars; and now a mosque of the highest sanctity. It is 300 feet in length, and includes the Mosque Abu Behn, a large Hall, principally used for educational purposes, 400 in breadth. It is supposed to cover the spot of our Saviour's Presentation or Purification, the old church having borne that title. The front has a piazza of seven slightly pointed arches. This portico is said to have been at one time completely plated with gold. The ceiling is flat, and supported by six rows of pillars, of brown marble, and there are three naves on each side. There is an enormous octagonal pillar, dedicated to Sidi or Lady Omar, and two granite columns, dedicated to the Lady Fatima, which are said to have replaced the famous brazen pillars, Jachin and Boaz. One hundred and seventy lamps are here burning brightly, being only ten less than blaze in the Great Mosque of Omar. Below this mosque are vast vaults, the true substructure of the Temple of Solomon. There is an entrance hall, fifty feet long and forty-two wide; and in the centre of this hall is a column formed of one stone (see page 48), six and a quarter feet in diameter, and barely one foot high, with foliated capital of no special order, but yet tasteful. This is certainly of the time of Solomon. From the top of this spring the arches that support the fine dome constituting the ceiling. There is another pillar of an oval shape (see page 51), at the northern end, and four white Corinthian pillars attached to the doorway. There are nine steps right across the hall at the western end, which are blocked up. There is talk of the furniture and treasures of the Old Temple being concealed on the one side or the other of this passage; and a closed door on the eastern side seems to indicate a vacant space, but no attempt to open it has been made in modern times. At the south-east corner of the Temple esplanade, there are open vast substructures, known as Solomon's stables. These are piazza-like structures, on square pillars of gigantic bevelled stones, such as are seen in the most ancient portions of the hall. The whole of the under portion of the Temple area is pierced with caverns, and tanks, and archways, for sewerage and running water. Indeed, the under-ground of Jerusalem is really more ancient, and may ultimately prove more fruitful in sacred relics of the earliest ages, than what remains to be seen above ground.

¹ Father Roger tells a different story. He says, speaking of the Rock, "At the distance of three paces from these two columns (mentioned in a former note) 'there is a stone in the pavement, which appears to be black marble, about two and a half feet square, and raised a little above the pavement.' In this stone are two or three holes, in which it seems as if there had formerly been nails, and indeed two are yet remaining. The purpose of these is not known; the Muhammedans themselves believe that it was on this stone the prophets set their feet when they alighted from their horses to go into the Temple, and that Muhammed also alighted upon it when he arrived from Arabia Felix, on his journey to Paradise to hold consultation with God."

So far Father Roger. But Ali Bey reports this stone to be "The Door of Paradise," and says that the devil pulled out the nails when he tried to enter there, but was prevented by not being able to pull out those that remain. To this mixture of Old and New Testament Saints with Muhammedan legends, later ages have added the name of George of Cappadocia.

About midway in the easternmost range of these subterranean arcades a rock is pointed out to us, and we are told that this is the place where Solomon tortured the demon. Some bold fellow in the olden time, who thought that treasures were hidden under it, struck at it with a pick-axe; but, at the first blow, the devil cried out, "Let me alone!" We need not say that the affrighted searcher after other people's property complied with this request. This rock is six feet high, four and a-half long, and four broad. Hundreds of small pyramidal piles of stones are seen about the floor, deposited by Moslem devotees from all parts of the world, and the roots of old pine trees hang down in many places from the roof into which they have penetrated from the Haram above.



VESTIBULE WITHIN THE GOLDEN GATE.



VAULTS BENEATH SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

VIII.—ROUND AND ABOUT JERUSALEM.

A sound night's sleep—nowhere does a man sleep so soundly as at Jerusalem, where he is all day employed in walking about from one famous object to another—serves to clear our brains from the confusion and distortion of the grandeur of Old Testament History, and the simplicity of Christian truths, into the monstrous legends of Arab imposture; and we start forth, at early dawn, with a party of Arab attendants, to finish our pilgrimage round the walls of Jerusalem. Our journey from St. Stephen's Gate up the Mount of Olives down through the Valley of Jehoshaphat and up to Mount Zion, has already carried us halfway in the circuit, and made us masters of the eastern and southern sides. We have already crossed and recrossed the City either way, and a journey, therefore, from St. Stephen's Gate round by the north and western sides, ending where the Valley of Hinnom unites with that of Jehoshaphat, will complete our circuit. Turning to the left from St. Stephen's Gate by a narrow path, under the walls, suspended on a ridge along the precipice of Gethsemane, we gradually ascend to the north-east angle of the City wall, which here goes off square and sharp. Turning by this angle, we perceive that the wall is here protected by a fosse, and rests upon a foundation of rocks, rising up into high cliffs, while there is another rocky ridge on the other side, the roadway round the City passing between them. In fact, we are now upon the ridge or crest of Bezetha, cut away by Herod. It shoots up here to a hundred feet, a solid tower of rock. Between this point and the north-east angle was the part selected by Tancred for his attack; hence, too, Saladin forced his way into the City. A short distance farther is the mouth of a cavern in the rock on which the wall is built. It leads under the houses of the city, the first hall extending seven hundred and fifty feet, and being three thousand feet in circumference. It is evidently the quarry from which the stone of the Temple and other great Jewish buildings were cut, and it seems to have been known to the Crusaders, though not opened to modern inspection until within the last ten years. There are many intricately meandering passages leading to larger halls farther within, with walls white "as driven snow," and supported on colossal pillars of irregular shape, as left by the stone-hewers. These are evidently the quarries of King Solomon, and, not improbably, King Herod cut through them in digging out the fosse in which we are now walking; for we are only two hundred feet

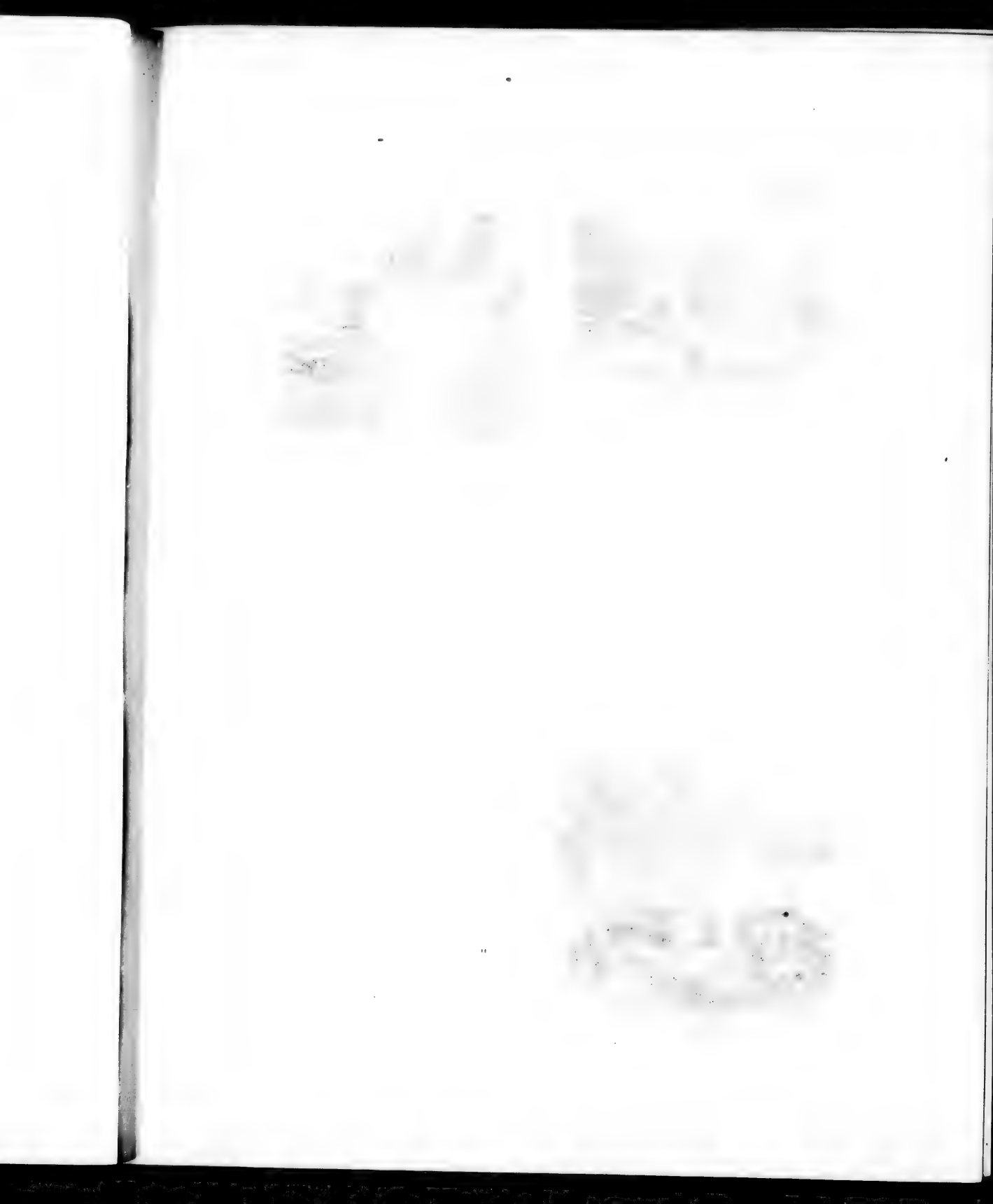


REMAINS OF ANCIENT TEMPLE BRIDGE.

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CASTLE OF SION.

from a similar cavernous excavation, the reputed Grotto or Cave of Jeremiah, on the opposite hill of Zahara, near to a Turkish burial-ground of such bad repute, for the living at least, that no one will venture near it after sunset. This cave is deeply sunk in a brown ridge of rock, by the way-side, and is a profound and gloomy cavern, about fifty yards deep, supported by two enormous natural pillars of rock. There is a court or open passage in front of it, and a wall with several houses, for the place has been used as a quarantine-station, a dervish (a very civil personage) acting as its guard and showman. There is a miniature lake or vast cistern, generally on the floor, and underneath, the water of which is bright and pure. The cave is divided into partitions, nests or dwelling for the sick or suspected, and is otherwise, with plaster and whitewash, made to look clean, tidy, and actually comfortable. For its being Jeremiah's Pool or Cave there is, of course, no sufficient authority. The place where the prophet was confined, and the pit where he sunk in the mire, were in the King's court (*Jer. xxxvii, 21*). This cavern, though of great size, has a limited aspect in comparison with the unknown vastness of the quarries on the other side, in which the whole City, for aught we know, might be stowed away. Their range is as immense as that of the catacombs of Paris, but they have been unexplored for ages past.

A little to the left—as we stand with our faces towards the City wall—a whole mile of towers and battlements at one view, in a bright sunlight—old and yellowish in tint, and crumbling minutely, yet large and massive in their whole aspect—is “Herod's Gate,” now closed up. It is also called “the Gate of Flowers,” and is the gate where the Empress Helena, the mother of our countryman—for Constantine the Great, and the first Christian Emperor, was an Englishman, and born at York—entered in penance, as a humble suppliant, in all her power, for God's mercy and forgiveness of her sins. We are now at about the highest part of the wall, and this gate towers high on the hill which hence begins to descend to the Gate of Damascus. All along here the olive trees grow close up to the wall, and it is a pretty sight to see the doves and other birds flying backwards and forwards from



JAFFA GATE, JERUSALEM.

the trees to the old wall and from the old wall to the trees. The Jews of old, it will be remembered, were great pigeon fanciers, and the dove houses and pigeon towers of old Jerusalem were quite an institution. This Damascus gate, “the tower that looketh over towards Damascus,” is, as it now stands, externally, a charming monument of Arab taste, flanked by two towers and crowned with arabesque battlements of stone in the form of turban (*see page 13*). It is undeniably the finest of all the gates of Jerusalem, and in its gateway we notice what is remarkable as a first example of the pointed arch, which the Crusaders are considered to have carried back with them into Europe. In the base of the towers of this gate may be seen great stones havelled round the edges, similar to those in what remains of the wall of Solomon's Temple. This gate is said to be identical with the “Old Gate” of Nehemiah, which “Jehoiada the son of Paseah, and Meshullam the son of Besodeiah repaired; they laid the beams thereof, and the bars thereof, and set up the doors thereof” (*Nehemiah, iii., 6*). The very ancient, massive, and characteristic Jewish remains which we see in the two turret chambers on each side indicate this as a portion of the “Second Wall.”



TOMB OF KINGS.

These chambers, and the pillars in the vault of Solomon's Temple (*see* pages 48, 51), are almost the only relics which the battering ram, the corroding tooth of Time, and the vengeance of God, have left us. The winding square-shaped staircase within the chambers lately discovered in both towers is the kind of ascent by which "they went up with winding stairs into the middle chamber," (1 Kings, vi. 8). One of the stones lying there is seven and a-half feet long, by three and a-half feet high, and another six and a-half feet long, by the same height. These apartments are conjectured, by the learned in such matters, to have been guard rooms of the old gates; built upon and round by Nehemiah, then by Herod, and afterwards by the Samaritans. They are vaulted, and their massiveness is very impressive. Before passing on we step within these gates into the City, curious to see the condition of the vicinity. The streets about here are filthy, and almost in solitude, overshadowed with darkness from the numerous vaulted arches which cover them. Everywhere there are ruins and rags. As for inhabitants, you see them seldom, and when seen they appear to be eaten up with idleness and wretchedness. The passers by creep close to the houses, and look as if they have no purpose, only walking for the sake of walking; the shopkeepers appear to be always waiting for custom that never comes, and everywhere there is a lack of life, interest, and activity. The rocky mound opposite this gate, within, has evidently been the foundation of some great building, for it is excavated in many places, but not into tombs. There was a St. Stephen's Church along here once, and this may be the spot. We gladly quit the dreary scene, and hasten to the free air without the walls. About half a mile right out of the gate, a little to the right, after passing a heap of hill of ashes and soapmaker's waste, we pass along the level surface of a reddish rock, with a few olive trees, hardly enough to call a grove, growing upon it, and then come upon an excavation in the middle of a field, like a neglected quarry. In front is a square court hewn out of the rock and open to the air, just like a deep trench. It is entered by an archway. This court is ninety feet square. The arch is in the centre of the wall, and to the left, as we enter, we see something resembling a large portico, nine yards long, supported evidently, at one time, on two pillars, which mischievous people of various ages, bye-gone simpletons, and profane fools now grown grey or gone to their account, have knocked away, one after the other. The architrave has fruit and flowers sculptured upon it, but these also are sorely defaced—a shameful outrage, of which the Arabs must not be accused, as none but civilised Europeans, for the most part—we are sorry to have to say it, for both our sakes—Americans and English, violate the habitations of the dead. Our torches are lighted, let us enter. We seem to be going into a rock, the interior of which has been hewn out, and the face of which has been cut into architectural designs. Such is really the fact; but the grapes, garlands, and festoons, the Corinthian capitals, and the pillars, have all been ruthlessly broken and chipped away. When whole they must have resembled a very large and very handsome marble chimney-piece, from which the grate has been removed. Through a low door in the south-west corner, we advance—candles in hand, and not without attendant Arabs, for this is not a pleasant place in which to find oneself alone in the dark—opening

into a kind of ante-room, about 20 feet square, a place for the mourners, while the body was carried on to its last receptacle. This opens into another room, thirteen feet square, in which are a dozen catacombs for collins and a passage to another apartment 10 feet square. The south side of the ante-room has a door leading into other rooms, in many of which are relics of rich sarcophagi, torn from their places and thrown upon the ground. One of these has been preserved entire and carried to the Mehkemeh, or Council House, in Jerusalem, just by the beautiful fountain we have illustrated (in page 8). Here it supplies the Divan of Jerusalem Effendis with water! The contrivance of the doors of stone, which, fitted in with mortice and tenon hinges is noticeable, and should be seen by some of our stonemasons, as a good hint for a fire-proof closet; so also is a round disk, shaped like a mill-stone, curiously contrived to close a tomb, and then be itself concealed by a pool of water. An inspection of these cunning contrivances, for an apparently unnecessary security, assists us in understanding the question in relation to the entrance of the Holy Sepulchre: "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" Of what kings the rocky excavations in which we stand are the tombs, is an unsettled question. Not so of that tomb on the other side of the valley of Kedron, which sweeps all round here, and into which we descend and go over it to reach the tomb—just in time to see a flock of sheep, who have been folded there, come streaming forth into the open valley. This is the tomb of Simon the Just, a Jewish Saint, if we may use the term, who spent his great wealth in providing a feast for the poor yearly, and having been allowed a great age as a reward for his charity, was so afflicted at the sorrows he saw coming on his nation from their obstinacy in resisting Titus, as to find the burthen of life too heavy, and so pray to be released from it. His prayer was granted, and his tomb provided under this little hill. But his wealth having been buried with him, Simon the Just feels conscientious scruples respecting the feast he had annually promised to the poor,—a promise from which, as his death was by his own wish, his scrupulous justice does not consider him to be discharged. Every year, therefore, he comes to life, at the feast of Purim, and places a piece of money outside to provide food for the poor. A great pilgrimage is held to his tomb by the Jews. To make a profit out of this veneration, as well as to keep in the sheep, the Turks have put up an iron door to the tomb, and appointed a guardian, who, being a shepherd of the dead fleeces to the best of his capability the living.

We now recross the Kedron valley, and coming to a junction of two roads, take the one that leads us to the north-west angle of the wall, the towers of which, rising prominently before us, are evidently of modern construction. The ground rises from the hollow by the Damascus gate to a low ridge, just over which lies, in the deeper hollow, the Valley of Gihon, under the western wall, sloping down towards Hinnom, under the southern. At this corner, near us, is a Terebinth tree, conspicuous as rising at the highest portion of the city. Hereabout, the vine and the olive begin to be more abundant, and have been made—of late years only, as we learn—to take root in the scanty, but prolific soil. Jerusalem grows good wine, and the Greeks have planted it pretty extensively in the new purchases of land they have made. Every

where that water is collected and distributed, the grateful land, all bare as it looks, returns most abundant crops. The fields of barley in this vicinity (about a quarter of a mile from the walls) are full in the ear, and the grain of the finest. It is now just ready (it is April), for the sickle. They say this new spirit of cultivation is due to Russian gold; but money is of no nation, and its profitable employment an universal good. We should have thought some English money might have been advantageously employed here.

How is it that persons who are obliged to leave England in search of a milder climate, or others who prefer living abroad, do not choose the most interesting country in the world for their residence? Why should not young gentlemen at least, spend one year among Bible scenes, and in acquiring Bible languages before entering upon their active duties. Sixty pounds per annum would be quite enough for all expense of board and lodging (including the keeping a horse) for a single person, and sixty pounds more would cover the expense of a journey there and back. The mighty tide which during three centuries impelled half the nations of Europe towards the rocky shores of Palestine—has not yet subsided. It is rising again. Travellers from every nation, and 10,000 pilgrims from the East, visit the shrines of Bethlehem and Calvary; Moslems from Arabia, Tartary and India, and from the utmost shores of Africa, come to worship at the (so called) Tomb of Moses. The Jewish people go to pray over the ruins of their city and Temple that the time of their deliverance may be hastened. The deep religious interest which has for two thousand years been gaining strength among the nations of the earth is becoming more intense, and high and mighty potentates, study with anxious care politics, whose interest centres in Jerusalem. Here however, where, above all places, Christianity should be most Catholic, it is most sectarian. But God disposes and all are working, and can only be working to his glorious and final purpose.

We now approach the Jaffa or Bethlehem Gate, and fall into the road that takes us across the Valley of Rephaim—which runs down on the right, past the Greek convent of St. George, to the Valley of Hinnom—proceeding on our way to the Tombs of the Judges, by a road lying between that to Jaffa and that to Bethlehem, both of which begin, one to the right and the other to the left from this gate; hence called, at option, the Jaffa or the Bethlehem Gate, and, universally, the Gate of the Pilgrims. On our left lies the Upper Pool of Gihon, or *Birket Mamillah*—the Pool of Serpents—at about one hundred and fifty rods from the City Gate, near the bend of the shallow valley. This is about three hundred feet long, two hundred wide, and twenty deep. There is sometimes no water in it, as it is now supplied only by rain water drained from the surrounding basin, its former feeder by a water course from Etham having been broken. In the season of winter, and just now, boys and men bathe in it. We leave on our left some Moslem tombs, the remnant of the graves of Saladin's warriors, and turning to the right, at about a mile's distance from the city, reach the "Tombs of the Judges," Martyrs or Prophets. These are of the same character as the "Tombs of the Kings," although ornamented in a different pattern. They constitute a catacomb of sixty tombs, hewn in the solid rock of limestone. The pediment is sculptured in the Grecian style, and the main room is twenty feet square by eight in height. This is even more re-

markable than the Tombs of the Kings, and is said to have been hollowed out for the use of the Sanhedrim, the Jewish Council, numbering seventy-two members. Hence we return back to the head of the Valley of Rephaim or Gihon, and, bending towards the right, as we face the Jaffa Gate go down its sloping declivity along by the western wall. We come along by the Bethlehem road from the Gate down into the Valley of Gihon, and across open fields of corn that thinly cover the stony, dry soil. A few struggling olives, silver topped, are scattered on the hill. Above all frowns the City Wall, and the huge Towers of the Citadel. This deep excavation of 200 feet by 600 is "The Lower Pool of Gihon,"—the "Great Pool" that once held four acres of water—the Pool Solomon was so proud of (Ecclesiastical, xlviii, 17), and at which he was anointed King of Israel; hence it is even now called "*Birket esh Sultan*," or the "King's Pool." It has been formed by building two walls across the valley (the lower very massive, the upper rather slight), connecting them by side walls, scraping the sheaving edges of rocks on its sides, and plastering the whole over with water-cement. The Pool is now ruinous and dry; the bottom is used as a thrashing ground. From this, looking upwards, on the left, to the lowest part of Zion, we see, enclosed with a wall, the English burial ground; a little below runs an aqueduct on nine small arches, which conveys the water from *Hezekiah's* Pool into the City. From this point we enter the valley of Ben Hinnom—the "Valley of Stricking Children"—crying out in agony at their numerous sacrifice in the red-hot, brazen arms and lap of the statue of the idol of Moloch, from which they fell into the blazing furnace below!—the Valley of Tophet, or the Drum, beaten with hurried hands, and accompanied with shouts to prevent those childish cries of suffering from being heard by mothers. Oh! the horrors of these ancient and modern heathen practices! This crime of the Jews,—so carefully separated by God as his chosen people, from these and other hideous rites of Paganism,—was punished afterwards in this very place; for, in this same valley, says Josephus, "no fewer than 118,880 dead bodies were carried for burial under the charge of one officer during the siege of Titus." King Josiah, to prevent such sacrifices to idols as we have mentioned, polluted the place by throwing filth and dead men's bones into it (2 Kings, xxiii, 10). Fires were kept constantly burning in it to consume the filth thrown here. It became at last the emblem of everlasting punishment among the Rabbinical writers—Gehenna!—Tophet!

"Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice and parents' tears,
Though for the noise of drums and trumpets loud
Their children's cries unheard, but passed through fire
To this grim idol,
In the pleasant vale of Hinnom, Tophet thence,
And black Gehenna called, the type of hell!"

MILTON.

It was here, that standing on one of the rugged eminences which overhang Tophet, the Prophet Jeremiah, at the inspiration of God, did, in the presence of the worshippers and the Priests, address himself to *Jehoiakim* and his courtiers, and lifting up a pitcher, dashed it to the earth, after denouncing terrible judgments upon them, (Jer., xix, 1-12). You will remember how Napoleon, during the conferences for the peace of Campo Formo, dashed a porcelain jar to atoms at his feet,



A PILLAR IN THE VAULTS OF THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON AT JERUSALEM.

as he said to the Austrian Plenipotentiaries, "In one month your monarchy would have been shattered like that vase." The people here, about Jerusalem, have the same custom of breaking a jar when they wish to express their detestation of any one. They come behind a man and smash the jar to atoms, thus imprecating, upon him and his, a hopeless ruin. You will remark from this and from many other instances perpetually coming under your notice in the Holy Land as common objects, that the Bible minutely narrates, does not invent; and thus many circumstances, though to us novel and surprising, are to those on the spot now, and were then—for Eastern life never changes its habits—ordinary and every day circumstances and allusions.

The valley descends rapidly into a rugged glen. On the other side of this rises abrupt, broken, and frowning, with precipitous banks, the Hill of Evil Counsel. The ruins on its top are those of the house of Annas, the High Priest, or a convent that succeeded them. Here it was "the Scribes and Pharisees took coun-

against Jesus to put him to death," (Mat. xxvii. 1), and just here, on the brow, about a hundred yards away from the house (just time for repentance in the distance), is that accursed tree stretching its ominous arms, darkly frowning, with crooked branches, and as if with stretching fingers—that tree on which the traitor Judas hung himself. There—close by it, is what he sold himself for—the Potter's field—"the Field of Blood" (see p. 16). A precipice overhangs it, and it looks down another into the glen below where there is a deep charnel house. The pious pilgrims used to be buried there. St. Jerome marked the locality. Annas himself was buried here.¹

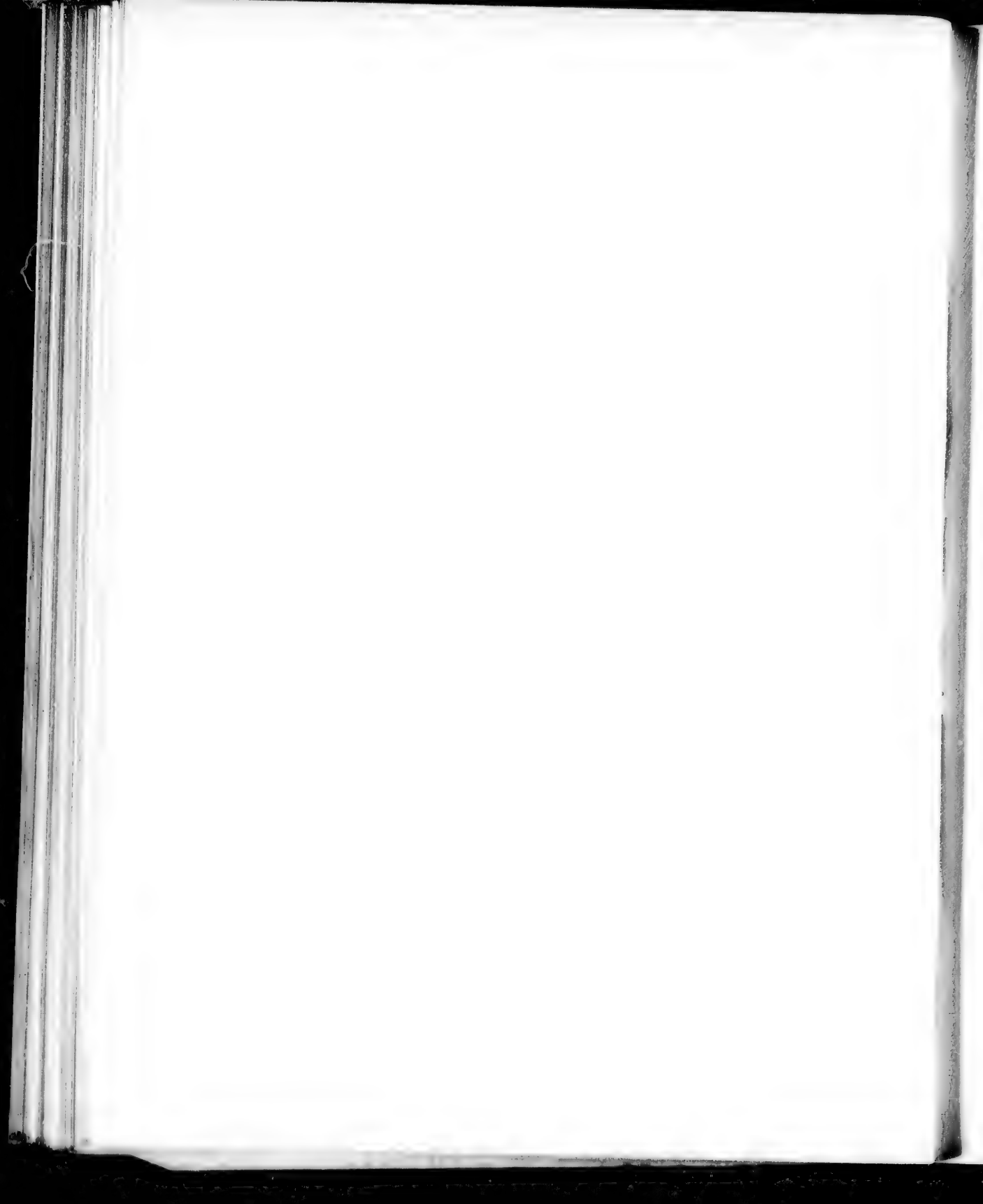
¹ We are told by Monroe, that "by order of the Empress Helena, two hundred and seventy shiploads of its earth were translated to Rome, and deposited in the Campo Santo, near the Vatican; where it was wont to reject the bodies of the Romans, and only consume those of strangers." "The interior of the Campo Santo at Pisa is also," says Dr. Barclay, "filled with this soil, which I saw two years ago (1858) producing a rank crop of muscarius and other grasses."

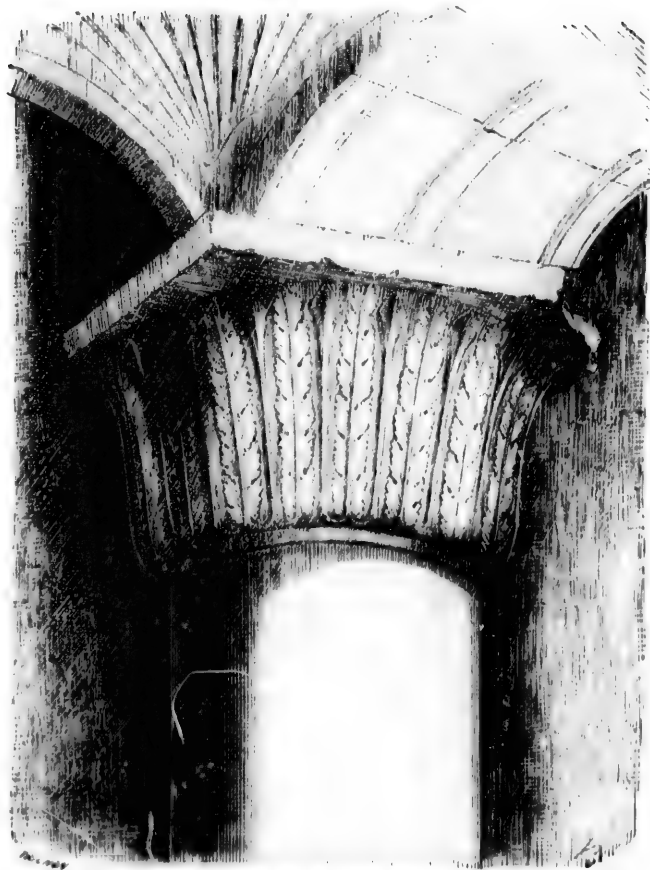
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THE RIVER JORDAN





ANOTHER PILLAR IN THE VAULTS OF THE TEMPLE.

There are tombs of all kinds in this vicinity—down the slopes all about, some of them ornamented like the Tombs of the Judges and the Kings, but none with chambers except one, in which it is said the Apostles hid themselves. It is called "The Apostles' Retreat"—and is scarcely large enough to hold eleven; but St. Peter we know was away, and all were not together. The view of Jerusalem, from here, is a remarkable one. We can see the Valley of Hinnom in its full extent, with all "the dark idolatries of alienated Judah" full under our eyes. The hewn tombs, the dark rugged hill, the accursed tree, and the fatal field—the grey gloom of the trees, and the old time worn wall of Zion overhanging all, constitute together a wild and mournful picture of Jerusalem in her desolation. Sadness and gloom attend our parting: we entered in disappointment, and depart in mournful stillness. The curse of God seems to us still to hang like a darkening cloud over the doomst city.

IX.—TO BETHLEHEM AND TO HEBRON.

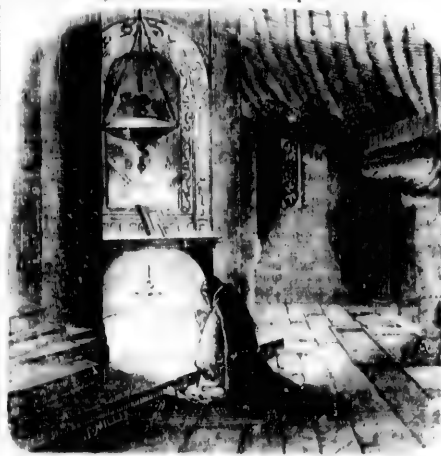
HAVING started with the earliest dawn, we have even now most of the day before us, and at this part of the Valley we take horse, for we have a long journey before us of five hours' riding ere we visit the birth-place of our Lord, and Hebron, and return to Jerusalem. We leave the hill of Evil Counsel on our left, and ascend up the steep side of the Valley of Hinnom, to where the broad, green, long Valley of Rephaim spreads itself before us. As we know that relays of horses will be provided for us by the joint care of our own clever and excellent consul, Mr. Finn, and the French Consul—for we are travelling with French artists high in favor—we stretch towards the right to the extreme westernmost part of the Valley, to where the Convent of the Holy Cross lies prettily retired within a sheltered hollow, one of the pleasantest spots about Jerusalem, which city lies behind us in a white

line level with the plain. You would hardly think there existed the deep opening of the two valleys between us; the citadel towers, the Armenian convent, and the minaret over the Mosque alone breaking the line, above which towers Ramah (of Benjamin) high on the dark hill beyond. It is known as Nebi Samwel—the Tomb of Samuel. "A very fair and delicious place," says Sir John Maundeville, "and it is called 'Mount Joy,' because it gives joy to pilgrims' hearts, for from that place men first see Jerusalem." One reminiscence is pleasing to us Englishmen. Here the noble Richard Cœur de Lion, advancing from his camp at Askalon, stood in sight of the city, and buried his face in his armour, with the grand exclamation, so full of chivalry and piety: "Oh! Lord God! I pray that I may never see thy Holy City, if so be that I may not rescue it from the hands of thine enemies." We shall soon have this hill on our right. Half an hour brings us to the Convent of the Cross. It looks like a fortress; and it is well that it is so in this wild country, for one Superior has already been murdered by plundering Arabs. Now, it lies all peaceful, surrounded with rich olive-grounds, with a background of hills, and every semblance of wealth and comfort. It owes this wealth and fame to its covering the spot where the tree from which the Cross was made grew; the good-natured Greek papas shows the hole under the high altar. The church is richly decorated with mosaics, and has a splendidly gilded choir and an admirable Byzantine pulpit. The old priest will show you a very strange picture here, like a long panorama—a singular heterogeneous mixture of devils, priests, and allegorical personages of all ages, and castles and groves. It relates to some story about Lot, the gist of which is, that having repented of the sin into which he had been deluded by intoxication, the Patriarch, on waking, sought at once some means of expiation, by consulting a Levite. The holy man ordered him to plant in his garden three branches of trees, and to nourish them with water from the Jordan, to be fetched by him every morning on foot. If the branches took root, he would then know that he was forgiven. Next morning Lot planted the three cuttings, and started off to the Jordan—no short distance—for the water; while returning he was accosted by an old beggar man, exhausted with the heat, who asked for a drink of water; this Lot gave to him, knowing that he should still have enough left to water the cuttings. A little farther on, the same demand was made upon him by a traveller, which request he knew not how to refuse; and so on, he met so many people on his way, and was so charitable, that when he got home he had not a drop of water left for himself. Tired as he was he must go back to the Jordan, or see the trees perish and with them his hopes of pardon. As he rose up to set off again an angel appeared to him in his extremity, and comforted him with the assurance that his charity had caused him to find grace before the Eternal, informing him that it was the Devil who, unable to bear the thoughts that Lot's misdeeds should not place the Patriarch in his power, had assumed different forms on his homeward path, and thus drank all Lot's provision of water. So Lot was pardoned, and the trees took root and flourished; in after years one of them supplied the wood for the Holy Cross. We quit the hospitable Georgians (for this is the last and only Convent of that church of Christians, their sole possession and evidence of faith, and they claim it as given them by their

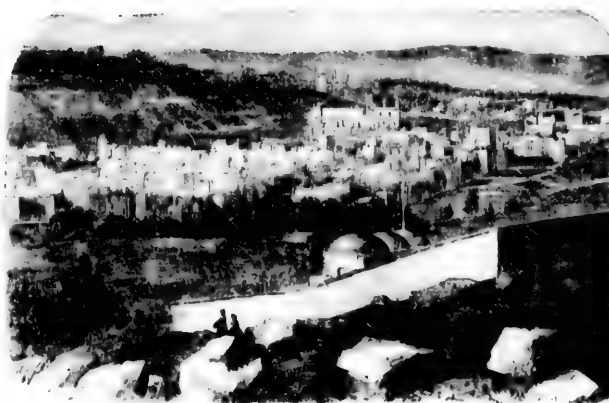


FOULS OF SOLOMON.

Emperor Tatian,) and going down by a rapid descent to where they say was the threshing floor of Obadiah, half an hour brings us to the "Valley of the Terebinthus" or Turpentine, a dark and deep and narrow valley, with the bed of a dry torrent scoring a white line along its bottom, which tradition declares to have marked the separation of the camp of Saul from that of the Philistines. Here David slew Goliath,—(others say this happened at Shuweikeh, the South of the plain of Judah (Josh. xv., 35), beyond Gaza, and near Beit Sybim). The situation is sublime, and we halt at a little spring, under some olive-trees, before descending the steep declivity into the valley by which we must mount up to the Convent of St. John by steps hewn in the rock. There is "a mountain on the one side and a mountain on the other, and a valley between them," just the place for the fight as described, and there, too, is the brook, and there some smooth stones that would have just answered the young shepherd-boy's bold purpose. Up in these rocky mountains southward, is the cavern wherein St. John dwelt in the Wilderness; but we must first stop at the Convent.



CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.



HEBRON, WITH THE CAVE OF MACHPELAH.

which is high-walled and strong outside. Here, having obtained admission for ourselves and horses through the low iron door that admits but one at a time,—a sure precaution,—we visit their subterranean chapel, a cave in which St. John was born; then gaze upon the scene from the insulated hill on which this strong convent-fortress stands, down into deep and dark valleys, whose grey rocks, where they face the convent, have been hollowed by nature into caves, such as the hermits of the early Church loved to dwell in. Occasionally, where sufficient soil can be found for roots, fig trees, with vines clinging round their trunks, may be seen scattered about. The village under the convent-walls is called Am Farim; the fountain of the Virgin, for hither, they say, came the Virgin to draw water when, on a visit to Zachariah and Elizabeth, whose house, about a quarter of a mile from the convent, is covered with a ruined oratory and small chapel, called the Chapel of the Visitation (Luke i, 39).



PLAIN OF JERICO.

therock. A brief pause here, and then back as quickly as our horses will carry us under such a burning sun, to the Convent of St. John for a relay of cattle and a new escort, sent on before, as well as refreshment, hospitably furnished by the good fathers.

At first starting our road was bad and dreary enough, rock after rock, like great slices of a mountain cut off with a knife, and stored up as gigantic paving stones. By this road trending southward, in which direction we have been all along proceeding, we approach the traditional spot of the Conversion of the Eunuch, by Philip. How he managed to ride in a chariot (Acts viii, 28) on such a road is almost a miracle, and the meeting any one upon it, now-a-days, would be another.



THE DEAD SEA.

A fountain marks the spot—not a stream. It was once highly adorned, and the numerous carved stones lying about evidently formed a portion of the channel by which its water was conveyed into the Sorec. Another hour brought us to Beit jala, where the Latin Patriarch has a noble foundation for the education of the native clergy. Hence by a toilsome road until we reach the plain of Rephaim once more, from which, by a gentle bias towards the left, we arrive at a small oblong Turkish mosque, slightly elevated on the way-side, with a little white dome on the top, and a pointed arch on its side at the other end. We now know "There is but a little way to Ephratah, which is Bethlehem" for we are travelling in the footsteps of Jacob on his way from Beth el to Edom, and we have reached the place where he buried his beautiful and well-favoured Rachel, who named her son Ben-oni (Son of Sorrow) as she died (Gen. xxxv. 18, 20). We halt here for a few minutes under the influence of tender and respectful feelings, the sympathy for a bereaved husband **three** thousand years ago;—the homage of tears paid to a Jewish wife's humble tomb, which golden mausoleums of Zenobia and Cleopatra would fail to cheat. "Rachel died! y me!" What power to wake emotion is in those simple words, while here we stand upon the spot where the patriarch lifted up his face and wept, and "there was great weeping and lamentation."



RACHEL'S GRAVE.

As we go on we see Bethlehem. We are hardly half an hour from it. The road is nothing more than a mule track, but well trodden for some thousands of years. The ascent is gentle: the narrow ridge, on whose side is placed the little city, with its flat roofed houses, and its clump of convents thick clustering round the spot of the Nativity, is not of great height. It is a confused and irregular pile of white buildings, but has a gay and smiling look, as if the Star of the East still shone its light and brightness over it. Over the town hangs a plain of green; below it the hill is fashioned into terraces of olive trees, and vines, and fig trees. At its feet, sloping down in the valley, are the corn fields—yes, the very corn fields in which Ruth gleaned—there is the very farm of Boaz himself. It must be so. Already our artist is sketching the labourers who worked with Ruth (*see* p. 56), and there, along that path across the fields, going towards the deep gateway, is Naomi herself, just as she looks in the pictures painted by the great old painters, who so happily caught the spirit of the Scriptures—in the long gown of dark blue, and her veil of white cotton cloth to shade away the burn-

ing glare of the sun. She is returning from the land of strangers to her native village (Ruth, i., 7). Close by the gate is the well, for the water from which David longed. All about, we see the vineyards of Judah on every hill side, with watch-towers and walls. Every place about is glowing with wild flowers, daisies, and the white Star of Bethlehem; with a blaze of scarlet flowers, anemones, wild tulips, and the like; the first pilgrims used to call them "the Saviour's blood drops." Bare and barren as is all around, these flowers, in this spring time, are a brilliant contrast. Behind Bethlehem, we see rising a huge wall of mountains, high, massive, and overshadowing. You know the effect of the distant Helvellyn over the surrounding district—that is the appearance of the mountains of Moab over Bethlehem. The Dead Sea lies between, but there are the mountains, brown, huge, impending, never to be forgotten; and this is why David, who as a boy had them always before his eyes, took care to secure refuge for his old father and mother in their heights when there was no longer safety for them in Bethlehem. An opening in these mountains shows the spot where Lot's wife was changed into a Pillar of Salt, and in the distance is the Wilderness of Engedi. The Church of the Nativity, is an enormous pile of buildings, covering a large space, originally built by the Empress Helena, repaired and enlarged by various Christian contributions, but still imperfect and in some parts ruinous. This ought not to be. There are three convents, Latin, Greek, and Christian, with the Church of the Nativity common to all. The nave, with its double lines of Corinthian columns and roof of Lebanon cedar, is what remains to us of the grand Basilica. The Church of the Nativity itself has a roof of English oak, the gift of our own Edward IV. Here Baldwin was crowned King of Jerusalem. On the columns of the side naves may yet be traced vestiges of the armorial bearings of the Crusaders, and the walls of the central nave still show the remains of Byzantine mosaics. It now seems but as a passage between the convents, and you will observe that it is also a place of meeting for the peasants of the vicinity, where they enjoy the shelter it affords from heat or rain, and tranquilly smoke their pipes, as they are now doing, while their children are receiving instruction from the pious brethren. From this we descend to the subterranean vaults under the floor of the Church, and going through a long narrow passage belonging to the Latins—the Greeks have another entrance—find ourselves in a little chapel, twenty-seven feet long and eleven wide, with a marble floor, adorned with tapestry and pictures, and lighted dimly with silver lamps. This is the Grotto of the Nativity. There are two small recesses, nearly opposite to each other; a marble slab in the northernmost, which is semi-circular, and marks the spot of the Nativity, having upon it a silver star to designate where the Star of the East rested. There is also an inscription—"Hic natus est Jesus Christus de Virgine" ("Here Jesus Christ was born of a Virgin"). On the right, or on the south, is a chamber, down two steps, paved and lined with marble, at one end of which is a block of stone hewn out,—the stall,—from which was taken the wooden manger now at Rome in the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, and exhibited every Christmas in the presence of the Pope. Justin Martyr, who was born at Nablus and martyred at Rome in the second century, mentions this stone, and St. Jerome, who wrote the Vulgate in a chamber but a few paces from this spot, has vouched for its

identity, by choosing it for his residence. Here lived and died, that most illustrious of pilgrims to the Holy Land. Here he fasted, prayed, and studied; here he gathered those bands of Christians together who still survive, in the numerous convents of the Holy Land. Over the altar in this Chamber of the Manger, is a picture of a stable and cattle, and, behind a little railing of iron, five lamps are kept constantly burning. Right opposite to this is an altar, that of the Magi, or Three Eastern Kings, on the spot where they sat, when they came to offer presents to the Son of God. There is a picture of this over the altar, in which one of the kings is painted as a negro.

Near the door of the chapel of the Latin Convent you go down two flights of steps to a small chapel, dedicated to St. Joseph, where he waited during the confinement of the Virgin. At the end of this passage is St. Jerome's Chamber; and just out of the door, on the right hand, is his tomb. Opposite are the tombs of Santa Paula and her daughter, Saint Eustochia, two holy ladies who accompanied St. Jerome, and provided him with means during his lengthened and pious labours. Here also is the grave of his faithful and earnest disciple, St. Eusebius, of Cremona. Just by, in the first passage to the left, is a deep pit, into which, they say, the bodies of the infants, murdered by Herod's cruel mandate, were thrown at the time. There is an altar over it, but we looked down into the pit through an iron grating, and saw nothing. Be all this as it may, we know that, anywhere here, we are within a few paces of the birthplace of the Saviour of mankind; and cold indeed must be the heart, and dead the very soul, of that man who, once on this spot, does not earnestly and sincerely share the enthusiasm of those poor pilgrims whom we now see in deep emotion, and with fervent thankfulness for His great mercy, prostrating themselves at the shrine of the Nativity. Local traditions abound. There is a grotto in the rock, just out of the village, to the south, where the Virgin sat down to suckle the infant Jesus, and the milk overflowing from the divine child's lips, has given to the grotto the virtue of assisting all weak mothers who pray at the altar therein erected. Turks, Greeks and Armenians alike vouch for this, and, you see, the limestone is scraped away in all directions; in one part a chamber has been scraped out, that women may drink water in which the powder from it has been mixed. There is also another grotto in which the Virgin remained hidden with her child during forty days, to escape the wrathful persecution of Herod, after the Magi had made known the successful results of their search for the Son of God and future King of Men.

Passing through Bethlehem town—for we are now rapidly journeying towards Hebron—it is impossible not to notice the manly and spirited bearing of its people, or the beautiful form and fine expression of countenance in the daughters of Ruth. The men have a sturdy bearing and fearless look, something like the Highlanders. David came from here, and so did Joab and David's other valiant captains. These men are naturally hardy, for they are brought up as shepherds. There are large flocks in the plain and on the hills; and see, where the reapers are cutting the barley, and their women and children gleaming, just as Ruth did—when Boaz came to look after his labourers (Ruth ii., 5-7). There, too, is a woman beating out the grain on a stone, as Ruth did (Ruth ii., 4), and they "dip their morsel in

the vinegar," and eat "parched corn"—that is, the roasted ears, the chaff being burned off over a flame. We go on to the "Grotto of the Shepherds," where they lay at night, watching their flocks, and make our modest offering, as pilgrims, of a few wax candles to the little humble shrine, adorned with some poor paintings. Thence, a three-quarters of an hour's march to the Cave of Adullam, in the mountainous wilderness of Engedi. It is situated in a great rock that hangs on the edge of a narrow shelf of rocks in a fearful gorge, with towering cliffs above it, and to get to it you have to leap into a low window-hole. Within, it is a very large grotto, quite dry but very dark, with numerous passages ramifying in all directions; a veritable stronghold and hiding place, such as a few bold men could hold against a host, armed as soldiers were in Saul's time. The ravine here is excessively precipitous. The cave has been made use of, even in late years, as a place of refuge for the inhabitants of the district in time of war. You read, in the accounts of the French Algerine campaign, of Marshal Pelissier and General Lamoriciere having suffocated some hundreds of peasant Arabs with their wives and children, in just such a cave, by lighting fires at the entrance, when they could by no means drive them out or venture in themselves.

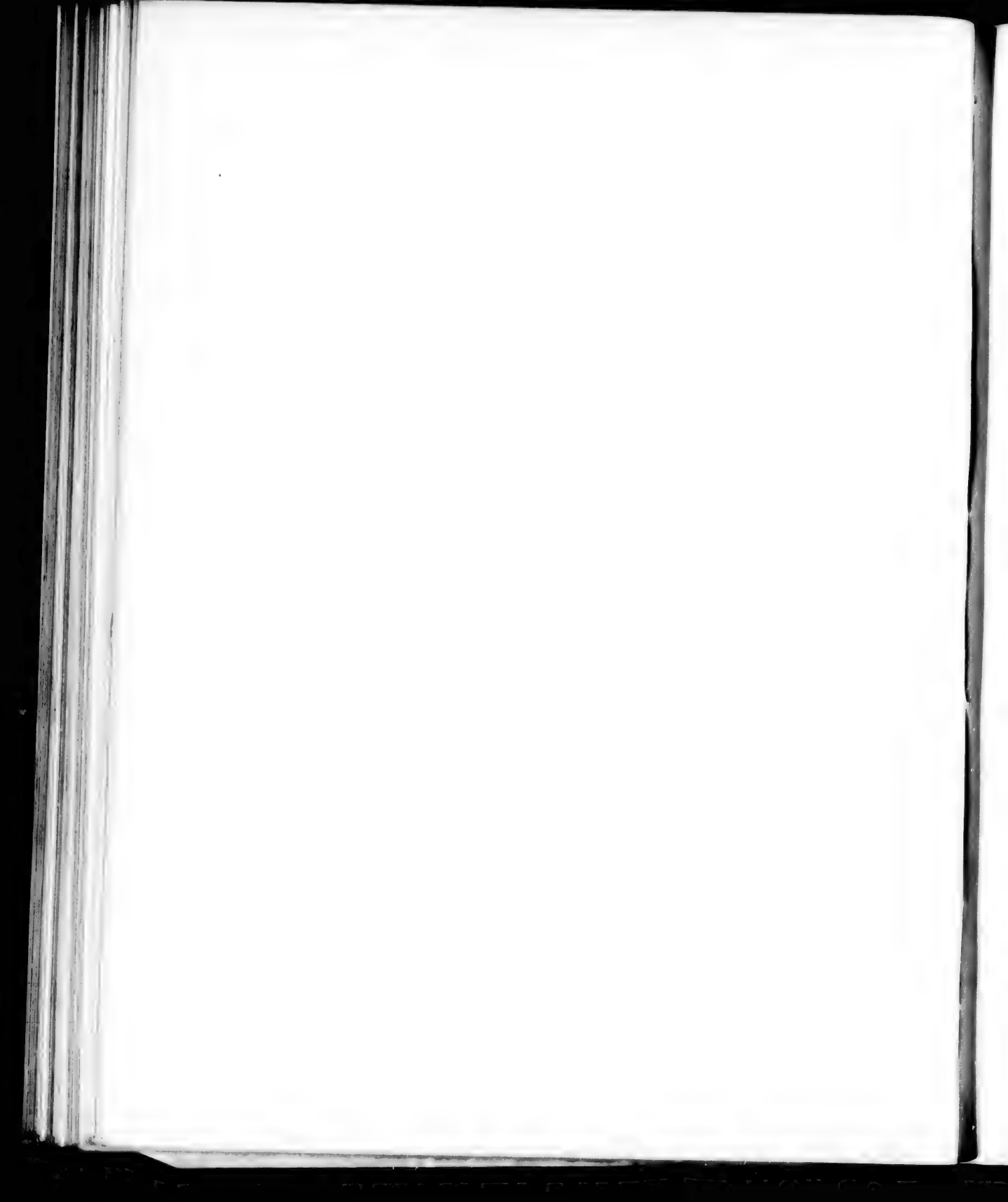
A rugged road brings us back to the mule's path and up the green valley of waters to the "Three Pools of Solomon," which lie all in a row, one below the other; each of an oblong form, of the respective lengths of 360, 423, and 582 feet. The largest, the easternmost, is 200 feet wide and 50 deep, so that when full—which it now is, and running over to the second and the third—it would float the largest man of war that ever ploughed the ocean. How beautiful must have been the gardens, hercabouts, in Solomon's time! the vineyards and the orchards on the neighbouring hills and the valley to the north west. Along the mountain side, winding in a conduit, is the channel to supply Jerusalem, made by the wise king and restored by Pontius Pilate, as we learn from Josephus. It runs and meanders in various sinuosities for nine miles' distance, just as used to wind and wander, through the meadows of Islington and Hornsey, our own New River, in its old leaden conduit, from Ware to London. The high steep hill to the left—that enormous natural mound, rising 800 feet from the valley—is the Herodium of Josephus, a great fighting place and fortress of the olden time, the "Frank Mountain" of the Crusaders, who had their last fight out here, and made here their last stand after they were driven out of Jerusalem. The old castle, the towers, and the walls connecting between them, still remain, but in ruins. At its feet lies Tekoa, whence came the clever woman to seek for the rebel Absalom's pardon from his father. We are now approaching, along the Valley of Eshkol (out of which came the great bunch of grapes that so surprised the Israelites), to Hebron, the oldest city in Canaan; one of the oldest, also, in the world; for it was built seven years before Memphis, and has survived it. It was the border city of the Promised Land, the city of Arba, the Prince of Giants, the city of Ephron the Gittite, of whom Abraham bought his tomb-field, Machpelah (Gen. xxiii., 10), the first home of the patriarchs, as it is their last, "for here," says St. Jerome, "are buried Adam, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob." Caleb chose it for his portion, for he had seen it when out with the spies. The vale that leads up to it is delicious, rich in orchards and in vineyards, abounding in wells and fertile in soil,

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INHABITANTS OF BETHLEHEM.



There is a legend that a descent into this cave would be fatal. For a certain Seid-Omar Ettoher, a pious Musulman, having been invited by Abraham to come down, lost his eye-sight through his temerity. The fact is, that within these few years a Christian was attempting it would have lost not only his eyes but his head. There are two immense Pools in the town, very ancient, but they are rarely full of water. The people go down to them by stone steps, and you see them constantly coming up and going down with goat-skin bottles on their backs. A large monument is shown near the bazaar as the Tomb of Abner. Just beyond the mosque, on a rising ground, is the Fountain of Sarah, where she washed the clothes of Abraham and Isaac—a service, in those times, by no means unusual in the wives of great men or even queens—those good old days, when queens and princesses came down to the river side to wash their own and their husbands' garments. The country all round presents fine landscapes, and the land is richly cultivated; but beyond rural life—the Moslems so religiously closing the mosque to us dogs of Christians—there is little to be seen. So we mount our fresh horses, and make the best of our way back to Jerusalem, where we arrive at a late hour, having stopped in the moonlight to see the Convent of Mar Elias, opposite to which Elijah left the imprint of his wearied body on a rock. There is behind this a mound from which you can see the Mediterranean on the one side and the Dead Sea on the other. From the Convent of Elias a few paces brought us to the Well near to which the Magi were reposing when the Star of Bethlehem appeared to them. We arrived in Jerusalem the same night, having accomplished in the most satisfactory manner a journey which is very unusual for the generally slow-paced pilgrims who visit the Holy City.

X.—TO JORDAN AND TO NAZARETH.

THE pilgrims for Jordan, in a numerous and motley band of many thousands of all nations, having started from St. Stephen's gate over the Mount of Olives through Bethany, early on the previous day, with an escort of soldiers under the command of the Governor, we resolved—by means of relays, previously arranged—to follow them this morning, and, contrary to the usual course of travellers, to take the Convent of St. Saba on our way; as our purpose was not to return again to Jerusalem, but to proceed onward from the Jordan to Nazareth, and so homewards to the sea coast. So we came out of the Zion Gate, and down the steep way to the bottom of the hill, whence, turning to the right, we halted at En Rogel, or the Well of Job, at the junction of the Valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat, the locality of a tradition, preserved by Josephus, of a tremendous earthquake in the close of the reign of Uzziah, when the leprosy struck him (1 Kings, xv., 5). "Just as Uzziah was entering the Temple, the building suddenly started asunder; the light flashed through, and the same moment the leprosy rushed into the king's face; the hills around felt the shock, and a memorial of the crash was long preserved, in a large fragment of the rock, or landslip, which, rolling down from the western hill (of Evil Counsel), blocked up the royal gardens between that hill and the Mount of Olives, at the junction of the two valleys by the spring of En Rogel." We now make for the bed of the Kedron—called from its dryness, the Wad-en Nar, or

Valley of the Stream of Fire—a wonderful gorge, that leads down by a long descent through precipitous, overhanging rocks, to the Plain of Jericho. We worked, over a steep and difficult way, through tangled ravines, and shelving gullies, and in two hours and a half, before the sun was too high and scorching, reached the convent of Santo Saba. Perched up high among the rocks—as if a portion added to the cliffs—with towers, battions, walls, church and dome in picturesque array, an embattled fortress garrisoned by monks, overhanging a dark abyss, whose sides are pierced with caverns and hermits' cells hewn in the rocks by pious hands, now untenanted but by night birds or the vulture and the eagle, this convent is one of the most remarkable localities in the Holy Land. The Wilderness and grim rocks present an extraordinary scene from the convent terrace under the two square towers. The buildings rise in terraces overtopping each other, and, to the monastery above access is permitted only through a low iron door, from which a basket is let down and the stranger is hauled up. To pilgrims there is admission to the lower tower up a ladder and through a low door to a large room, while, for guests of distinction, a smaller chamber, and separate, is allotted; but to all a kindly and never-failing hospitality is extended.



INTERIOR OF CONVENT, MAR SABA.

It is the richest convent of the Holy Land, and stands in need of the good guarding which it enjoys. We saw the Grotto of St. Saba and the Lion, where the pious and hospitable saint used to live, and in which, returning late one evening, he found a lion had taken up his quarters. Too hospitable to drive him out, the hermit gave the King of Beasts a corner of his cell, and dwelt there a long time afterwards with his strange lay brother. Having breakfasted handsomely, we started off with fresh horses for Jericho, down an ever-descending road, that seemed almost to rush down to the deep depression of the Dead Sea. As soon as we had reached the bottom of one deep valley, another still deeper succeeded—naked and calcined rocks—a burnt up soil—all nature in desolation! the whole landscape bears the grim aspect of an immense convulsion; and below us, in the far horizon, stretches, like a mirror, the wan motionless surface of the Accursed Sea, buried amongst dreary and silent rocky hills. A narrow pass in the rocks ends in a plateau, whence a full view of the Dead Sea, from end to end is obtained. The Jordan



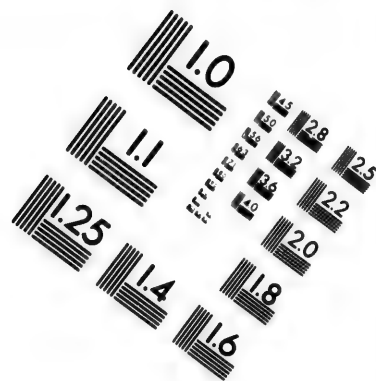
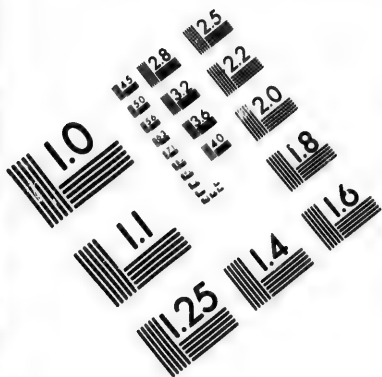
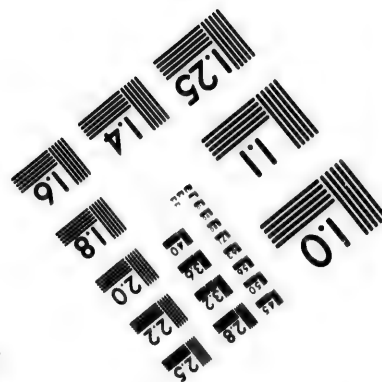
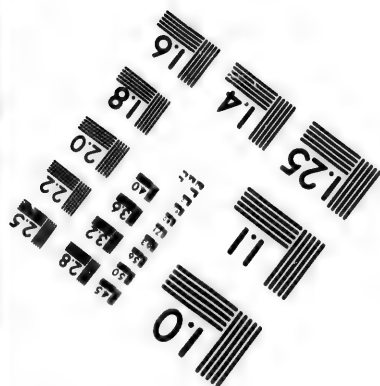
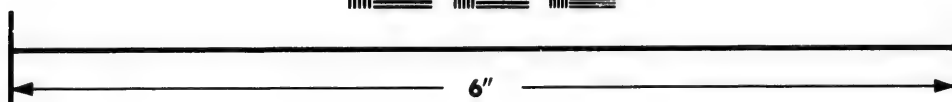
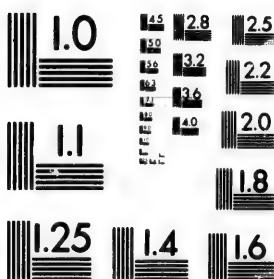


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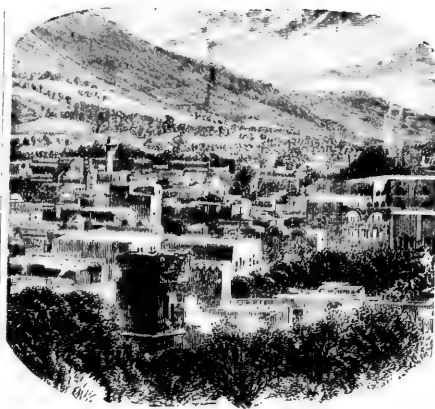
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streams along, from the distance in a long, apparently narrow, line of green, where all about is sandy and bare, except where the barley harvest of the plains of Jerusalem is being gathered in—for we have arrived just at the same season as the Israelites, in "barley harvest;" (Joshua, iv., 19.) though the river no longer overflows all its banks, for the venerable trees and thick bushes in the upper of the three terraces, through which it flows at this spot, show that, for a long time, the river has not filled that part of its own channel, as a current. We now stand between the Mountains of Moab and the mountain ranges of Palestine, Judea, and Ephraim; the "hills about Jerusalem," down which we have just come, rising majestically from between. Jericho may be seen clearly below, on our left, with its wall of faggots of cactus, and its straggling white houses, in a dark green oasis, made by the waters of the Ain Hajid, (identified by Robinson with Beth Hoglah), the Wadi-kelt or brook Cherith (or the Cleft) and the Ain-es-Sultan, or Fountain of Elisha, where the prophet, out of compassion, made the bitter waters sweet (2 Kings, ii., 19). This fountain rises on a tell or mamelon, or mound, such as abound in Palestine, near large cities, and have apparently, in some cases, been raised originally for defensive purposes, but are in others, as is well known, mere heaps of ruin. They are not, however, always artificial, but mounds of rock, and, as in the Hauran, even extinct volcanoes. The water is transparent, sweet, cool and abundant, having in it small fish—a very rare thing in this country, especially so near the Dead Sea. In its neighbourhood grows a tree, bearing fruit, that looks like an apricot, beautiful to the eye, but nauseous to the taste, and said to be poisonous—in fact, the "bitter apples." Hereabouts must have lain the old city of Jericho; the modern village of Ridah, or Riha, is but a collection of poor dwellings. Hereabouts, also, must surely have stood the "City of Palm trees,"—the key to Judea; for here, by the meeting waters of Elisha's Fountain and the other streams, are woody thickets and patches of corn and melons, that still wear the pleasant semblance of gardens from where we are standing; although much of the spot is thorny shrubs, where the wild boar haunts, and the lion of Judah might even now find a fitting lair. There is an ancient square tower, the rest of the castle is in ruins; we shall be down there speedily to refresh our horses and seek a night's shelter for ourselves. The Jordan rises far north in snowy Hermon, flows through the high lake Merom, and running down 500 feet, passes, next, right



NABLOUS, THE ANCIENT SH CHEM.

through the Sea of Tiberias, and out of it, with un-associating waters; then, comes out to lose itself—after a course of sixty miles—the latter part through twenty-seven rapids and a fall of 1,000 feet—in the Dead Sea, which absorbs it for ever into its withering bosom. That dreary lake lies fifteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea, and at the northern end is 1300, at the southern only thirteen feet below the surface; the shallow part of the Sea being fifteen miles in length, and said to cover the Plain of Sodom and the submerged cities. At this end, the southern and farthest from our sight, is a ridge of rock salt, but a party of the artists, who came with us, have started to make photographs of Sodom and Gomorrah, cities which it is now argued were not submerged but destroyed by fire. M. de Sauley says he found them; M. Van der Velde has disputed this fact; but, nevertheless, it is by no means improbable, and we believe the photographs are now in England. For ourselves we could not make the ruins, but we may have been too hurried, and, not impossibly, off the right track. To return to Jericho. There was, years ago, one venerable palm tree, near that old square tower, but like other recorded



THE JORDAN LEAVING THE SEA OF TIBERIAS.



BETHEL.



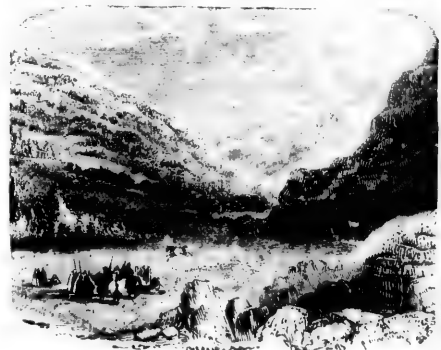
MOUNT TABOR.

palm trees of the Holy Land, that one has gone, the last of that "forest of palm trees," for which the locality was distinguished. We must not altogether despise those thorn bushes—one of them is the Zukkām, and bears a nut, from which a liquid balsam is made by the monks and soldiers—the famous "Balm of Gilead." The vista of twelve miles that lies opened before us in the spread of the valley of Jordan, just here, is the locality of extraordinary scenes. From Pisgah, in the mountains, and more clearly visible on the other side (but no one knoweth where Pisgah is), Moses looked down on the Promised Land and saw this plain and this valley, then fertile as the valley of the Nile. Here, on the spot where the pilgrims are about to enter, the Jordan rolled back twenty miles. The river had dried up from north to south (Josh. iii, 16), and the host of Israel came out of the deep channel, (here eight feet deep), and pitched their tents in the desert plains. They had seen Jericho from Gilgal, (where pilgrims still carry their children yearly to be circumcised), about five miles from the eastern bank,

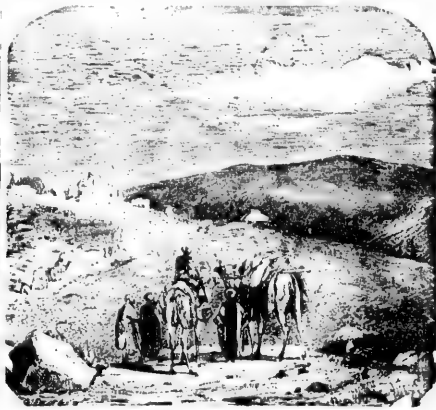


TIBERIAS.

on the skirt of the forest, a vast grove of majestic palms, about three miles broad and eight miles long. Above the trees could be seen Jericho, "high and fenced up to heaven;" behind it, the white limestone mountains of Judea, in which the spies had taken refuge; just as the hermits did in the after Christian period, when they hewed out cells in that hill, now called the "Quarantania," which they regarded as the scene of the "Forty days Fast of the Temptation." Down that pass from Jericho went Elijah and Elisha to the Jordan banks, and snote the waters and divided them, the sons of the prophets standing on the terraces to see the great prophet ascend. Those palm groves, now no more, were given by Antony to Cleopatra as a love-gift; and Herod the Great farmed them for her, and afterwards bought them for himself, and built here a sumptuous palace, and died here, stricken, in his pride. Our Lord passed through here on his last journey to Jerusalem, and, along the road by which grew the Sycamore Tree (Luke, xiv. 4), went up into the wild dreary mountains, and so up the long ascent towards the City, past the old khan or inn that now marks the locality of the Parable of the Good



MOUNTS EBAL AND GERIZIM.



MAM.

Maritan (an English traveller was robbed and murdered there in 1820), and so to the friendly house of Lazarus at Bethany.

Night falls, and we look for and obtain a kind lodging from the captain of the guard in the old tower. Here we snatch a few hours' repose, which early is broken, in the dead waste and middle of the night, or rather about three o'clock in the morning, by loud shouts from the neighbouring camp. Lights are flashing about and drums beaten, and then come, in a long line,—all carrying blazing torches of the turpentine,—the pilgrims who now advance towards the Jordan in solemn silence, the moon shining brightly above their heads. Before reaching the shore, we perceive the white cliffs and green thickets on each bank, just where the Greeks and Armenians bathe, which they do rushing headlong, men, women, and children, in one undistinguished mass. The banks are perpendicular, and the stream flows strong; and is ten feet deep, and rather muddy. We are more used to rivers, and wisely prefer a lower spot, which the Latin pilgrims use, and which our artist has sketched (see page 49), where the beach on one side is low. You will see fathers and mothers, delightfully, bathing their children, that they may enjoy the advantages of a pilgrimage without the toil. There is little noise and shouting, though much haste and tumultuousness, but at the same time, no indecorous conduct. The bath is delightful, and the intermixture of the reeds, wild vine, and climbing plants, imparts much beauty of contrast. Copts, Greeks, Armenians, Catholics, Protestants, from Abyssinia, Egypt, Asia, Turkey, Greece, Malta, Italy, France, Spain, Austria, Poland, Prussia, Russia, Great Britain, America, and all Christian lands; even Cossacks from Tartary, and Negroes from Abyssinia, were thronging along the shores. The forest of thorns was all alive with them. All brought back some memorial from the banks—long branches of the Jordan willow; some even carry away trunks of trees, loaded on their asses, horses and mules, as a store from which to cut out relics for profitable sale at a distance. All, on their return, were engaged in singing hymns, the confused sound of which from so great a multitude, when harmonised into one sonorous hum or trumpet murmur by the effect of distance, had a surprising effect. At the camp are a large body of Turkish pilgrims, it is the time of their Moslem pilgrimage to Nebi-Moussin, the supposed tomb of Moses, which lies in the vicinity; matters being so politically arranged that, to guard against the capture of the Holy City by Christian pilgrims mustered every year at Easter, a similar pilgrimage of Turks is convoked for the same time; and Nebi-Moussin, or the Tomb of Moses, a small hillock near Jericho, is one of their important shrines.¹

A short distance above the Dead Sea the Jordan is 40 yards wide, and 12 feet deep; then 50 yards wide, and 11 feet deep; then 80 yards wide, and 7 feet deep; and, finally, 100 yards wide and only 3 feet deep at the bar, by its entrance. We proved the buoyancy of the Dead Sea by attempting to sink in it, but found the

water very buoyant, and, at the same time, extremely bitter, and far saltier than that of the ocean. It acts like alum upon the tongue, smarting like camphor when applied to the eyes, and stiffens the hair like cerate. Here are no fish, nor did we see any birds, and an unnatural gloom hangs over the sea and over the plain. One analysis of the water shows chloride of sodium, 8; of potassium, 1; of calcium, 3. Another says, chloride of calcium, 2½; of magnesium, 10½; of potassium, 1½; of sodium, 6½. The specific gravity is as 1200 to distilled water at 1000; but this varies, as do also the amount of saline substances according to the time or place at which the water may be taken. We made the best of our way up the Valley of the Jordan, but found the attempt to reach Jerusalem in that direction would be fruitless; so we at once hastened back with the pilgrims, now in advance—who halted, however, at the castle,—in a long picturesque line towards Jerusalem. This, by taking up again the relay of horses we had left at Mar Saba, we were enabled to do before the evening fell.

Next morning, at day-break, we started on the usual route out of the Damascus Gate to Nablus, and soon cleared the hills and rocks that skirt the city, and entered on the Plain of Jerzeel, or Esdraelon. El Birch, or the Well, the ancient Beeroth, is the first halting place of caravans on this route. One day a band of pious pilgrims were returning to Nazareth, after offering their humble sacrifices at the Temple. On their reaching this fountain, when the scattered caravan joined up to halt, a mother and her husband perceived with great terror that their only child was not with them. Devoured with anxiety, they retraced their steps towards Jerusalem, inquiring everywhere on the way for their little son, and found him in the Holy City, in the Temple, in the midst of the doctors or teachers of the law. A little chapel was built here to commemorate the Virgin's anxiety. The path winds through an uneven valley, covered with bare spots of rock. A little to the east are some blocks of stone, recording how Jacob had his dream on this spot. This is all that remain of Bethel, leaving it just what it was when the wanderer "who went out from Beersheba" slept on the brown bare rocks, and the beaten thoroughfare, and erected the stone which had been his pillow, in memorial of his dream. In the valley below was the "Oak of Tears," near where Deborah, the nurse of Jacob, was buried (Gen., xxxv., 6-8). Yet here, at Luz, as it was then called,² was the place of council—the Witenagemote—of the old Canaanites. This place small as it was, held out against Benjamin, until the strong family of Joseph captured it by storm, and made it their own (Judges, i., 22-25). The Jews then assembled here in the House of God, Beth-el. Next Jeroboam built a Temple, which Josiah destroyed; the old Canaanitish relish for idols hovered over the spot; and Jeroboam himself, while in this Temple, by the altar which stood before the Golden Calf, was confounded by the terrible denunciation of the Man of God from Judah (1 Kings, xiii., 1). Thence it was called Bethanien, the House of Idols, which Josiah destroyed, with all its groves, and Ahaz and Hosea pronounced their emphatic curses upon the spot. It now bears the mark of their accomplishment.

¹ Van Egmout speaks of this tomb as of a modern Mussulman Saint. But the prefix of Nebi (Prophet) to Monsi (Moses), Canon Stanley remarks, is nearly conclusive in favour of its being intended for the grave of Moses. Such is the opinion also of Jehal-ed-din. Schwartz describes a Kober Mosheh, or Moses' Grave, south of Hanns, when it is well known, the Rabbi adds, that the sepulchre of this holy man is east of the Jordan (Deut. xxxiv., 6).

² The ruins at Bethin and Bethel occupy the whole surface of the hill-point and cover a space of three or four acres. They consist of very many foundations and half standing walls of churches, towers, and other buildings.

The hills of the main road from Jerusalem are passed, and we descend into a wide stretching plain, full of growing wheat, or barley being harvested, with here and there an olive grove peeping from the midst of the waving mass. Beyond us, to the right, lies the snowy brow of Mount Hermon. The crests of Mounts Gerizim and Ebal warn us of our approach to Nablus, the ancient Sichem or Shechem. The Samaritans claim that it was here Melchisedek met Abraham, and that on Mount Gerizim, and not on Moriah, was Isaac offered in sacrifice by Abraham. We are in the Vale of Shechem, a valley green with grass, grey with olives in the gardens sloping down on each side, with fresh springs running in all directions. Here was the first halting-place of Abraham, and here, at Moriah, he built the first altar of the Holy Land. Here was the first settlement of Jacob; the first capital of the conquest; upon Mount Gerizim was the blessing pronounced, upon Mount Ebal the curse (Deuteronomy, xi., 29-30).¹

There was a famous temple here, 241 feet from east to west, and 255 feet from north to south. The stones are bevelled after the ancient fashion. The temple was destroyed 130 years before Christ, but they persevere, even to this very day, in "worshipping the Father" on this very spot. The place is a singular one; the streets are dark and vaulted, and the brooks rush uncovered over their pavements in wet weather, threatening to sweep away the passers by. The houses have gardens, and the mulberry, orange, pomegranate, and fruit trees, load the air with delicious perfumes. Here are nightingales and hundreds of other birds, and the valley—for the city lies right across between two prodigious masses of high mountains—is excessively picturesque. Mount Ebal is on the north, Gerizim on the south, and the city between. This was the locality of Abimelech's murder of his brothers. Sichem was the government seat of old Canaan, and it was easy to get up an insurrection there against the conquerors. From Mount Gerizim Jotham addressed his famous parable to the people (Judges, ix., 7), and you can see that from his position he would have time to escape before he could be reached on the overhanging mountain. It was on Ebal and on Gerizim that Moses, by the Lord's command, placed "the blessings and the curses" (Deuteronomy, xxvii., 4, 8; Joshua, viii., 30, 32).

At the mouth of the valley we see, on one side, the white cupola of a Mussulman Chapel—that is the "Tomb of Joseph"—that is "the parcel of ground" left to him by Jacob on his death-bed (Genesis, xlviii., 22, as carried out in Joshua, xxiv., 32). A remarkable point is noticeable in this will of Jacob's, as, according to it, the distribution of property used to be regulated. What he inherited, no man thought his own, but for life, and therefore suffered it always to go in the fair order of his generation; but what he had earned, or himself obtained or added—"which I took out of the hand of the Amorites with my sword and my bow"—that the patriarch considered himself entitled

to give as a special gift to his favourite son; the rest he equitably distributed.² On the other side are a few broken stones, where was the well sunk by "our father Jacob," "to give drink thereof to himself, his children, and his cattle" (John iv. 12). "Jacob's Well" is the undisputed scene of Our Lord's conversation with the Woman of Samaria. He halted, as we and all travellers do, at this well; his disciples went up the city; and down the gorge, from it, came the woman, as do all women in the East, to the well to draw water. The same mountain, Gerizim, looked down upon that conversation, and the same fields of waving corn surrounded them as they talked.

Six miles from Shechem, along the valley, in a wide basin, rises a steep hill, a position unequalled for strength, beauty, and fertility. This is the hill of Samaria, looking over the Plain of Sharon, and the Mediterranean Sea to the west, and up the green Valley of Shechem, to the East. It was the capital of the Kings of Israel, and second only to Jerusalem. Here is a grand gothic ruin, the church of the beheading and grave of St. John the Baptist, and a second "Holy Sepulchre." It is now a mosque, and carefully guarded by the people of Sebaste (the modern appellation of the town). There is a broken reservoir, which they tell us was the pool in which the chariot of Ahab was washed, which had brought up the dying king from the valley of the Jordan after the fatal fight of Ramoth-Gilead. (Stanley's *Palestine*,) (1 Kings, xxii., 38.) The martyr has a tomb, and his memory is revered; but of the proud Herod, of his palace and his terraces, his sumptuous halls, and his feasts and dances, nothing remains, but a few broken pillars on the hill. All nature smiles around, as she then smiled; groves of trees, of corn and olives, rise in the valley, and up the hill sides; but the plough passes over the King's palace every season, and the peasant who drives it knows not the very name of Herod.

Over the mountains of Manasseh and into the Plain of Esdraelon, after a night's halt, we hasten, across Galilee, leaving Tabor, or the Mountain

towards the Eastern summit of Mount Gerizim; in the far back histories of the mysterious old time, the actual presence of God on Mount Gerizim is stated." An American traveller says, "The brother of my host was particularly fond of talking about them. He was very old, and the most deformed man I ever saw, who lived to a great age. He seemed to think there were many Samaritans in England and America, and told me to tell them, wherever I found them, that they believed in one God Omnipotent and Eternal, the five books of Moses, and a future Messiah, and the day of the Messiah's coming to be near at hand; that they practised circumcision; went three times a year up to Mount Gerizim, 'the everlasting mountain,' to worship and offer sacrifice; and once a year pitched their tents and left their virgins alone on the Mount for seven days, expecting that one of them should conceive and bear a son, who should be the Messiah; that they allowed two wives, and, in case of barrenness, four; that the women were not permitted to enter the synagogue, except once a year, during fast, but on no account were they suffered to touch the sacred scroll; and that, although the Jews and Samaritans had dealings in the market-place, &c., they hated each other now, as much as their fathers did before them. I asked about Jacob's Well: he said he knew the place, and that he knew Our Saviour, or Jesus Christ, as he familiarly called him, very well; he was Joseph the carpenter's son, of Nazareth; but that the story which the Christians had about the woman at the well was all a fiction; that Christ did not convert her, but, that, on the contrary, she laughed at him, and even refused to give him water to drink."

² The exploration of the tomb of Joseph at Shechem, the stone set up by Joshua at the same place to perpetuate the law of Sinai, and a description of the ruins on Mount Gerizim and Mount Ebal, are still desiderata.

¹ "In their humble synagogues, at the foot of the mountain," says Canon Stanley, the most perfect and judicious, as well as the most picturesque writer of all the travellers in the Holy Land, "the Samaritans still worship—the oldest and the smallest sect in the world, distinguished by their noble physiognomy and stately appearance from all other branches of the House of Israel. In their prostrations at the elevation of their revised copy of the Pentateuch, they throw themselves on their faces in the direction, not of priest, or town, or any object within the building, but, obliquely,

of the Transfiguration, green to its very summit, and towering in the prospect like a dome, as if isolated in the mountain range, on our right. Carmel, for eighteen miles, is on our left, stretching towards the sea, all verdant to its top with groves and glades, like Tabor. Gilboa all bare, and little Hermon, we have left behind. We now enter the Valley of Nazareth from the broader Valley of Jezreel, or Esdraelon. Nazareth, the dwelling place of Our Lord, is built on the steep slope of a hill, as will be seen from our illustration, and fifteen gently-rounded green hills form a barrier round the beautiful fields abounding in bright flowers, fig trees, and hedged gardens, in the midst of which sits Nazareth like a rose, with the mountains for its leaves, according to the poetic image of an old topographer, Quaresmius. Innumerable files of cattle and black goats may be seen winding towards it, and under a large pomegranate tree. On the way towards Saphorah (Sephorich) the traditional residence of the Virgin's parents, may be seen a party of women and girls, with regular and delicate features, dancing under a pomegranate tree. We are now at the very source and first spring of Christianity. Here for thirty years resided the Saviour of mankind: "The word was made flesh and dwelt among us." At the north-west end of the town, we are encephaled by a well, which is called the "Spring of the Annunciation," where, says the early Greek tradition, the Angel saluted Mary as she went to it, as we see her countrywomen now coming with their jars and their skins, to draw water. Dismounting from our horses, we proceed to look at "The Mount of Precipitation" (Luke, iv, 1), the brow of the hill on the slope of which the town is built. This is just above the Maronite Convent, at the south west corner of the town. The women here are very pretty; nor did we notice that boldness in their looks which made a reverend American put the question to himself over again that

Philip once put to Nathaniel, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?"

The Church of the Annunciation, within, is very handsome, and without is very strongly guarded. We leave the Convent walls, and by a flight of steps descend to an altar, with a recess cut in the solid rock, but cased in marble, where the Angel addressed the Virgin; under that is an inscription, "Verbum caro hic factum est;" "Here the word was made flesh." A broken column, hanging from its capital in the roof, designates the place where the Angel stood. Below the altar is the house of Joseph and Mary,—that cave, the kitchen, keeping room and bedroom. The House that miraculously transported itself from this spot to Loreto, is said, here, to have been the other half of the holy dwelling. Close by, however, the "Workshop of Joseph" is left us, though in a very different style of architecture and material; there is also, the little Synagogue where Christ, by reading the book of Isaiah, and applying the passages to himself, exasperated his townsmen to thrust him out of their city. It may not be generally known, perhaps, that Pope Sixtus V. had actually negotiated a treaty with the Sublime Porte, to purchase the Holy Sepulchre, and convey it bodily to Rome, with the surrounding shrines, so that Christendom might possess the actual sites of the Conception, Birth, and Burial of our Saviour.

We were strongly tempted to continue our tour, and visit Cana, Nain, and Tiberias; but an intimation of the steamer's departure drew us once more from the Sacred Past into the regions of the busy present; and diverging to the left, from Nazareth, we worked our way on to Caiffa, and thence to Jaffa, where we re-embarked, thus concluding our seven days' journey in the Holy Land, out of which we had spent

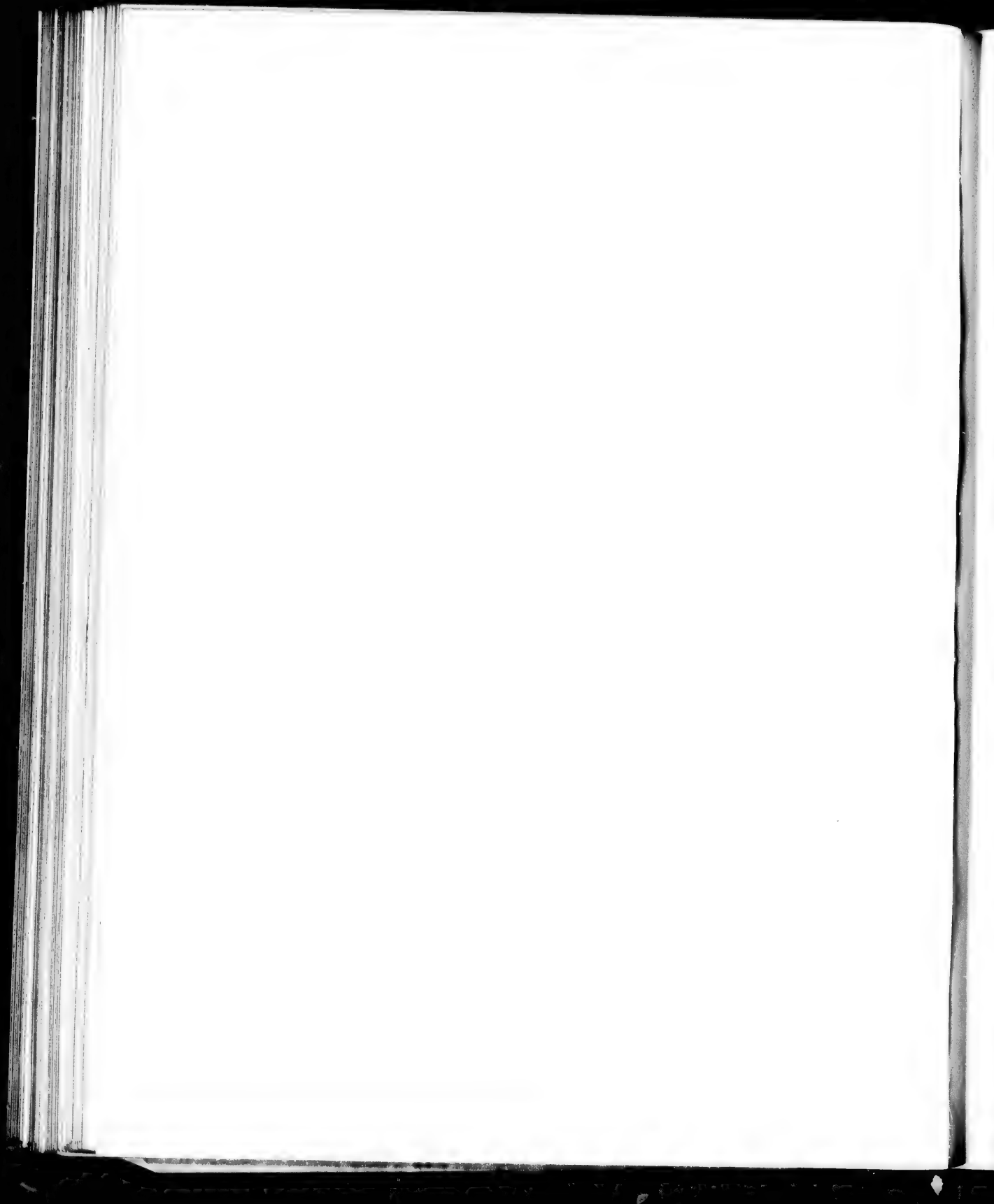
FIVE DAYS AT JERUSALEM.



NAZARETH.



MOUNT ETNA, VIEWED FROM TAORMINUM, IN SICILY.



SICILY AS IT IS.

I.—IN AND ABOUT PALERMO.

THE triumphal entrance of Garibaldi into Naples having released us from the charge of attending his victorious career, which we might have accompanied from his landing in Marsala and during his progress across Sicily to Palermo, we are enabled to turn to that island which is now likely to assume a very interesting position in European affairs, and complete our knowledge of its present condition and the prospects of its possible future, by a tour completely round and across it. This is no very difficult task apparently, for the whole island is only 560 miles in circumference, 220 miles in length, and 150 miles in breadth; but there are 500 cities, although there are only two post roads and one stage-coach! Palermo is reached in the steam-boat from Naples in sixteen hours. This ancient City¹ stands on the margin of its beautiful bay, in a wide rich valley, backed by an extensive plain, and surrounded by a grand amphitheatre of mountains, verdant to their summits, and of a varied and picturesque outline. It looks down smiling upon dark blue waves, while around it the palm, the orange tree, the fig, the olive and the vine, cheered by the brightest sun and refreshed by cool breezes, shed forth their verdure, and fringe the shell of gold,—the *Conca d'Oro*,—for so the plain is called—that contains "Palermo the Beautiful," as if within a frame. The town has an eastern appearance; white and square houses with flat roofs. We could fancy the Saracens were again in possession of the place, and that the gongs sounding so loudly were intended to call the Moslems to their prayers.²

¹ The origin of Palermo is lost in the night of antiquity. Thucydides says it was originally a Phœnician city, which passed under the Greeks, and eventually Carthaginians, the principal seat of whose dominions it was. Eventually the Romans won it. During the decline of the empire, it was overrun by the Barbarians and Goths, until, by the valour of Belisarius, it was restored awhile to the Byzantine Emperor. Then the Saracens took it, then the Normans, then the French, then the Spanish. At one time there were three codes of Law; the Normans had the Custom of Normandy, the Saracens the Koran, and the Greeks and the Sicilians the Roman Law. Six Languages were spoken at the same time; French, German, Italian, Greek, Latin, and Arabic. The city, like the country, has been Phœnician, Greek, Roman, Gothic, Byzantine, Norman, French, Spanish, Sardinian, and Neapolitan, and preserves traces of each one in its buildings, as well as the language, manners, habits, and appearance of its inhabitants.

² But how did the Saracens come here? *Unz famina facti*. There was a woman at the bottom of it. Goths, Vandals and Byzantines followed the Romans, and it happened that at one of the gratings, just such as we now see a pair of bright eyes and a pale face under a white muslin veil looking down from the balconied

The lovely bay is eight miles broad. To the west it is closed by Mount Pellegrino, where once was Hyecara, whence Nicias, who did little else, brought away the fair Lais, who fascinated all Athens, and seduced the great Pericles to listen and admire. The Eastern headland is Mount Catalfano—the ancient Solus or Soluntum, and at the foot of which is a small port, with a fort called Castelli di Solanto. The Marina, the loveliest ride, walk, or drive in Europe, open to the sea, and guarded only by a dwarf wall, with flagged pavement for pedestrians, is a broad road, along which, on the other side, are the palaces of the nobility. Even now, there is a procession of carriages—every one rides in Palermo—and a band, whose music from above floats softened over the sea. We have very little trouble in landing, and as for the Custom House that used to be so vexatious, "we" and Garibaldi, *nous avons changé tout cela*. Farewell, for a while at any rate, to official extortion in Sicily. We hasten to the Victoria Hotel, on the Upper Marina, where we "greatly daring dine;" and then, out to enjoy the evening fragrance of the orange groves and the amphitheatre of lights round the bay, and the busy, bustling scene of the Marine Promenade. The sweet silvery bells chime out here for vespers—Sicilian vespers! It is only half a mile from here to the Church of San Spirito, in a field by which took place that famous assassination on so huge a scale,³ that set people

second story in the High Street, he saw a pretty nun and fell in love with her. Love laughs at locksmiths, so the nun got out of her window at night, and was just stepping off the rope-ladder into the arms of her lover, when a friar, returning late to his convent, discovered her. The power of the Church in those days (it was in the same year that Egbert was crowned King of England), was not to be trifled with even by Byzantine Generals; so Euphemus was sentenced to be flogged through the streets, the nun being compelled to stand at her grating and witness the degradation of her lover. But by the aid of some of his fellow officers, he ventured upon a most hazardous escape. The keeper of his prison was poisoned before midnight and the keys obtained; he then swam out into the bay, where he remained floating, until a fishing boat took him up, and for a heavy bribe put him on board a vessel bound for Africa. Once there he instigated the Muhammedans to an easy conquest of Sicily; and they ruled the Island with rigour for upwards of two hundred years, enriching its cities with graceful palaces.

³ It was here, on Easter Tuesday, March 30th, 1382, about half a mile from the city at the Church of San Spirito, that, when a great concourse of the citizens had taken place, ostensibly for the purpose of attending vespers, a party of French soldiers, to the number of two hundred, under suspicion of the people wearing arms, began to search for them, and one insolent young officer, named Drouette, stepped up to a very handsome young married lady who was walking surrounded by her friends, under pretence of searching for a weapon, rudely thrust his hand into her

thinking that it was not always necessary to endure oppression, and that a people when resolute were equal to any disciplined force with a bad cause.¹

boom. The lady fainted in her husband's arms, who, furious with rage, struck at Drouette, crying "Death to the French!" "Death to the French!" echoed the crowd, and armed with knives and clubs they fell desperately upon the soldiers and killed them to a man. Inflamed with rage and blood, the mob then hurried to the city, where they broke into the convents and killed every French monk they could trace. A horrible butchery followed—not even the altars afforded refuge—men, women, and children were alike sacrificed to the national hate. The French were hunted to their homes everywhere, and murdered without mercy. Eight thousand fell miserably murdered in this impetus of fury, which long repressed, now suddenly and awfully burst forth. In the universal massacre a single individual was saved, William of Porecetta, the governor of a small town. He had stood aloof from the tyrannies and insolence of his countrymen, and had made himself beloved. The Sicilians, who, throughout the country, had risen on the tolling of the vesper bell of San Spirito, refrained from injuring his abode, and honourably conducted him on board one of his own vessels to Provence, first compelling him, as it were, to receive the price of the possessions he left in Sicily. A remarkable example of popular justice and the power of virtue.

This insurrection had been carefully prepared beforehand by John of Procida. "His birth was humble," says Gibbon, "but his education was learned, and, in the poverty of exile, he was relieved by the practice of physic, which he had studied in the school of Salerno. Fortune had left him nothing to lose except life, and to despise life is the first qualification of a rebel. The island was roused to a sense of freedom by his eloquence, and he displayed to every baron his private interest in the common cause. In the confidence of foreign aid, he successively visited the courts of the Greek Emperor, and of Peter, King of Arragon, who possessed the maritime countries of Valencia and Catalonia. To the ambitious Peter a crown was presented which he might justly claim by his marriage with the daughter of the sister" (Constantia, the daughter), "of Manfred" (the last of the Norman Kings), "and, by the dying voice of Conradino" (the young grandson of the Emperor Frederick's son, ruthlessly slain by Charles of Anjou), "who, from the scaffold, had cast a ring to his heir and avenger. Paleologus was easily persuaded to divert his enemy from a foreign war by a rebellion at home; and a Greek subsidy of 25,000 ounces of gold was most profitably employed to arm a Catalan fleet, which sailed under a holy banner to the specious attack of the Saracens of Africa. In the disguise of a monk or a beggar, the indefatigable mis- revolt flew from Constantinople to Rome, and from S. aragonessa; the treaty was signed with the seal of Pope N. himself the enemy of Charles; and his deed of gift transferred the fiefs of St. Peter from the house of Anjou to that of Arragon. So widely diffused, and so freely circulated, the secret was preserved for above two years with impenetrable discretion; and each of the conspirators imbibed the maxim of Peter" (of Arragon), "who declared that he would cut off his left hand if it were conscious of the intention of his right. The mine was prepared with deep and dangerous artifice; but it may be questioned whether the instant of explosion at Palermo were an effort of accident or design." The French were long taught to remember this bloody lesson. "If I am provoked," said Henry the Fourth, "I will breakfast at Milan and dine at Naples." "Your Majesty," replied the Spanish Ambassador, "may, perhaps, arrive in Sicily for vespers." Charles threatened dreadful revenge, but the Messinese, who were the first attacked, defeated his army most ignominiously, and in the meantime Peter of Arragon had been sent for and arrived. Since that day, until the coming of a new John of Procida in Garibaldi, the Spanish family have reigned in Sicily, personally or by viceroy. The island having, in 1713, only for a brief period passed to the House of Savoy, was by them exchanged with Carlos, son of Philip the Fifth of Spain, for the Island of Sardinia. In this manner the Spanish Bourbon dynasty entered into Sicily.

¹ But how did the French come into Sicily? A woman did this also. At a festive entertainment, held in the French Court, Beatrice, Countess of Savoy, married to Charles of Anjou, brother to Louis IX. of France, was removed from the superior range of seats occupied by her two younger sisters, the Queen (Eleanor) of England and the Queen of France. Mortified by this humiliation, she returned to her apartment, excited by ill humour, and dissolved in tears. On learning the cause of her chagrin and on

There are the strange Sicilian nobility in their carriages, with every trace of Spanish blood,—proud, lazy, and polite. Many a one of them half starves himself, and lives in a humble lodging up a dirty back street, for the sake of rolling along in that elegant equipage on the Marina every evening. The Spanish veil is not yet uncommon with the women; but the best dressed ladies wear Paris bonnets and cloaks. All the men are smoking, and the gay uniforms and the bright eyes and the rapid animated conversation, the strange black-looking priests, and the pale-faced nuns peeping from their grated windows in the upper story, combine to form an extraordinary scene. There are 200,000 inhabitants in Palermo, and it is a tolerably busy town. They are about to have a Parliament in it, and you will hear of some strange goings on before all is over, for the Sicilians are famous in history for winning their liberty, and not knowing how to use it or to keep it. They have done this several times before; the last time was in 1812, when King Ferdinand, then a refugee from Naples, convoked his barons in a Parliament, and imprisoned them for protesting against an arbitrary tax. Then Lord William Bentinck landed troops, and threatened to depose the king, and drew from him a constitution. But the Sicilians quarrelled amongst themselves, flew off into parties, and the king tricked them out of the constitution, as a toy too cumbersome and troublesome for them to play with. In 1847 they carried another revolution, and they beat the soldiers in Palermo, and they captured the citadel, and the Capuchins distributed arms, and led them on, as they did this year. In 1848 they defied the king, and Lord Minto interfered in their behalf, but they unwisely sent an expedition to Calabria, which failed; and then the king threw them all over, and bombarded the town and gained the day, and, as they tell us, imprisoned, flogged, tortured, shot, and hung them, up to the coming of Garibaldi. Whether they will manage better now-a-days is the question. However, all are enjoying the present. Gallant cavaliers dash past, pedestrians press along from their evening walk in crowds. It is the hour of enjoyment. The children of the rich, dressed like dolls—of the poor, dark-eyed, fine, and beautifully graceful, are all at play on this cool evening; the artisan sits at his door; the coffee-house loungers occupy the pavement with their chairs; ices and refreshments are handed about—the bay is silvered over with the moon; Pellegrino stands out like a giant in the shade; the sea breeze blows in fresh; and the song of the homeward fishermen comes over the gleaming waters. It was about midnight before we could tear ourselves from the scene.

Palermo is a pleasant and easy place for travellers. No street directory is required; there are only two streets besides the Marina, and these crossing at right angles, divide it necessarily into four parts. Out of these

her saying she would give her life to be able to confine her tresses for one hour beneath a diadem, Charles embraced her affectionately, and added, "Set your heart at rest, Countess, for before long I will make you a greater queen than either of your sisters." So he promised to her. He defeated Manfred, who died bravely fighting, and caused Conradino to be executed, he himself and Beatrice witnessing the bloody spectacle. A similar promise is said to have been made by the late Emperor of Russia to his Empress, when they were stopping together in the vicinity of Mount Etna, who promised his Empress Sicily for a summer residence, after he had taken Constantinople,—which he did not.

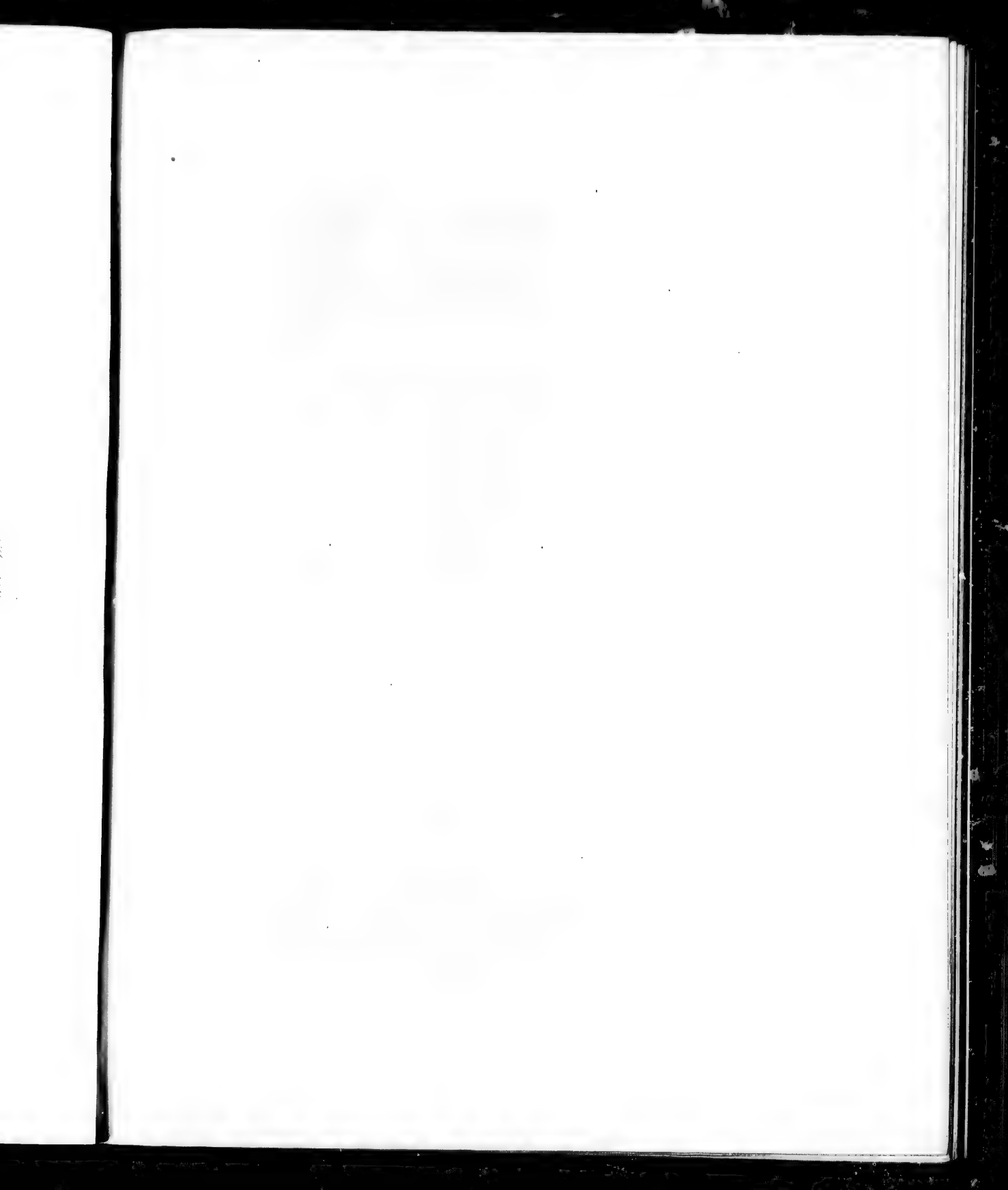
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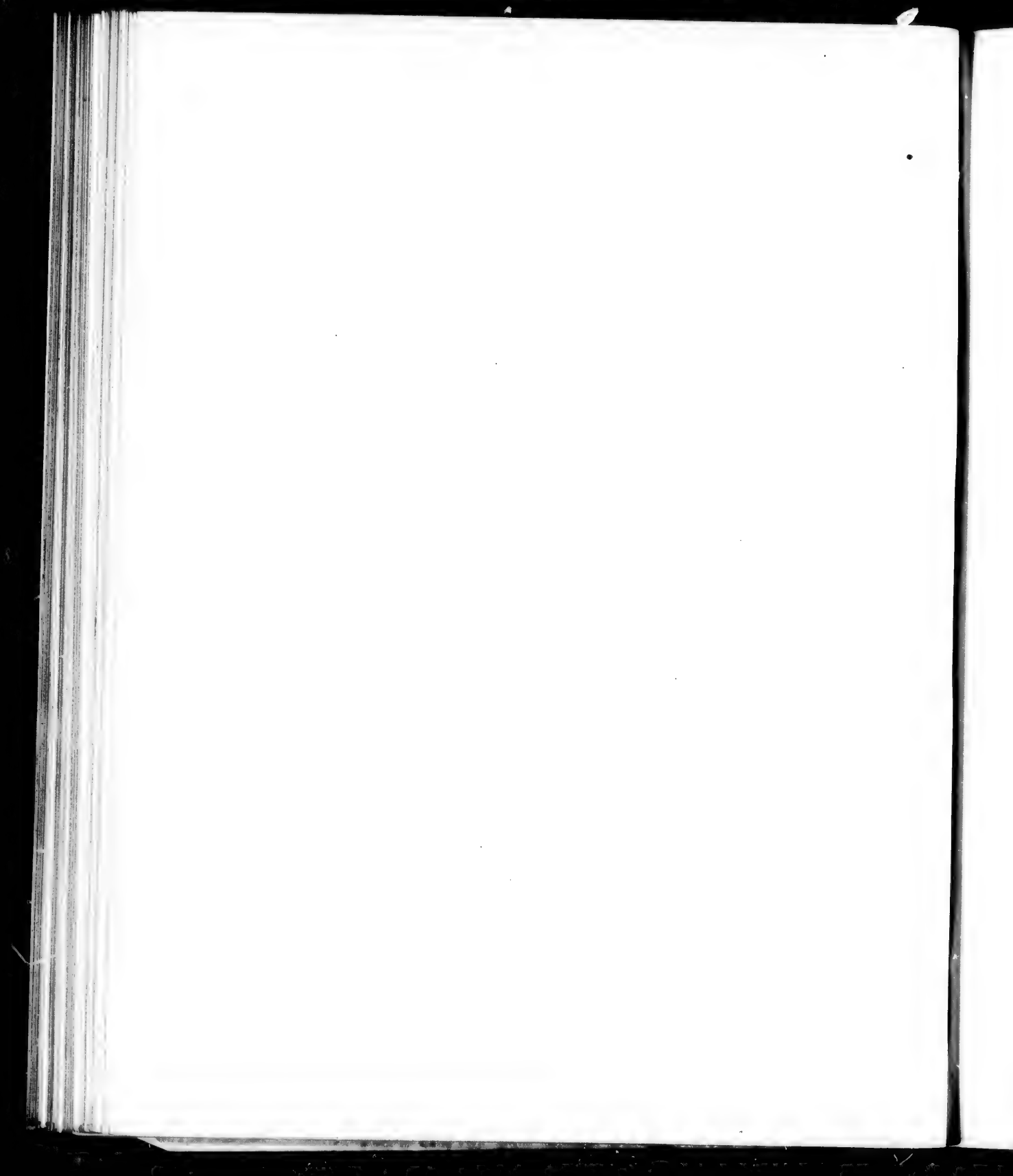
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Plate 100







THE CHAPEL OF ST. ROSALIA NEAR PALERMO, IN SICILY.

great streets shelve and slope narrow alleys and lanes, in which clothes, hung out to dry, are ludicrously conspicuous. There is a fine St. Giles' element about the prospect, in spite of the arches and archways, and the deep blue sky, and the bright blue sea, and the occasional palm tree. The first great street is called the Cassaro, and was the Al Kasr or Street of Palaces, also called Via de Toledo, of the Saracens—it is a mile long. The houses on either side are tall and stately, with bold cornices and projecting balconies; the flowers and striped blinds of the windows give colour and effect; the ground-floors are all shops, of a second-rate, country-town-shop-like description. The front of each is an arch; the proprietors live above; hence the lodgers have almost all the house. A circus adorns the intersection of the streets; this is ornamented with statues of the Seasons, of sovereigns, and of saints. The gates of the city are very handsome, with fountains and marble columns. The second street is the Macqueda, which at the close opens out into the mountains, which seem as if they were exactly at the end, though in reality at least three miles distant. Both streets are lined with churches and convents innumerable, a small piazza, part of the Cassaro, contains a very elaborate fountain, extremely handsome, but too complicated in its machinery ever to throw up water. It is circular, and of white marble, and gleams with statues of exquisite workmanship. It has no business to be in a public street. It was designed and executed for a private garden, but was bequeathed to the Senate, who caused it to be erected here.

We now hire mules and start off—three boys have tired us out with asking us to do so. Our object is to reach Monte Pellegrino and the Grotto of Santa Rosalia.¹

¹ This glorious virgin, says the legend, was born at Palermo, in 1130, of noble progenitors, the descendants of Charlemagne. Educated with the utmost refinement of the period, she fled, at the age of twelve, from her father's house to the neighboring mountains, where she passed her whole time in acts of devotion and penance. At length she retired to a cavern on Monte Pellegrino, where she died, without her place of refuge having been discovered. During that terrible plague of 1624, when all efforts to stay its ravages proved ineffectual, the Saint appeared in a dream to a certain inhabitant of Palermo, and disclosed to him the spot where her mortal relics yet remained unburied, which were reverently gathered up and deposited in the custody of the Archbishop. Still the pestilence refused to leave Palermo, until one day a certain Vincenzo Bonelli, a soap-maker, wandering about the mountain to deplore the loss of his better half, was encountered by a beautiful damsel, who said to him, "Come hither with me, Vincenzo, and I will show you my grotto." Bonelli, all in a tremble, demanded her name. "I am Rosalia," replied the virgin. "Then why," asked the soap-maker, plucking up courage to address her, "do you abandon your country to so many afflictions?" "Such has been the will of Heaven," interrupted the saint, "but I am now sent to announce to you, that so soon as my body shall be carried in procession through the city, the pestilence shall cease." She then showed Bonelli her place of retreat, advised him to confide all that he had seen and heard to his confessor, and, moreover, predicted that in four days he should be with her in Paradise. Bonelli, of course, fulfilled his mission, and died himself four days afterwards in corroboration of it. Her bones were carried through the City, and the plague was stayed. In honour of this, a yearly festival takes place in Palermo, a magnificent car is conducted about, 20,000 wax-lights are lighted in the Cassaro, and a splendid exhibition of fireworks takes place.

Monte Pellegrino has been compared to the Rock of Gibraltar, and is about the same height—1,963 feet above the level of the sea. It was an impregnable stronghold in the Carthaginian period.¹ The grotto of the celebrated cavern of Rosalia is extremely curious. The chapel is hewn in the rock, and contains a white marble statue of the fair young saint of sixteen, arrayed in gold and silver, jewels, flowers, and lamps, that hang around all night and day (see p. 69). The annual festival is very gay. St. Rosalia parades in an immense car, as high as the highest palaces of the Toledo or Cassaro. It is splendidly fitted up with gold and silver embroidery and painting, the body being formed of a huge mount of orange-trees, corals, vases of flowers, and on the top of all is St. Rosalia herself—a silver statue. There is a grand show of fireworks to close the scene.

Returning into Palermo, we observed the fruit exposed for sale in the market. Pine cones, which are eaten roasted, the produce of a flat-topped pine; red-checked apples; figs of the cactus, of which the seller strips the skin off and hands them to you to swallow, and delicious they are when you are once used to them; chestnuts—the chestnuts of the sunny south, fine and mealy; dried figs; tender green lemons—the most charming of fruit; ripe oranges, nuts, and melons. We saw, too, what will soon be the last lottery (for one of Garibaldi's first steps was to abolish this cheating method of taxation), where, in a red balcony, in a great house in the Piazza, standing where the Inquisition used to be, a little child in white, with due ceremonies,—such as we ourselves used to have in Guildhall about thirty years ago,—drew the lucky ticket from the wheel, and made one man happy with a few pounds extra, while he disappointed a thousand others. What import! the Government raised £200,000 a year by it. There was now no end of sight-seeing, all within easy distance. The Convent of St. Maria di Gesù, at the foot of a mountain, buried in cypresses, round-topped pines, olives,² oleanders, the vine, the date-bearing palm, and aloe innumerable; the aloe here being thick and strong—a hard trunk of fibres a foot round, and strong enough for a beam. The pathway behind this convent goes up to an ivy-clad hermitage, with a wide-spreading yew tree of giant size. The view hence over the plain of Palermo, the sea, the bay, and the City, to Mount Pellegrino, which heaves up as the back ground to the picture, is something never to be forgotten for beauty and brilliancy.

Coming back, we pass the Church of San Spirito, surrounded by a cluster of cypresses, the scene of the Sicilian Vespers. There is the large Campo, or burying-ground of the City, and a convent, which enjoys a vaulted burial ground, where the occupants are dried into mummies; and there they are, in coffins with

glass cases, in the very clothes they used to wear in life—a well dressed skeleton in white kid gloves; a soldier in regimentals; a child preserved with glass eyes!

But we have had our seven penny worth of carriage out (it costs you two tari, of about three pence half-penny each, fifty-seven—there ought to be sixty—to a pound), the fare in Palermo, for a carriage,—and it is time we started to survey the curiosities of the town. One of the greatest of these would be, if we could collect them together, its four thousand lawyers, or at the rate of one attorney to every five hundred inhabitants, which, allowing the usual set-off of wives, women, and children, would be about one per cent. for every able-bodied man in the town; deduct from this a liberal per centage of noblemen, all the members of whom are forbidden, by their rank, to trade, deduct also the clergy and the monks, and how few will be left to earn a living for themselves and the rest? Yet all day long there are processions, and incense, and prayers; every other day, almost, is a holiday, and every third evening a "festa," with fireworks. We once heard tell of a Staffordshire working week as follows: "Monday a holiday; Tuesday we go on an excursion; Wednesday we talk about it; Thursday we go to work; Friday we get our wages; Saturday we all drink; and Sunday we go to sleep." A Sicilian week would be nearly the same, but that the Saturday and Sunday would be better spent; the evening of both, however, being enlivened with a dance,—one night to celebrate the close of labour, and the other, after prayers. Milking the cows, pruning the vines, or crushing the grapes and tending the silkworms, or basking in the sunshine, constitute the most of a Sicilian peasant's labours, unless in the sulphur district, where he really works hard.

There are three hundred churches in Palermo, and therefore we cannot see them all. Let us begin with the Cathedral on the right hand of the large open square at the head of the city. Severe and simple in the exterior, with its stone burnt to a yellow by the sun's heat, it is impossible to say whether it be Sicilian, Norman, Gothic, or Saracen in its construction, but it has all the characteristics of a noble Spanish Cathedral. There is a grand Saracenic old door for front entrance, and its interior contains numerous side-chapels, each enclosed by marble balustrades and dedicated to special sin. Its altar of lapis lazuli is magnificent, and Gagini, the Sicilian Michael Angelo, has adorned it with

olive trees. The olives fall in August, but then are green and small; they swell and grow greener, until quite black and ripe in October. Then the olive plantations are crowded with men, women, and boys harvesting the crop; the women and children pick up the fallen fruit; the men climb up ladders, sit on the trees, and shake down the olives into the sheets spread out below. The olives are crushed in a rude mill—very rude indeed, and here there is much room for improvement and capital.

¹ In the month of May the women take the eggs, wrap them in a fine linen cloth, and place it in their bosom when they get up in the morning. The chilling influence of the air is sedulously avoided. When hatched the young worms are placed in a basket with the tenderest mulberry leaves. These are given fresh every night, being merely laid on the worms' backs. When full-sized the worms are fed no more. The women take it out of the basket and drawing it back see the silk protruding from its mouth; they then place it on a dry tray, where they weave their cocoons. They are taken hence and baked in an oven or roasted in the hot noon-day sun. Then, in the month of August, when the two crops of silk are in—the second begins in June—the cocoons are thrown into a cauldron of boiling water, which loosens the silk, the loose threads are dexterously caught and thrown on a reel, and the silk is wound off.

¹ Of course the Carthaginians and the Romans had a battle here. It came off, on the banks of the river Oreti, now a mere mountain stream. Hasdrubal came from the eastern plain with an immense army of elephants, trained for war, on whose terrific aspect he relied to scare the Roman troops at the first onset. But Marcellus opposed craft by courage, and told his soldiers to affect fear at the slow, desperate march of the beasts, and fall back. As soon as a number of the elephants had crossed the river, and while others were crowding in and to the ford, a volley of darts, discharged upon them by the Romans, threw them into confusion, and they turned upon their leaders, and trampling down the Carthaginian ranks, threw their army into such confusion that the Carthaginians lost 20,000 men.

² The olive trees take long to grow. The Saracens exempted from taxation, during thirty years, those who made a plantation of

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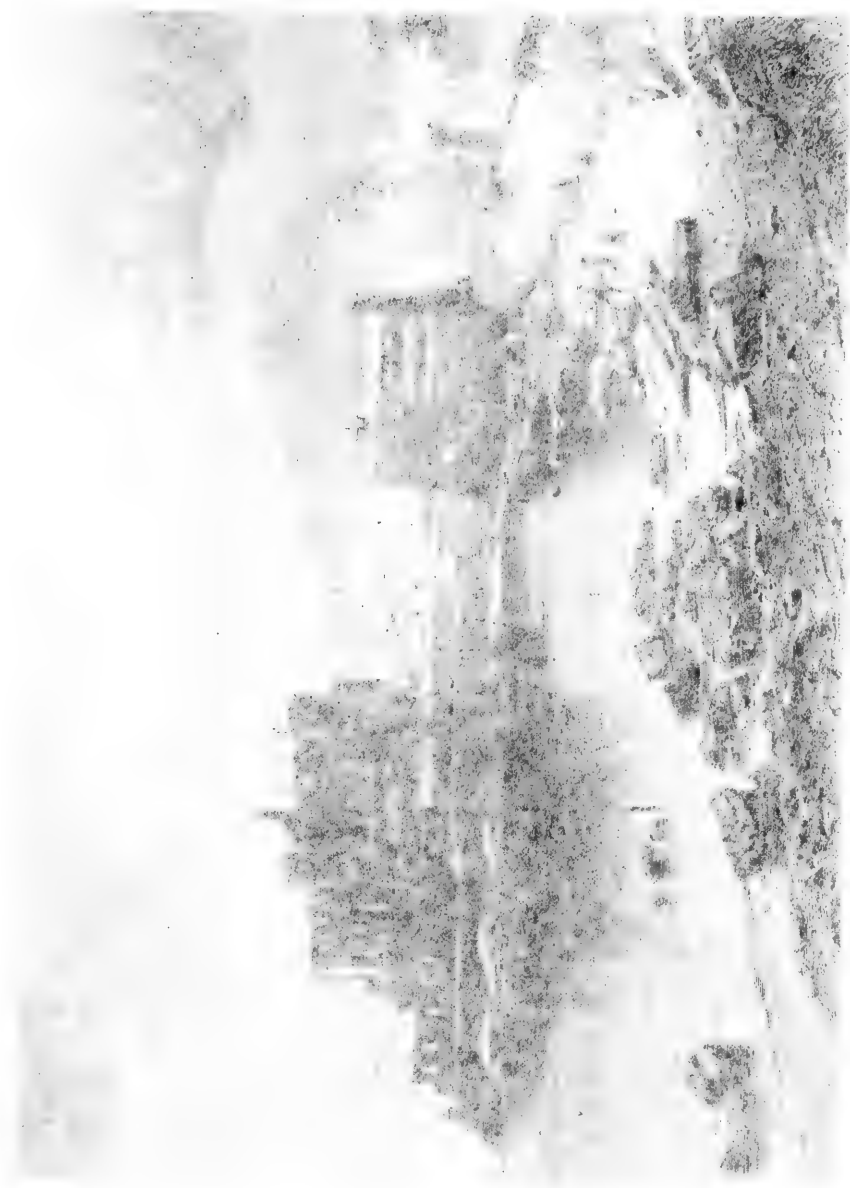
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a fine picture of the Redeemer; mosaics of porphyry and verde antique brighten its pavement, and among the five grand Sarcophagi is one containing the body of Frederick Barbarossa, opened in 1781 by barbarous hands, when the Emperor's dress, of a gorgeous triple robe embroidered with gold and jewels, was found to be still in excellent preservation. Here lies Roger the first King,¹ there too, lie the two Constantia's, Queen and Empress, and the Norman King Henry VI.

¹ Our own William the Conqueror was not the only knight adventurer of the Norman race about the same period as he invaded England. It was in the year 1003 that Drogo, a Norman chief, from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, landed with about forty companions at Salerno. The Saracens attacked the town whilst the Normans were there. Drogo, with his companions, put himself at the head of the people, and repulsed the invaders. The Duke of Salerno having witnessed the prowess of the strangers, pressed them to remain. The pilgrims excused themselves at the time, but engaged to return. In the following spring, Drogo, with a band, augmented by no small number of bold adventurers, fulfilled his promise, returned to Italy, and entered into the service of the Duke of Salerno. Profiting by the dissensions of the Pope, the Lombards, the Byzantines, and the Saracens, they sent over in 1023 for a reinforcement of their countrymen to reap the golden harvest; whereupon William, Drogo, Tristan, and Raynulfus, four of the twelve sons of Tancred, a Norman gentleman of small fortune, came out with a party of martial adventurers to Italy. The three entered into the service of the Greek Emperor, on condition of half-shares in the spoil; and the eldest, William, the very model of a knight of romance, signalled himself by transfixing on the point of his lance the Saracen Governor of Syracuse, and his brethren largely aided in the release of Sicily from their new invaders. But the Greek general tried to cheat them of their reward, and made the worst of the bargain; for the Normans elected Iron-Arm (the name given to William) as their chief, and crossed to Calabria, where they seized several cities. William was made Count of Apulia; and on his death, two more of his brothers, Robert (afterwards surnamed "the Devil") and Hubert, came out in the disguise of pilgrims. A Sicilian party assassinated Drogo, and attempted to shake off the invaders, but in vain. Even the Pope himself, when he attacked them, at the head of his own army in person, was taken prisoner. The Normans now gave a proof that they possessed as much wisdom as courage. Aware of the spiritual influence of Rome on the minds of men, they knew that any injurious treatment offered to the head of the Church would infallibly bring down upon them a deluge of indignation. Instead, therefore, of treating the Pope as a captive, the Normans fell at his feet and implored his pardon and his blessing. They welcomed and conducted him as it were in triumph to Benevento. Leo IX. was so touched by a conduct the very opposite of what he expected, that he confirmed to the Normans all they had conquered, or might conquer, in Apulia or Calabria, and made an alliance with the very men whom he came to expel. Humphry was now Count of Apulia, and Robert made himself Duke of Calabria, by movements which obtained for him the appellation of Guiscard, or "the wily." On one occasion, when, from the natural strength of its situation, he despaired of taking the citadel of Malvito, he sent word to the monks of a convent within its walls, that one of his officers was dead, and besought them to give him burial in their church. The bier was carried and accompanied by unarmed men. In the middle of the funeral service, the corpse started up in complete steel, and put swords into the hands of the escort. The garrison, taken by surprise, laid down their arms, and the gates of the fortress were opened to Robert by his own soldiers. Finally, in 1059, Roger the youngest son of Tancred, came over, the last and most fortunate of the adventurous band. History here repeated itself. A fugitive Greek general had brought over the Saracens; a Saracen chief, Ben et-Themmah, dispossessed of the government of Catania, revenged himself by persuading Count Roger, whom he found at Mileto, in 1061, to invade Sicily. Roger, nothing loth, crossed the Straits of Messina, defeated the Muhammedans, and finally won the island. His son succeeding him, reduced into order what his father had conquered, and his fellow-adventurers saluted him king; and thus it came to pass that the son of the youngest of the twelve sons of a poor Norman gentleman, who had left his country with no possession but his sword, was crowned at Palermo, the first monarch who had ever ruled over the whole of Sicily.

The Sarcophagus of Roger is supported by kneeling Saracens. There are four large sarcophagi on a pedestal, under a marble canopy, supported by four pillars. The interior of the Cathedral no longer produces the same harmony of effect as of old, for some Sicilian churchwarden has whitewashed it. All the fine ornaments produced by the taste of the founder, Archbishop Walter, the English prime minister of the Good King of Sicily—whose plans are said, however, to have been mainly chosen from those bequeathed by King William the Bad—have been defaced by the rude hand of over-careful cleanliness.²

Proceed we next to the Palazzo Reale,—royal palace no more; for poor old Prince Castelecale, long its lieutenant-governor, has vanished out of the way. The world got too fast for him, and has pushed the old diplomatist aside. While he cut and shuffled, the game was lost. We have just passed Cicero's house in the Cathedral square, and the Romans have gone; we have seen where Hasdrubal fought, and the Carthaginians are gone; we have seen Barbarossa's tomb, and the Subians are gone; and the great Count Roger's, but where are the Normans? The bells of St. Spirito have told us how the French went. Here is the King's Palace, and the Bourbons have gone. What next, and next? Beautiful staircases, furniture delicately classical, roofs fretted and arched, floors of marble, and prospects the most charming; but there stands a fellow in a red shirt, with an English rifle on his shoulder, and he is explaining to another fellow without a shirt, and with his mouth full of figs, how to give his vote; while yonder beggar, reclining against a wall on the shady side of the way, just raises his hat, and taking his cigar (about a foot long) out of his mouth as we pass, asks us "Charity for the love of God." We walk on; another beggar meets us without a cigar. He follows and begs—"what, not a farthing!" We have no change—"he will give it to us." We don't wish to trouble him. "Then will the signor give him the cigar he is smoking, 'in charity for,'" &c. Aroused and angry, we rebuff him, but not comprehending why

² WALTER OF OFAMILIO—whom William II. the son of William the Bad selected for his prime minister when he came of age—was an Englishman of humble birth—the son of a miller, it is said. He had been recommended to the Court of Sicily by our Henry the II., who wished to bring about an alliance between his daughter Joan and the young King. Walter was a man of great ability, and faithful to his English as well as his Sicilian master. William the Bad, the successor of the first king Roger, was a weak and indolent prince, addicted to luxury and governed by unworthy favourites. He shut himself up in his palace and neglected the affairs of his kingdom. Whilst indulging with the ministers of his pleasures, a formidable insurrection aroused him, the conspirators seized upon his youthful son, the Duke of Apulia, and threatened to depose William, who at length awoke, and with a vigour becoming his bold ancestors suppressed the dangerous commotion. But a melancholy domestic tragedy darkened his triumph. The young duke, as soon as the tumult was over, ran open-armed to his father, when William, irritated by the supposed complicity of his own child with the conspirators against his throne and life, dashed him off with such great force, that the poor boy fell back, expiring, into his mother's arms.

Nothing could assuage the grief of the wretched king, who throwing aside his royal mantle, cast himself on the ground in an agony of deep remorse. Recovering at length from his dejection, he shut himself up in his palace, and desiring his servants henceforth to exclude anything that could occasion him the least anxiety, gave himself up to his favourite pursuit of architecture, until suddenly cut off in the very prime of an inglorious and unhappy existence.

we are angry, he finally beats us by "At least the signor will give him half the cigar, 'in charity for,' " &c., and so we give it to him.

Up a broad staircase, by open colonnades and Moorish frescoes, to a chapel, which, though mysteriously sombre, yet glitters with a thousand gems. It occupies the whole of one side of the Palace, and is the most remarkable feature in Palermo, combining the perfection of Byzantine and Saracenic art, as it was built by Roger, the first Norman king. It is in the form of a Latin cross (a Greek cupola rising from the intersection), with a long nave, supported by exquisite Corinthian columns, from which spring pointed Arabesque arches. The whole entrance of the church is ornamented elaborately with rich mosaics on a gold ground, and the effect produced is wonderfully rich, softened as it is by the mysterious shade purposely brought about by the narrowness of the lancet windows. Everywhere you may see frescoes, antique paintings, mosaics, and rare and costly objects; the high altar is crowded with some exquisite antique objects, and the floor is laid with choice porphyry, jasper, and *pietra-dura*. The roof is richly fretted, and resembles that of the Hall of Justice in the Alhambra, so familiar to all of us from Owen Jones's miniature of it in the Crystal Palace. Continue this room by expanding it to one hundred feet by fifty, and place composite pillars on each side—gild walls and roof, and then panel them with exquisite stones, and slices of gems—on each side aggregated into pictures of scenes in the Lives of the Apostles—place a vast, gigantic picture of the Almighty—a half length—at the bottom, just behind the high altar, before which blaze seven colossal candles—and you will then have but a feeble idea of the Cupella Reale of Palermo, because you will want the side-chapels and the apses, and that exquisite façade of which no words can convey an idea. We must return to the Palace, and enter the Royal apartments through the hall of the Viceroys, hung with the illustrious personages of Sicilian History; and long for time to examine some fine portraits by Velasquez in another hall. The audience room is hung with Spanish tapestry, which tells the exploits of Don Quixote. The armoury is now stripped of all but one of the rams of Archimedes, the last of four that used to stand at the port of the ancient Syracuse, and were so contrived as that the wind rushed through certain holes punctured artfully in their mouths, in such a manner as to proclaim by loud roars from what quarter ships might be expected.

In a hollowed vault below this chapel, four noble Sicilian matrons expired, after enduring the slow test of lingering starvation rather than betray the retreat of their husbands and their forces during one of the desperate struggles of the island with its oppressors. "Worthy sisters," says the "Unprotected Female," "to those whose lovely hair strung the bows to dart arrows from the walls through the bosoms of their invaders! Yet we Northerners say the Sicilians fail in constancy." The fair writer pronounces the Sicilians to be "more sincere than the French, more courteous than the English, more refined than the Germans." This is not saying much, and so far, at any rate, we can adduce evidence to her experience.

We must give up the rest of the churches, but at St. Caterina you may look for a real Vandyke of the Virgin; and everywhere see strange mixtures of the devout and the saintly ludicrous, startling to our

colder northern notions; but to warm southern feelings, suggestive and edifying. Here the infant Saviour and the meek-eyed Virgin—there silver crowns and wax legs and arms, and models of distorted limbs, restored by prayer-won intercession. Pass on, nor scoff; the method is rude; but the humble acknowledgment of God's great mercies has made itself a testimony. Let us respect the feeling.

Away, then, *cochère*, and outstripping the pursuing beggars, whom even war has not cleared away, carry us to the Ziza, the last house of the last Saracen in Palermo. These walls we pass are not of Moorish gardens, such as Cervantes opens to us in his exquisite tale of the Captive; no, they are walls of the gardens of the Nunneries, and there floats a veil, as the pale-faced dark-eyed girl disappears from her post of vantage, at the sound of our approaching coach-wheels. How exquisite this monastic retreat! How luxurious this hall! Thanks to some kind influence, some spiri of the Lalla Rookh that has preserved it so far unharmed; for hardly a corner of the house is as it should be, that is, as it was. Some one has made it "comfortable," and placed high-backed chairs and a toilet-table and piano. There are the three recesses where the ladies sat; and there, before the centre recess, is the cool fountain, flowing down to a marble channel in the marble floor. As for the lovely garden that used to be (so late as 1526) where the road now is, which had a fountain in a fish-pond fed from that fountain, and where, in the upper floor, the ladies used to sit and watch the fish play, while all around was a "beautiful garden, filled principally with oranges, lemons, and other shrubs," and "an inclosure, with wild animals," they are all of the past. There is, however, just such a fountain in the garden on the other side of the road, and Garibaldi has brought with him wild animals enough, Heaven knows!

There are Palaces in plenty to be seen. The Favorita, half an hour's drive from the town, with its splendid avenues, four miles long! round the side of Mount Pellegrino, and skirting the sea. It was a royal residence, but "something ails it now." Then there is the Butera Palace, with its hall-room ornamented with coral. There is here a little chapel with kneeling wax figures in Trappist garb. The group commemorates the sacrifice which a young Sicilian maiden made to atone for having driven a devoted lover to a cell and despair. Repenting too late, she, however, assumed the habits of that rigid order, and passed her sorrowful existence by his side, undiscovered till her dying day. And the gay, light, elegant Forcellì Palace—so exquisitely furnished—where the late Emperor of Russia used to live, and whence every night he used to come forth to walk about on the Marine Parade, with his daughter hanging on his arm. No, we must pass the Palaces, although all their owners have not gone, and many will fight, as the Sicilian Barons of old did for their country. There is some prospect now of advantage for education, refinement, and intelligence. There was none before.¹

¹ Every spark of intelligence was but viewed with the utmost suspicion and dread by the Government of the Two Sicilies. Every attempt to move forward was met by disgrace and imprisonment. Hard and decisive steps were taken to repress the desire for advancement of every kind; any man a shade above his fellow in intellect and activity, any man enjoying public confidence, and considered by public opinion as worthy of esteem and



THE ROCK AND TOWN OF SCYLLA, COAST OF SICILY.

So off for Monreale, an old mountain town founded by William the Good, and charmingly situated—through the great sea-gate, Porta Felice,—the Happy Gate,—by a gentle ascent into the interior of the island, out of the side of Palermo farthest from the sea, and opposite. We are on a good broad carriage-road, and we climb along across through what was once a wild country. The legend runs that the spot was formerly covered with a wild forest, whither William II. repaired from Palermo to indulge in his favourite amusement of hunting. When overtaken by slumber after his fatigues, the Virgin Mary appeared to him in a vision, and desired him to erect a church in her honour on the very spot. The pious monarch determined to outdo all his former efforts, and the result is seen before us, standing out beautifully, midway, on the mountain side, as we drive up the valley between hedges bordered with cacti, gorgeous in spring with red flowers, and rich with the delicious fig. The church is a marvel, with its bronze gate and two hundred pillars. The bronze gate is richly ornamented with small figures in compartments, and a grand arabesque pattern. It is the work of Bonani of Pisa, the joint architect (with William the Tuscan) of the celebrated Leaning Tower, and is a work of curiosity, because, until this one, bronze gates—a much coveted church ornament—had been brought solely from Constantinople. Gregory VII. (or Hildebrand) brought those of

St. Paul's at Rome from Constantinople, when sent on an embassy to the Greek Emperor. The interior is glorious in historic pictures; the walls being covered with representations of the whole Bible History, and all of them are as fresh and untarnished as on the day when they were first set up. The capitals of the pillars consists of volutes, with foliage and figures intermixed; on one of these capitals the pious King who founded it, is seen introducing to the Virgin, who enjoined the building of so sublime an edifice, the architect who designed it. In the centre apse is a colossal half-length of the Almighty, environed by the Vision of the Apocalypse and all the Apostles. Here are thrones for the arch bishop, and for the King, over which is a mosaic of the Redeemer blessing the good monarch. The effect of this picture is not so intense as that of the great one over the altar, which, wherever you go, seems to follow you with earnest piercing look, and being of vast size, has a strange and by no means pleasant, though a very striking effect. William the Good is buried here in a porphyry sarcophagus; and in the Benedictine monastery attached is the famous picture, by Novelli, of Saint Benedict blessing that good Monarch. All the ornamentation of the Cathedral is wrought upon a gold ground, as in the Capella Reale; from which the splendour of the whole can be imagined. Luckily, we had no ladies in our party, and were at liberty to go where ladies are not admitted,—to the top of a steep winding path from Monreale,—on mule back, (never walk in these sunny climes if you can avoid it), up to the Benedictine Convent of Saint Martin.

respect, any one connected, either by ties of nature or the bonds of friendship, with men of learning and practical progress, was marked out for judicial persecution, though humble and silent under the tyrant's sceptre.

We pass, by the way side, an old castle, once a fortress, then a monastery, but now deserted. Monreale and Saint Martin have squabbled about it. The quarrel is settled now, for in the large oblong pile, with thick walls, we saw the red shirt and the gleaming of a bayonet that told us of an outlying piquet, and, *per hanc!* as good luck would have it, they were a party of our own countrymen!

Oh, the pleasure of that ten minutes on that mountain, looking over that valley, over that City, to that Bay! Never before was luncheon enjoyed in such a prospect, and many were the kind interchanges of thought, and memories of home and of the past. We had enjoyed some slight skirmishing together, and had known what it was to dance to the music of a whistling bullet, on Milazzo heights, as well before and after breakfast as without dinner, and with more showers than great coats; so we hob-a nobbed and passed on; they to embark for Capua and glory, Forward! and we, to top the ridge, Excelsior! for the no less picturesque than celebrated convent of Saint Martin. It was just here that we came upon a vehicle of a strange construction, a *lettica*, or sleeping carriage, they call it, —a kind of slice of a double carriage without wheels — an exaggerated sedan chair — on poles, with mules in place of chairmen, one before, and the other behind. We took a sketch of it, and you will see it in the mountain background (just as we saw it ourselves) of the tableau of Sicilian costumes, (*see p. 85*) You cannot always get carriages in the country, and, when you do, you would be puzzled to find a road for them to travel upon. So, as it is, you will have to go dingle-dangling between two donkeys, through the country if you must travel in such out-of-the-way places. But we are at this famous convent, and as carefully shut out of the world as if in a wilderness. Take a bowl and plaster its sides with rock shape excrescences, stick a house at the bottom, and palm trees all round. Let there be a beautiful green lawn and a garden, and apples and oranges and lemons and almonds down at the bottom, and rough and dark broken masses of foliage all round up the sides and that will be, San Martino and its site. See how charmingly the purple convolvulus trails its luxuriant wreaths, and see the good father is inviting us in to luncheon and repose. There is a capital library, but is not the wine good? and how much more interesting that bunch of grapes than the manuscripts!

The road home, downwards to Palermo, presented everywhere a view, like a forest of gardens, rich and diversified. It is easy to comprehend how Sicily could have been the granary of Rome, and how the "herds of the Sun" might well have been said, in ancient times, to have pastured in these plains, or rather those of Etna, whose distant cone is just perceptible, from the topmost point over towards our right, as we go towards the sea.

The flowers that led Proserpine's feet wandering, in the Valley of Enna, are still smiling all about. Every mountain dale is bright with anemones of many colours; the orchis plants are singularly beautiful. The daughter of Ceres has bequeathed her floral tastes to high and low throughout the land. Everywhere the streets are full of nosegays, and women of every rank festoon their evening dresses with flowers, looping them up tastefully, and trimming them with bouquets and real flowers. As for the men, they all wear a short cloak or cape, something after the old Spanish

fashion, and they trim their clothes with pistols and knives. Every one is armed, and everywhere that a tree can be found with a bird singing on it, bang! goes a gun; for there are no game laws here, and every one shoots everything. We don't think they have much stomach for real fighting, these Sicilians, perhaps good drilling may make them soldiers, and officers they can trust may bring them up to fight; but they have the Spanish partiality for long shots, and the Italian aversion to close quarters.

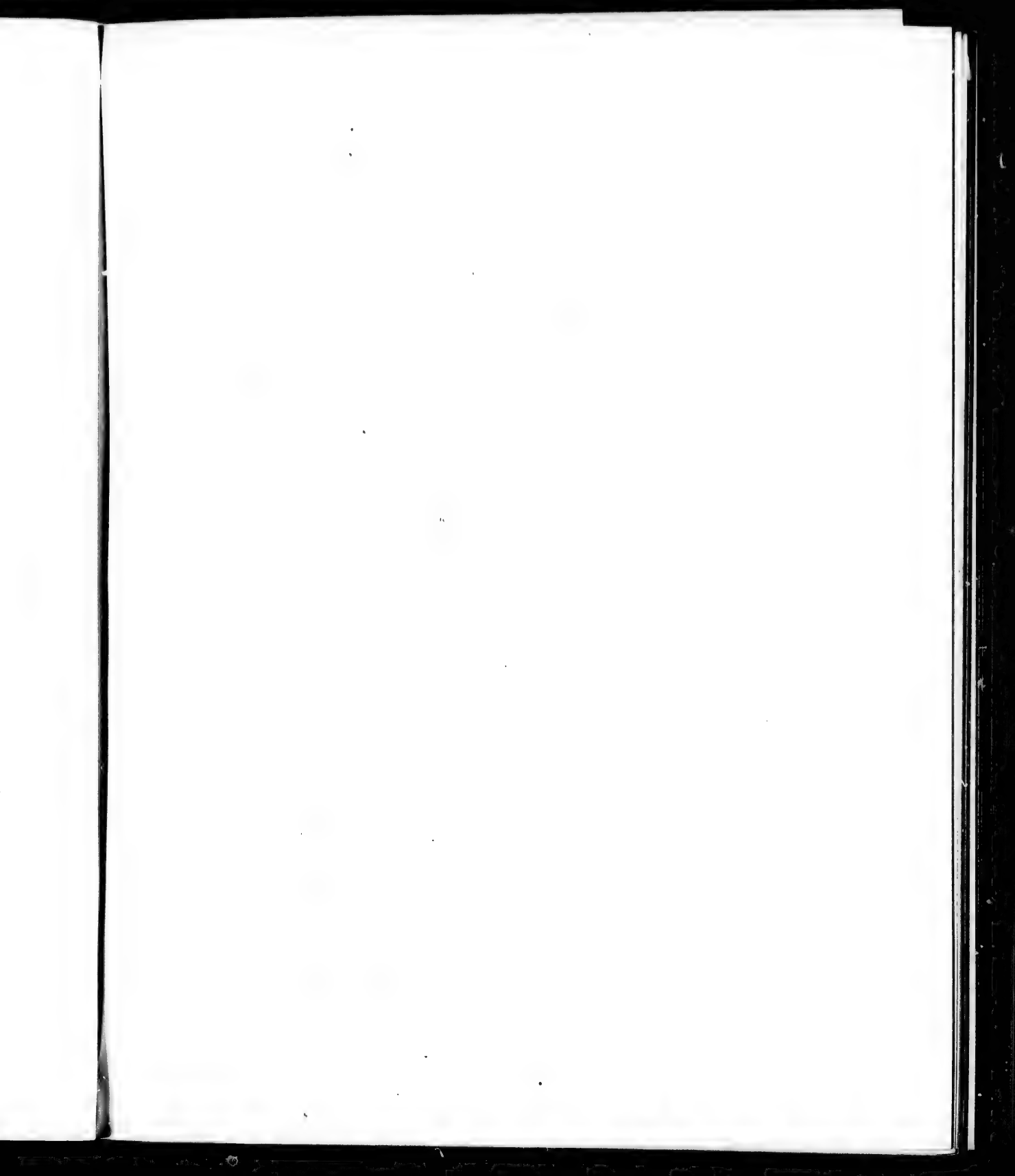
Our next excursion was to Bagaria (Bagheria, commonly called Baaria,) or Mount Catalfano; on the opposite horn, headland, or cape of the Bay, to Mount Pellegrino. It is nearly seven miles distant, along a pretty road by the sea-side, and being the Richmond of Palermo, and the suburban pleasure residence of the nobility, there are four or five omnibuses, of most uneasy springs, running up and down to the decent little white-painted village through the day. The grand curiosity of the place is the Palagonia Villa, once so celebrated for its monkey monstrosities, and that of the Prince Serra di Faleo, whose gardens, with their long alleys of oleander and groves of lemon and orange trees, their labyrinths of jessamine and aloe, and all the rich foliage of the beautiful Sicilian climate, are now noticed for a little trick of a hermit's cell, into which you are gradually led on by a rustic path, and opening the door, you see a monk, who jumps up at your entrance, and gesticulates violently and angrily. The figure is an automaton, and you tread upon the spring as you enter. Of course you are startled, and get very hot; but you are soon cooled by another hermit a short distance off, on approaching whom, unless you have been liberal beforehand to the guide, a copious discharge from innumerable water-spouts awaits you. The guide can put you just upon one righteous spot, which the water does not touch, but he is not polite enough to do this in all cases, and the butt of the party is generally made the water-butt for the occasion. In our rides backwards and forwards we observed groups of fishermen engaged in the tunny fishery, a large and important industry throughout the Mediterranean, — in fact, the cod-fishery of the South. The fish are driven in shoals within large nets, and gradually compressed into a smaller space, or room, as it is called; then large flat-bottomed boats close round this chamber of death, the net is weighed, and the fish are dextrously struck on the head with a club, armed with a small spike. The scene is one of violent excitement, the activity of the men and the struggles of the fish giving great animation to the whole, especially as the fish are so large that you will see steaks of them from four to eight feet in length hanging up for sale at the corner of every street. The sun along the road is intensely scorching, under the shadow of a cactus—grown into a large tree, by the road side—a horse and cart are sheltered; there, at the spring side, is a group of peasant women, the centre one with a terra cotta jar on her head, just as we have sketched her in our illustration (*see p. 85*); the young man on her right is a muleteer; the dark looking Irish kind of "jontleman" on her left is a shepherd, an ordinary peasant; the jolly fellow with the cow! a friar—they get the best of everything in tithes and the best of good wine; we say good, for your Sicilian wine is of charming quality when well tended; as a white wine, that of Syracuse especially—it is something between sherry and Madeira, the clearness of one and the richness of the

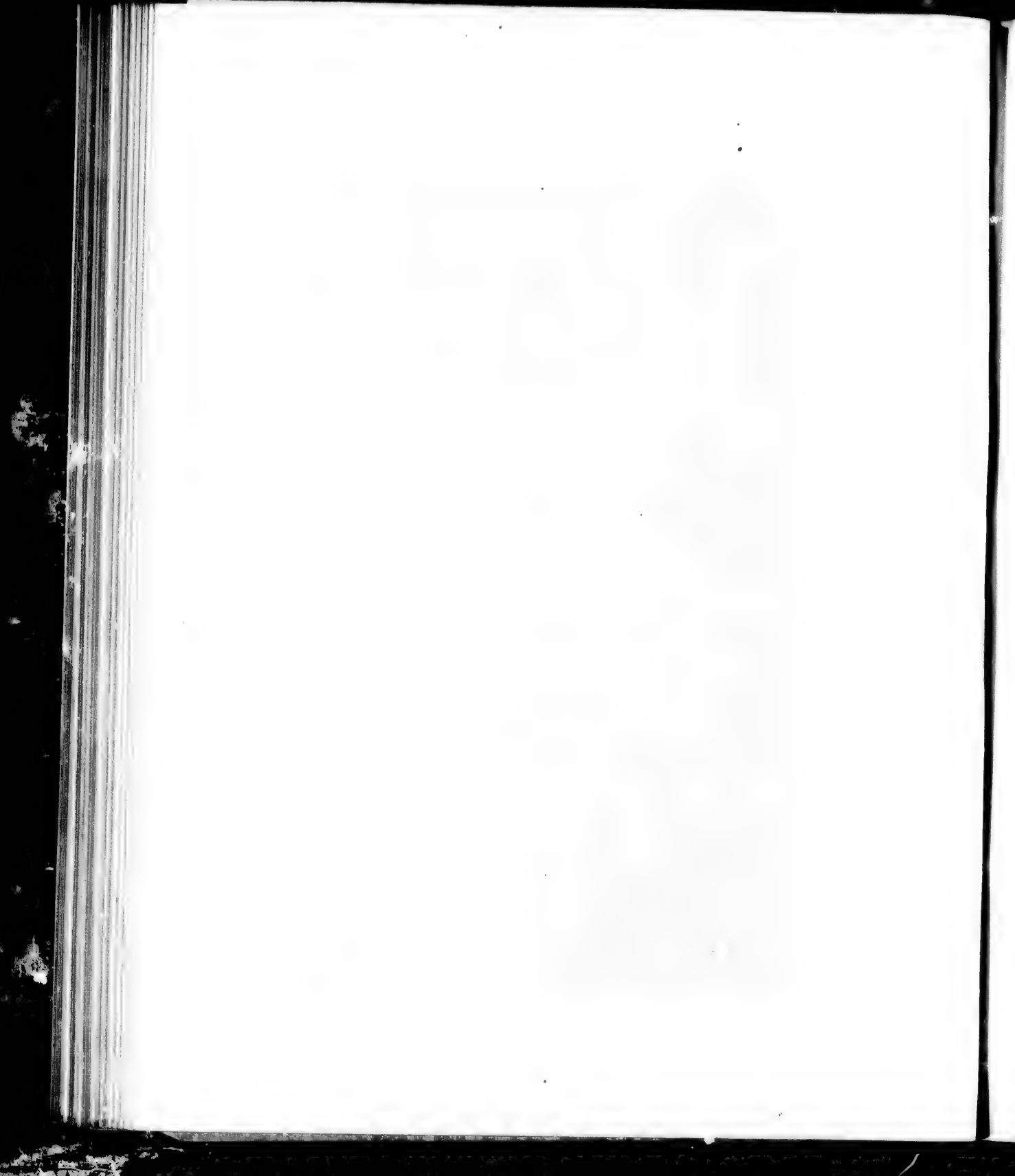
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THE HOUSE ON THE LAKE





other—and two pence a quart. The red wines are rather earthy in flavour—like those of the Cape—"South African the wine it call"—but this from want of care. Barrels and bottles would turn out a wine just between Port and Burgundy, that would exactly fit the English palate; and then—hurrah for Mr. Gladstone! and farewell to beers of all kinds, black, sweet and bitter, so far as enjoyment is concerned; for it is quite possible to have it over in England, and sold by retail at a shilling the quart.

Bagaria is a thriving little town, with a busy population of 6,000 souls, whose principal occupation is a good fishery; they appear to be an orderly and quiet class of people, and the place has always a holiday look, especially on those evenings when its little bay is full of pleasure sailing craft, and its road crowded with carriages of Palermitan gentry, who come to enjoy the drive there, its fresh and bracing air, and its enchanting scenery. We leave with regret its gardens and palaces for the sultry sea side road,—its coast, indented with recesses, upon which the bright sea dashes, sparkles, and foams; its hamlets, hills, and vales, backed with range of far rising mountains, overtopping each other, and Mount Etna rising over all; the tall, waving palms, that rise across its blue sky, the dark cypress alleys, the magnolias, the brilliant verdure of the lemon and the yucca (Adam's needle), eastern and tropical, all growing free without hot-houses; the fountains and the flowers; the sparkling anemones and rare scarlet flowers, and shrubs with bells of blue or darkest purple, with velvet variegated leaves, and the wide sea, sweeping around all, below; then, too, the women, with their dark petticoats and bright short skirted pelisses and jackets. The purple mountains were almost veiled with mists of heat, and the country lay rich and luxuriant to the mountain's feet, beyond which a thin white sheet, like smoke, marked the cone of Etna, lost in the greyne of the distant sky. We passed through a little village, the macaroni and onions hanging in streaks across the grated windows, orchards of fruit trees skirted the winding road, above hedges of tall, slender laurels, and quaint, grimping cactuses, with aloes twenty feet high, and geraniums and fuchsias enlivening the dense dark green background. Observe, as we roll along, those white hooded peasant girls, those fishermen and muleteers, and a carriage and six, a regular drag, with post horses, belonging to some rich Count; mules laden with sulphur, mules laden with tobacco, a butcher killing an ox by the road side, and peasants squeezing oil from olives in a rush basket, squadrons of rural cavalry, the mounted National Guard, in French kepis and red shirts, with long boots, volunteers, cacciatori (felt-hatted riflemen of Lombardy), squadri (Sicilian militia), volunteers and pressed men; the box, the priest, and the cross by the way-side, to remind us to say our prayers and leave a few tari; but a taro, which is just less than a fourpenny piece, goes as far as a franc (which is tenpence) in France, or eighteen-pence in England. The friars of various orders are the best men in Sicily, and showed themselves so in the late conflict. It is only a pity that, like the nobility, they are too well off to have to work for their living. A country without trade and commerce, with no education, and no industry, requires something even more than religious feeling to regenerate it.

Ha! the Sirocco! The air is hot and dry; then up gets the wind until it blows a hurricane, and then, for

two or three days, a gale! The mention of a wind makes you think of coolness and refreshing; but this sirocco is a hot blast—it dries you, suffocates you, and presses down your spirits with a weight like lead. No! let them boast their sunshine and their blue sky—we will give them their moonlight, their flowers, and their music; better a Lambeth fog any evening than a Sicilian sirocco. We hasten home, and shut ourselves up, to make preparations for our tour round the island, and to read and write letters. Letters! A Sicilian letter is indeed a curiosity. It is just like what they bring in to the clown, in a pantomime, for a letter—a large square thing, with an immense seal, and a paper of the roughest and least white. It can't be that they have no rags to make it of; for next to Ireland, Sicily carries the palm in rags; and as for fibrous material, they have aloes enough—all fibre—to furnish paper stuff for all the possible paper in Europe—no bad addition, on some future day, to their general exports of sulphur, wine, oil, marble, amber, coral, alum, antimony, salt, hemp, sumach, vanilla, fish, figs, honey, oranges, lemons, and a few minor articles.

It is one o'clock, and the shops even in the main street are, almost all of them, half closed. The shopkeepers are asleep, or enjoying a bath. Every one takes it easy—though, save the sirocco, there is nothing very enervating or relaxing about the climate; the temperature in summer being about 80°, and seldom without a cooling breeze from the sea, and in winter about 45°, but then the breeze is warm. But they are a pleasure-seeking people, and the climate tempts them to late hours—for with the hour of sunset a new life seems to begin. Then, along the Marine Parade, is heard the music of the regimental bands, while the whole merry-hearted populace turn out, to ride or drive, or walk or gamble,—prince, count, shopkeeper, and beggar—to quaff lemonade, drink ices, smoke, and play cards until twelve. Cards, too, are an amusement all day; the poorest and the lowest may be seen "making their game" in the streets, in the doorways, even in the church porches. The Sicilian ladies of the higher order are of the Spanish breed, short and slim, with fine lustrous dark eyes, but their mouths are large and their faces too thin. The children are lovely. The gentlemen are finer looking than the ladies, with pale clear skins, fine dark eyes, and an intellectual expression, tall and well-made, and fastidious in dress in public. They all follow French fashions, but their favourite colours are claret and brown. Of the clergy the Jesuits are the most aristocratic-looking, and are a talented class of men, but they avoid foreigners and take no part in politics, content with that primary power which their having the main control of education of the male and female population gives them. The Capuchins, on the contrary, are more of and with the people, as they showed themselves in the late fight at Palermo. Their care of the sick and dying endears them to all, and they go about in all weathers, barefooted and bare-headed, in their common woollen frocks, aiding, strengthening, and supporting, while they themselves live on charity, for they have no more lands but those gardens round the convents. The brave benevolence of the brethren of this order during the raging of the cholera will never be forgotten by the grateful Sicilians. Out of doors, amusement is the fashion; they only eat, drink, (very moderately), and sleep at home, and get up in the morning to do—what do you think!—to fly kites! The Kensington Gardens of Palermo are at the west

end. They are called the English Gardens, because of the long avenue of trees that leads up to them and their general style. This is the place where fashionables walk. Trees, intertwining roses and honeysuckles, and green sloping banks, and every variety of shade, and shrubberies of myrtle, and little lakes, and marble seats, about which hover the gay throng; these are their delights. Up and down the long shady avenue go the carriages of all sorts, from a tandem to a drag, crowded with ladies in blue and green, and mauve, festooned, and bouffeted, and flounced, and crinolined to the last Paris fashion; but all of a gaudy hue. The very maid in attendance on the over-dressed children (in pink satin or blue silk,—close resemblance of their mamma) are gay with yellow shawls over their heads. On Sundays, both those, and the Flora or Botanical Gardens, with the orange walks, and vast bird cages, and fountains, are crowded with the middle class, and even the poorest. Not but that Sunday in Palermo is very much like Sunday in London. All the shops are shut (after ten o'clock) and all the streets are quiet; the people only being seen on their way to or from their churches at all hours in the day, especially in the early morning.

II.—ALONG SHORE TO MESSINA.

OUR bargain for travelling was of a satisfactory nature. For six piastres (somewhere in the whole about five and twenty shillings) a day, we contracted with a muleteer, one Luigi, or Louis, for four mules, two for our own riding, one for our baggage (principally consisting of wine and victual, and cloaks), and one for the muleteer himself; besides this, we were to be provided with beds at the best inns, and have breakfast and dinner found us. So that travelling in Sicily is by no means dear, as you can see; indeed, when we tell you that good wine is twopence a quart, that a fowl costs not quite fourpence, and that the finest wheat bread never exceeds a penny a pound, and is generally less, that salad vegetables are thrown in, and apples, peaches, and oranges given in any quantity for a halfpenny, you may judge that our muleteer was not the loser even by such an apparently bad bargain. We start with the dawn, in the Eastern fashion, carrying with us knives, cups and plates, with a due provision of cold pork and baked cream, universally used throughout Sicily in place of butter.

Our first start into the country was through high walls, just like those about Richmond and Brentford—only of stone—and belonging to the villa gardens, sadly knocked about in the last fight here. Then came the sea shore, and the murmur of the breaking waves, and the tinkling bells of the goats browsing on the mountain sides rising to the clouds; olives waving in the fresh morning breeze, and the pink flowers of the tall oleander glittering in the early sunlight. The bees were up and out, and humming amongst the meadow anemones and daffodils. A string of mules, bearing grain, meets us. Then a herd of cows, with bells, going to be milked, into the villages, in which not one chimney rises up, and most of the inhabitants are stirring, and, already, coming outside their doors to transact all their business, according to the Sicilian custom. All along we could see the fishing boats going out, and coming in with the *spalletta*, a huge fish like a small shark, that cuts up into something

like hard beef-steaks, and has a wooden taste, with a coarse pork flavour; horses and mules, very lean, but dressed out very fine, drawing pointed little two wheel carts, set far back in the shafts, and driven, *a la costomongera*, at a rattling pace, by picturesque blackguards in white jackets, bell buttons, and black velvet breeches or leather gaiters. The horses have no collars, but the broad leather strap across their chests, like our funeral-coach horses. We had an early cup of coffee with milk—they always serve it so in Sicily, and the peasants habitually come to the village inn for it in the earliest morning—the charge for it to us, with bread and butter, was threepence halfpenny. We breakfasted and dined at village inns on the way, and just before sunset came to the Fiume Grande, a great river, one of the largest streams in Sicily, which obstructed the road and must be crossed before we entered Termini. This is one of the interesting events of Sicilian travelling, for you can't always get across; the river won't let you. The stream runs shallow, it may be, but is furious as a torrent; the bottom is sandy and the banks steep, and travellers in carriages are sorely pestered; all the luggage has to be taken out, and the unhappy pair—for it sometimes happens to honeymoon travellers, as it did to Sir Robert and Lady Peel—are compelled to sleep in a little river side inn, where waiters spend most of their time in the metamorphosis of fleas. We contrived to get over with our mules and reach Termini at sunset. Cicero tells us of the citizens of Himera, a town higher up,—where there are some fine remains of an amphitheatre and an aqueduct four miles long to be seen,—coming down to this spot, where were their baths (Thermæ Himerenses), and building a small town, when their own had been destroyed by a siege during the Carthaginian and Roman quarrel, of which the poor Sicilians paid all the expenses. Termini is said to mark the spot where Hercules rested from his Mediterranean labours. We found the little place—it has 12,000 inhabitants. (22,046 according to A. J. Du Pays' *Itin. de L'Italie et de La Sicile*),—all agog with music and singing and dancing. It stands on a green hill, by the sea-side, and has some handsome churches. They tell us it is a thriving town, and drives a prosperous trade in anchovies, oil, and wine. Anywhere else it would be run after for its beauty, for the numerous antiquities in the neighbourhood and in its museums, for its churches and convents paved with mosaics and adorned with antique columns, its thermal springs, and its romantic castle on the top of the hill: but here such beauties are common. Our twenty-four miles' ride, or rather crawl, on mule-back, gave us a good appetite for sleep. So we left our muleteer dancing the tarantella, and after a saunter through the street and up the valley to the castle on the rock behind the town, retired to rest, not conscious that we constituted a rare show for all the beggars and the idlers, and that the chinks in the wall and the key-hole had each their curious occupant.

Early in the morning, as we had a three-and-twenty miles stage before us to Cefalù, we took our coffee and mounted on mules. Our ride was such as poets love to sing about—through myrtle groves and orange bowers, and almond trees. Indeed, it was like a Swiss scene, with goats and cows and sheep in the sloping meadows. You never see a cottage or a farm house alone—they are always collected, like stone blocks, in some snug cranny on the

mountain slope. The hills on the other side of the bay, at the extreme front of which stands Cefalù, and its ancient cathedral, founded by the great Count Roger, in gratitude for his escape from a storm off the coast, are clothed with olives, and as we look back we can see capes and promontories jutting out into the bright sea from beyond Palermo. Every one was at work in the streets, outside the shop doors, as we crept on—for your mules at a journey's end make no such clattering and noise as a French courier on entering a country town. There are 20,000 inhabitants, and the town, which was built in the middle ages, and abounds in gothic-painted windows, stands on a ledge of rock just above the sea; the harbour is full of xebecs, feluccas, and speroneras—their sails furled, and the boats run up on shore. The Cathedral is a fine one, and the outside, at the east end, is richly ornamented. The building is Roman Gothic, and the decorations Byzantine. But the most interesting feature of Cefalù is a Cyclopean wall of enormous unhewn stones, a relic of the old great city of Cephaladum.¹ We had nothing to complain of in lodging, food, or beds, and rose refreshed. Everywhere at the inns we observed the frugal, temperate living of the people—fruit, fish, and macaroni, and no strong drink. Their highest luxury is a water-ice and a melon; and with a penny a day you can send home a beggar happy. The rest of the day seems to us to be taken out in singing, and dancing, and sunshine; not but that Cefalù has its mournful reminiscences, for here, many a Sicilian patriot broke his heart in prison. The fresh morning air made us look out our *capitos*, or brown cloaks with pointed hoods—the general wear throughout the island for all who don't wear shaggy sheep skins, which the peasant labourers do,—for there is a cold wind in the morning and evening. We pushed on for Tusa, where there was nothing to see; and then on for St. Stefano, a stage of twenty-four miles, passing through which we entered Caronia (anc. Calacte), a small town on a rugged hill, with the sea in front, and a forest on its skirts. It was on this beach that Verres the Proconsul (whom Cicero so abused, for private reasons, as he took his place afterwards), halted and robbed the people of Aluntium of their valuable bronzes, just as coolly as the great Spaniard Balboa, and the rest, did the chiefs of New Granada of their golden ornaments. The forest is noticeable for its extent of twenty miles, and its containing oak (old and well grown), elm (a sure sign of a good soil), ash and pine. We halted here for the night, and next day we came to a village on a little plain, called St. Agatha; the fair Goodness (such is the meaning of her name,) has not availed to preserve the village from malaria, a dismal complaint, that leaves you half insane when quite cured, and poisons all your blood; so we pricked our mules with the spur, and jogged apace through the fever district, until we reached San Marco, where we managed to get some tea out of our own stores, and were served with the milk from an Etruscan-shaped vase, and the tea from a Wedgwood black tea-pot. We had an excellent dinner of veal and macaroni,

flavoured with "a suspicion of garlic," as Ude used to call that artistic tonic, and then pushed on to Naso, the ancient Agathyrna,² where the ancients bored Artesian hot springs for rheumatism and nervous complaints. One of the springs is well impregnated with iron, for if you put into it a white cloth, it comes out a black one. The knowledge of a spring of this character may be useful to our travelling countrymen. A mixture of iron and sulphur in a hot spring is rare, and for some disorders likely to be exceedingly efficacious. We slept on mattresses, with clean sheets, laid on boards, as in convents or barracks. Borro, twelve miles distant, with castle on a sea-beaten rock, was our next halting-place; thence to Patti, where the coast is mountainous, and the rugged slopes are covered with olives. The town stands high on a pyramidal hill of its own, backed by lofty mountains. The streets are narrow, winding, and ill-paved, and there is a little cathedral of romantic associations; for there are the bones of Queen Adalaisa, the widow of the great Count Roger, whose hand was sought in marriage by Baldwin, King of Jerusalem. The monarch wanted the lady's wealth, and she, dazzled by ambition, accepted the offer; but discovering after two years that King Baldwin had another wife alive, she returned home in disgust, and buried herself in a convent on this spot, where she lived in grief and despair for a short period, and then died of a broken heart. Her pious son, then King of Sicily, raised this cathedral over her remains. The old tomb has fallen to pieces, but a modern one, with a recumbent figure of the injured wife, has been raised by the piety of her descendants. They make tasteful earthenware at Patti; which is celebrated throughout Italy for elegance of its design. There is a fine view from the height of which the cathedral tower forms the apex, over grounds that seem to heave and rise tumultuously, and vineyards and olive groves. On one side you see Gioiosa, a little village in ruins, that we passed on the road, perched on a hill-top, and deserted, because too much exposed and often struck by lightning; and on the other, rises Tyndaris—to which we are making, on a height seven miles distant. We mount up to it through a beautiful pass, with a fine view, on our left, of the Lipari Isles, Vulcano, Stromboli and the rest. The ancient port off which Octavius, with Cesar, defeated the fleet of Sextus Pompeius, and won the empire of Rome, is now choked up with sand. Tyndaris,³ so named from the father of Castor and Pollux, and where Dionysius of Syracuse placed the colonists of Leucedæmonia, banished from their own country, is now but a wretched village, with little to profit its inhabitants but the tunny fishery.⁴ There is a glorious view from

¹ Cephaladum derives its name from its situation on a lofty precipitous rock projecting into the sea. Roger I. transferred it from its almost impregnable position to one at the foot of the rock. The Cyclopean relic, the only one of the kind in Sicily, is an edifice consisting of various apartments. Rude mouldings, approximating to those of the Doric order, are hewn on the face of the massive blocks.

² The site of Agathyrna or Agathyrnum, so called from a son of Æolus, may possibly be at Naso, but this has been much disputed, on account of the great discrepancy between the authorities as to its distance from Tyndaris and Calacte.

³ There is a legend that the earthquake at Our Lord's crucifixion shook down all the temples at Tyndaris; some say that the whole town was destroyed, nothing being left but one crag and some idols, which the waves refused to retain, and threw them upon the shore.

⁴ The chief monuments of which the ruins are still extant of this city—one of the latest of all the cities in Sicily that could claim a purely Greek origin—was the theatre, of which the remains are in imperfect condition, a large edifice with two handsome stone arches, commonly called a Gynnasium, the remains of the place where the cliff has fallen in, in the manner recorded by Pliny two gates, and some Roman tombs.

the convent of the Madonna, over the sea and along the coast of hill villages and convent towers on projecting points. We proceeded along the bay towards princely Milazzo, famous for the recent battle. Its castle, standing on a high granite promontory, would seem impregnable but to those who saw it, as we did, so gallantly captured by Garibaldi and his little army; the town, which is divided into upper and lower, about a mile in length, is surrounded by a fortified wall. It rises on a peninsula, three miles in length, with a lighthouse on the point, and has always been regarded as a strong position in Sicilian warfare. Here Hannibal and Drusillus fought a hard battle in the first Punic War; here Cesar and Sextus Pompey fought for the empire; here the Saracens had a long sea-fight with the Emperor Basilus; and here, finally, was the crowning and liberating victory won by Garibaldi. There is a large tunny fishing here of two seasons, from April to June, and from August to September; and hither come the great people of Messina to spend their winter months. It is here that the fabled oxen of the Sun were pastured, the slaughter of which by the companions of Ulysses led to the fatal prolongation of his voyage, consequent on the just anger of the offended deities. You must read the story in the "Odyssey," and carry Homer with you (we advise Lempriere also, if you have still got your school books), for we are in the very centre of mythological localities, and scarcely a town but has a classical allusion in its name. By the bye, the Ulysses of modern history, Louis Philippe, found refuge in the Milazzo during his first long exile from France.

III.—STROMBOLI AND THE LIPARI ISLES.

ON the beach at Milazzo a *speronara* was lying, the wind was fair for the *Æolian Islands*¹ that lay out in the sparkling sea, and we resolved upon a sail there and back. Now a *speronara* is a large open boat that can either sail or be rowed, and as we had six stout fellows with us to pull us back again, we stowed a basket of provisions and wines, and made up our minds, if needful, to sleep under the sail thrown over the boom. We had just twenty miles run out to the open with a spanking breeze that sent us spinning before it, until we reached Vulcano, the nearest of the eight *Æolian Islands*, consisting, with it, of Lipari, Salina, Feliculi, Alicudi, Panaria, Stromboli, and Basiluzzo.²

¹ These wild, fantastic looking rocks, starting from the sea, were supposed by the ancients to be the chimneys of a vast subterranean cavity, inhabited by *Meropes*, *Brontes* and *Arge*, and the cavern in which *Æolus* imprisoned the winds (that he let out to worry *Æneus* and the *Trojans*) were also in this archipelago of fires. Here also *Diana* was placed by *Latona* in her infancy. Here *Vulcan* forged the bolts of *Jove*, and here the sooty *Brontes* embraced a rainbow instead of the *Queen of Chastity*. *Æolus*, a clever navigator and weather-wise, here lived with his wife, the daughter of *Liparus*, the son of *Auson*, who passed over from Italy and built a city.

² The *Æolian Islands* were also called *Vulcanian* or *Hephestian*, from their volcanic character. They were—1. *Lipari*, still called *Lipari*. 2. *Hiera*, sacred to *Vulcan*, from whence its modern appellation of *Vulcano*. 3. *Strongyle*, now *Stromboli*, so called from the roundness of its form. Sir Charles Lyell says, the volcano of *Stromboli* serves as a barometer to the *Liparians*, being quiescent in fine weather and disturbed previous to the coming of bad. 4. *Didyme*, now called *Salina* or *Isola delle Saline*. It was called *Didyme* from its two high conical mountains, which rise to a height of 3,500 feet. 5. *Phœnicusa*, so called from the palms in which it abounded, now *Feliculi*. 6. *Ereusa*, from the abundance

of *Vulcano*, which is said to have been thrown up out of the sea five hundred years before the Christian era, was consecrated, by the Greeks to *Vulcan*. It is eight miles round, and has a silent crater three miles broad and half a mile deep. It is a "lonely place," and inhabited only by a few goatherds, whose flocks may be seen browsing happily, and skipping merrily under very difficult circumstances of locality. The bottom of the crater has an awful look of stillness, and all around are shining pieces of black and green glass (*obsidian*), and above, pumice and sulphur. There ought to be something well worth looking after in such a *Plutonic* formation; but somehow or other no one likes to interfere with the place. The hares, rabbits, and wild fowls, of many kinds, have a pleasure-place of their own, and seem to have multiplied accordingly. A dashing run of five miles brought us over to *Lipari*, which is quite a large place, comparatively, fifteen miles round, and with twenty thousand inhabitants. The soil, being broken lava and pumice-stone, yields excellent crops, and the mountain sides smile with cornfields, orange groves, and vines. The town of *Lipari*, as you enter, looks like a beautiful scene in a play. A castle and ramparts standing out upon a rock, and an ancient tower and cathedral right opposite to you, with a mountain rising high behind. Those who like sulphur baths ought to come here. It is hardly pleasant to think, as we stand away for the next volcano—*Stromboli*—a real one, that has never ceased smoking, burning, blowing and belching out lava for a thousand years—that here we are sailing over what must once have been one united crater, which the sea has detached and broken through into separate islands. Fortunately, *Stromboli* catches what it throws up in its own mouth, or else the sand, black ashes, and red-hot stones which it sometimes ejects to such a height, might render its aspect even more awfully grand. Even at the present moment, when a long banner of smoke ascends from its top (which is like a pyramid with the cone cut off) it would render the approach and the ascent, which we are meditating, not very desirable.³

There are about thirty houses on the island, for the most part built of lava, and the whole island is only one mountain, which is more than a mile high, green almost to the top, but most unpleasant to ascend, as emitting sulphurous vapour in the higher regions. Up through a path of shifting sands, among vines and thistles and prickly cactuses, but not without trusty guides and stout staffs, we ascend to the point where vegetation

none of heath, now *Alicudi*. 7. *Enonymus*, or "that which lies on the left hand," now *Panaria*. Several small inlets adjacent to *Panaria* are now called the *Dattolo*, the largest of which, *Basiluzzo*, the *Hicetas* of *Ptolemy*, may be considered an eighth island. *Vulcano* and *Stromboli* are the only two active volcanoes.

³ "Superstition," says *Smythe*, "is not idle with respect to this wonderful abyss, and even *Pope Gregory I.* seemingly believed it to be the abode of the damned. Here *Theodoric*, the great *Ostrogoth*, despite of his virtues, was plunged by the ministers of divine vengeance on earth; while *William the Bad* of *Sicily*, and poor *Henry the VIII.* of *England*, have both been detected endeavouring to make their escape from this fiery caldron. An eminent contractor of biscuit for the supply of the British Navy is supposed, among English sailors, to be in duration there; and by a remarkable trial at *Doctor's Commons* about seventy or eighty years ago, the judge in his decision seemed to acquiesce in the opinion of the 'baker' being confined to its domains for ever. The culprit was a *Mr. B.*, I have forgotten the name, but I can never lose the remembrance of the effect that reading this trial from the *Naval Chronicle* had on a naval audience while passing the island."

disappears. In three hours we reach the top of the old cone, 600 feet above the present crater, and on our arrival are saluted by the demon of old Stromboli with an eruption. The abyss kindles below us, and a jet of fire rushes up with the roar of a cannon. This is no despicable crater, for it encloses six mouths; two are ejecting smoke with the agreeable accompaniments of hydrochloric and hydro-sulphuric acid gas,—the third is vomiting fiery stones, that, in their unintermitted rise and fall, have the sound of a heavy surf breaking on a beach. This gives fewer eruptions than the rest, but emits the highest jets of burning rocks and cinders, and makes the sharpest and loudest noise. The other three mouths are intermittent in their fiery vomitings, two of them kindling and going out at the same time. Such a sight was worth waiting for until evening, when in the darkness the red brightness of the lava shone terrifically, and the three mouths playing together in a magnificent eruption, lighted up the triple enclosure of the crater. We made our way down, not without difficulty and perhaps danger, and lay off the island during the night, under the sail, the dim rays of a suspended lanthorn alone interfering with the grand light of the stars, the moon, and the volcano. The sea too added its silver fire to the illumination in the phosphorescent luminosity of those glow-worms of the deep, the free *acalephæ*, and medusæ with which this sea abounds. We took out a bucket of the sea-water, and as we poured it back again it looked like molten lead; while the waves breaking against the shore encircled it with a shining border, and every cliff had its wreath of fire. So we lay, lulled upon the gently heaving waves, until volcano and heaven and sea went softening into one dreamy light; and we slept, on the bosom of the friendly sea, soothed by the suppressed murmur of the distant waves as they broke on Scylla. In the morning, with the first fresh breeze, our bark bore back to Milazzo, where we landed as men do who have returned from fairy land.

Our route hence to Messina was through deliciously romantic scenery over the mountains, and past several small towns, that looked like illustrations of the romances of our boyish days; *Romalletta*, especially, on the top of a high, straight, uprising rock, with old Moorish castles and towers. We look down upon Messina; what a glorious panorama! We could see the sickle shape of the port,—the Greeks called it *Zancle*, or the sickle, and say that here *Ceres*, in her sorrow for her daughter *Proserpine*'s loss, when *Pluto* carried her off from the fertile plains of *Enna*, dropped the sickle from her hand, and so gave to its shores their lovely curve.¹ And there stands the bright city in a semicircle of hills, having the *Faro Straits* in front, with their rushing, free, flowing waters, and the high *Calabrian* coasts on the opposite side to bind in their wandering waves, which, passing the white palaces of Messina, go smiling by the proud statue of *Don John*, that confronts them at the pier head; past the forts on the heights, the convents on the greenest of slopes, the woods, the mountains, the whirling *Charybdis*, and the treacherous *Scylla*—round to the poetic shores under *Mount Etna*, and the beautiful bay of ancient *Taurminium*.

¹ The word *Zancle* has been supposed to be of Sicilian origin, and hence it has been argued that there was a Sicilian settlement at the *Messana* or *Messene* of the Greeks before it was occupied by the latter; but no mention of this is found in history, and all ancient writers describe *Zancle* as a *Chalcidic* colony.

IV.—MESSINA.

We found Messina, which, from the port of *Cape Faro* that forms its bay, is but three and a half miles from the *Calabrian* coast, all in an agony of excitement and impatience for news of further progress in Italy.² But for all that, *Punch* was screeching funnily to a laughing crowd on its beautiful marine promenade (*see p. 81*), and in spite of politics and war, the convent bells were ringing, and they were celebrating a *festa*, or holiday, in the name of some pleasure-giving saint. Bombarded so frequently by its later sovereigns, and worried with earthquakes by the vicine *Etna*,³ it is a miracle that Messina stands bright, shining, and beautiful as it now does, though the palace along its *Marina*, and the half-dismantled fort and broken-down castle, still bear evidences of both. The environs are lovely, and the view, from wherever taken, over towards the higher rising mountains of *Calabria*,—the back-bone between the *Adriatic* and the *Mediterranean*,—is magnificent: not even the views on the *Bosphorus* can surpass that of the *Straits* of Messina. The *Marina Drive*, or *Corso* (as will be seen from our illustration), is along the sea shore, at the foot of the hills that rise in gentle slopes, covered with fruit-bearing trees in their gardens, hedged with the aloe and the prickly pear, and blooming with vines, figs, and olives. You are never further than five minutes from a grove in any part of the town; Messina being as celebrated for its walks, as *Palermo* is for its drives. There is another parallel street with the *Marina*, which used to be called the *Ferdinanda*, but has changed that now odious name for one more popular. We took up our abode at the *Victoria Hotel* on the *Marina*, and enjoyed the sight of the gay equipages, and bright coloured dresses of the promenaders—ladies and children—as we sat at our dinner. On the one side of the town (the right of our illustration), is the terrace where *Goethe* wrote the famous lines,—

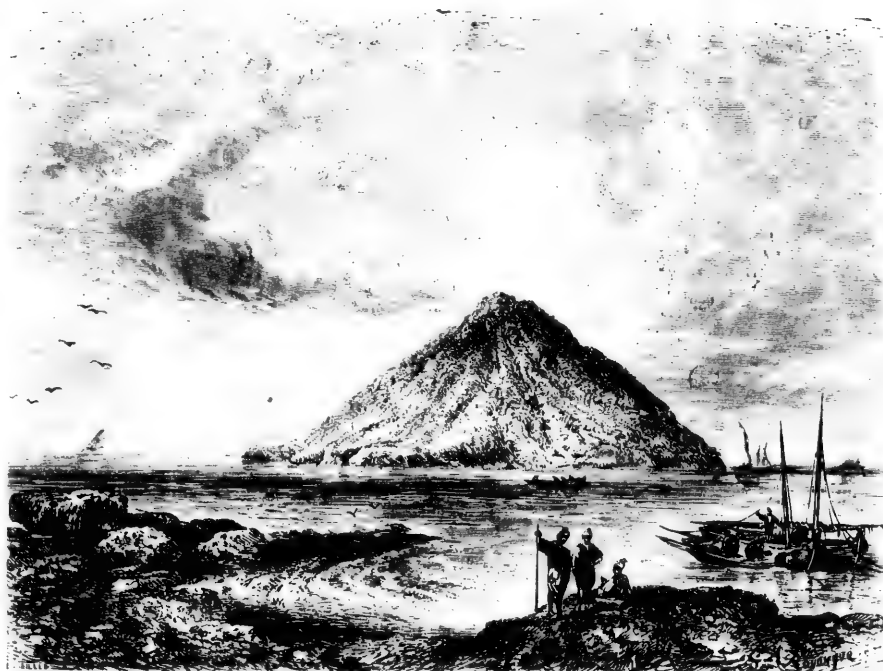
"Knowest thou the land where citrons scent the gale?"

and on the other side is the fort built by our King *Richard Cœur de Lion*,⁴ and beyond, over the deep blue sea, rise

² The distance from the castle on the promontory of *Scylla* to the *Torre del Faro*, is stated by *Admiral Smyth* at 6,017 yards, or rather less than 3½ English miles, but the strait afterwards contracts considerably, so that its width between the *Punta del Pezzo* (*Cienys Prom.*) and the nearest point of Sicily does not exceed 3971 yards, or little more than two English miles.

³ A terrible earthquake, in 1783, threw down all the splendid buildings of the city, with the exception of the cathedral and a few other edifices of uncommon strength and solidity. The first shock drove all the inhabitants to the sea-shore, where they awaited in dismay two days and nights. The greatest shock came at eight o'clock on the second night. The sea swelled suddenly, and precipitated its towering waves on the beach, engulfing upwards of 2,000 souls. The same tremendous swell sank ten vessels in the port and destroyed the quay. The dogs in *Calabria* seemed to anticipate this awful convulsion of nature, by howling piteously; the sea-fowl flew wildly into the mountains; and a noise like carriage-wheels running round with great velocity over stone pavements preceded the shock; while a dense vapour extended over *Calabria* and Messina, accompanied with a strong sulphurous odour. In 1852 there were thirty shocks felt at Messina in one night. In 1743 the plague carried off thousands of its inhabitants. In 1854 the cholera raged furiously, twenty thousand persons died, and the Government was obliged to release the galley-slaves of *Palermo*, on condition of their coming to Messina to bury the dead. They did so, and not one of them died.

⁴ *Philip Augustus* of France and *Richard* of England, having agreed to meet in Sicily, on their way to the Holy Land, arrived at Messina. *Tancred* hastened from *Palermo* to show every mark



STROMBOLI—ONE OF THE LIPARI ISLES, NEAR SICILY.

the magnificent heights of the Italian Appenines; the town seen under them is Reggio. There are some fine churches, but the most conspicuous is the old Norman cathedral, founded by the first king, Roger, the nave of which was burnt in 1254, on the occasion of the funeral of Conrad, son of the Emperor Frederick II.

of courtesy to his illustrious guests, and contributed to the expedition an armament of one hundred sail, to fulfil completely an engagement of his predecessor in the sovereignty. But the king of England demanded, in addition, the cession of the County of St. Angelo in Apulia, with several towns and castles, by way of dowry, for his sister, the wife of the late king. Tancred, astonished at a demand so unexpected, interposed delays. The impetuous Richard, whose forces were occupied with at the walls of the city, attacked and took possession of the fortress near the Faro, as the shortest way of bringing matters to a conclusion. This aggression led to a skirmish between the Messinese and the English; upon which Richard put himself at the head of his men, stormed one of the gates, entered the city sword in hand, slew many Sicilians, and planted his leopards standard on the walls of Messina. But this act of violence led to a further inbroglio; for Philip Augustus, the French King, considered it to be so disrespectful to himself, as well as unjust to Tancred, that he offered the King of Sicily the use of his whole army to revenge the insult. The prudent Tancred, however, aware how inexpedient it was to add the wrath of Richard to all his other embarrassments, preferred moderation, and made the King of England so handsome a proposition, in satisfaction of his demands, that the misunderstanding was terminated, and the Kings of France and England remained six months. Messina, in the course of which Richard learnt to admire the frank and gallant character of Tancred. On the return of spring the two royal visitors set sail for Palestine, to the so small relief of their host.

The catafalque, or funeral trophy, was so lofty, that the lights on its summit caught the rafters of the nave and the roof; and it and the body of the Prince were all consumed together. The Madonna is, herself, the patron saint of the city; indeed there is a letter in Latin, said to have been written with her own hand, (preserved in the Cathedral, and exhibited once a year,) in which she specially adopts this city and its inhabitants, who, from this cause, have almost all of them "Letterio," or "Letteria," in the feminine, as one of their Christian names¹. There is a tolerable theatre, the Santa Elizabetta, and an excellent "Flora," or Botanical Garden. The port is generally full of foreign vessels, and the brisk trade has brought to the place a large mercantile population, very greatly to the improvement of its society. The number of inhabitants is somewhere about 100,000, and Messina vies with Palermo for the honour of being the capital of Sicily.

Messina is not famous for the fine arts; but in the Church of "The Cross-bearing Fathers" you may see a large picture of the Raising of Lazarus by Caravaggio, and in St. Andrew's Church is an Ecce Homo, by Michael Angelo. The Convent of St. Gregorio stands high on the hill, on the site of Jupiter's Temple,

¹ The discovery of this letter has been attributed to Constantine Lascaris. The Jesuit Melchior Inchofer wrote a volume in folio (1629) to prove its authenticity.

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THE MARINA, OR SEA VIEW AT MESSINA, IN SICILY.

but we could not obtain admittance, the Lady Abbess being absent, so we missed seeing its fine marbles and relics.

We walked down to the quay, where stands a broken statue of Don John of Austria, who sailed hence on his expedition against the Turks, and joined a party on a cruise over to Scylla, on the opposite coast. The Channel widens as we leave Messina, where it is three-and-a-half miles across, but below the Faro point, it diminishes to little more than two miles in width. Just beyond this, we enter upon the circling eddies of Charybdis, a whirlpool formed by the meeting of the currents from the straits and the harbour. In a northerly wind, the vessel clearing Charybdis on the left is not unlikely to be carried full on to the crags of Scylla on the right, a jagged rock, rising just above the surface, as will be seen in our illustration (p. 73) under a high rock, where are caverns, into which the waves rush, murmuring and roaring, when there is any wind. Homer and Virgil describe the sea monster Scylla—as fastened down in these vast caverns, and tormented by wolves and mastiffs. There are shells, stones, and strange sea animals in the museum of the little city below, which are said to have been found in these rocks, which rise boldly and abruptly 200 feet out of the sea.¹ On the other side are the fruitful hills of Sicily, and at the extreme point of the island is Cape Pelorus.²

V.—ROUND AND UP MOUNT ETNA.

WHEREVER you go on this side of Sicily, you have Mount Etna rising, as a great fact, before you, and compelling your attention. Not that it appears so very high; for its hugeness and vast upheaving circumference of a hundred miles partially detract from its height, but it seems omnipresent, and weighing upon your mind until you have ascended it, which you know to be your fate, a consciousness that impels you to the performance of the task. To get a good idea of Etna, it

¹ Auxillus, the despot of Rhegium, being struck with the natural strength of the position of the promontory of Scyllæum, fortified the rock, and established a naval station there for the purpose of checking the incursions of the Tyrrhenian pirates. This was the origin of the "Oppidum Scyllæum," and of the existing fort and small town which stretches down the slopes towards the two bays.

² Hannibal is said to have put his pilot to death, off here, on suspicion of treachery, from finding that he was about to take his ship through the Faro Straits, and afterwards, on discovering his error, erected a temple on the spot, to his memory. A modern naval authority remarks, that as the Athenians and Syracusans, as well as Locrians and Rhegians, did not hesitate to fight in the Faro Straits, they could not have been considered so fearfully horrible by ancient sailors as they were by ancient poets. Charybdis, however, is known to be from seventy to eighty fathoms deep, and its eddies are strong enough to whirl round a seventy-four gun ship, when the current and the wind are contrary to each other, and both in great violence. Especially when the sirocco blows, the swelling and dashing of the waves in Charybdis is more impetuous and extensive; it then circles in eddies, and if, at this time, vessels are driven into it, they rock and slightly whirl round, but are never drawn into the vortex; they only sink by the waves beating over them, and this would be frequently the case with the undecked vessels of the ancients. When larger vessels are forced into it, whatever wind they have, they cannot extricate themselves without the aid of pilots, who know how to bring them out of the course of the current. These are always ready along the shores, and rush out, like our Deal boatmen; to vessels in distress. Admiral Smyth says he has seen several men-of-war, and even a seventy-four gun ship, whirled round on its surface.

is necessary to know that it is 100 miles round, though its immediate base is only from thirty to forty miles in circumference, and that it rises in a pyramidal shape to 10,874 or 10,882 feet, according to the best authorities. It is twenty-five miles to the top, by an easy and gracefully winding-road. The Zones of Etna are celebrated. Around its lower slopes cluster villages, farms, and villas, with gardens and fruitful fields. Next comes the temperate zone—of woods and waterfalls, and herbs and shepherds, and balmy air. Above this is the cold region—where are the pine forests. Next is the frozen zone—where ice and snow make the traveller shiver. Then comes the region of fire and ashes, and smoke and desolation. The first day took us up to Bronte, where Nelson's vineyards grow right up to the snows, and a short distance from which there is an old convent, which the farmer of the estate has made into a snug dwelling. The only agrarian disturbance in the last revolution took place here, from a mistaken notion of the peasantry that the Nelson estates were about to be divided amongst the cultivators; but the error was explained away by the presence of a few of Garibaldi's riflemen, one or two of whom, being Englishmen, found means to announce emphatically that no robbery of Horatio Lord Nelson was intended by the liberating army. They call Bronte a small town in their books, but it contains 14,000 inhabitants, and makes no slight figure on the slope of Etna, which has been good enough to spare it by dividing every stream of lava just at its extremities, leaving it complete in the middle, with all its glowing vineyards. There is a valley just beneath, with a river flowing in its bottom, and both sides green with olives. All the land round is arable, and the distant heights are covered with woods. We saw the point at the green vineyard where the lava had stopped, after creeping for miles up to it, slowly and silently. There was the streak of the lava from the volcano, darkening wood and vineyard, above and on either side, but just here was the line—the point of separation, and Bronte—as an oasis blooming in the midst of a burning desert. There are churches, and convents, and Norman walls and ruins, and it is pleasant to stop the night here, and get up in the morning and stroll over the lava, through the wild looking country, seeing Etna's top covered with snow, on our right; centred in groves of oak and chesnut, till we reach the old walls, the old houses, the winding streets, and fine churches of the old Lombardian Randazzo. There are some houses here of a very moderate size, richly decorated, and offering very desirable models for domestic architecture for our young students,—examples to be met with nowhere else. Thence, by a picturesque country, abounding in oaks and chesnut trees, past Malvagna to Luigna, or Lingua Grossa, where there is a poor inn, at which we advise you not to attempt sleeping, but keep on descending through the rich country over lava streams until you reach Giardini on the sea beach, and finish the evening, as we did, at that lovely village, amidst orange trees and rocks, diverging only to Naxos, the first settlement of the Greeks in Sicily.

To Taorminum early in the morning is a two-mile walk over the beds of torrent streams, *fiumare*, rushing down to the sea, past hills topped with castles or white villages, shining in the sunlight, and at every opening vista the deep blue sea. Taormina, the ancient Taorminium, which contains five thousand inhabitants.

is still famous for its salubrious air and glorious view of Etna (see p. 66). The houses are built in the Moorish style, and adorned outside with arabesque patterns, in black and white; a striking and novel effect. On the ridge of a height outside the town, fronting the mountain and looking down upon the sea, stands the ruins of the old Greek Theatre, whose walls once were lined with marble and adorned with statues and Corinthian columns. The Greeks built it, and the Romans completed. It held 40,000 spectators, and nautica, or naval battles,—in which real ships fought in real water, and real sailors (prisoners) were killed,—used to take place here. There was a corridor all round for protection to the spectators from stones, and, vast as its structure, a whisper or a sigh could be heard in its remotest extremity. The Mediterranean, seen from this spot at sunrise, is, of itself, a sight of surpassing loveliness; but add to this the magnificent sweep of one side of Etna—the fortress—the old tower—the peaks—the heights, and, on the other side, Messina, and the whole coast up to it, dotted with towns, trees and bushes, and you can imagine, even did our illustration not suffice, how exquisitely beautiful is Taorminum. Next came Riposto, whence Polyphemus threw the rock that disturbed the loves of Acis and Galatea at Aci Reale, a town on the mountain, standing “on seven beds of lava,” each with a stratum of earth over it, every one of which they say takes 400 years to form. Diodorus Siculus mentions one stream of lava coming down here which stopped a body of troops marching to aid the Syracusans, who were besieged by the Romans in the second Punic War. At La Trezza, but a short distance away, is the Bay of Ulysses, where are the Lava Islands, said to have been thrown at his ship by the Cyclops. This port rounded, we came upon the white and bright-looking city of Catania; but just before reaching it we made an excursion to Giarra, and six miles beyond it up the mountains, to see the famous chestnut tree called *Cento Cavalli*, said to be a hundred and ninety feet in girth, and to have covered a hundred horses (*cento cavalli*) with its shade. The old stock is in the earth, but young trees have sprung from it; just such a growth may be seen in Kew Gardens.

Catania is a modern town, standing on four beds of lava. Its very harbour has been filled up by an eruption in 1699, which sent down a stream of lava that rose sixty feet in height, over-topped the walls, and poured upon the devoted city. You go down seventy feet into what looks like a well, but it is the old city wall; and over it hangs what looks like a rock, but is actually lava. There is a Benedictine Monastery hard by, which the lava spared by dividing and running on each side of it, as at Broletto. The fiery flood came within ten yards on one side, and five on the other. We had no time to stop for other curiosities, for rumours of a lost battle here reached us, and our duties superseded further excursion. So we passed through Catania (observing how its houses were built of lava, and its streets paved with it—how the liquid fire had filled up its harbour, consumed its gardens, and overturned its walls), and pushed on, over lava pavement first, and black sand afterwards, through cactus hedges with scarlet flowers, for Mount Etna. Fourteen miles, after passing two obelisks that mark the Etna road, brought us at a creeping pace to Nicolosi, where we got some wine and cold meat, as if going over Helvellyn or up Snowdon.

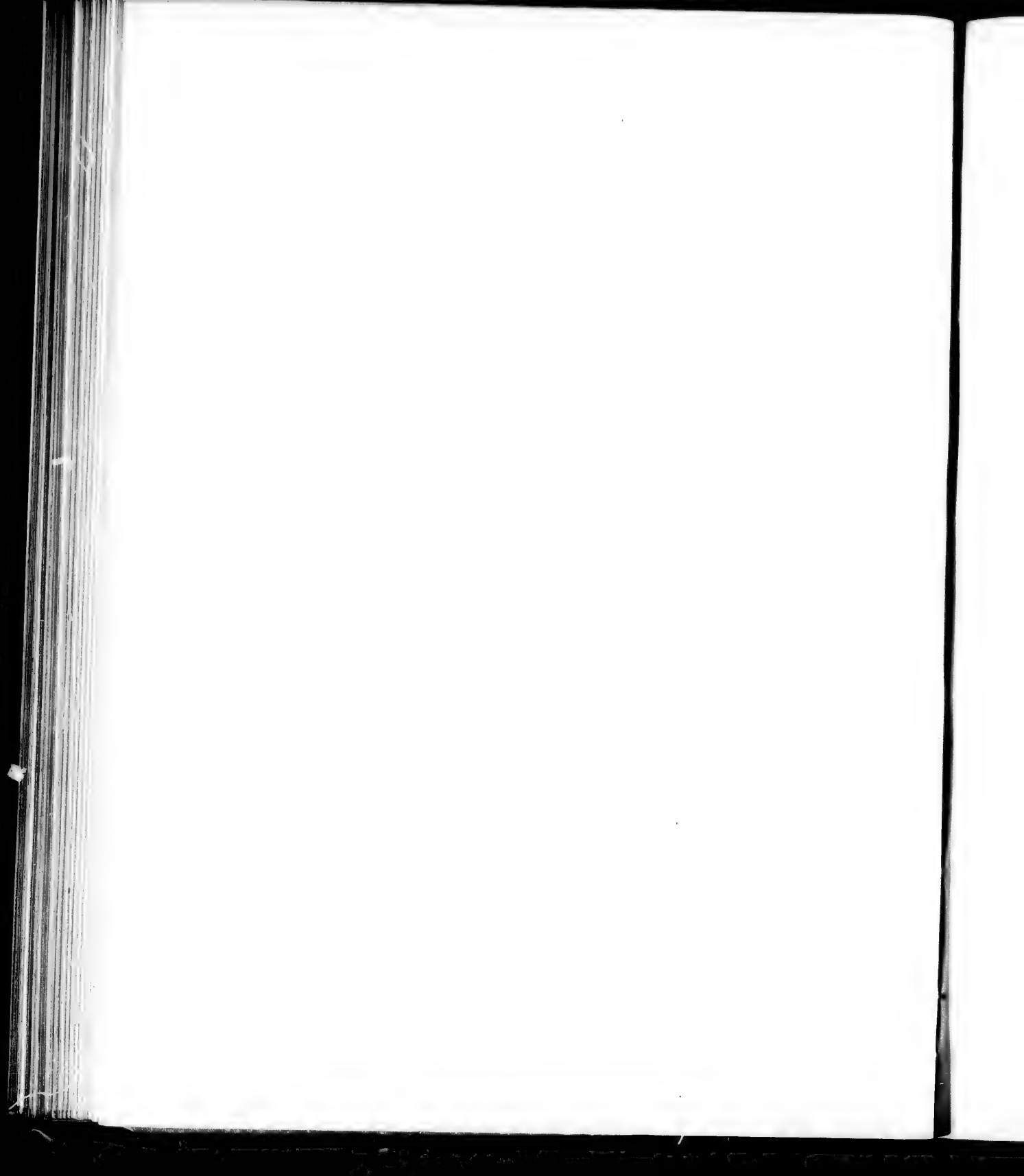
They tell us here, as everywhere on the mountain, that the village has been, some time or other, a victim to its treacherous parent, fire, and they speak of earthquakes as we do at home of great storms. Behind the houses of Nicolosi we see rising the double summit of Monti Rossi, or the Red Hills, so called from the dark red colour of its scorie. This was the crater that threw up the lava by which Catania was nearly buried. It consists of two cones, close to each other, and nearly 1,000 feet high. We here received the kind hospitality of Dr. Gemellaro, to whom, and his two brothers, travellers on Etna have been so much indebted. In 1804, they built and furnished a cottage for travellers at an elevation of 9,587 ft. above the level of the sea. Two years afterwards it was destroyed, but soon replaced. Then, the English troops being here, Lord Forbes and his officers subscribed and built a more solid shelter—now called the *Casa Inglese*—or English Cottage. The herdsmen of Mount Etna stole the furniture, and when it had been replaced, the Austrian officers, quartered at Catania, broke open the door (this was in 1820), and burnt the furniture as firewood. After passing through forests, broken down in many places by lava torrents, in which we roused herds of affrighted cattle, we saw above us the enormous lava beds of the *Ducarelle del Fuoco*—the “Little Mouths of Smoke” which, not quite a century ago (1666), destroyed a million of oaks in the forest! At a hut in the wood, a mere shed, we rested, and then entered the desert region. At the foot of Monte Minardo, one of the largest secondary cones, are seen the glaciers of Catania. Bitter, indeed, was the cold, and great were our sufferings from difficulty of respiration; but we pushed our way, with the undaunted “pluck” of English travellers, and at last, just before dawn, looked down from the edge of the crater into the very bowels of Etna. Beneath us yawned the great crater, a deep and irregular valley, bristling with blocks of blue, green, and white lava, and variegated with lines of curling vapour issuing from a hundred rents, and almost suffocating us with their sharp, acid emanations. The sun, rising from an eastward sea, now gave us a most astonishing prospect. The whole of Sicily lay before us westward. The hundred smaller cones and hills immediately around, rose up as from a flat surface of overspreading mist, and beyond was a sea of mountains rising like waves, over which, like the shade of some vast cloud, was thrown, as the sun rose, the gigantic shadow of the mountain itself,—a purple darkness, reaching across the entire island to the remotest horizon, and gradually shortening as the sun rose above the Ionian Sea. Now the mists rose from below, and standing, as we were, two miles above it, all Sicily lay at our feet. We saw the whole triangle of the island, its three promontories, and all its fabled and storied localities,—the Boot of Italy, Calabria, the Adriatic, Lipari Islands, and the Mediterranean. The shade of Etna was clearly defined, a cone slightly curved on one side,—the last earthquake of 12th December, 1857, had toppled down a large portion of it—and we could see clearly the whole circumference of the water, about three miles, and its depth, about 700 feet. Down below us were the plains of Enna, where Proserpine went a-maying, and found herself entrapped by Pluto. After a parting look at the crater, the guides lead us to the brink of another crater, which, in 1842, threw its lava into the Val di Bove (Valley of the Ox), so called from its resemblance to a pair of horns. The scene



COSTUMES AND INHABITANTS OF SICILY.



RUINS OF AGRIGENTUM (GIRGENTU), IN SICILY.



is strange and terrific. Eddies of fiery smoke issuing from a large vent, with deafening and whistling noises following, and thousands of crossing and re-crossing streams of smoke, whose sulphurous vapours speedily forced us to retreat. From the *Caso di Bosco* we descended to the *Torre del Filosofo*, or house of Empedocles, the vain philosopher, who wished to be thought to have been carried up to the skies, but whose brazen slipper, thrown up by the crater, betrayed the method of his self-sought death. From hence we saw the *Val di Bove*, six miles long, and three broad, enclosed by perpendicular walls of lava, older than the human race, and rising in places to more than a thousand feet from the base. From here we soon found our way back to the road and into *Catania*, where, after inspecting the silk manufactory, which is its chief industry, and is made two yards in width, we left our neat hotel, with its cool red-tiled floor, and hastened on to *Syracuse*; passing *La Braca*, famous for oysters; *Agosta*, with 12,000 inhabitants, who export wine, oil, and honey, and where there is still a plantation of sugar canes, the last remnant of the Moors; across *Erineus*, where *Demosthenes* (not the orator,) fought a battle with the *Syracusans*, which he lost; and thence to old *Syracuse* (see p. 88), where we heard the Sicilian sailors chanting the evening hymn, in the ancient harbour. The city is interesting from its classical association, and its olive groves are said to be the oldest in the world, those about Jerusalem alone excepted. The *Syracusans* have all Greek features; and there is a population of about 25,000, as against a million in ancient days, with an army, besides, of 100,000 infantry, and a navy of 500 armed ships. The fountain of *Arethusa*, the patron goddess of *Syracuse*, once so famous, is now a washing-tank, the common rendezvous, not of nymphs, but of washerwomen; and the site of the Temple of *Minerva* is occupied by the Cathedral, although some of the ancient columns are still standing. *Santa Lucien* occupying the place of the Goddess of Wisdom. A Grecian basin forms the baptismal font. The Church of *St. John* here is said to be the oldest Christian church in the world, and they say that *St. Paul* preached there. There are miles of catacombs under the city, marked with Christian symbols, when the early Christians sought refuge there from persecution. The amphitheatre, that once held 60,000 spectators, is a mass of ruins; but the semicircle of seats is still defined, and there are yet remains of the Nymphaeum, or music-hall, that held the tripod of *Apollo*. The castle seen in our illustration (see p. 88), was built by *Maniaces*, the Byzantine general. In this castle died the Dutch Admiral *De Ruyter*, and in this harbour *Lord Nelson* stopped to water his fleet before sailing to *Aboukir Bay*, for the victory of the Nile. Down in the *Latomias*, or excavations which abound at *Syracuse*, and at the one called *Latomia del Paradiso*, is the famous Ear of *Dionysius*. It is an excavation sixty-feet in height, which gradually tapers to a point, whence a narrow channel conveys sound to a chamber in the rock; the crumpling of a piece of paper below can be heard above, but there is at present no way of access to the chamber, except by being let down to it by a rope. The reputed tomb of *Archimedes* lies near this; and at the gate of *Agirgentum* we hired a boat and crossed the harbour

to the mouth of the *Anapus*, which we found rather a ditch than a river, passing through plantations of flax, its flat muddy banks on either side being rank with vegetation. We had to pole and push our way up, but at last succeeded in discovering the papyrus—the plant (whose stem, split into thin slices, sufficed the ancients for paper,) growing on its banks. This is a curiosity, for the plant grows nowhere else in Europe. It is a tall rush of very great height, with a naked stem terminating in brown tufts. Satisfied with our voyage, we returned to our wine, and fortified ourselves against the malaria with pleasant draughts of the *Syracusan Muscat* wine, whose quality is such that should recommend it to English consumers, and its price something between fourpence and sixpence a bottle. We crossed an angle of the island to *Terranova*, the ancient *Gela*, where *Eschylus* is said to have been killed while walking on the beach, by an eagle dropping a tortoise on his bald head, which the bird mistook for a stone. Hence, through wild heaths and lovely mule tracks, to *Girgenti*, the site of the ancient *Agirgentum*, a Greek colony, the site of which is now covered with luxuriant groves of fig, orange and olive. It was here that Pha-

about 200 years before Christ. The story goes, that a goldsmith having been employed by *Hiero*, king of *Syracuse*, to make a crown, a mass of gold was given him for that purpose. But it was suspected that the workman had kept back part of the gold for his own use, and made up the weight by alloying the crown with copper. *Hiero*, not knowing how to ascertain the truth in relation to this circumstance, referred the matter to *Archimedes*. The philosopher, after having long studied the subject in vain, at last accidentally hit upon a method of verifying the king's suspicion. Going one day into a bath, he observed that the water rose higher in the tub or bath than it was before, and immediately began to reflect that any body of an equal bulk with himself would have raised the water just to the same height, though a body of equal weight, but not of equal bulk would not raise it so much. This idea suggested to him the mode of finding out what he so much desired to ascertain; and, in the transports of his joy on making such a discovery, he rushed out of the bath, and ran naked through the streets of *Syracuse*, exclaiming in the Greek language, "Eureka! Eureka!" "I have found it! I have found it!" Now, since gold was the heaviest of all metals known to *Archimedes*, it appeared evident that it must be of less bulk, according to its weight, than any other metal. He procured a mass of pure gold equally heavy with the crown when weighed in air, and desired that it should be weighed against the crown in water, and if the crown was not alloyed, it would counterbalance the mass of gold when they were both immersed in water, as well as it did when they were immersed in air. But, on making the trial, he found that the mass of gold weighed much heavier in water than did the crown; not only so, but when the mass and crown were immersed separately in one vessel of water, the crown raised the water much higher than the mass of gold did; which proved that it was alloyed with some lighter metal which increased its bulk. By making, in this manner, trials of different metals, equally heavy as the crown, he found out the quantity of alloy which had been introduced into it. A body immersed in a fluid will sink to the bottom of it if it be heavier than its bulk of the fluid; and if it be suspended in it, it will lose as much of what it weighed in air as its bulk of the fluid weighs. Hence all bodies of equal bulks, which would sink in fluids, lose equal weights when suspended in them; and unequal bodies lose in proportion to their bulks. This is the foundation of the whole doctrine of specific gravities.—The specific gravities of all bodies that sink in water may be found first by weighing the body in air and then in water, and dividing the weight in air by the loss of weight in water. For example, a guinea weighs one hundred and twenty-nine grains in air, and when weighed in water it loses seven and one quarter grains, which shows that a quantity of water of equal bulk with the guinea weighs seven and one quarter grains. Divide one hundred and twenty-nine by seven and one quarter, the quotient will be 17.738, or a little more than seventeen and three quarters, which proves the guinea to be seventeen and three quarter times as heavy than its bulk of water. The instrument used to find the specific gravities of bodies is called the *Hydrostatic Balance*, which differs but little from a common balance, only it has a hook at the bottom of one of the scales on which different substances that are to be examined may be hung by horse hairs, or silk threads, so as to be immersed in a vessel of water without wetting the scale.

¹ The art of finding the specific gravities of bodies is generally understood to have been invented by *Archimedes*, the celebrated mechanist and mathematician of *Syracuse*, who flourished

laris had his brazen bull, and made Perillus, the inventor, the first victim, by enclosing him in it when heated red hot. It was this lovely city that a population of 200,000 Sybaritic citizens quitted in one night rather than endure the shortness of a few days' provision when besieged by the Carthaginians. Our sketch shows on the right the ruins of the Temple of Concord, and, on the left, that of Juno Lucina. The former stands, grand and simple, on a lonely crag looking over the sea. The view, from a distance, of the high plateau, on which the town stands, is delicious. The population is 25,000, and it is an emporium for the sulphur which comes here from the neighbourhood of Siculiana. Zeuxis selected five women of Agrigentum, and painted, from their combined beauties, his celebrated picture of Juno—using them as

models of grace, expression, symmetry, elegance, and modesty. The town of Siculiana contains 5,616 inhabitants, who are engaged in working the mines of sulphur which, being mixed with lime, is easily burnt and run out, pure, into moulds and boxes. The occupation is very profitable, and numerous moderate fortunes and incomes are realised in this trade.

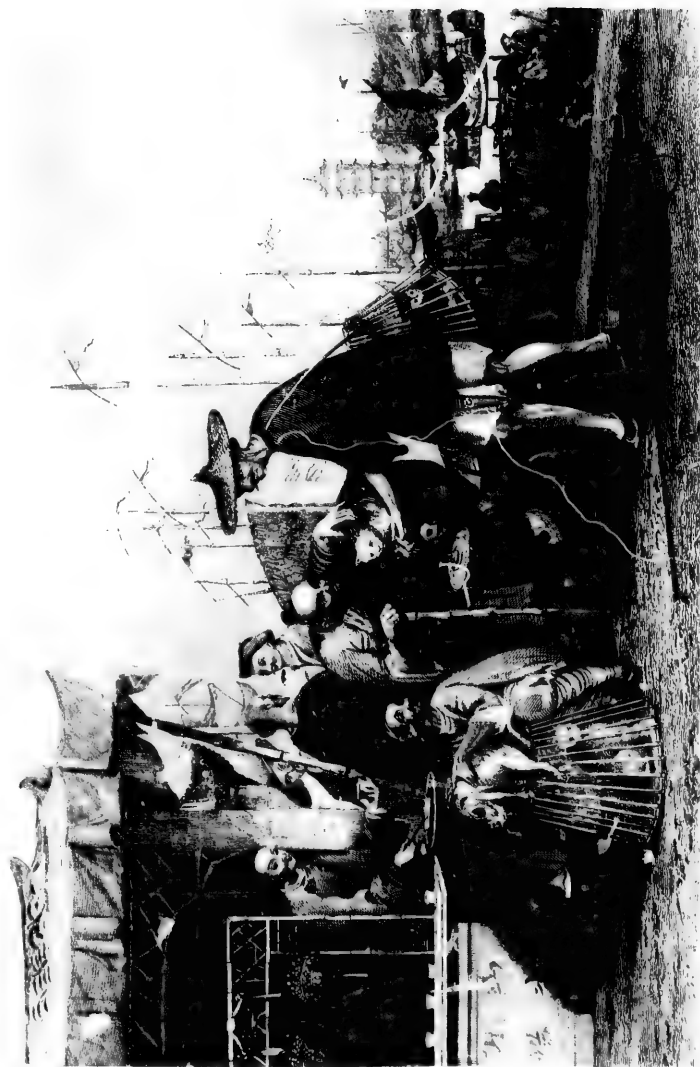
We now crossed over to Palermo, leaving Segestum with its Temple, and Mount Eryx—where was the celebrated Temple of Venus Erycina, the most voluptuous and vicious, in her rites, of all the Venuses—to our left. At Palermo we took the steam boat, and reached Naples in time to welcome the installation of the new dynasty.



VIEW OF SYRACUSE, IN SICILY

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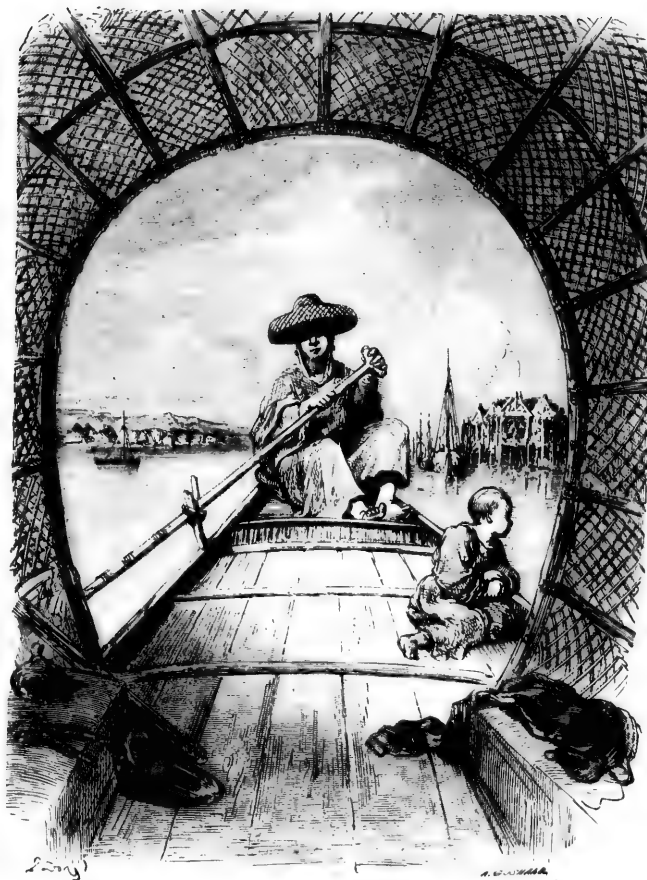
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THE LADY AND THE DEATHS AT TONG CHOW.







CHINESE BOAT.

CHINA, COCHIN CHINA, AND JAPAN.

I.—HONG KONG.

THE sending an army and a fleet to the mouth of the Peiho River, with the intention of advancing by a short cut across the country direct to Peking itself, entailed an amount of commissariat preparation which necessitated our reaching China for some months in advance of the Expedition, as well for the making ourselves acquainted not only with the means of obtaining ready supplies for the present, as for acquiring such a knowledge of the habits and manners and language of the people, as well as the resources of the several parts of the country as would render us masters of every means, and prepared for every contingency, in case of a longer continuation of the campaign.

As we near Hong Kong, it reminds us, as it has

done others, of the Western Highlands. The mountains rise apparently barren and uncultivated, but on passing Green Island an agreeable surprise awaits us. The town of Victoria spreads out in a semicircle at the water's edge, stretching three or four miles on each side of the Bay, and going back from the water's edge, one building above another, right to the mountain's side. The Bay is full of shipping, but as seen from the town appears land-locked; so that in going out and coming in, the city springs up before you directly behind the island which you pass. Hong Kong is 26 miles in circumference, 9 miles long, and 8 broad. These seas, on every side, are full of such islands; but we got this one as a bonus for 23,393 chests of opium destroyed by Lin, and paid for by the Chinese, and once getting a foothold, in spite of all obstacles of position

and climate, we have changed the Lilliputian fishing-town to another Singapore. The 1,500 poverty-stricken Chinese of 1840 have increased to nearly a quarter of a million. Hong Kong is to China what Gibraltar is to Spain—or rather it is the Liverpool of China. It is afflicted with a Governor, a Council of Five, a Chief Justice, and an Attorney-General, who quarrel with each other, stand upon dignity, and make distinction in rank between gentry and merchants, wholesale and retail dealers, and such kind of “genteel” nonsense. Of course there is a race-course, and there are two roads, and the watering-place once used to be called Chuckee, but it is now known as Stanley,—the place where the Chinese, who did not know what they were going to do, tried to steal Mr. Chisholm Anstey. There are barracks, where the soldiers cannot live; and a prison, which is so overrun with rats, that the poorer Chinese consider it a favour to be sent there. The club-house is most creditable to the place, and the stranger, not caring for the hotel, is very comfortably off if introduced by one of his friends who may be a member. A good library, and all the English periodicals are on the table and in the book-case; while good chow-chow,—which means food and all a man can want,—good attendance, and good beds, can be had for about fifteen shillings a-day; but, in China, most gentlemen are immediately taken possession of by those who may be known to them, and then their house is your home, according to the established usage of the land. The first thing that strikes the stranger is the busy, untiring industry of the Chinese in their little shops. Women and men, and sometimes even little children¹, are hard at work, making combs, trunks, or shoes, some chopping up meat, others arranging their vegetables for sale.² Here a party of masons erecting a bamboo stage, and there a chain gang of convicts, ascending the hill under a soldier's bayonet; coolies carrying water, an enormous load; sedan chairs borne by two or four; boys hawking about candies and sweetmeats; boatmen and house servants, coming and going, all dressed in that peculiar national blue, wide trousers and butcher jackets, and their long tails either wound about their head or trailing

¹ In China, the children begin to work very early—almost too young; they get serious and sedate, are wonderfully old-fashioned, and think for themselves very soon. Though there is great respect shown to old age, juveniles are not snubbed for being precocious, on the contrary, the little fellows may often be noticed giving their opinions freely before their elders.

The first thing a child longs for is a suapek (a coin of about the 10th of a farthing); the first use it makes of its speech and intelligence is to learn to articulate the names of coins. When his little fingers are big enough to hold the pencil, it is with making figures that he amuses himself, and as soon as the tiny creature can see and walk, he is capable of buying and selling. In China you need never fear sending a child to make a purchase; you may rely upon it he will not allow himself to be cheated. Even the games, at which the little Chinese play, are always impregnated with this mercantile spirit; they amuse themselves with keeping shops, and opening little pawnbroker's establishments, and familiarise themselves thus with the jargon, the tricks, and the frauds of tradesmen.

² The Chinese grow a cabbage expressly for its oil and seed. The *Brassica sinensis* is its botanical name. It ought to be bred in the open air by English farmers. It produces flower stems, three or four feet high (just as our cabbage,) with yellow flowers and long pods. In April, when the fields are in bloom, the whole country seems tinged with gold, and after a shower of rain, the fragrance emitted is delicious. The seeds are ripe in May, when they are cleaned and pressed. There is a great demand for the oil, the refuse is used as oil-cake, or broken up as a manure, which is highly advantageous to the land.

down behind³. The streets of Hong Kong offer a thousand reflections to those who have never been brought in contact with the Celestial race.

There are drawbacks: the Chinese are not of the most respectable classes; the summers are hot; the town of Victoria is not the most healthy in the world; but there never was a colony established without some sacrifices. Perseverance is an especial British characteristic, and manifold precautions and sanitary measures are being taken to diminish the amount of sickness.

There are grievances of a more amusing character, and which take strangers aback on arrival. The first is the system of transport, which is by palanquin. Chinese porters, especially in Hong-Kong, are by no means so tractable as Hindoos; and it has happened that a gentleman invited to dine at Government House, has, through their pig-tail obstinacy, been too late for the repast. Again, it is customary in Hong-Kong that guests should take their “boy” with them, and certain members of the French embassy declare that, not being provided with a young Chinese fresh from the barbers, with his tail gracefully twisted and a long white robe, they ran great risk of perishing from hunger and thirst at a table spread with every imaginary delicacy.

The bazaars, the curiosity shops, and the studios of the native artists are among the lions of Hong-Kong; but the sing-songs, which might be mistaken for an Englishism, or theatrical representations, which are given by wealthy Chinese merchants, carry the day. The stage is a great platform of bamboos, and the crowd is incessantly on the move, going and coming, for the representation begins at eight in the morning and lasts till eight at night, without a place remaining in want of a spectator. Heroes of all descriptions, genii, demons, and gods, have their turn on the stage, and engage in fabulous combats. Nothing can surpass the pantomime of the Chinese actors, or the luxury of their costumes. They are glittering with silk and gold. Women never appear on the stage in the Middle Empire; their parts are taken by young Chinese. But the voices of the performers are so like shrieking, and the music is so noisy, that after a short time European spectators generally have quite enough of it, and get away as soon as manners will permit.

Then there is the Happy Valley, where the turf is rolled every day, equestrians take their exercise, and the races are held. The name of the place is said, comically enough by a traveller totally ignorant of the Chinese language, to have been given to it from its being situated amidst burial grounds, and a Parsee cemetery or charnel house, where bodies are burned. The Chinese cemetery⁴ is decorated with upright stones,

³ The tail of a Chinaman is not a little tuft on the crown of the head, but is formed by hair suffered to grow luxuriantly in a mass at least four inches in diameter. The hair is smoothed down, and the tail, plaited from it, begins at the nape of the neck, and hangs below the waist, often to the ankles, and labouring men while at work generally have it wrapped round the head.

⁴ The more wealthy individuals often convey their dead a considerable distance, and employ a kind of fortune-teller, whose duty it is to find out the most appropriate resting place. This man goes with the corpse to the place appointed, and, of course, pretends to be very wise in the selection of the spot, as well as in the choice of the soil with which the ashes of the dead are to mingle in after years; and, upon trial, should the earth appear unsuitable, he immediately orders the procession off to another place in the neighbourhood, where he expects to be more successful. “I believe,” says Mr. Fortune, “many of the Chinese have this point settled before they die; for one day when one of our principal merchants went to call on old Howqua the late Hong

planted amid rocks and pines, with a bench for the ghost of the departed to rest upon occasionally, and silver and tissue paper scattered about to deceive malignant spirits. These, tempted by the glitter, and thinking they are money, stop to pick them up, and thus give time to the ghosts that are out for an airing, to get back into their graves. The Chinese, who are such adepts in cheating Europeans, fancy that they can even deceive the bad spirits.

The Chinese have, it is well known, a national idiosyncrasy for getting rid of a redundant population. The Sisters of St. Paul have, much to their credit, founded an establishment at Hong-Kong for succouring children unnaturally abandoned by their parents, and they bring them up to useful occupations.

If the future traveller wishes to dine, as we did, in Chinese style, there are no want of restaurants. He may there, by the aid of chop-sticks, make a very satisfactory repast off eggs a year old, preserved in clay, sharks' fins and radishes, pared and boiled into a thick soup, *bêche de mer*, or sea slugs, shrimps made up into a paste with sea-chesnuts, bamboo roots, and garlic, rendered piquant by the addition of soy and sundry other pickles and condiments, and washed down with warm samshu in minute cups. Dishes and plates are all on the smallest possible scale, and pieces of square brown paper (made of silk, an article not used for that purpose in England) serve the purpose of napkins.¹

A walk in Hong Kong soon shows you why China is called the Central Flowery Land. The red, white,

merchant at Canton, a tray was brought into the room with several kinds of earth upon it, which the old man examined with great care, and then fixed on the one in which he wished to be buried."

¹ It is certain, however, that a real Chinese dinner would be very odd in the eyes of a stranger, especially if he was one of those who think, as some people do, that there is only one way of living. To begin dinner with the dessert and end it with the soup; to drink the wine smoking hot out of the little china cups; and to have your food brought to you ready cut up into small pieces, and presented with a couple of sticks instead of a knife and fork to eat it with; to have, instead of napkins, a provision of little bits of coloured silk paper by the side of your plate, which, as you use, the attendants carry off; to leave your places between the courses to smoke or amuse yourself; and to raise your chop-sticks horizontally upon your cup to signify that you have finished your dinner. All these things would, doubtless, seem very odd, and create the curiosity of Europeans. The Chinese, on the other hand, can never get over their surprise at our way of dining. They ask how one can like to drink cold fluids, and what can have put it into our heads to use a trident to carry food to our mouths at the risk of pricking our lips or putting our eyes out. They think it very droll to see nuts put on the table in their shells, and ask why our servants cannot take the trouble to peel the fruit, and take the bones out of the meat. They are themselves certainly not very difficult in the nature of their food, and like such things as fried silk-worms and preserved larvae, but they cannot understand the predilection of our epicures for high game, or for cheese that seems to belong to the class of animated beings.

One day at Macao, we had the honour to be seated at the dinner table of a representative of a European power, when a magnificent dish of snipes was brought in. But what a disappointment! The Chinese *Vatel* had taken out the entrails of this incomparable bird. He knew not what a perfume and savoury treasure the snipe holds in the stomach. The cook was forced to appear before the arbiters of taste, who received him with wrathful looks, and the delinquent was struck with consternation, on hearing that he had committed a culinary crime, too heavy to be a second time pardoned. Hoping to make amends, the unfortunate cook, a few days afterwards, took care to serve up, in all their integrity, some birds that were not snipes, and thereupon a new storm of wrath fell on the devoted head of the poor Chinese, and was followed by his dismissal, in a state of utter despair, that he should never be able to exercise his art in a manner conformable to the astonishingly capricious tastes of Europeans.

and purple flowers of the *Lagerstræmia* are as common in the low grounds as hawthorns are with us. The scarlet heads of bloom of the beautiful *Ixora coccinea* are flowering in profusion in the clefts of the rocks. The ravines are full of ferns, and the elegant lilac bell flowers of the *Chirota sinensis* peep out under the next rocks. Up in the mountains, high up in the hill, valleys—fifteen hundred feet above the sea—you all know the azalea and its gorgeous striking beauty, here they spring wild in masses of dazzling brightness, with myrtles, dahlias, wild roses, honeysuckles, and the *Glycine sinensis* hanging its flowering branches in graceful fashion along the mountain path.

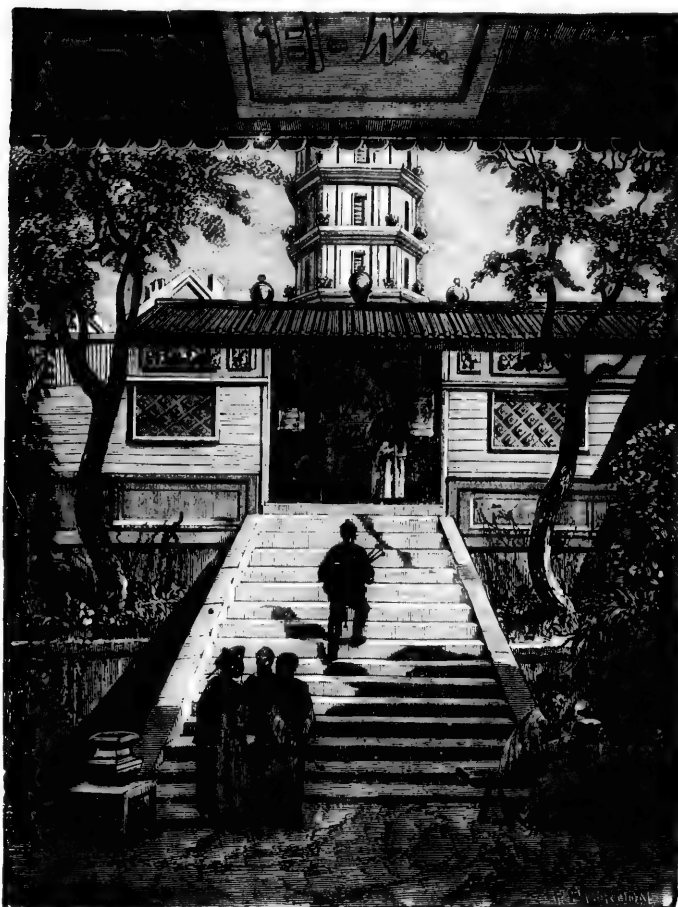
Everything here comes from the mainland, and the Chinese Mandarins thereby hold a kind of power over their own people; but one of them in the late war having misused it they resisted and drove him off to the other shore. Now that they understand themselves to be subjects of Queen Victoria, they go on very differently; indeed, your Chinaman is never so great as when following an example.² Give him the best model and he will imitate it exactly; show him roguery and cunning and he will beat you at the game. Industrial arts and mechanical science are what are wanted in China. The men who have heretofore visited them have not been of a character to teach any people much that is good. They have bought, and sold, and smuggled, and they have cheated, and lied and bullied, mutually. It is time that both parties came to a better understanding.

II.—MACAO.

WE leave Hong-Kong as quickly as any man should do, who has no business to keep him there, and taking the steamer a pleasant voyage of thirty miles, the last four of which is through shallow water, arrive at the Praya Grande, the celebrated promenade and landing place (*see p. 97*), to the quaint old settlement of the early Portuguese kings, Macao. This voyage, short as it is, and through a narrow sea, as crowded as the Thames, was not until the present year secure from disorderly, roving bands of Chinese seamen and boatmen, who organise themselves into fleets as pirates, and way-lay vessels, not even excepting the passage steam-boats, one of which, "The Queen," it will be remembered that they captured, and murdered all the foreign passengers.³

² There are few things your Chinaman cannot do as well as an Englishman or a Yankee. For several years many Chinese have been employed in steam boats as deputy engineers and stokers, their skill, sobriety and carefulness are exemplary. In men-of-war steamers the employment of them as firemen and superintendents, while coming within the Tropics, or on the east side of the Cape of Good Hope, would be desirable. They are good sailors always, and in the last war, "The Bamboo Rife" or "Coolie Transport Service," deserved mention from Lord Elgin. As ship carpenters, it would be difficult to find better workmen, and lately some who have been employed in setting up iron steamers, especially learnt to perfection the art of rivetting, under the guidance of a clever engineer, sent out by Messrs. R. Stephenson & Co.

³ We were not lucky enough to have a brush with the pirates ourselves; but Mr. Fortune has given us a good account of what befell himself on his way in a Chinese junk from the Fow choo-to, by the mouth of the Min river to Chusan. "About four o'clock in the afternoon, and when we were some fifty or sixty miles from the Min, the captain and pilot came hurriedly down to my cabin and informed me that they saw a number of *jam-dous* right ahead, lying in wait for us. I ridiculed the idea, and told them they



PAGODA AT WHAMPONG.

The first thing a European landing at Macao in olden times did, was to go and see the Chinese Pagoda at the Rocks. (See page 96.) He could wend his way

there and back in a tanka, or native boat, or he could stroll there by the sea-side. Now we can visit pagodas of far more imposing aspect and dimensions; nay, we

imagined every junk they saw to be a pirate; but they still maintained that they were so, and I therefore considered it prudent to be prepared for the worst. I got out of bed, ill and feverish as I was, and carefully examined my fire-arms, clearing the nipples of my gun and pistols, and putting on fresh caps. I also rammed down a ball upon the top of each charge of shot in my gun, and put a pistol in side pocket, and patiently waited for the result. By the aid of a small pocket telescope, I could see, as the nearest junk approached, that her deck was crowded with men. I then had no longer any doubts regarding their intentions. The pilot, an intelligent old man, now came up to me, and said that he thought resistance was of no use; I might manage to beat off one junk, or even two, but that I had no chance with five of them. Being at that time in no mood to take advice, or to be dictated to by any one, I ordered him off to look after his own duty. I knew perfectly well that if we were taken by the pirates I had not the slightest chance of escape, for the first thing they would

do would be to knock me on the head and throw me overboard, as they would deem it dangerous to themselves were I to get away. At the same time I must confess I had little hope of being able to beat off such a number, and devoutly wished myself anywhere rather than where I was.

"The scene around me was a strange one. The captain, pilot, and one or two native passengers were taking up the boards of the cabin-floor and putting their money and other valuables out of sight amongst the ballast. The common sailors, too, had their copper cash or *tien* to hide; and the whole place was in a state of bustle and confusion. When all their more valuable property was hidden, they began to make some preparations for defence. Baskets of small stones were brought up from the hold, and emptied out on the most convenient parts of the deck, and were intended to be used instead of fire-arms when the pirate came to close quarters. This is a common mode of defence in various parts of China, and is effectual enough when the



HONG KONG.

even meet one that far surpasses it on his way—the great Pagoda of Singapore. But if the temple of Macao is poor and badly kept, its position is highly

enemy has only similar weapons to bring against them; but on the coast of Fo-kien, where we were now, all the pirate junks carried guns, and, consequently, a whole deck-load of stones could be of very little use against them.

“During the general bustle I missed my own servant for a short time. When he returned to me, he had made such a change in his appearance that I did not recognise him. He was literally clothed in rags, which he had borrowed from the sailors, all of whom had also put on their worst clothes. When I asked him the reason of this change in the outward man, he told me the pirates only made those prisoners who had money, and were likely to pay handsomely for their ransom, and that they would not think it worth their while to lay hold of a man in rags.

“I was surrounded by several of the crew, who might well be called ‘Job’s comforters,’ some suggesting one thing and some another, and many proposed that we should bring the junk round and run back to the Min. The nearest pirate was now within 200 or 300 yards of us, and, putting her helm down, gave us a broadside from her guns. All was now dismay and consternation on board our junk, as every man ran below except two, who were at the helm. I expected every moment that these also would leave their post; and then we should have been an easy prey to the pirates.

“My gun is nearer you than those of the *jan-dons*,’ said I to the two men; ‘and if you move from the helm, depend upon it I will shoot you.’ The poor fellows looked very uncomfortable, but I suppose thought they had better stand the fire of the pirates than mine, and kept at their post; large boards, heaps of old clothes, masts, and things of that sort which were at hand, were thrown up to protect us from the shot; and as we had every stitch of sail set, and a fair wind, we were going through the

picturesque. The inner harbour, with its legion of junks and tankas, lies at its feet; above it are huge blocks of granite, and secular trees, whose vigorous

water at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. The shot from the pirates fell considerably short of us, and I was therefore enabled to form an opinion of the range and power of their guns, which was of some use to me.

“Assistance from our cowardly crew was quite out of the question; for there was not a man amongst them brave enough to use the stones which had been brought on deck, and which, perhaps, might have been of some little use when the pirates came nearer. The fair wind, and all the press of sail we had crowded on the junk, proved of no use; for our pursuers, who had much faster sailing vessels, were gaining rapidly upon us. Again the nearest pirate fired upon us. The shot, this time, fell just under our stern. I still remained quiet, as I had determined not to fire a single shot until I was quite certain my gun would take effect. The third shot which followed this came whizzing over our heads and through the sails, without, however, wounding either the men at the wheel, or myself.

“The pirates now seemed quite sure of their prize, and came down upon us, hooting and yelling like demons, at the same time loading their guns, and evidently determined not to spare their shot. This was a moment of intense anxiety. The plan which I had formed from the first was now about to be put to the proof; and if the pirates were not the cowards which I believed them to be, nothing could save us from falling into their hands. Their fearful yells seem to be ringing in my ears even now, after this lapse of time, and when I am on the other side of the globe.

“The nearest junk was now within thirty yards of ours; their guns were now loaded and I knew that the next discharge would completely rake our decks. ‘Now,’ said I to our helmsman, ‘Keep your eye fixed on me, and the moment you see me fall flat on the deck you must do the same, or you will be shot.’ I knew

roots fasten in the crevices; while close by are kiosks and little oratories in honour of inferior divinities. On the portico is a great junk painted in red, and there is an inscription in Chinese on the neighbouring rock.

The air of respectable antiquity presented by the old Portuguese settlement of Macao is refreshing after the *parvenu* character with which its ostentatious magnificence invests Hong-Kong. The narrow streets and grass-grown plazas, the handsome façade of the fine old cathedral crumbling to decay, the shady walks and cool grottoes, once the haunts of the Portuguese poet, his tomb, and the view from it, all combine to produce a soothing and tranquillising effect.

Hong-Kong represents the commercial and political movement of the present; Macao is the city of calm and of the past. The time is gone by when the intrepid Portuguese navigators dominated in these seas. Their degenerate descendants are now reduced, in order to obtain a livelihood, to seek for employment in the great English or American houses. The bright day for Portugal is gone by, and fickle fortune rallies under other standards. If the colony passes by chance into the hands of a man of genius like Amara, he is assassinated by the emissaries of the mandarins; and if the Court of Lisbon, bent upon avenging the outrage, despatches its best frigate to the Chinese seas, it is blown up in the very harbour of Macao by a reprobate who gluts his vengeful fury for a slight punishment by the destruction of 300 of his countrymen!

Amara, a captain in the Portuguese navy, had dis-

played so much energy and ability as Governor of Macao as to have drawn upon himself the most malevolent feelings of a reprobate race of people and mandarins. He had defeated organized bands of robbers on several occasions, and visited piracy with condign punishment. A price had in consequence been set upon his head; but the brave old captain, who had lost one arm in the service of his country, disclaimed to take any precautions. Every evening he used to ride out, accompanied only by his aide-de-camp, and with only a brace of pistols in his holsters. On the 22nd of August, 1849, he was returning from his usual ride at sunset, when a number of Chinese suddenly presented themselves to obstruct his progress. A child, who carried a lamboo, to the extremity of which it appeared as if a bouquet had been attached, moved out from the crowd towards the Governor. Amara, thinking that he came to present a petition, was about to stoop, when he felt himself struck violently on the face. "*Manta*," rascal! he exclaimed, and pushed his horse on as if to punish his assailant. But at the same moment six men rushed upon him, whilst two others attacked his aide-de-camp. The assassins drew from beneath their garments their long, straight, and not very sharp swords, generally used by the Chinese, and repeatedly struck the governor with these upon his only arm. Taking the bridle in his teeth, Amara made vain efforts to get at his pistols. Attacked on all sides and covered with wounds, he was soon struck down from his horse, when his murderers, throwing themselves upon him, tore off his head rather than cut it off, and added to their horrid trophy the only hand that remained. This accomplished, they fled into the interior; the Chinese soldiers, who were on duty at the town gates close by, witnessing the tragedy, without condescending to interfere. In the meantime the terrified horse had galloped into the town without a master; the first who saw it felt that an accident had happened and hastened towards the gate, but on their way they were met by the aide-de-camp, who had only received some slight wounds, and whose torn habiliments and expression of horror told too plainly of the sad event, which was soon confirmed by the discovery of the unfortunate old Governor's mutilated remains.

The neighbourhood of Hong-Kong takes from Macao almost all its advantages as a free port; add to which, the sea is daily invading its harbour, as it does the whole of the right shore of the Canton river. Vessels of considerable tonnage are obliged to anchor a mile or two from the harbour, and only small gunboats can lay off the quay of Praya-Grande.

Nevertheless, Macao, notwithstanding its decline, is not wanting in claims to interest—the claims of memory more especially. This town was, for a long period of time, the sole centre of the relations of Europeans with the Chinese. Camoens, Saint Francois Xavier, and other great men, have lived there. Its churches, its convents, its public monuments, dark with age, attest of splendour long gone by.

The garden of Camoens is in the present day private property; it belongs to a Portuguese gentleman of the name of Marquès, who allows strangers to saunter beneath shady recesses so rare in China. Within this garden is the celebrated grotto where the poet is said to have in main part composed his "*Lusiad*." Quotations from that immortal epic are now cut into the marble, and what is more delightful to French visitors, some Gallic verses in honour of the poet and the locality. The inner port can be contemplated from a

that the pirate, who was now on our stern, could not bring his guns to bear upon us without putting his helm down and bringing his gangway at right angles with our stern, as his guns were fired from the gangway. I therefore kept a sharp eye upon his helmsman, and the moment I saw him putting the helm down I ordered our steersman to fall flat upon their faces behind some wood, and at the same moment did so myself. We had scarcely done so when bang, bang, went their guns, and the shot came whizzing close over us, splintering the wood about us in all directions. Fortunately none of us were struck. "Now, M— now they are quite close enough," cried one of my companions, who did not wish to have another broadside like the last. I being of the same opinion, raised myself above the high stern of our junk, and while the pirates were not more than twenty yards from us, hooting and yelling, I raked their decks, fore and aft, with shot and ball from my double-barrelled gun.

"Had a thunderbolt fallen amongst them they could not have been much more surprised; doubtless many were wounded, and probably some killed.

"At all events, the whole of the crew, not fewer than forty or fifty men, who a moment before crowded the deck, disappeared in a marvellous manner. Another was now bearing down upon us as boldly as his companion had done, and commenced firing in the same manner. Having been so successful with the first, I determined to follow the same plan with this one, and to pay no attention to his firing until he should come to close quarters. The plot now began to thicken; for the first junk had gathered way again, and was following in our wake, although keeping at a respectful distance, and three others, although still further distant, were making for the scene of action as fast as they could. In the meantime, the second was almost alongside, and continued raking our decks in a steady manner with their guns. Watching their helm as before, we sheltered ourselves as well as we could; at the same time, my two fellows, who were steering, kept begging and praying that I would fire into our pursuers as soon as possible, or we should be all killed. As soon as they came within twenty or thirty yards of us, I gave them the contents of both barrels, raking their decks as before. This time the helmsman fell, and doubtless several others were wounded. In a minute or two, I could see nothing but boards and shields which were held up by the pirates to protect themselves from my firing; their junk went up into the wind for want of a helmsman, and was soon left some distance behind us."

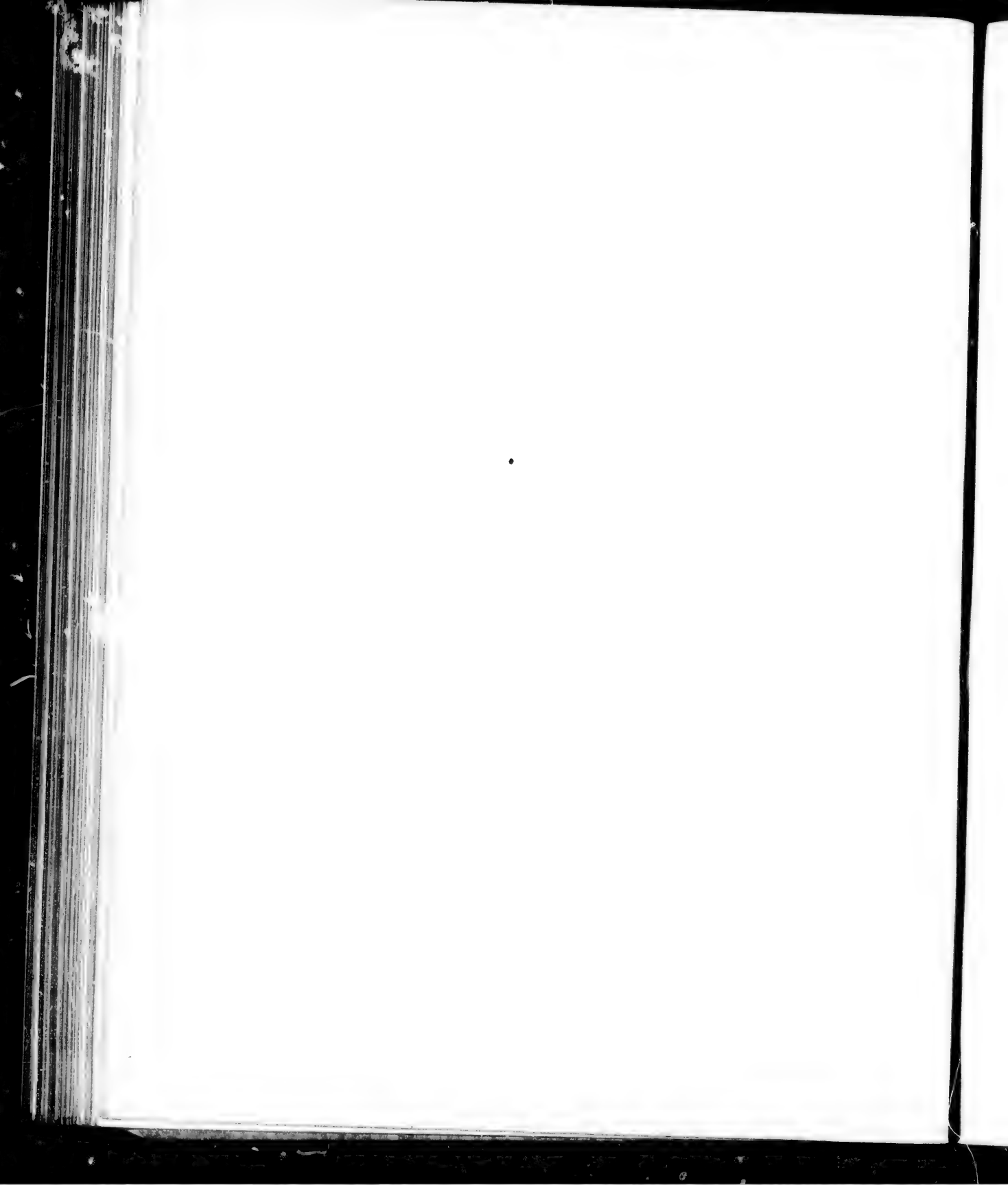
Amara, a captain in the Portuguese navy, had dis-



THE PAGODA OF THE ROCKS AT MICAM.



THE LANDING PLACE AT MACAO.



terrace in this garden as from the Pagoda of Rocks, but with a less oppressive noise, the shouts of the tankaderes, or boatmen and boatwomen, and terrible gongs, heard so resoundingly beaten to drive away the evil spirits from a junk about to proceed on its journey, come here softened by distance.

The Parsees have a cemetery that rises in successive steps or terraces above the sea; and this, with the little Portuguese forts, built like eagles' nests, the so-called Green Island, the narrow strip that encircles Macao to the main island, and the wide extent of the Celestial Empire beyond, fill up a picture that is not easily forgotten by those who have once seen it.

We wandered about this splendid relic of quietude and wealth, now a disjointed collection of deserted palaces, haggard boat women, ugly dames of Portuguese descent, with handkerchiefs pinned over their faces, long narrow alleys, decaying churches, walks, trades, gardens, forts, all corroded by time. From the top of a great stone arbour, in the old palace garden, we had a fine view of the old town and both harbours, the inner and the outer. We came back through the Chinese town, where, with restless activity, mechanics were working at their respective trades. Shopmen were doing a thriving business, while barbers never were busier—and your barber is an important personage here, as elsewhere, as such a man needs must be where every man has his head shaved twice a week. No Chinaman uses anything but hot water; his razor is only two inches long, by an inch wide, which is sold for twopence, and the strap, a piece of stout calico, may be had for a penny. See here the sallow Chinaman, stretched at full length in an easy chair, is enjoying his shampooing and pommellings. Shaving the head costs half a farthing, yet there are seven thousand barbers in the city of Canton only. To which city we will now go, steaming on as fast as the crowd of boats will let us.

III.—UP THE CANTON RIVER.

The tankas (see p. 89), or wherries of the Canton river, constitute one of the essential features of its waters. It is well known what a variety, what a number, and what gorgeousness of display every great Chinese river, canal, or port, exhibits in its junks and boats of various descriptions. Yet do none of these strike the stranger more forcibly than do at first the humble tanka, and its still more humble and industrious yet lively occupants—the "*jingouan hat lières*," or "happy boatwomen," as a Frenchman calls them. The tanka is a small boat, almost as wide as long, and differing therein much from the sharp and narrow canoes of the Malays. The crew generally consists of an elderly woman, who sits or stands at the stern, rotating with a vigorous and experienced arm the long oar which is the great propeller of all boats in the Celestial Empire. There is also a younger woman, who, seated at the bows, sweeps the waters far more lightly, and with less effect, with the flat of her oar. Not unfrequently one or two urchins, as represented in our illustration (see p. 89), help to give animation to this boat scene. But where, we might ask, are the father and grandfather, for the urchins are manifestly the children of the junior tankadere—probably engaged on board some larger junk, whilst the women ply the more humble wherry. Some, however, hint that the tankaderes are a kind of gypsies, and do not trouble

themselves with any permanent engagements with the other sex, but live solely in and with their boats, sheltered from the burning heats of the sun and the severities of winter alike by the circular roof of bamboo so graphically depicted here. A few moveable boards cover in the daytime the bed on which they repose; the fire destined to cook their frugal repast sparkles near the poop; graciously seated on the mat of rattan, and with the quiet aspect of a precocious manhood, the copper-coloured urchins wait in silence for the anticipated plate of rice, whilst the protecting genii, secreted in a more obscure corner, are not forgotten, but have their daily allowance, the incense of sticks, and perfume of sam-chu.

These tankas positively swarm in the waters of the much-frequented harbours of Hong Kong and Macao. And it is not an easy matter for a stranger to know how to select one; for if the touters and boatmen of Europe are sometimes noisy and importunate, the gipsy boatwomen of China are a thousand times more so. And if any hesitation is manifested, they will carry the happy party off bodily to the shelter of their bamboo and rattan canopy. But neither tankas nor tankaderes are met with in the north of China: they belong especially to the river of Canton.¹ The son of a tankadere cannot become a mandarin: if, disguising his origin, one such should succeed in passing his examinations, and obtain the blue globe, and then his origin should be discovered, he would be immediately degraded.

The shape of the boats tell of the different districts from which they come; thus, from Kiang-soo, where there is little but water-travelling, as in Holland of old, the boats, which pass through a net-work of large canals, are roomy and wide, affording every convenience, as if you were in a house. In Chih-Kiang, where are the coal mines, the boats are narrow and flat sided, as in Staffordshire, to push easily through the narrow sluices; in Fo-kien they have mat sails and an immense plank out at the stern, which acts as a rudder to assist the helmsman in working his boat quickly through the rapids; and the Kwansi boats have long and flat bows at an angle of 45 degrees from the floor, that the boats may not rush under the water in rapidly passing down the sluices.

A child overboard! Observe the hubbub. The little amphibious yellow thing has a gourd attached to it as a life preserver; it is quite safe; see the mother has picked it up and hushes it on her bosom. Are these the people with whom infanticide is universal? There must be some mistake. Yet that horrible story of the Tower near Shanghai! Let us give the Chinese women, poor illused creatures, the benefit of the doubt. They do sell their children, we know; perhaps they may not destroy them. There goes a young girl, twelve years old, with full charge of the boat, sculling away with the large poised scull, and flying about through crowds of boats, and hark to her little sharp tongue; as saucy as a London cabman in a crowded thoroughfare during a stoppage.

¹ Here, too, we first see the *Lorcha* (the "*ah*" is pronounced as "*ur*" in *further*) a name made so familiar in Parliamentary debates. It is nothing more than a junk slightly improved. They are owned indifferently by Chinese or foreigners, and have sailing letters accordingly. There never would have been a dispute about the "*Arrow*," had there been an interpreter present; but how much these useful persons are wanting can be judged from the fact that at one time in Singapore there were 70,000 Chinese, and no one that could understand them.

One of the most striking sights on the Canton river is the immense number of boats which are moored all along the shore, near the foreign factory. There are *hundreds of thousands* of all kinds and size, from the splendid flower-boat, as it is called, down to the small barber's boat, forming a large floating city, peopled by an immense number of human beings. In sailing up the river you may observe a very small boat, perhaps the smallest you ever saw exposed on the water, being nothing more than a few planks fastened together. This is the barber's boat, who is going about, or rather swimming about, following his daily avocation of shaving the heads and tickling the ears and eyes of Chinamen. By the by, this same barber has much to answer for; for his practice has a most prejudicial effect upon the eyes and ears of his countrymen. He, however, works his little boat with great dexterity, and with his scull manages to propel himself with care and swiftness through the floating city of boats, larger and more powerful than his own. Then you see boats of various sizes, such as those at Macao and Hong Kong, covered over, divided into three compartments, and kept remarkably clean and neat. These are hired by either natives or foreigners for the purpose of going off to the large junks or other vessels moored out in the river, or for short excursions to the island of Honan, the Fa-Tee Gardens, or such places. The centre division of the boat forms a very neat little room, having windows in the sides, ornamented with pictures and flowers of various kinds. The compartment at the bow is occupied by the rowers, and that at the stern is used for preparing the food of the family for whom the boat belongs.

The boats of the Hong merchants and the large flower-boats are very splendid. They are arranged in compartments like the others, but are built in a more superb and costly manner. The reader must imagine a kind of wooden house raised upon the floor of the boat, having the entrance near the bows, space being left there for the boatmen to stand and row. This entrance being the front, is carved in a most superb style, forming a prelude to what may be seen within. Numerous lanterns hang from the roof of these splendid showy cabins; looking-glasses, pictures, and poetry adorn their sides; and all the peculiarities of this singular people are exposed to our view in these their floating palaces.

Then there are the chop boats, which are used by the merchants for conveying goods to the vessels at Whampoa,—the passage boats to Hong-kong, Macao, and various parts of the country; the Mandarin boats, with their numerous oars, which have a strange appearance as they pass up and down the river; and lastly, the large unwieldy sea-going junks. There are various modifications of all these kind of boats, each adapted for the particular purpose for which it is designed. At festival times, the river has a singularly gay and striking appearance particularly at night, when the lanterns are lighted, and numberless boats, gaily decorated with them, move up and down in front of the factory. The effect produced upon a stranger at these times, by the wild and occasionally plaintive strains of Chinese music, the noisy gong, the close and sultry air, the strange people full of peculiarities and conceit, is such that he can never forget, and leaves upon his mind a mixed impression of pleasure, pity, admiration, and contempt. Throughout the whole of this immense floating city, the greatest regularity prevails. The large boats are

arranged in rows, forming streets, through which the smaller craft pass and repass, like coaches and other vehicles in a large town. The families who live in this manner seem to have a great partiality for flowers, which they keep in pots, either upon the high stern of their boats, or in their little parlours. The Chinese *Arbor vite*, *Gardenias*, *Cycas revoluta*, cockscombs, and oranges, seem to be the greatest favourites with them. A joss-house—small indeed in many cases, but yet a place of worship—is indispensable to all these floating houses. There the joss-stick and the oil are daily burned, and form the incense which these poor people offer to their imaginary deity.

Inside the Bogue, or Boco Tigris, as it is called, the river widens very much, and presents the appearance of an inland sea. The view now becomes beautiful and highly picturesque, the flat cultivated land near the shores forming a striking contrast to the barren hills on the outside of the forts; the mountains in the distance appear to encircle the extensive plain; and although, like the others, they are barren, yet they make a fine back-ground to the picture. A few miles further up the river, the shipping in Blenheim and Whampoa reaches come into view, and the celebrated Whampoa Pagoda, with several more of less note, besides numerous other towers and joss-houses, all remind the traveller that he is approaching the far-famed city of Canton, one of the richest and most important in the Celestial Empire. The noble river, with its numerous ramifications, forms many islands, on one of which the small town or village of Whampoa is built.

Large quantities of rice are grown, both on the islands formed by the river, and on the flats on the main land. The tide is kept out by embankments, and the ground can be overflowed at will. These embankments are not allowed to lie idle, but are made to produce crops of plantains. When the land is too high to be flooded by the tide, the water-wheel is brought into play, and it is perfectly astonishing how much water can be raised by this simple contrivance in a very short space of time.

Sugar-cane is also grown rather extensively near Whampoa, and in its raw state is an article in great demand amongst the Chinese. It is manufactured into sugar-candy and brown sugar; many kinds of the latter being particularly fine, though not much used by the foreigners residing in the country, who generally prefer the candy reduced to powder, in which state it is very fine and white.

The Pagoda of Whampoa (*see p. 92*), exhibits some peculiarity of design. It stands upon a terrace, its porch is a flight of steps, its vestibule or anti-sanctuary is a covered building, and its inner sanctuary is one of those Taus or lofty towers which are so characteristic of Chinese ecclesiastical architecture, and which consist of several stories, diminishing in height and width as they ascend, each having a projecting roof of glazed tiles, and generally ornamented with bells. The imitation tau or pagoda in Kew Gardens, erected by Sir W. Chambers, is well known to our readers, and is a lofty and fair specimen of what it is intended to represent. The celebrated tau or tower at Nankin, composed of porcelain, is, like most others, an octagon upwards of 210 feet high, and divided into ten stories, each of which has a marble gallery, with gilt lattices, the stairs being formed within the thickness of the walls. The summit is surmounted by a cupola, from



CHINESE BOAT WOMAN

which rises a lofty pole or mast with oriflamme, as we see erected in front of the Pagoda of the Rocks at Macao, about 30 feet high. There is a similar tower at Ting tshang fu, the exterior of which is of porcelain, but the walls themselves are of marble. Others have a single staircase in the centre, carried up through all the different stories. Although so completely dissimilar in style, their towers bear a strong analogy to the Gopuras and Vinanas, or lofty pyramid tower-temples, of the Hindoos. Both seem to have originated in a common idea, differently modified, according to the taste and mode of building of the respective nations.

Whampoa island is the last but one, and, indeed the last island of any size or importance met with on ascending the Bocca Tigris to Canton. On the left bank are French Folly, Lin's Fort, and the Bames' Forts: on the other, Houan and the French Islands.

Hence it was, that, during the late war, Whampoa, which was formerly a place of importance, and has two pagodas, became a great rendezvous, and a conference was held there on the 21st of December, 1857, by the plenipotentiaries and naval and military commanders, shortly before the assault and capture of Canton. "Our principal amusement," says one present on the occasion, "was rambling over that picturesque spot: though not above five miles in circumference, the island was broken into hill and dale and fertile glens, where a rural population lived peaceably amid all the troubles, and seemed utterly indifferent as to the fate of their provincial city. Indeed, many of them who had suffered severely by the interruption of trade, rather hoped for our success than otherwise; and in one of the villages, a man was met who had formerly lived at Whampoa, and spoke a little

English, who assured us that he expressed a sentiment very common among his countrymen when he said, "You takee Canton chop-chop, my no gotchie money."

IV.—CANTON.

From Macao to Canton, is from Gravesend to Black-wall—only more densely crowded; and, by all the powers of Cockneyism, there is a boat race.¹ Pull away, lads! on she goes, and our little steamer after her, stem on, and close up! on they go. No, by all that's unlucky, over they go! Surely these are wager boats, and Mr. Searle is umpire. They are all righted again.

Now by rice-groves, lichen trees, and banyan forests, by docks, by the battle-ground of the Fatsan River (where the brave Kappel won his laurels), the whole looked down upon by a kind of Richmond Hill, where the fort used to be under which the "Coromandel" ran aground—by the old and picturesque shipping, with the many flags flying. There is nothing picturesque about the city itself, no more than there is in Wapping. The grey roofs stretch in long lines, out of which rise pert pigeon-houses on poles, with ladders

¹ It is customary in China, at certain seasons of the year, to have junk races, and for the towns near navigable rivers and the sea ports this is an occasion of great rejoicing; the magistrates and sometimes the rich merchants of the locality distribute the prizes to the victors; and those who wish to enter the lists organize themselves into a company, and appoint a chief. The junks that serve for these games are very long and narrow, so that there is only just room for two benches of rowers; they are most richly carved and ornamented with gilding and designs in bright colours. The prow and the poop represent the head and tail of the Imperial Dragon, they are therefore called *loun-kehuan*, that is to say dragon boats. They are hung with silks and tinsel, and along their whole length are displayed numerous streamers; bright red pennants float in the wind, and on each side of the little mast that supports the national flag are placed two men, who leave off striking the tum-tum and executing rolls on the drum, whilst the mariners, leaning over their oars, row on vigorously, and make the dragon junk skim rapidly along the surface of the water. Whilst these elegant boats are contending with one another the people throng the quays, the shore, and the roofs of the neighbouring houses, and the vessels that are lying in the port. They animate the rowers by their cries and plaudits; they let off fireworks; they perform at various points deafening music, in which the sonorous noise of the tum-tum, and the sharp sound of a sort of clarinet, giving perpetually the same note, predominate over all the rest. The Chinese relish this infernal harmony. It happens, sometimes, that a dragon boat is upset in a moment and emptied of its double line of rowers, but the crowd greets the incident with a shout of laughter; nobody is at all disturbed, for the men who row are always good swimmers. You soon see them emerge from beneath the water, swimming about in all directions to catch their oars again and their rattle heluets; the water springs up beneath their abrupt and rapid movements, you might take them for a troop of porpoises disporting in the middle of the waves. When every man has found his oar and his hat, again the dragon boat is placed once more on her keel, the streamers are put to rights as well as circumstances will permit, and then comes the grand difficulty of how to get into her again; but these people are so agile, adroit, and supple that they always manage it somehow. The public have often the satisfaction of witnessing these little incidents on the days, for the boats are so frail and light that the slightest fault in the movements of the rowers may capsize them. These nautical games last for several days together, and are continued from morning till night, the spectators remaining faithfully at their posts all the time. The ambulatory kitchens and the dealers in provision circulate through all parts of the crowd to feed this immense multitude, which, under pretext of having no regular meal at home that day, is eating and drinking continually, whilst rope dancers, jugglers, pickpockets, and thieves of every species profit by the opportunity to turn their talents to account, and vary the amusements of the day. The official fête is terminated by the distribution of prizes, and the rowers wind up with merry-making, and sometimes also with quarrelling and fighting.

to them, which they tell us are watch-boxes. (The Chinese do all things by contraries;² we used to place our watchboxes on the ground—they put theirs in the sky.) Then mandarin poles with flying streamers; then, the line is broken by high square warehouses, just such as you see about our docks, and these, we are told, are the pawnbrokers' shops; for pawning and money-lending are carried on in Canton and throughout China on an enormous scale.³

² We mourn in black—they mourn in white; we regard coronets and crowns as badges of dignity—they respect the boots; we build solid walls—they make them hollow; we pull a boat—they push it; we place the orchestra in front of the stage—they hide it behind; we feed the living—they get dinner ready for the dead. "In a country," says Mr. Wingrose Cooke, "where the roses have no fragrance, and the women no petticoats; where the labourer has no sabbath, and the magistrate no sense of honour; where the roads have no vehicles, and the ships no keels; where old men fly kites; where the needle points to the south, and the sign of being puzzled is to scratch the antipodes of the head; where the place of honour is on the left hand, and the seat of intellect is in the stomach; where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture; we ought not to be astonished to find a literature without an alphabet, and a language without a grammar." We use a white flag for peace, they brandish it in war; and a want of knowledge of this fact led to the rebels firing upon Lord Elgin's party in the Yang-tse-kiang river—the return of which fire has brought on an awkward imbroglio between foreigners and the insurgents, who accuse us of favouring the Anti-Chinese party of the Tartar Mandarins.

³ A part of the pawnbroking establishments, so numerous in China, also belong to the government. The rate of interest is 2 per cent. per month, for jewels, and articles of the metallic kind. The legal interest of money has been fixed at 30 per cent. per annum, which makes 3 per cent. per month, as the sixth, the twelfth, and the intercalary moon (when there is one), do not bear interest. One would like to know what object the Chinese government had in view, in fixing the interest of money at so enormous a rate, as to understand their mode of regarding questions of political and social economy. According to Tchue-yang, a distinguished writer of the Celestial Empire, the purpose was to prevent the value of land from increasing, and that of money from diminishing, by the necessity of interest. In fixing it at a very high rate, it has endeavoured to render the distribution of land proportionate with the number of families, and the circulation of money more active and uniform. Tchue-schuh, an economical writer, goes further into this subject, in a manner of which the late Mr. Wilson might not have been ashamed, as follows:—

"How is it that the high rate of interest fixed by the law affords advantage to commerce? Because it opens a career to those who have the talent, and favours its division among a greater number. The genius for commerce is a peculiar one, like that for letters, for government, for the arts; possibly, even one might say that, in some respects, it embraces them all. Now this genius for commerce is lost to the empire in all those who follow a different career; it remains, therefore, to develop it in those who have no other resource. Although commerce is indisputably necessary to the State, yet the administration which goes to so much expense to facilitate study, and to form by that means men capable of political business, does nothing for those who have a genius for commerce to assist them in its development. Now the high interest of money makes amends for this kind of neglect. However, poor a young man may be, if he is well-conducted and clever he will be able to borrow enough to make an attempt, and as soon as this succeeds all purses will be open to him—and this interest now will have given to the empire a useful citizen, who would have been lost if a hapling had not been held out to him. Now when men can enter into business without having any money of their own, commerce must necessarily be divided among a great number, and that is what the present state of the population renders desirable.

"A man, whatever he may be, has but a certain amount of time and strength to employ; if his business demands more he must call in help, that is to say, he must buy the services of others; they cost him little, for the most part, and he endeavours to obtain the utmost advantage from them. What he gains by these assistants, by degrees releases him from the necessity of working himself, and the public is charged with his idleness. It

Behind the city rise odd-shaped, jagged, green mountains and hills, with forts upon them—forts that resemble gigantic frames or hot-houses in a suburban garden; down to the water-side are shed-houses, built on piles, and just behind are the walls. All about are from 50,000 to 60,000 boatmen, who live on the river; and there is no end of yellings and jabberings, pulling and hauling, pushing, punting, rowing, and sculling, screeching and gesticulating; the tide running a perfect sluice. Some of the women are comely, and in their peculiar Bloomer style of costume and strikingly original style of head-dress, are attractive. The fare for a boat load to the shore is a shilling, and that is a trifle to give a pretty girl after a hard pull. Once landed, you have plenty to do; with excursions up to the Hills, and to the Pagoda, and the Parsee Gardens, and the Curiosity Shops. After you have been through the hongs and gardens, scanned the tea prepared for shipment, and talked with some of the Chinese merchants, whom you find flying kites and who insist on your taking with them a cup of tea without milk or sugar, the grounds in the cup, each made expressly for each person; after you have chin-chinned several of these Hong merchants, and heard them expound commercial affairs; after you have been over the Dutch Folly, the pavilion of the Fire Genii, the large Pagoda at Whampoa (see p. 92), the wonderful Gardens—wonderful, because so singular and so novel,—after you have seen the duck-hatching (in the euphoard of an old fisherman) up the river, where the young ducks are nursed in all their stages; after you have had a ride on a Chinese pony up the Chinese hills, and looked down upon Canton and its 124 temples and halls and pavilions, all on the ground-floor, and gazed with never-ending pleasure on the flower-boats (see p. 129), and the fantastically-dressed women, whom you must not mistake for respectable ladies,—for they are scarcely ever visible,—you will have seen almost all that there is to see of the thousand-year-old Can on. On every side pigeon English,—that horrible jargon of mutilated baby-talk,—meets your ear. You hear nothing else. An American tells of a translation of Hamlet's soliloquy into pigeon English (which, by the by, means business English), in which "To be, or not to be," reads "Can, no can." Send for your hat, and this would be the style: "Go top-side, sabe, that hat, bring my." A noise is heard in the adjoining street, the cause, says the servant, is, "Chiney woman have catchee one piece cow chilo," in other words, "Mrs. Pigtail, of a girl." You call upon some ladies, boy returns, "No man can see," intima-

was asked of Se-ling why he had lent 20,000 ounces of silver from the public treasury to twelve small traders. 'It was,' he replied, 'in order that the public might no longer have to pay for the lacquered work, the shows, the festivals, concubines, and slaves of him who has monopolised the silk-factories. Rivalry in trade obliges traders to emulate each other in labour and industry, that is to say, to be less extortionate towards the public.'

The Chinese, as everybody knows, are great in kites. It is strange to see sober and sedate merchants tugging away at a long string, guiding a kite very effectually in the air. Some are made in the shape of birds; and the hovering of the kestrel, or the quick dive of the sparrow-hawk, are beautifully imitated by expert guidance of the string. The Chinese beat us hollow in these things, especially in the "messenger" that they send spinning up the string. They send up pretty painted gigantic butterflies, with outspread wings, at the back of which, is a simple contrivance to make them collapse when the butterfly reaches the kite, and, as soon as they collapse, down comes the butterfly, sliding along the string, ready to be adjusted for another flight.

ting probably they were not at home. For "yes," read "can do." "How many to dinner this evening?" Your boy presently replies, "Some piece man—two piece missie."²

Sometimes the stranger in Canton for the first day finds it impossible to believe in anything he sees. You feel just as if you had got by mistake on to the stage of a theatre instead of the boxes, and find yourself, uncomfortably, one of the *dramatis persone* in a Chinese ballet. Everything seems sham and unsubstantial; the houses look like so many painted sheds. The place is very intricate, and the alleys innumerable. There is the Tartar barrack, with its two colossal lions—anything but lions did the men show themselves when the fighting came.³ It has an exercise ground of sixteen acres, with a temple in the centre, and some fine trees scattered about in park-like fashion. The streets to the east and west—the streets of Love and Benevolence, as they are called—and the Curiosity street, are not for our pockets, which are reserved for Japan. Otherwise you may buy their lacquered ware and sandal-wood boxes, and carved ivory, enough to eat up a year's income, and leave you no better at the end than the experience of having found out how many things there are in the world that a man can do entirely without, and never feel the want of. Come with us, in the country, to the "Potter's Field," the execution ground where Yeh, the hideous pagan, cut

² Mr. Wingrove Cooke gives an amusing illustration of this:—"The basis of this Canton English, which is a tongue and a literature, consists," as he tells us, "of turning the *r* into the *l*, adding final vowels to every word, and a constant use of "savy" for "know," "takee" for "speak," "piecye" for "piece," "number one" for "first class," but especially and above all the continued employment of the word "pigeon." "Pigeon" means "business" in the most extended sense of the word. "Heaven pigeons hab got" means that "church service has commenced;" "jos pigeon" means the "Buddhist ceremonial;" "any pigeon Canton?" means "have any operations taken place at Canton?" "That no boy pigeon, that coolie pigeon," is the form of your servant's remonstrance if asked to take a letter. It also means profit, advantage, observation. "Him wrong too much fool, him no savy, wely good pigeon have got," was the commentary of the Chinese pilot at the Fatshan Creek business.

³ A Chinese battle is as good as a farce. Mr. Scarth, a twelve years' resident in China, gives us a description. "Some of the little fights at Shanghai," he says, "were very amusing. One day, when a great many soldiers were out, I saw more of the combat than was pleasant. Having got into the line of fire, I was forced to take shelter behind a grave, the bullets striking the grave from each side every second. Why they came my way it was difficult to discover, for they ought to have passed on the other side of a creek about twenty yards distant, to the people they were intended for; but to see the dodging of the soldiers (the 'Braves,' see p. 120), then of the rebels, each trying to evade the other, was almost amusing. One fellow, ready primed and loaded, would rush up the side of a grave hillock, drop his matchlock on the top, and without taking aim, blaze away. There is no manual required for the shot they use, the bullet or bar of iron being merely dropped in upon the powder. There was a fine scene on one occasion when the Shanghai rebels made a sortie; one of the men was cut off by an Imperial skirmisher, who had his piece loaded. The rebel had no time to charge his, so he ran round and round a grave which was high enough to keep his enemy from shooting him when on the opposite side. Hare-hunting is nothing to it; Red Cap described parts of circles, and the Royalist was fast getting blown, when by some unlucky chance the rebel tripped and fell! The soldier was at him in a moment, and, to make sure of his prize, put the muzzle of his matchlock to Red Cap's head, fired, and took to his heels as fast as he could go! It is difficult to say who was most astonished when Mr. Red Cap did exactly the same. The bullet that dropped down readily upon the powder, fell out as easily when the barrel was depressed. The rebel got off with a good singing of his long hair."



CHINESE MERCHANT.

off 70,000 men's heads, several English being amongst them.¹

¹ "These crosses"—Mr. Wingrove Cooke is speaking of the same place,—“are the instruments to which those victims were tied who were condemned to the special torture of being sliced to death.” Upon one of these the wife of a rebel general was stretched, and, by Yeh's orders, her flesh was cut from her body. After the battle at Whampoa the rebel leader escaped, but his wife fell into the hands of Yeh: this was how he treated his prisoners. Her breasts were first cut off, then her forehead was slashed, and the skin turned down over the face, then the fleshy parts of the body were sliced away. There are Englishmen yet alive who saw this done, but at what period of the butchery sensation ceased and death came to this poor innocent woman none can tell. The criminals were brought down in gangs, if they could walk, or carried down in chains, and shot out into the yard. The executioners then arranged them in rows, giving them a blow behind which forced out the head and neck, and laid them convenient for the stroke. Then comes the warrant of death; it is a banner. As soon as it is waved in sight, without verbal order given, the work began. There was a rapid succession of dull crunching sounds—chop, chop, chop, chop. No second blow is ever dealt, for the dexterous menlayers are educated to their work, until they can with their heavy swords slice a great bulbous vegetable as thin as we slice a cucumber. Three seconds a head suffice. In one minute five executioners clear off a hundred lives. It

There is a street up to the north a mile long, with shops of every kind. On the left are streets leading up to private houses, which have no windows to the streets. It is all very quiet now; to-morrow there is a holiday. Then the *sem-shu* houses (grog shops) are open, and the sing-song women come in all painted and brocaded; and the gravest and the oldest hang strings of crackers outside their houses, and paint lanterns, and make noises. Then there is a screeching of song and a twanging of the stringed lutes, and a burning of paper, and occasional tipsiness, and a riot where you see an English or American sailor. Dinner is being got up in all directions in a wonderfully extemporaneous manner;² and occasionally you may get

takes rather longer for the assistants to cram the bodies into rough coffins, especially as you might see them cramming two into one shell, that they might embezzle the spare coffin. The heads were carried off in boxes; the saturated earth was of value as manure.

² A Chinaman will bake a dinner for a dozen with a mere handful of fuel. Their boiler is cone-shaped and large; say two feet in diameter by one foot deep; it covers the whole of the fire merely with a small portion of the lower part of the case, but the

a glimpse of a pretty woman—a real Chinese lady (see p. 108)—modestly and becomingly dressed, her hair built up with false “whisks,” (as the hairdressers call them) underneath, made up into something like a shoe-shape, and butterflies on pins stuck in it, with flowers, and jewels, and combs; nor is the use of bandoline, or stiffening gum, foreign to the Chinese toilet; the loose fitting silk tunic, of bright colour, from the throat to the ankles, and silk trousers, embroidered in gold or silver, with minute feet, complete the costume.

The ladies of distinction are seldom permitted to stir abroad, except to visit their nearest relations; and, on these occasions, they are always carried in close chairs, and attended by their servants. The women of all ranks stay pretty much at home. The smallness of their feet, which renders them unable to walk to any considerable distance, makes their confinement less disagreeable. As soon as a girl comes into the world, they bind her tender feet with tight bandages, which are renewed as occasion requires, to prevent their growing. This custom prevails universally, the Tartar ladies residing in China only excepted, who appear to have no inclination to conform to this fashion. This fashion was introduced into China by a great princess, who lived some ages ago. She was a lady of extraordinary beauty and virtue, and has obtained the reputation of a saint; but, it is reported, her feet resembled those of birds; on which account she kept them always carefully wrapped up, and concealed even from the Emperor her husband. The ladies of the Court followed her example, which, of course, soon became general. The Chinese women never pare their nails, but suffer them to grow to the full length. This proves no impediment in embroidery, and other needle-work, in which they are constantly employed. These they finish with extraordinary neatness, as fully appears from some specimens of them brought to Europe. It is needless to remark, that the tale told of a great lady having bird's feet has no origin in truth. The evasion, however, shows that the Chinese are ashamed of a custom which has its origin in a puerile and disreputable jealousy.

The dress of the women, among the lower orders, differs little from that of the men. A cotton frock, tawdry coloured trowsers, drawn tight by the calf of the leg, to show off an overgrown ankle, swathed round with party-coloured bandages, and a dwarfish foot ornamented with embroidery, are the principal articles in the female dress, which are decorated with artificial flowers, &c., according to the taste and circumstances of the wearer. Paints are used universally; the teeth are tinged green and yellow; and the nails, among the higher classes, kept unpured till they often reach a length of 12 inches. Bamboo sheaths are used to preserve them. Owing to the preposterous use of small shoes, instead of walking, the Chinese lady hobbles with an awkward and painful motion, so that a Chinese beauty is what in other countries would be called a cripple. The laws of China prohibit the dressing of children in silks and furs, the head cannot be covered till the individual be of a certain age. The assumption of the cap, like

heat and flames enfold the rest. Water and rice are put at the bottom, with an open frame over them about half the depth of pan; on this are placed dishes of fish, fowl, or vegetables to boil. The whole is covered with a wooden cover, in the centre of which is a round hole about four inches in diameter, and in this another dish is often placed, the contents of which are cooked by the steam.

that of the toga among the Romans, is accompanied with considerable ceremony. The person is informed that now he has assumed the dress of a man, that he ceases to be a boy, and that he ought, therefore, to distinguish himself by his actions, as well as by the manly habit. When the British and French Embassies were at Tient-sin, the fair sex, they declare, was almost invisible. It was by the rarest accident that a glimpse was caught of a woman, not belonging to the lowest class. Even these latter all cramped their feet—a practice not so general among the same class in the south. Some of the little girls they saw were pretty, and with their heads decorated with bright flowers, and their gaudy skirts fluttering in the wind, they looked piquant and graceful; but as a rule, the women generally seen were hideous. This use of flowers seems to be universal. Another traveller describes the ladies of Fu-chu-fu, as being particularly fond of flowers—artificial as well as natural—for the decoration of their hair. The rustic cottage beauty employs the more large and gaudy, such as the red hibiscus, while the refined damsels prefer the jasmine, tuberose, and others of that description; artificial flowers, however, are more in use than natural ones.

But it is time for us to attend to business. We have with us our comprador—that is a party to whom we may be said to belong, individually, during our stay. He does all for us; buys, sells, pays, hires servants, and arranges everything. He is our contractor; every one is responsible to him, and he to us. So, armed with an interpreter and our comprador, we proceed to business, and call upon a merchant respecting certain arrangements for future commissariat supplies.

In China, as in all other countries, there are not only very different classes of society, but there are also very different grades in the same position, from that of a mandarin to a merchant and a tradesman. Mr. Fortune, for example, who had to do with a truculent class of men to procure plants and seeds from the interior, declares that no dependence can be placed upon the veracity of the Chinese. It may seem uncharitable, he says, but such is the case. There is no doubt that, as a mass, the Chinese are eminently deceitful, distrustful, and non-veracious, and that even to one another; but experience has shown, since the opening of the ports, that as there are many really learned and wise men among their philosophers, so there are many most civil, upright, and honourable men among their merchants. They constitute, however, most decidedly the exception to the rule—not the rule itself.

In this land of ceremonies, the farther you are to the left of your host, the more highly honoured is your position. There, seated in the presence of some dignitary of the land, who is supposed to have taken a place to the right, the following elaborate interchange of compliments takes place—the visitor having resigned himself entirely to the good offices of the interpreter, who, in all probability, throws them into somewhat the following shape:—

English gentleman, who has never seen his Chinese host before, expresses his pleasure at meeting him.

Interpreter.—His Excellency has long looked forward to this day.

Chinese Dignitary—I meet him now as an old friend, and request to know his honourable age.

Int.—His Excellency has profitlessly passed — years.

Chin. Dig.—The ears of his Excellency are long, and betoken great ability.

Int.—Ah! oh! he is unworthy of the compliment.

Chin. Dig.—You have had an arduous journey.

Int.—We deserved it.

Chin. Dig.—I trust your honourable health is good? *Int.*—Relying on your happy auspices, his Excellency's health is still robust.

Int.—The great Emperor of your honourable nation, is he well?

Chin. Dig.—He is well. The great Sovereign of your honourable nation, is she well?

Int.—She is well. Do the troublesome pests (rebels) still infest the country?

Chin. Dig.—The insects are being speedily exterminated.

The information we wished for was obtained, and the bargain made. On this occasion our accomplished host overwhelmed us with civilities, constructed pyramids of delicacies on our plates, and insisted on our drinking a quantity of hot wine, obliging us to turn over our glasses each time, as a security against heel-taps. Cha-chi's yamun was a far handsomer residence than any similar official abode at Canton. The interior was invested with an air of comfort unusual in China, the walls nicely papered, and the floor carpeted. The whole establishment has been recently put into good order, and was altogether a fit residence for so elevated a functionary.

At last we "begged to take our leave," and began violently to "tsing-tsing," a ceremony which consists in clapping your hands before your breasts, and making a crouching baboon-like gesture. It is the equivalent of shaking hands, only one shakes one's own hands, instead of another person's, which may or not have its advantages; in China the custom of the country is the preferable one. This is followed by a scene very like that which occurs on similar occasions among ourselves. Our host insists upon following us to our chairs. We remonstrate, "Stop, stop, stop, we are unworthy," say we. "What language is this," he replies. "We really are unworthy," we reiterate. "You are in my house," he insists, and so we back to our chairs, perpetually imploring him not to trouble himself by accompanying us, which he vehemently resists, until at last, when we are in our chairs, he reluctantly consents to return, apologising to the last for being so rude as to leave us even then. It is just possible that, under the circumstances, his satisfaction at getting quit of us had as much to do with this "empressment," as his sense of politeness.

Let us now look at the soldiers belonging to the Emperor—some of whom are on guard even in Canton, which we have taken from them. Let us regard their "Braves," or volunteers, we had better call them.

The Chinese soldiers of the Imperial Guard have received the designation of "tigers," not, as might be imagined, from their courage and ferocity, but from their yellow tunics, upon which the head, eyes, and even part of the back of a tiger is represented, sometimes with mane erect, as if to inspire greater awe into the beholder. The idea, like that of the grotesque standards and shields with terror-inspiring monsters of the Chinese, seems to us absurd, from the mode of their application; but if we consider the matter more closely, we shall find that we have admitted the same kind of thing into our own civilisation, only modified into a form and system known to the initiated

as the science of heraldry, and, in some instances, we have almost as quaint an attire in our own civil and military departments.

The assimilation of the Chinese theology with that of Europe was not a dream on the part of the old missionary, Father Ricci. We have seen in modern times that M. Hue has found that, in Thibet, the Romanists have been anticipated both in doctrine and practice, and that many of the tenets of the Buddhists foreshadow the principles of Christianity. And so it is also of Chinese civilisation, which recent researches have shown to have far more analogy and closer relations to European civilisation than people were at one time prepared to admit, and that even in its most absurd and ridiculous aspects; for are not the dragon standards and tiger adorned shields found emblazoned in the heraldry of the West? and are not the analogies of the red and blue mantles, conical caps with diverse coloured stripes, and other grotesque military and official insignia, to be met with in European costumes, in great hirsute head-gear, feather-topped helmets, cocked hats, and other strange attire? It is not, after all, for us to laugh at the tigers of the Middle Empire, more especially when it is remembered that not many years back the command of "Rosto feroz al inimigo" was included in the Portuguese drill, and thereupon the soldiery showed their teeth, and looked ferocious at an imaginary enemy.

The costume of the patriot rebel or bravo (brave of the French) of China, partakes more of a civil character. It is that of the old Chinese or Ming dynasty, as distinguished from that of the Manchu Tartar dynasty and soldiery. All those who joined the movement under Tian-tah, "Celestial virtue," also called Tai-ping-wai, the great pacificator, whence his followers have been called Tai-pings, were obliged to cut off their pig-tails, a practice borrowed from the Tartars, to allow their hair to grow long, and to replace the Tartar cloak by the old garment, opening in front, which was worn in the time of the Mings.

It would be of little interest to our readers to narrate here the rise and progress of the Chinese insurrection, and the varying successes and failures of the patriots; still, it is a movement of vast importance, and as that of a purely Chinese party who are now in possession of Nankin—the ancient capital of their dynasty—against an usurping Manchu-Tartar dynasty, seated at Peking, it deserves much greater attention than it has hitherto received, and is pregnant with interest in connection with the proceedings of the Allies against the existing government, as well as to the future of China itself. Add to all this, albeit as yet much corrupted by imperfect knowledge and vain and empty traditions and ceremonies, still, it seems certain that there is in connection with the same movement the dawn of a more enlightened, moral, and religious condition for this vast and populous empire.

When Tai-ping had obtained possession of Nankin, he is described as having with him four kings, his colleagues; Tung-wang, king of the east, a little spare man, about thirty five years of age, and pitted with small pox; Il wang, king of the west, young, active, and brave, the Achilles of this pleiad of kings, but since dead; Nan-wang, king of the south, a man of letters; and Pay-wang, king of the north, young, and of great strength and intrepidity, the hero of the insurrection. Such were the five chiefs whose army now acted in concert, and they were aided and abetted by

a great number of inferior officers. Two ministers are also deserving of mention, as they may play an important part, should the Chinese party be successful, and carry the day against the Manchū Tartars. One is a little sharp, clever personage, Fuang-y-chang, by name; the other is thin, ugly, and bony, but a highly educated man, and the author, it is supposed, of most of the proclamations issued by the insurgents; this is the person who is believed to be a Chang si, or Protestant, and a member of the "Chinese Union," if not an actual disciple of Gutzlaff's. His name is Chi-ta-kai.

But soldiers, Tartars, ladies, mandarins, and merchants, and people making holiday in Canton—a bastard population between that of Wapping and the worst part of Liverpool—are not the Chinese people. We must teach you something about them before we go further along the coast, or else we shall always be on the outside of things. We will therefore tell you a story, which being true, will give you a complete insight into the habits and manners of that portion of the Chinese people who are not on the seaboard.

V.—THE FIRST OF THE MINGS

POSSIBLY our readers, by lending their attention to a short and interesting narrative, may be the better enabled to learn sufficient of the modern history of the Chinese dynasties, and some special peculiarities of Chinese religious and political systems, to give them a useful insight, in an agreeable manner, into a subject more than usually confused and unintelligible, such as Chinese history is in general. The story we are about to tell them of the elevation of Hung-woo, the first emperor of the Ming dynasty, is translated, and of course abridged, from the Hung-woo-Tsuen-Chuen, in ten small volumes, itself a partial abridgment of the history of the Ming emperors, in sixty-eight volumes; and this abridgment is regarded not as a romance, but as an historical text-book.¹

It happened in the 13th century of our era, that the Mongols, a tribe of wretched barbarians living on the frontiers of Siberia, thought it a very hard thing that they should pass all their days under snow and ice, while other beings, made of the same flesh and blood, revelled in all the luxuries of the South. They, therefore, held a council, in which it was resolved to follow in its winter flight the wild goose, a bird, in their opinion, more sagacious than stupid. Home may be sweet, but no one likes to starve in it: nor could any fatigues or perils of the way equal what they had to suffer in their native steppes,—a day's hard labour in the snow for the chance of half a day's food. Therefore, having once bidden farewell to the icy mountains, and found their way, through snows knee deep, to a more genial region, all traces of their former habitations were obliterated, and they buried the remembrance of their tents in oblivion, until nearly a century afterwards the Chinese reminded them of their lost comforts, and sent them back, attended by a military escort. How this happened we shall now relate.

Central Asia is an immense plateau, where little grows but stunted grass—where sand is plentiful, and shining pebbles which, (according to accounts of Rus-

sian embassies) all but lapidaries mistake for diamonds, abound. Through this country the Mongols² pushed their way, fighting with tribe after tribe, and aggregating them under their "standards." The further they advanced, the greater grew their numbers; and they increased by degrees like a rolling snowball, imperceptibly larger and larger, till men beheld them in the beginning of the thirteenth century a complete avalanche, which at last came plunging down upon the frontiers of the *Kin* empire—where these wanderers were not only requested not to move any further, but even ordered to pay tribute for being allowed to dwell where they were in safety. Having no alternative, they yielded to circumstances—and became, in the language of the *Kin* court, "humble vassals, most reverentially obedient, like the kings of the

² The Mongol tribes generally are a stout, squat, swarthy, ill-favoured race of men, having high and broad shoulders, short, broad noses, pointed and prominent chins, long teeth distant from each other,—eyes black, elliptical, and unsteady,—thick short necks, extremities bony and nervous, muscular thighs, but short legs, with a stature nearly or quite equal to the European. They are nomadic in their habits, and subsist on animal food, derived chiefly from their flocks and herds. They have a written language, but their literature is limited and mostly religious; the same language is spoken by all the tribes, with slight variations, and only a small admixture of foreign words. Most of the accounts Europeans possess of their origin, their wars, and their habits, were written by foreigners living or travelling among them; but they themselves, as McCulloch remarks, knew as little of these things as rats or marmots do of their descent. The fate of the vast swarms of this race which have descended from the table lands of Central Asia, and overrun the plains of India, China, Syria, Egypt, and Eastern Europe in different ages, and the rise and fall of the gigantic empire they themselves erected under the Genghis in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, are among the most remarkable episodes in the world's history. They have always maintained the same character in their native wilds, and their conquests have been exterminations rather than subjugations. The number of petty tribes and families of this race within the limits of the Chinese empire is not known. In Inner Mongolia, there are twenty-four *aimaks*, or tribes, arranged under six *chakans*. In Outer Mongolia, the Kalkas are governed by four khans. The Ortoas, Tsaklurs, Eleuths, and Korchins, are the largest tribes next to the Kalkas. The Tourgoths, Horsots, Choros, and Khorts, are among the tribes dwelling in Koko-nor. In Hli, the Mongols are mixed up with and subordinate to tribes of Turkish origin; the former are mostly Buddhists, while the latter are bigoted Muhammadans.

According to Abulghazi Bayadur Khan, who was himself a descendant of Zinghis Khan, commonly called Genghis, Alonza Khan, who was the sixth in descent from Japhet, had twin sons, one called Tatar, from whom descended the Tartars, and the other Mungé, 'the sorrowful or morose,' whence the Moguls or Mongols, both by corruption. (*Histoire Géographique des Tartars traduite du manuscrit Tartare d'Abulghazi Bayadur Khan*. Fo. Leyden, 1726, p. 23 et seq.) In our own times the Mongolians of the East present some marked features of distinction from those of the West. The one live in towns and fixed dwellings, the others are nomades. They differ also in their language and religion, and in their habits, manners, dress, and appearance. The Mongols proper are divided into three great nations; the Tshukar, Khalkhas, and Sunnit, the Western Mongols into Kalmuks, Bashkirs, Buriats, and other roving tribes. Besides the twenty-four, or, according to some, twenty-six, *Aimaks* in the former, with their hereditary princes and four Great Khans, there are numerous tribes of greater or less power and importance, as above noticed, but the relations of which have not been accurately determined. The best authorities, Abulghazi, Leyden in the *Memoirs of Baber*, Pallas, Klaproth, Ritter in the "Erkinde von Asien," and Hüllman, "Geschichte des Mongolen," are all agreed, however—notwithstanding the confusion that has so long prevailed with regard to the Turkish and Tartar and the Mongolian races—as to these primary distinctions, more especially as regards the Mongolians, as distinguished from the other Turanian races, whether Tungusian, Hyperborean, Chinese or Thibetan.

¹ There is another text-book: "The Tai-tien," by an emperor of the Ming dynasty, in 22,897 chapters, and nearly that number of volumes.

West." As for these *Kin*, they had in times of yore been called *Nioutchi*, and lived on the banks of the Black Dragon rivers (*Hihhung Keing*), having from similar motives, and in a similar manner with the Mongols, removed from the South. There they first overthrew the *Ketaus*, a Tartar horde, who had for many years dictated laws to China; but were surprised that their less civilised brethren wished to imitate their example. The Chinese at first rejoiced at their doughty deeds, and sent them presents and exhortations to persevere; but the *Kin*, without further dispute, took possession of all the territory to the north of Hwang-ho, and the river Hwoe, and then made arrangements with the *Ketaus*, that, to prevent further fighting, each should keep as much of the Chinese territory as they could defend. Thus was one-third of China, comprising most of the northern provinces, Hoopih, Shan-tung, Shansi, Shen-si, Honan, all under the rule of barbarians. They had been in quiet possession of these fertile tracts for about a century, and had given up the idea of ceding them to anybody, for they lived upon their manors—as comfortably as did the Mantchous, until within the last ten years—when lo! the Mongols put in a word, to claim an equal right to the booty. At that time the terrible Genghis was the Mongol chief, and as this hero thought proper to claim the whole globe as his rightful possession by the decrees of heaven, he naturally included also the *Kin* monarchy. The veterans of the desert appeared—and within a few years all northern China lay prostrate before them.

The Chinese lived at that time under a line of princes, who by their ill-success against the *Kin* had lost all courage and influence. Availing themselves of this fine opportunity for punishing their hated enemies, they concluded an alliance with the Mongols, expecting, when the common enemy was vanquished, to share the spoil. But Genghis had no such intention—his was the lion's share. The Chinese, by way of making sure, took possession of the most important fortresses to the south of the Yellow River. This, though patriotic on their part, did not suit the disposition of the Mongols, who regarded it as an act of treachery. The Tartars declared war, and the struggle lasted from 1234 to 1279; when it terminated in the submission of the Chinese to Kublai (or Koubilai) Khan as their emperor.¹

¹ It may not be uninteresting here to give Marco Polo's account of Kublai Khan and his style of warfare. "A certain chief, named Nayan, who, although only thirty years of age, was uncle to Kublai, had succeeded to the dominion of many cities and provinces, which enabled him to bring into the field an army of 400,000 horse. His predecessors, however, had been vassals of the great Khan. Actuated by youthful vanity, upon finding himself at the head of so great a force, he formed, in the year 1288, the design of throwing off his allegiance, and usurping the sovereignty. With this view, he privately dispatched messengers to Kaidu, another powerful chief whose territories lay towards the greater Tartary (Turkistan), and who, although a nephew of the Grand Khan, was in rebellion against him. As soon as Kublai had received notice of this, he collected 360,000 horse, and 100,000 foot, consisting of those individuals who were usually about his person, and principally his falconers and domestic servants (he must have had a great many). But this was not his whole army; many thousand Mongols, scattered throughout the provinces, were not only maintained from the pay they received from the imperial treasury, but also from the cattle and their milk. Kublai reached within twenty-five days the camp of his enemy; he called his astrologers to ascertain, by virtue of their art, and to declare in presence of their whole army, to which side victory would incline. They ascended the hill with alacrity which separated them from their enemy, who was negligently posted. In front of each battalion of horse were placed 500 infantry,

The Mongols had thus arrived at the goal of their wishes; and they now commenced sleeping on their laurels, as the Mantchus have done, whilst they very rapaciously appropriated to themselves the hard-earned possessions of the Chinese. These at first, seeing no alternative, quietly submitted; but, in course of time, Chinese eyes, though small, being piercing, they saw that their masters, the Mongols, being quite out of their element, were getting stupid and weny, and, one generation after another, effeminate. They therefore began to part with their chattels not without grumbling; and imagining that the Mongols of their day, like the "men of the eight standards" at present, were not likely again to fight over the battles of their ancestors, watched for an opportunity to show how much they despised their insolent lords.



CHINESE LADY.

Eight Mongol emperors had sat upon the throne, and the last of the race, Toh wan Temur, or Shun-te, a boy of thirteen, now ascended it. He was very timid, and devoid of talent; women reigned at court; ministers did as they pleased; and eunuchs arranged and de-ranked everything. But all would not go right—omens, earthquakes, a rain of bloody hail, and sundry other potents of no good succeeded each other. Then

armed with short lances and swords, who, whenever the cavalry made a show of flight, were practised to mount behind their riders, and accompany them,ighting again when they returned to the charge, and killing with their lances the horses of the enemy. As soon as the battle was arranged, an infinite number of wind instruments of various kinds were sounded, and those were succeeded by songs, according to the custom of the Tartars before they engage in fight. The order for fighting was given; a bloody conflict began; a cloud of arrows poured down on every side, and then the hostile parties engaged in close combat, with lances, swords, and maces shod with iron. Nayan's forces were devoted to their master, and rather chose to meet death than to turn their back upon the enemy. Nayan was made prisoner, and shaken between two carps until the spirit had departed from him. The motive for this peculiar sentence being, that the sun and the air should not witness the shedding of the blood of one who belonged to the imperial family. The troops which survived swore allegiance to Kublai. After this signal victory he returned to Kambalu."

again some prince of the blood, thinking he had a greater right to the royal diadem, conspired and even stormed the palace. But these attempts failed. The empress daughter, an accomplice, forfeited her life; and the boy-emperor preferring, like all boys, play to business, left everything to his eunuchs.

Scarcely had he entered his 17th year, having taken one of his father's widows to wife, and forced the imperial princesses into his harem (says this veracious history,) when insurgents,¹ in four different places, without being connected with each other, simultaneously proclaimed their intention to subvert the reigning dynasty. Two of these arose in the province of Kwangtung; but, as this was at a very great distance from the capital, (as far, in fact, as from Edinburgh to Madrid,) the Emperor cared as little about it as the late Tzu-kwang used. Matters were, however, discussed in council, and one amongst the ministers declared, that these revolts ought to be ascribed to the avarice of the Mongol officers, who burdened the unhappy people beyond endurance. This was a homely truth the young prince could not digest. At a public audience, he therefore addressed his ministers, saying, "I have been five years on the throne, and perceive that the government is in a state of confusion, so that I am restless day and night, and can never enjoy myself. I ask, my lords, whether you cannot prepare for me any satisfactory pastime?"

One of those present, called Sat-un, speedily answered, "Let us enjoy life, carouse and drink, and you may make sure of real mirth." But another statesman present, advised the emperor to put to death the insidious counsellor, and quoted several instances where love of pleasure had accelerated the ruin of princes. This being undeniable, the prince wished to bestow valuable presents on the speaker; but he refused them all, saying, that his only reward was to do his duty. Greatly content with the issue of his admonition, the faithful minister rejoiced in the unenviable fall of his enemy, when some unforeseen circumstances deranged the whole plan. A creature of Sat-un, the depraved courtier, had on the same day collected a company of most beautiful play-actresses, and was just wending his way towards the palace, when he met Sat-un, with clouded brow and a look bespeaking distress of mind. He immediately engaged himself to settle the subject of his master's uneasiness, went under the windows of the harem, and presented to the astonished queens his *cortège*. From this moment, the prince's mind was changed; and as soon as he had given audience, he immediately repaired to the inner apartment, and there spent day and night in witnessing plays.

¹ "Robbers," says Dr. Newman, in his "Translation of the History of the Chinese Pirates," "are unsuccessful conquerors. If the founder of the Ming dynasty had failed in his rebellion against the Mongols, history would have called him a robber; and if any one of the various robber chiefs who in the course of the two last centuries made war against the reigning Mantchu had overthrown the government of the foreigners, the official historiographers of the 'Middle Empire' would have called him the *far-famed illustrious elder father* of the new dynasty. The fruit of labour is too often taken out of their hands, justice sold for money, and nothing is safe from their rapacious and luxurious masters. People arise to oppose and act according to the philosophical principles of human society, without any clear idea about them. Robbers and Pirates are, in fact, the opposition party in the despotical empires of the East; and their history is far more interesting than that of the reigning despot."

On a certain night he fell weary on his couch, and then dreamt that wasps and ants filled the harem. Having ordered his attendants to sweep the hall, there started from the south a man dressed in purple, who bore on his left shoulder the sign of the sun, and on his right the moon; in his hand he held a besom, and soon swept the whole clear. The emperor hastily asked, "Who are you?" The stranger did not answer, but drew his sword, and made towards the emperor, who wishing to avoid him, endeavoured to run out of the palace, the door of which the man clad in purple immediately closed. The alarmed monarch called aloud for the assistance of his servants, and then awoke.

This dream, as afterwards appeared, had reference to his successor. His majesty was just relating the curious vision to his dear spouse, when on a sudden a tremendous crash, resembling a clap of thunder, was heard. The soothsayers were at the moment interpreting what the said dream might signify, and all as one man ran to ascertain the cause of this noise. They found that a wing of the palace had fallen in, and that, under it, was to be seen a deep cavern, from whence rose a black vapour. Anxious to ascertain what this might lead to, the emperor caused a criminal, under sentence of death, to be let down, who brought up a stone tablet, upon which, in the obscure language of a Sybil, a sudden revolution coming from the south-west, and the expulsion of the Mongols, were foretold. Nobody, however, would understand the meaning of it this way; but the courtiers suggested it might be necessary to change the name of the reign, as that would, at once, settle the matter. In the meanwhile the chasm had closed, and the infatuated monarch gave himself up to the superstitious rites of Buddhist priests, and the most infamous debaucheries. Inaccessible to all but the companions of his vices, the government of so vast an empire was entirely neglected by him, and whilst robbers traversed the land with impunity, the most dreadful scourges from on high afflicted the suffering nation. All was ripe for revolt; a leader only was wanting.

Let us leave the palace for a while, and descend to a temple. In Keang-su there is a place called Tun-yung-fu, and in its neighbourhood a small town named Chung-le-tung-Keang. Close to this is a romantic temple, where a number of fat Buddhist priests enjoyed their indolent life. One cold winter's day the abbot assembled all his brethren, and told them that he wished to spend the evening in contemplation, and therefore must not be disturbed. He suddenly found himself transported to the elysium of all the idols he worshipped, and there was open court held. The general conversation of the gods referred to the troubles which then disturbed the empire, and they were unanimously of opinion that a sage ought to be born in order to set matters to rights; but thought it best that some worthy of a former glorious age should again be born of a virtuous woman. But those good kings of old, having in the interval been metamorphosed into stars,² they did not relish the proposed change as far as

² "It is a common opinion among the Chinese," says a writer in the *Missionary Herald*, 1852, "that the regions of the dead are placed under the government of a single individual, who acts as criminal judge, and punishes the soul according to its sins in this life. For this purpose he is said to have eighteen places of punishment, each varying in intensity according to the degree of the guilt of those who are consigned to them. The Chinese divide the universe into three divisions, the first including the

they were concerned. Their silence availed to hinder all the other constellations from accepting the proffered honour, until two little prying stars (of which we do not know exactly the names in English, but they keep their court somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Great Bear), after much wriggling and coyness, took the Sun and Moon gently in their hands, and putting them together, agreed that the name of the new dynasty should be *Ming*—"Brightness" (formed by the two Chinese characters representing the Sun and Moon being united) and that one of the luminaries should become emperor and the other his consort, (that is, the male and female principles of the Dualism, *Yin* and *Yang*, should rule the world in righteousness).¹ This being

lower regions, the second the present world, and the third the upper regions, or the dwelling place of the gods celestial. The inhabitants of the first are called *kweng*, 'spirits' or 'ghosts,' and those of the third are called *shin*, 'gods.' In respect to the *kweng*, it is supposed that some descend in the scale of animal existence, and are born brutes; some continue in a separate state, in the form of hungry and famishing ghosts; some are again born in a human form; while few rise in the scale of being and become 'gods.' Hence the practice of pre-empting offerings of food to the dead, which prevails so universally among the Chinese. This is done for the benefit of the 'spirits' of the dead, and to prevent them from doing injury to the living.

According to the Chinese, the three souls and seven spirits of each individual are merited; and though separated from the body at death, they may again be collected, and constitute another person, when they will lose all consciousness of a former life. Thus the Chinese acknowledge no Creator as the author of their existence; and, consequently, they recognise no obligation or duties to such a Being.

This is the great metaphysical mystery of the Chinese religion. First, they imagine matter—the first material principle—this they call *tai-ki*, and by the operation of this upon itself (:) it evolves the dual powers, *Yin* and *Yang*. *Tai-ki* is described as "the first link in the chain of causes"—the extreme limit—the root and spring of all principle and existence, but without power, wisdom, justice, or goodness. The motion of *Tai-ki* generates (they say) a masculine power, *Yang* ("light and perfection"); the rest of *Tai-ki* originates a feminine power, *Yin* ("darkness or imperfection"). From these two are derived 4 *Seang*, or images of things both physical and moral. These 4 *Seang* multiplied by 2 produce 8 *Kwa*, or lined diagrams (:) of Fohi; and these, in their ever-varying existence, are the images, symbols, or emblems of all existences, states, characters, and circumstances. The just proportions of *Yin* and *Yang* produce harmony in the universe and virtue in the human system: excess in either produces discord.

The alternating circulation of motion and rest produce *Yih*, "change." This motion and rest must have a *Le*, "principle of order," by which they move and rest. Beyond *Tai-ki* there is nothing: one writer calls it "the utmost limit in the midst of illimitableness," by which he was believed to express "that in the midst of nonentity there existed an infinite *Le*" (:) . The *Le* is called illimitable by its being impossible to represent it by any figure "because it was antecedent to nothingness" (:) , and further, "subject to existences, as it always has being" (:) .

Yang is explained to mean the centre or middle—benevolence and excitement—and by these the *Tai-ki* operates: coelestiousness, righteousness, and stillness constitute *Yin*, and by these the substance of the *Tao-ki* is established. These six are blended, and form one complete substance or body, but *rest* is always chief lord; and man is by these established; and heaven, earth, sun, moon, and the seasons: also demons and gods are thus regulated by a power which they cannot oppose.

The good man, by caution, and care, and fear, cultivates respect for these principles of nature: the bad man, by carelessness, depravity, and extravagance, opposes them, and is involved in calamity.

There is another principle opposite to *Le*, "cause," viz., *Ke*, the grosser substance of existence, — matter — as "form and substance." Two singular expressions of Chinese metaphysics may be quoted. "In the *Yang* principle, hardness and benevolence go together. In the *Yin* principle, softness and righteousness are conjoined," and "Heaven, earth, and man have each a *Tao-ki*," — but the three *Kei* are really only one *Tao-ki*. This is from the 3rd book of the *Yih-king*, containing the

notified, they agreed to take, in the ninth month of the next year, their departure to the earth. The grand question was now to find out a family worthy to bring this new sovereign into the world. This caused amazing trouble; since only to sterling virtue of several generations' endurance would the honour be awarded. In the meanwhile the entranced priest was sent about his business; and found, on awakening, that he was lying on a hard cold couch, in a room very different from the blissful regions which he had just left. Being, however, of a very inquisitive cast of mind, he regretted not having inquired the names of the people who were to produce the future august personages, and determined, in order to get at the secret at once, to transport himself by rigid abstraction (which is done by looking steadily at one's navel)² to the idols' court. There he was told that heaven's decrees must not be betrayed, and that he must wait with patience until they were executed.

Time sped on, and the old abbot had nearly forgotten the vision, when on a sudden he was informed that the true "heaven's son" had now come. Anxiously he looked out at the foot of the hill, near to which he was standing, to perceive this wonderful personage; when lo! to his disappointment, he saw a poor vagrant-looking man, with his pregnant wife, who told him, in a few words, that he had been driven from his house by Mongols, and was seeking a relative, hoping to earn with him a livelihood by spinning. "Can this be the 'heaven's son'?" said the abbot to himself, doubtfully. His heart sank, and he retained scarcely courage enough to ask the hopeless stranger, who could move no farther, to take up his abode in the neighbouring village. This man's name was Choo Sheehin, and the father of the hero of our story—the founder of the Ming dynasty.

On the following day the old friar received from a stranger, who immediately afterwards disappeared, a pill to facilitate the delivery of the said lady. When her hour was come, the villagers heard the music of the spheres, the very birds fluttered about rejoicing, and a brilliant halo, proceeding from the sun, was reflected by the clouds. Under all these phenomena the child came into the world; and the bolus, when

Doctrine of Changes, and the Dual Powers of Nature. The author of *The Vestiges of Creation* must here acknowledge himself defeated. This is the philosophy that all the wise men of old travelled to the East to learn, and this is an undoubted fragmentary tradition of the most ancient metaphysical system in the world. Alas for human intellect, left to itself!

All that we learn from the Chinese metaphysicians is, that, from two *nothings*, put into a bag by nobody, and left to lie quiet, *something* is generated, which, by fermentation, produces *somebody*; and this *somebody*, by dividing itself, becomes two *contraries*, that act upon each other and develop *something*; out of which gradually emanates *everything*.

The Gnostics, who in the second and third centuries blended with the sublime and pure faith of Christ many wondrous but obscure tenets, derived from oriental philosophy, and even from the religion of Zoroaster, concerning the eternity of matter, the existence of two principles, and the mysterious hierarchy of the visible world, adopted this nonsensical notion among others. They believed that the divine spirit of the world, by long contemplation, would strike "upon them, on the stomach!" It would not be out of place to note here, that the Tao (rationalist) and Buddhist priests use mesmerism and animal magnetism largely and mischievously in their rites; and that the Chinese priests, who combine the idolatry of both sects with the cold, sentimental philosophy of Confucius, are also conversant not only with much of the "magic" of the ancient "fire-worshippers," but also those tricks and secrets by which the priesthood of the Pagans exercised such influence over the worshippers of their gods.

eaten by his mother, filled the room with the sweetest perfume. His father then went out bathing; and there floated down the river, as very seldom happens, a splendid piece of red satin, of which he immediately made a dress for the babe. He was yet a pining infant when his father presented him before the idols, where he received the name of Choo Yuen-hung. Poverty obliged the father to leave the place with his three elder children, and hire himself as a common labourer, whilst Choo Yuen-hung, who frequently played about in the temple, was appointed a cowboy. When rambling with the other boys over hill and dale, they proposed to play the emperor, and for this purpose raised a mound of earth to represent the throne. All the urchins surrounded it, but none of them dared to personify the monarch, until Hung-woo, the name by which we shall in future call him, ascended it, and with a gracious and grave air received the homage of his playfellows. This being frequently repeated, gave him a great name amongst those little fellows; and he had, moreover, the knack of making his cows march in a row, like soldiers, in token of his future generalship. In one of these frolics he killed a calf, took some brushwood, roasted the flesh, and feasted his companions. His master, discovering the trick, by the treason of one of his confederates, turned him out of doors; and the future emperor of China, like the great Napoleon in his youth at Paris, was hard put to it for a dinner.

After several miracles performed in his favour to no purpose, he was admitted a priest, and appointed scullery-boy to the temple, in which resided the old abbot who first saw the heavenly vision respecting him. Hung-woo finally obtained employ with his mother's brother, his father being dead. It was summer, and our hero having never troubled himself much about books, was now for the first time, in his eighteenth year, sent to school.¹ Here he had to suffer very much from hunger, and a compassionate dame, amicably supplied him with cakes. He was delightfully engaged in eating them, when his uncle summoned him to wheel a barrow, loaded with plums,² to the nearest

town. An unfortunate quarrel on the road led to blows, and their antagonist was laid lifeless on the ground. This was rather a ticklish affair,³ and, meet-

and bought a plum, which they gave the priest. He bowing, thanked them, and turning to the crowd said, "I do not wish to be stingy, and request you, my friends, to partake with me of this delicious plum." One of them replied, "Now you have it, why do you not eat it yourself?" "I want only the stone to plant," said he, eating it up at a munch. When eaten, he held the stone in his hand, and taking a spade off his shoulder, dug a hole in the ground several inches deep, into which he put it, and covered it with earth. Then, turning to the market-people, he procured some broth, with which he watered and fertilized it; and others, wishing to see what would turn up, brought him boiling dregs from shops near by, which he poured upon the hole just dug. Every one's eyes being fixed upon the spot, they saw a crooked shoot issuing forth, which gradually increased till it became a tree, having branches and leaves; flowers and then fruit succeeded, large and very fragrant, which covered the tree. The priest then approached the tree, plucked the fruit, and gave the beholders; and when all were consumed he felled the tree with a colter—chopping for a good while, until at last, having cut it off, he shouldered the foliage in an easy manner, and leisurely walked away.

When first the priest began to perform his magic arts, the villager was also among the crowd, with outstretched neck and gazing eyes, and completely forgot his own business. When the priest had gone, he began to look into his wagon, and lo! it was empty of plums; and for the first time he perceived that what had just been distributed were all his own goods. Moreover, looking narrowly about his wagon he saw that the dashboard was gone, having just been cut off with a chisel. Much excited and incensed, he ran after him, and as he turned the corner of the wall, he saw the board thrown down beneath the hedge, it being that with which the plum-tree was felled. Nobody knew where the priest had gone, and all the market folks laughed heartily.⁴

Lynch Law is not unknown in China. Here are two instances: One large village, not far from the Great Wall, was celebrated for its professional gamblers. One day, the chief of a considerable family, who himself was in the habit of playing, made up his mind to inform the village. He therefore invited the principal inhabitants to a banquet, and, towards the end of the repast, he rose to address his guests, made some observations on the evil consequences of gambling, and proposed to them to join in association for the extirpation of this vice from their village. The proposal was at first received with astonishment; but finally, after a serious consultation, it was adopted. An act was drawn up and signed by all the associates, in which they bound themselves, not only to abstain from playing, but to watch the other inhabitants, and seize upon all gamblers taken in the fact, who should be immediately carried before the tribunal, to be punished according to the rigor of the laws. The existence of the society was made known in the village, with the warning that it was resolute and ready for action. Some days afterwards, three determined gamblers were arrested with the cards in their hands, taken before the tribunal, beaten, and fined. The measure was efficacious in putting down gambling. Not far from the place where the anti-gambling society had flourished, there arose a much more redoubtable association. This part of the country is inhabited by a population partially Chinese, partially Mongol, and is intersected by mountains, valleys and steepes. The villages scattered amongst them have not been considered of sufficient importance by the government to have mandarins posted in them. Deprived of this restraint of authority, this wild region had become the resort of many bands of robbers and miscreants, who exercised their trade with impunity throughout the neighbourhood both by day and night. They pillaged crops and flocks, laying wait for travellers in the defiles of the mountains, pitilessly stripping them of all their property, and afterwards put them to death; sometimes they went so far as to attack a village and lay it waste. The Mandarins, though asked for assistance, dared not attempt to engage in a conflict with an army of banditti. That which the Mandarins dared not attempt, a simple villager undertook and accomplished. "Since the Mandarins either cannot or will not aid us, let us," said he, "protect ourselves, and form a *Hoi-tai*." The *hois*, a society of the Chinese (like our own), are always inaugurated with a feast. Regardless of expense, the villagers killed an old bullock, and sent letters of invitation to the villagers all round. The society was entitled "The Old Bull." The regulations were brief and simple. The members were to enrol as

¹ In China, when a lad commences his studies, an impressive ceremony takes place, or did formerly, for it seems to have fallen into desuetude. The father leads his son to the teacher, who kneels down before the name or title of some one or other of the ancient sages, and supplicates their blessing upon his pupil; after which, seating himself, he receives the homage and petition of the lad to guide him in his lessons. A present is expected to accompany this introduction to literary pursuits. The furniture of the school merely consists of a desk and a stool for each pupil, and an elevated seat for the master. Upon each desk are implements for writing, and a few books. In one corner is placed a tablet or an inscription on the wall, dedicated to Confucius and the God of Letters; the sage is called the Teacher and Pattern for All Ages, and incense is constantly burned in honour of them both.

² The *Lian Chai*, a Chinese story-book, in sixteen volumes, furnishes a story illustrative of the selling of plums at market, and will serve to give an idea of Chinese tales in general:—

"A villager was once selling plums in the market, which were rather delicious and fragrant, and high in price; and there was a Tao priest, clad in ragged garments of coarse cotton, begging before his wagon. The villager scolded him, but he would not go off; whereupon, becoming angry, he reviled and hooted at him. The priest said, 'The wagon contains many hundred plums, and I have only begged one of them, which, for you, respected sir, would certainly be no great loss; why then are you so angry?' The spectators advised to give him a poor plum and send him away, but the villager would not consent. The workmen in the market, disliking the noise and clamour, furnished a few coppers



TARTAR CAVALRY (CHINESE TARTAR ARMY)

ing with a number of lusty fellows, who like himself had nothing to lose, and all to gain, they united to take their chance of the latter together. From this moment dates the greatness of Hung-woo.

Being obliged to enter into the house of one of the above idlers on account of the heavy rain, the clowns told him that the true Heaven's Son having been, by all accounts, born somewhere in the neighbourhood, they had gone out that morning in search of him, since a Taoist priest had told them they would meet him on the road; but "we have waited," said they, "all the day, and have not met him." When Hung woo had gone to bed, all these six boon companions said to each other, "This man really answers the description given to us." They

were about to acknowledge him their leader, when the villagers surrounded the house with cries of "Fire!" All hastened to a back room, where the flames had broken out,—but how great was their astonishment to perceive that a streak of red light encircled the adventurer; who was, however, fast asleep, and unconscious of the distinction. Hung-woo, in the morning, having sold his plums at the market, pocketed the money, and went in search of new adventures. The first thing he fell in with was a gymnastic hall, where some athletic prize fighters challenged him to show his strength. Some soldiers happening to pass, and observing that the company had come to blows, attempted to seize the offenders. These, however, took to flight, and ran to a temple, which Hung woo burnt to the ground. This temple he rebuilt magnificently when emperor.

On Hung woo's return to his uncle's house, he met numbers of brave men on the road side, who, having heard of his feats, followed without hesitation. At that period large bands of robbers traversed the land, and whenever there was a resolute man, it was in his power soon to become a powerful chief. Kwang Heng, his uncle, who had been denounced to government for the murder of a policeman, considered it impossible to elude justice, and therefore declared himself, on the strength of his nephew's courage, king—a most wonderful elevation. As a proof, moreover, of his gratitude, he appointed Hung woo his generalissimo, and married him to his foster daughter, the same who had previously supplied the young adventurer with cakes when he was starving at school. As these freebooters had nothing to depend upon but what they took by violence, they soon became formidable in the neighbourhood. Many industrious peasants naturally thought that it was in vain to plough the fields whilst others ate the fruits

many people as possible in their ranks. Many bound themselves to be always ready to assist in the capture of any robber, great or small, and cut off his head at once, or arrest, without form of trial, or reference to the worth of the article stolen. If the tribunals interfered, the whole society was responsible for every member, and collectively for all heads they cut off. The energy and unity of purpose with which the society set to work soon told, and the bands of robbers fell with amazing and awful rapidity. One night they all assembled and captured the Robbers' Nest, a notorious village at the bottom of a mountain gorge. The Society of the Old Bull surrounded it on all sides, set fire to the houses, and massacred the inhabitants, old and young. The effect of this summary proceeding was the extermination of brigandage throughout the whole district to such an extent that the people would pass any article lying in the road without venturing to touch it. The relatives of the victims complained to the tribunals, and the Society presented themselves, according to their custom, in a body, to meet the charge of assassination. The trial was carried to the court of Peking, which rewarded and applauded the society, but directed that for the future they should be enrolled in the public service as "Taiping-che," or the "Army for Public Peace."

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NIGHT SCENE IN AMOY.

thereof, and therefore joined the robbers. As soon, however, as the forces amounted to several thousands, Hung-woo issued strict orders that no Chinese should be molested on any account, and that their war should be solely with the Mongols. This was, however, by no means a regulation similar to those which are put on record at the governor's office at Canton—no such thing,—whosoever offended against the law lost his head without mercy or reprieve. This order being rigorously executed, added respectability to Hung-woo's position. He appeared no longer as an adventurer, but under the honourable appellation of patriot. The men most famous for bravery flocked in crowds to his standard; and showing themselves in battle array before a fortress, of which the Commander was a Chinese, they suggested to him that to serve a vicious foreign prince was not consistent with the duty of a friend to his country, and that he ought therefore to come over to them. Persuasion availed in this instance more than arms; and the same officer, who held a commission from the Mongols, became afterwards one of the most ardent champions of the liberties of the Chinese.

The soldiers of his army are said to have been clad in a most brilliant armour, which enclosed their bodies like the scales of fishes; their swords and spears glittering in the sun, their bright helmets and coats of mail according with the strong bows that hung over their shoulders; they also had a cartridge-box, with six or seven iron bullets, which they hurled against the heads of their enemies.¹

The country was in such an unsettled state, and the finances so deranged, that at first no notice was taken of these proceedings by the Government. When, however, Hung-woo grew more and more bold, and defied whole battalions, the Mongol magistrates resolved upon crushing the rebel. For this purpose they collected all the troops of the neighbouring districts; but whilst yet preparing for battle they were attacked on all sides. Amongst the banners that were present, Hung-woo's was conspicuous,—and the victory in the first engagement was owing to his breaking the enemy's centre. The enemy assembled a second army. But the Chinese had been beforehand, and planted (would the reader believe it) batteries in flank and rear of the Mongol army. Where they got the cannon we cannot tell; but the Mongols were so much terrified at the tremendous noise, that they fled in consternation. Again the Mongol armies crowded on the Chinese army, but Hung-woo, having noticed their intended concentration,

attacked them in detail, and defeated them. Thus ended the first campaign.

Kang Hweing, the greengrocer, who had raised himself to a king, did not long enjoy his dignity, but died in the arms of his affectionate nephew. The officers wished to make Hung-woo king; but too humble yet to assume the diadem, he willingly yielded the throne to his cousin, an inexperienced youth. For this generosity, as is often the case in this world, he was ill rewarded; some haughty general wished to take away his life, and during a splendid entertainment, at which Hung-woo was present, had already drawn his sword to pierce the rising hero, when another officer stabbed the miscreant on the spot. The future emperor escaped, but his mind was scared; and for the first time in his life he felt that in the midst of success and worldly greatness a man may still be miserable. These events bring us down to the year 1356.

We must now, for a short time, return to the palace, which was so unceremoniously left. It will be remembered that the emperor, while the country was in a state of insurrection, amused himself with dancing girls and Lama priests. But he had still a very faithful minister, who, notwithstanding the general corruption, directed the military operations of the Mongols, and, at any rate, kept the rebels at bay. Being, however, at variance with the emperor's minion, who was called Hama, the statesman was first exiled and then beheaded. The infamous Hama now played the tyrant over his sovereign, as prime minister, and even made him abdicate in favour of his son. But affairs prospered badly with the Mongols. The country was infested with robbers; a scion of the former Sung dynasty, a royal Chinese, took the field as a highwayman on a large scale. The seas were infested with pirates, who had 3,000 vessels at their command; and slaughter and carnage went on by sea, river, canal, and land. What shocked the nation, also, was a proposal to divert, or canalise the Hwang-ho, or Yellow River. It was always overflowing its bed, and because the Mongols had repeatedly lost the tribute by the impetuosity of the waters of the Grand Canal, they determined to cut new canals. To dig them, they drove the peasants together in crowds, and paid them only with blows and scanty fare. The peasantry revolted at this injustice, drove off their task-masters, and traversed the country in numerous troops, pillaging all in their way. From this centre all rebellions in China have radiated and received strength; and a similar case of a population driven to wander in beggary from their homes, materially aided the first organisation of the Insurgents in 1852, and their subsequent increase in power. These contents furnished Hung-woo with new levies, and repaired his losses. His soldiers were in such high spirits, that on a certain occasion, when a dangerous enterprise was to be entered upon, two generals wished to fight a duel, to decide who should lead the van! Such incidents have not been frequent of late in the Chinese army.

The grand principles on which Hung-woo waged war were exactly those of the present "Prince of Peace." He was welcomed everywhere by the people, even when he appeared as an enemy. His heart and his proclamations overflowed with benevolence towards the commonalty and the real Chinese people; and the only cruelties he committed were against the Mongols. He, moreover, like Tse-ping now-a-days, contrived to

¹ It is singular that there are pictures extant representing the Chinese at this period as armed with tubes emitting fire and smoke with great noise. They got thus far towards the firelock; but the bullets, as will be seen, they carried in their pockets, and threw them at their enemies' heads, with their hands. The gunpowder was used to frighten their enemies.

Chinese artifices of war are always curious. When H.M.S. "Battler," with part of the crew of the U.S. frigate "Powhatan," went to Kulan, to destroy the southern squadron of rebels whom they called pirates, and killed 600 of them, the chief portion of the junk was destroyed, and only six prisoners taken. The Chinese used a curious artifice for their defence; they threw overboard a lot of coconuts, and then jumped into the sea among them; it was difficult to tell which were heads and which were nuts. Of the six prisoners, three proved themselves to be innocent men, held for ransom. What of the other 600 killed; how many of those were innocent? At Canton a case was reported of a rebel despatch being found under a plaster on a pretended sore on a woman's leg.

have a military chest and magazines, a distinctive feature of the present contest: and, instead of allowing his soldiers to plunder, he paid them well, and thus kept the marauders in order. Conduct like this attracted notice; and a fierce pirate chief, who ravaged the coast (some one is always doing this in China), sent an envoy to Hung-woo, proposing an alliance. The case is exactly parallel with the tactics of the present insurrection. Hung-woo accepted the offer of the buccaniers, and having thus, by the assistance of the pirates' armament of 10,000 junks, the means of locomotion so indispensable for Chinese travelling, which is all by canals, he directed his steps towards Che-keong, in order to keep up his communication with the sea. But he had to cross the Yang-tse-keang (or "Son of the Ocean") River (the scene of the present contest with the rebels),¹ and fought a bloody battle to accomplish that object.

The Mongols, as soon as they had refitted their army, appeared again in great force in the field. This time the victory was not so easily bought by the Chinese; yet their irresistible valour stood proof against the despair of the enemy.

The Mongol commander in chief fled with unmanly haste, and being hotly pursued, surrendered to Hung-woo. As soon as he appeared in the presence of the prince, his counsellors, seeing something sinister in the general's countenance, without consulting Lavater, advised him to execute the prisoner on the spot. Though the Chinese hero had made the same remark he did not consider it consistent with justice to execute a man who had surrendered of his own accord; and he entrusted, on trial, a small troop of horse to his command. Before accepting this command, the Mongol swore near a slaughtered horse (the object most sacred to a Tartar) fidelity to his new master, and imprecated upon himself the most dreadful curses if he should not prove faithful. A few days afterwards, Hung-woo had undergone many hardships, and it was expected he would soon retire to his tent; the renegade had marked this propitious moment, and softly stole towards the entrance, hurriedly burying the dagger in the bedclothes. The alarm was immediately given by

the sentinel, but the assassin had time enough to save himself by flight, and he was not heard of for many months. In one of the engagements, however, a Chinese officer, on perceiving him, darted his javelin at him, which he most dexterously avoided. In the midst of the confusion he entangled his foot in the stirrup, lost his balance, and was dragged by a restive horse to a considerable distance. When nearly expiring from the bruises he had received, his antagonist rode up to him, and ran his sabre through his heart, in recompense for his treachery.

Whenever the combat in the south was hottest, Hung-woo kept his court at Kin-ling, directed from a distance the military operations, and endeavoured to extend his power towards the north. This is also the policy of Tae-ping, the emperor of the present insurrection. City after city yielded to the army of Hung-woo: the soldiers called upon him to proclaim himself emperor; but he refused, saying that he was, as yet, but a petty chief, holding only part of the empire. But while he himself so obstinately refused the title, dragons and serpents, that entwined themselves about him at a great military festival, proved to the Chinese, that having such imperial emblems, he ought to assume the titles. The dragon is, to the Chinese, a most propitious omen. They have not been seen lately.

The Mongol emperor at last took alarm at the progress of the rebels. In a council of state, at which all the ministers were present, the best measures proposed were rendered nugatory by indecision. Yet the army is said to have been 50,000 or 60,000 always in arms, and the rebels in less than a fortnight brought 200,000 into battle. The numbers said to have been killed on each side are prodigious, and the battles more numerous than those of Napoleon.

Hitherto Hung-woo had been only a subject; but one of the rebel chiefs having killed his master the king, and he having already received the title of duke, he now assumed the dignity of Prince of Woo, and adopted a systematic plan for conquering the whole of China, which resulted in the emperor's retiring for safety outside the Wall of China into Ying-chang fu.²

¹ "This great river," says Viscount Jocelyn, in *Six Months in China*, "may be called the main artery to the body of the Chinese empire, and the source of its interior wealth. In extent and navigable facilities it is not surpassed by any in the world; whilst from its bosom, not only the central part of China draws its existence and riches, but the traffic of the northern provinces also. It is connected with the Peiho by means of a canal, called the Imperial (or Great Canal of China), which wonderful work thus leads the central trade, and even the southern commerce, to the very north of China, pouring it into the navigable waters of that river at a town called Tien-tsu, not more than 40 miles distant from Peking, while its southern mouth meets the Yang-tse-keang 50 miles below Nankin." "Unless the Mississippi and Missouri," says another writer, "are to be considered as one river, then the Amazon being the first, the Yang-tse-keang is the second river in the world. If you consider, however, the countless canals which it supplies with water—to keep under constant irrigation the surrounding country—the commerce which it carries on its breast, the fruitfulness displayed on its banks, where the richness of the foliage and the greenness of the herbage are quite astonishing; if, lastly, you add the depth and volume of its waters, it has some claims, I conceive, to the very first place among the rivers of the globe. In going up the river, mainly speaking, the left, geographically the right, bank of the river is the most picturesque side. The ranges of hills were frequently quadruple, the nearest sweeping down gracefully and gradually towards the river. The other side for a long way is flat. The next little villages are frequently, if not generally, placed in an angle formed by a canal and the great river."

² "The Chinese have had their 'Vespers,' it appears, after the fashion of the Sicilians. 'Wearrived,' says Father Hue, "at Chabote on the 15th day of the 8th moon, the anniversary of great rejoicings among the Chinese. This festival, known as the Yue-ping (Leaves of the Moon), dates from the remotest antiquity. Its original purpose was to honour the moon with superstitious rites. On this solemn day all labour is suspended; the workmen receive a present of money from their employers; every person puts on his best clothes; and there is merry-making in every family. Relations and friends interchange cakes of various sizes, on which is stamped the image of the moon; that is to say, a hare crouching amid a small group of trees. Since the fourteenth century this festival has borne a political character little understood apparently by the Mongols, but the tradition of which is carefully preserved by the Chinese. About the year 1368, the Chinese were desirous of shaking off the yoke of the Tartar dynasty, founded by Genghis Khan, and which had then ruled the empire for nearly a hundred years. A vast conspiracy was formed throughout all the provinces, which was simultaneously to develop itself on the fifteenth day of the eighth moon, by the massacre of the Mongol soldiers, who were billeted upon each Chinese family for the double purpose of maintaining themselves and the conquest. The signal was given by a letter concealed in the cakes, which, as we have stated, are on that day mutually interchanged throughout the country. The massacre was effected, and the Tartar army, dispersed in the houses of the Chinese, utterly annihilated. This catastrophe put an end to the Mongol domination; and ever since, the Chinese, in celebrating the festival of Yue-ping, have been less intent on the superstitious worship of the moon than on the tragic event to which they owed the recovery of their national independence."

In this Hung-woo was favoured by the intrigues of the emperor's court. One of the nobles, who had received orders to collect a very numerous army in Mongolia, and to overwhelm China with these hordes, had led them against the emperor himself. Had he persevered in his march, he might have taken the whole court and all the appurtenances prisoners; but entering upon a negotiation, and flattering himself with the highest dignities falling to his share, he was wheedled into an interview, and delivered himself to justice. The minister who brought this about was an enemy to the heir of the crown. The latter, had been sent to the army in order to fight his father's battles, and was highly indignant at his enemy's success, and his winning the affections of his parent. Recalled finally to his palace, and securing the murder of the minister, this youth went on embroiling himself with all the great men of the state. When the din of war grew nearer to the capital, the weak and debauched prince lost all courage, and stole away in the night to his native deserts; and thus ended the Mongol dynasty, A.D. 1368.

The Mongols themselves retired not with the emperor, but fell back, slowly and sternly, contending their way, and holding on fortress after fortress. Many kings and emperors, alias robber-chiefs, sprang up—with titles as good, they said, as that of Hung-woo. At last the Tartars confined themselves to a defensive war, and only occasionally rushed forth to rob on all sides. All they now hoped was to get back to Mongolia. But this was not easy. Like their predecessors, the Kin, they had lived with great profusion. They had pawned and sold their horses, and their arms and lands; and when the sudden alarm was sounded that the Chinese were on their heels, they looked in vain into their stables for a swift charger to carry them off. Strange as it may seem, he who could inspect now-a-days the shopkeeper's books of Canton would find a large catalogue of horses, barracks, houses, goods and chattels, all belonging to the "Eight Banners,"¹ garrisoned in that city, in pawn to cunning Chinese shopkeepers.

¹ The "Banners" of China are equivalent to our "brigades." When the Mongol emperors conquered the empire, they gave to their soldiers certain lands under tenure of military service when called upon. The "Banners" are again subdivided into camps and wings,—the right, left, and centre. They are commanded by officers who undergo examinations in the military art, such as archery, throwing a javelin, &c. The greater part of the officers are raised from the ranks, but have regularly to take their degrees. An account of the Eight Banners of Tartary is given by Father Hue:—

"During our modest repast, we noticed that one of these Tartars was the object of especial attention on the part of his comrade. We asked him what military grade he occupied in the Blue Banner. 'When the banners of Tchakar marched two years ago against the Rebels of the South (the English, in 1842), I held the rank of Tchouanda.' 'What! were you in that famous war of the South? But how is it that you, shepherds of the plains, have also the courage of soldiers? Accustomed to a life of peace, one would imagine that you would never be reconciled to the terrible trade of a soldier, which consists in killing others or being killed yourselves.' 'Yes, yes, we are shepherds, it is true; but we never forget that we are soldiers also, and that the Eight Banners compose the army of reserve of the Grand Master (the Emperor). You know the rule of the Empire; when the enemy appears, they send against them, first, the Kitai soldiers; next, the banners of the Solon country are set in motion. If the war is not finished then, all they have to do is to give the signal to the banners of Tchakar, the mere sound of whose march always suffices to reduce the rebels to subjection.' 'Were all the banners of Tchakar called

The most determined antagonist of Hung-woo was doubtless a chief styling himself Prince of Han. He not only had a large land force, but also commanded

together for this southern war?' 'Yes, all; at first it was thought a small matter, and every one said it would never affect the Tchakar. The troops of Kitai went first, but they did nothing. The banners of Solon also marched; but they could not bear the heat of the South; then the Emperor sent us his sacred order. Each man selected his best horse, removed the dust from his bow and quiver, and scraped the rust from his lance. In every tent a sheep was killed for the feast of departure. Women and children wept, but we addressed to them the words of reason. 'Here,' said we, 'for six generations have we received the benefits of the Sacred Master, and he has asked from us nothing in return. Now that he has need of us, can we hold back? He has given to us the fine region of Tchakar to be a pasture-land for our cattle, and at the same time a barrier for him against the Khalkias. But now, since it is from the South the rebels come, we must march to the South.' Was it not reason in our mouths, Sirs Lamus? Yes, we resolved to march. The sacred Ordinance reached us at sunrise, and already by noon the Bocheious, at the head of their men, stood by the Tchouanda; next to these were the Nourou-Tchayn, and the Ougouran. The same day we marched to Pekin; from Pekin they led us to Tien-Tsin-Vei, where we remained for three months. 'Did you fight,' asked Sandal-chiemba; 'did you see the enemy?' 'No, they did not dare to appear. The Kitai told us everywhere that we were marching upon certain and unavailing death. 'What can you do,' asked they, 'against sea-monsters? They live in the water like fish. When you least expect them, they appear on the surface, and hurl their fire-bombs at you; while the instant your bow is bent to shoot them, down they dive like frogs. Thus they essayed to frighten us; but we soldiers of the Eight Banners knew not fear. Before our departure the great Lamus had opened the Book of Celestial Secrets, and had thence learned that the water would end well for us. The Emperor had attached to each Tchouanda a Lama, learned in medicine and skilled in all the sacred auguries, who was to cure all the soldiers under him of the diseases of the climate, and to protect us from the magic of the sea-monsters. What then had we to fear? The rebels, hearing that the invincible troops of Tchakar were approaching, were seized with fear, and sought peace. The Sacred Master, of his immense mercy granted it, and we returned to the care of our flocks."

Tchakar signifies, in the Mongol tongue, Border Land. This country is limited, on the east, by the kingdom of Gekchet, on the west by Western Tannet, on the north by the Soumet, on the south by the Great Wall. Its extent is 150 leagues long, by 100 broad. The inhabitants of Tchakar are all paid soldiers of the Emperor. The foot soldiers receive twelve ounces of silver per annum, and the cavalry twenty-four.

The Tchakar is divided into eight banners—in Chinese Pa-Ki distinguished by the names of eight colours: white, blue, red, yellow, French white, light blue, pink, and light yellow. Each banner has its separate territory, and a tribunal, named Nourou-Tchayn, having jurisdiction over all the matters that may occur in the Banner. Besides this tribunal, there is, in each of the Eight Banners, a chief called Ou-Gourda. Of the eight Ou-Gourdas one is selected to fill at the same time the post of governor-general of the Eight Banners. All these dignitaries are nominated and paid by the Emperor of China. In fact, the Tchakar is nothing more nor less than a vast camp, occupied by an army of reserve. In order, no doubt, that this army may be at all times ready to march at the first signal, the Tartars are severely prohibited to cultivate the land. They must live upon their pay, and upon the produce of their flocks and herds. The entire soil of the Eight Banners is unalienable. It sometimes happens that an individual sells his portion to some Chinese; but the sale is always declared null and void if it comes in any shape before the tribunals.

By means of usury and cunning, and persevering machinations, the Chinese have since rendered themselves masters of all the lands of their conquerors, leaving to them merely their empty titles, their onerous statutory labour, and the payment of oppressive rents. The quality of Mantchu has thus by degrees become a very costly affair, and many of consequence seek altogether to abrogate it. According to the law, there is every third year a census made of the population of each banner, and all persons who do not cause their names to be inscribed on the roll are deemed no longer to belong to the Mantchu nation; those, therefore, of

the water communications by a very large river navy. Hung-woo at first sought to satisfy his ambition by splendid promises, and to detach him from the alliance of some of the other leaders; but the Prince of Han so greatly succeeded that he could not hear or profess friendly intentions with the one who wished to share with him the throne. Hence arose a fierce struggle, which kept our hero for several years employed, and left the Mongols time to take breath. Whosoever had the command of the great rivers, was naturally in command of the most flourishing part of China, and by being enabled to obtain supplies whenever wanted, and attack his enemy upon every weak point, must have the fate of war in his hands. The subject of our history was too good a general not to see these advantages at once, and his whole strength was therefore concentrated to secure the navigation. Determined to fight to the last, the Prince of Han had his war-boats chained together, and did not retreat until he saw them all on fire; a second navy was created as by magic, and the resistance was equally strong. But Hung-woo had more powerful arms; persuasion and kindness won over many an influential officer; so that in the heart of a naval battle one squadron after another struck to their humane prince.

Hung-woo now regarded himself as the minister of heaven; so did Attila, so did Alaric, so did Napoleon, and so did the emperor Nicholas. On invading Keang-soo, Hung-woo issued a proclamation, in which he declared all who did not submit to his arms to be "traitors and rebels against the azure heavens." Kind treatment, and a general amnesty secured to him the attachment of the inhabitants; the submission of the roving bands he secured by bribes. Some of them, who thought it clever to take the money and sell themselves again to a better bidder, he chastised inexorably. But he did not confine his attention to mere exploits; whenever a district yielded to his victorious arms, he assumed the power of a judge. An open hall was instantly prepared, when all those who had any complaint to make obtained free access. Even old garrulous women were not excluded, and the

the Manchus whose indigence induces them to desire exemption from statute labour and military service do not present themselves to the census enumerators, and by that omission enter the ranks of the Chinese people. Thus, while on the one hand constant migration has carried beyond the Great Wall a great number of Chinese, on the other, a great number of Manchus have voluntarily abdicated their nationality.

The decline, or rather the extinction of the Mantchu nation is now progressing more rapidly than ever. Up to the reign of the late emperor, Tson-Twan, the regions watered by the Songari were exclusively inhabited by Manchus; entrance into those vast districts was prohibited to the Chinese, and no man was permitted to cultivate the soil within their range. At the commencement of the last reign, these districts were put up for public sale, in order to supply the deficiency in the Imperial treasury. The Chinese rushed upon them like birds of prey, and a few years sufficed to remove everything that could in anyway recall the memory of their ancient possessors. It would be vain for any one now to seek in Mantchuria a single town, or a single village that is not composed entirely of Chinese.

Yet, amid the general transformation, there are still a few tribes, such as the Si-Po and the Solon, which faithfully retain the Mantchu type. Up to the present day their territories have been invaded neither by the Chinese nor by cultivation; they continue to dwell in tents, and to furnish soldiers to the Imperial armies. It has been remarked, however, that their frequent appearance at Peking, and their long periods of service in the provincial garrisons, are beginning to make terrible inroads upon their habits and tastes.

patience with which the victim bore their invectives procured him the highest popularity.

The rebels of the south being now chastised, it was high time to visit the territories to the west of the Hoang-ho, where one of the Mongol chiefs was still in possession of many fortresses. The army was approaching to cross the river, when one of the descendants of Confucius presented himself to the conqueror. It was always Hung-woo's principle to gain popularity, and he therefore rejoiced to pay homage to this sage, upon whom the whole nation looked with veneration. Having given the descendant of the great sage valuable presents, with assurances of protection, he charmed the assembled multitude by the deference he thus paid to departed merit. In only a few minute instances the Mongols resisted the invading forces, and Shem-se, as well as Shan-si, received Chinese garrisons.

After numerous triumphs, and when Hung-woo had shown that he despised pride, by visiting in state the burying-place of his poor father, the fisherman, and built a large city over his remains, the conqueror consented, at the clamorous urgency of his army and people, to be named Emperor, expressed a desire to be appointed "pastor to continue the succession of Yao and Shun," and raised his faithful Ma-she, his inseparable companion in joy and woe, to the dignity of Empress.

Hung-woo's generals followed the Mongols beyond the Great Wall, surprised their emperor's camp, and took the whole of the Imperial family prisoners. Ngai-yew-chilipata, the son of the deceased emperor (who died in 1370, two years after leaving China), contrived to escape; but his grandson Mottilipata was brought before Hung-woo. The victor's humanity was shocked by the proposal of his officers to murder the young prince in the hall of his ancestors. He severely reproached the cruel advisers, and was moved to tears at the fall of the Mongol dynasty, while he held it out as a warning to future sovereigns against degrading their station by vice. The exertions of Hung-woo to consolidate his empire and to secure peace have seldom equalled. He continually declared his intention to imitate the happy days and innocent lives of Yao and Shun (the golden age of Chinese history), reminded the people, who imputed his own origin as a fault, that Lew-jang, the glorious founder of the Han dynasty, the great emperor Kaoutsoo, had been, like himself, originally but a robber-chief. The Mongols fought on; until at last he directed his army against their stronghold in the province of Leao-tung, and subdued them with much carnage. The Chinese generals showed no mercy to the Mongol chiefs and captains, whom they now regarded in the light of rebels, and resisting the decrees of Heaven. Many Mongols destroyed themselves by

¹ Confucius, according to Father Martin, admits three prime principles.—Heaven, man, and earth; three sorts of knowledge, Divine, human, and earthly; five degrees of relationship in society. —1st, Of father and son; 2nd, Of man and woman; 3rd, Of prince and subjects; 4th, Of friends; 5th, and last, Of nations. Then those Chinese literati go on to treat of lesser orders,—belonging to guests, visits, and entertainments, and likewise for the accommodation of visitors, and of the deportment of the body, with many others, to the amount of 3,000, as Father Martin tells in his "History of China." The family of Confucius are the only hereditary nobility in China, most of the emperors excepted, the members of which have pensions granted to them in proportion to the propinquity or distance of their relationship.

suicide,—others were beheaded by the Chinese,—and “this once brave race, who conquered the greater part of the old world, were crouching before the effeminate Chinese, earnestly suing for life.” The hand of God was on them; and the fierce race, elevated for His good purposes, to a mighty conqueror and a desolating scourge, were now humiliated.

Much of the success of Hung-woo was owing to the wise counsels of his wife Ma-she, who influenced all his actions, and controlled his steps. Access to power was embittered by her loss and that of his eldest son. Feeling his end approaching, he sent all the princes of his blood to the domains he had assigned them, each a separate kingdom, keeping his heir (a lad of eleven) alone near him. He died, at seventy-one years of age, in 1398.

The parallel in the conduct of Hung-woo's insurrection, and that going on at the present period in China, is so close, that it can only be accounted for by the latter being an express imitation of the former. His appearance was as remarkable as his valour, and his statesmanship more than equal to his military skill. He was most anxious, in all cases, to avert the effusion of blood; and the instances of cruelty which occurred at the surrender of certain cities, and the punishment of rebels, must, as in the present instance, not be imputed to the orders of Hung-woo, but rather to the indiscreet revenge of his generals:—even the young Mongolian prince, grandson of the emperor, was maintained by him at court with princely splendour, and preferred, when full liberty was offered to him, rather to remain with his generous enemy than run the risk of returning to his native tents.

VI.—“THE LAST OF THE MINGS.”

On the death of Hung-woo his sons at once beset his grandson, whom he had raised up to the empire, with a formidable coalition. He degraded some; but one of them, the Prince of Yen, defeated him, drove him into exile, and ascended the throne. What follows of the story is but a recapitulation of boy-emperors and eunuch ministers, with Tartar irruptions, until we arrive at Shin-tsung or Wan-li; in whose reign the celebrated Jesuit father Ricci first appears in China.

Wan-li sent officers, who destroyed all the houses of the Niuchi merchants near the border, and drove the Niuchis—now called the Manchus—to despair. Hitherto they had been a scattered nation, but they now united under Tien-ning, their first chief, who, in 1618, assumed the style and title of Emperor, having but a few naked savages under his banner. His father had been murdered by Wan-li's officers, and he swore that he would sacrifice 200,000 Chinese to his manes. He kept his fearful oath. The Emperor Shin-tsung, in order to weaken the power of his dangerous rival, Han-wung, the Manchu chief, besought him to send to him the flower of his warriors, under pretext of wishing to march them against the Mongols, who were threatening his states; but as soon as he saw them in his power, he caused them all to be put to death (another slaughter of the *Manelukes*) with the exception of one only, whose good looks interested a mandarin in his favour, who took him into the number of his domestics, and he so gained his confidence that he became steward of his household. In some time afterwards another Chinese

officer, having cause to visit the mandarin, saw the young Tartar, and told his colleague that he ran the risk of drawing down on himself the indignation of the Emperor. The other answered that he would get rid of him, but that in the meantime they should give themselves up to the delights of a banquet. In the interim the young man, who had overheard this discourse, fearing for his life, ordered a groom to saddle the swiftest of his master's horses, saying that he had a commission of importance to execute. He mounted, and rode off at full speed to the White Mountain, where he announced to Han-wung the Emperor's treachery, and the fate of his unfortunate companions in arms. Han-wung sent his eldest son to capture Moukden, in the province of Lenau-tung; but on his retreating, from alarm at the force opposed to him, he slew him with his own hands, and himself captured the city by storm.

His warriors seemed to be so resistless, that the Chinese generals despaired of opposing themselves, and called in the aid of their loyal vassals, the Portuguese. At that time Gonsalvez Teixeira was ambassador, or rather tribute bearer,¹ at Peking; and as the Emperor liberally furnished the means, a body of 200 Portuguese and 200 Western Asiatics were equipped, and sent to the capital. Each of them had a servant and plenty of money; so that the whole cavalcade appeared more like a gay equipage than a real army. When they reached Peking, the officers of Canton, doubting the policy of permitting such access to the court, bribed those who had suggested this measure to dissuade the Emperor from employing the barbarians; and thus was this little band, under the valiant captains Cordier and Del Capo, led back to Macao.

Tien-wung, tired of war, proposed a peace; but the Imperial court answered by a rescript, ordering the extermination of all barbarians. Nothing was heard of but extermination—the fashionable word of the Chinese authorities in war. The Manchus gave up all hope of negotiating with such a people, and took possession of Lenau-tung, from which they made incursions to the gates of Peking. The terrified generals, sent out to annihilate them, disappeared like gigantic shadows at the approach of night, and notwithstanding all edicts to the contrary, the barbarians grew more powerful every day, and would no longer hear of any treaty.

The old emperor, Wan-li, took these reverses so much to heart, that he fell sick and died. Kwang-tsung, the next emperor, died also, from taking “the liquor of immortality”—a trick, it is supposed, of the Tao priests, to rid themselves of a monarch who applies too carefully to business. His successor, He tsung, reigned but seven years.

The story of the next emperor, the last of the Mings, is well told by Adam Schall and Father Martini, missionaries who witnessed it.

¹ All ambassadors are styled “tribute-bearers” by the Chinese historians, and the presents usually brought by them are considered tribute. Their letters are in the form of petitions, or “pin,”—hence the refusal to accept Captain Elliot's credentials as superintendent at Canton, which led to a war. If you begin ceremonies with the Chinese you must keep on with them and be perfect, as it is a matter of pride in them to get the better of one another, in ceremonies and politeness. But if you use no ceremony whatsoever with them, they let you have your own way, and as it were, “stand aside to let the rude, rough fellow go his road.”

Two great robber chiefs,¹ Le and Shang, infested the country, and drove to despair the Emperor Tsung-ching, who had more to do than he could manage in coping with the Tartars, and began to be quite out of

heart. "Till this time" (as Adam Schall avers) "the courtiers had kept the insurrection from the emperor's knowledge partly by telling him they were only forgeries, though they were indeed certainly true, and



CHINESE SOLDIERS—WAR TIGERS

partly by extenuating the business, which was the ruin of the empire."

The emperor, now roused by the noise of arms, which daily increased in his ears, bestirring himself,

though too late, to quench the flame, and raising several armies, consulted to fortify Peking. But the eunuchs, who all this while had deluded the emperor with feigned stories, now also regarded not the danger

¹ The general commission of robbery, and the prevalence of bands of thieves, proves the weakness of the government in China, —not the insurrectionary disposition of the people. In one district of Hu-peh, the governor reported, in 1828, "that very few of the inhabitants have any regular occupation, and their dispositions are exceedingly ferocious; they fight and kill each other on every provocation. In their villages they harbour thieves, who flee from other districts, and sail forth again to plunder." In the northern parts of Kwang-tung, the people have erected high and strongly built houses, to which they flee for safety from the attacks of robbers. These bands sometimes fall upon each other, and the feudal animosities of clanship, adding fuel and rage to the rivalry of partisan warfare, the destruction of life and property is great. Occasionally the people zealously assist their rulers to apprehend them, though their exertions depend altogether upon the energy of the incumbent; an officer in Fuh-kien was recommended for promotion because he had apprehended 173 persons, part of a band of robbers which had infested the department for years, and

tried and convicted 1,160 criminals, most or all of whom were probably executed. In 1821 there were four hundred robbers taken on the borders of Fuh-kien; in 1827, two hundred were seized in the south of the province, and forty-one more brought to Canton from the eastward. The governor offered 1,000 dollars reward, in 1828, for the capture of one leader, and 3,000 dollars for another. The judge of the province put forth a proclamation upon the subject in the same year, in which he says there were four hundred and thirty unheeded cases of robbery by brigands then on the calendar; and in 1846 there were upwards of two thousand waiting his decision, for each of which there were perhaps five or six persons waiting in prison, or under constraint, until the case was settled. These bands prevail in the large cities, and commit great cruelties. In 1830, a party of five hundred openly plundered a rich man's house in the western suburbs of Canton; and in Shun-teh, south of the city, £150 was paid for the ransom of two persons carried off by them. The governor of Canton, in 1831, was attacked by them near the Meiling (or

he was in, but contrived to save themselves in his ruin, by confederating with the enemy. During this time Lieungz (Le-tze-shung, the robber-chief) sent several soldiers in disguise to the court, and furnished them with money to drive a trade, the better to cloak their designs, till he should come with his army to the city walls, and then break forth in mutinies. To this plot, designed at court, Lieungz added another, viz., private correspondence with the prime councillor of state; who, it was said, observing the emperor's business to be ruined, had agreed with the rebel to deliver the city; but whether it was so or not, he marched with all speed to Peking, within whose walls were seventy thousand soldiers under three thousand commanders, and the store-houses provided with all manner of ammunition, and the walls round about planted with great guns, of which the rebels (as they afterwards confessed) were exceedingly afraid. But that fear soon vanished, for their associates within advised them to storm the city, promising to shoot only powder without bullets against them, by which means Lieungz marched with all his men (anno 1644), in April, into the city, the gates being opened for him.¹ Neither did the emperor's party make any long resistance, for Lieungz' soldiers, who till this time had kept themselves private, according to their agreement, made

an uproar in the city, which caused so great a confusion that none knew with whom to side, and every place was filled with slaughter. Hereupon Lieungz, as conqueror, marched through the city directly towards the emperor's palace, which he soon took. The enemy had got the first wall before the emperor knew of any danger, for the rebels' confederates (the eunuchs, who had all the command in their own power,) continually persuaded the emperor not to fly; but when they perceived no possibility of his escape, they acquainted him with the loss of the city and palace. The emperor, upon this notice being given, asked first, if any probability was left to escape; but being answered that all ways were beset, they say he wrote a letter with his own blood, in which he accused his eunuchs of treachery, and desired Lieungz, since he had, by the help of heaven, gotten the empire, that he would revenge his fall. This done, he took his sword and killed his daughter, that she might not fall into the enemy's hands, and afterwards went into his garden, and there (as the most unfortunate emperor, and last of the Taimingian race), hanged himself with his girdle on a plum tree; and thus ended the house Taiming by a robber, which was first raised by the like. After the emperor's example, the kolon, or prime councillor, and likewise his queens, besides some of his loyalist eunuchs, hanged themselves, with several others in the city, thereby seeming, that after their country's manner, to die with the emperor, which is amongst the Chinese accounted a great honour, and sign of fidelity."

Adam Schall tells us, that "The emperor (betrayed twice in one moment,—once by his eunuchs, and then by the rebels' confederates,) mounted on horseback, followed with six hundred horse, and fell into that part of the city through which the enemy came marching; but there the unhappy prince found himself necessitated (the great guns which were planted to defend the gates, firing against him, and wanting more aid,) to return again to his palace, where being arrived, and driven into utter despair, he desired the empress his consort to hang herself, and advised his three sons to save themselves by flight. He then took up his sword, with intention to kill his own daughter, fit for marriage, that he might not live to be defiled; but she escaped the blow by flight, yet received it on her right hand, which she lost; which done, he went (bereaved of all hope) out of the palace again on foot, and ran directly to a mountain behind the palace, where, standing still, he wrote with a pencil, on the hem of his imperial coat, with his own blood (as it was said), drawn from his left hand, to this effect: 'Much joy to the succeeding emperor, Li! I entreat earnestly, hurt not my people, nor employ my councillors.' Which having written, he pulled off his boots,² and throwing away his hat, hanged himself with his girdle, on a piece of timber, in a gallery."

some were only wooden dummies, but a large supply of Chinese rockets was there, and the soldiers amused themselves by expending these harmlessly in the air.

² Boots are an important consideration in China. With us, among the vulgar, there is an old superstition of throwing an old shoe after a departing friend for luck. In China, reversing our custom, as they do almost invariably, they present new boots, and keep the old ones. Thus, we have it told that "The Fuyuen of Kwang-tung in 1833, Chu, was a very popular officer, and when he obtained leave to resign his station on account of age, the people vied with each other in showing their hearty regret at

Plum Ridge Mountains) Pass, on his departure from Canton, and plundered of about 10,000 dollars. The magistrates of Kiang-shan district, south of Canton, were ordered by their superiors, the same year, to apprehend five hundred of the robbers. The lazy priests of Buddha and the Tao monks sometimes harbour gangs in their temples, and divide the spoils with them, occasionally even going out themselves on predatory excursions. No mercy is shown these miscreants, when taken; but the multiplication of executions has no effect in deterring them from crime.

¹ This is the way the Peace party are acting in China at present. It is a wonderful country of shams and shows. Witness the following occurrence at the Peitang Forts, on the Pehlo river, commanding the approach to Peking, in the recent expedition:—

A troop of Mongolian cavalry appeared drawn up on the bridge and causeway to the left of the town, who watched our proceedings for some time, and then rode off in the direction of the Taku forts, doubtless to report our arrival to Sangkolisin. Flags also were flying from the forts, and numbers of men could be seen peeping out from behind the mantlets of the embrasures, so that we anticipated some resistance, and as it took all the evening to land the force which had been told off for the operations—viz., second brigade of the First Division, commanded by Brigadier Sutton, and 2,500 Frenchmen, it was determined, I believe, that a joint attack should be made next morning by the gunboats in front and the allied regiments in the rear. By sunset the troops had passed through the mud and seized the causeway, without any opposition; a halt was then made, and we bivouacked for the night. Meanwhile, shortly after sunset, Sir Hope Grant had pushed on with a few men, and entered on the outskirts of the town, where a Chinaman was seized, who said that the forts were empty and undefended, whereupon Messrs. Parkes and Gibson, of the consular service, and Captain Williams of the Royals, with a couple of men, made him lead them through the town, and, kicking open a gate at the rear of the south fort, they found that his statement was correct, that there were only a few old wooden guns in some of the embrasures, and that the flags and mantlets were all a sham. A number of infernal machines, however, had been very cunningly placed underground just inside the gate, and at the bottom of the ascents to each cavalier, and had any one of them exploded, it might have done considerable damage. The man who was reconnoitring found the bridge across the dry ditch which surrounds it trembling with his weight, and, upon a careful examination being made, it was shown to be so constructed with levers, &c., as to form a large hammer, which, in the rush of any body of men, would have exploded some detonating powder in communication with a large quantity of gunpowder, effectually destroying fort and all within it. Of the guns found

"Thus" (says Father Martini) "ended a prince, perhaps the greatest in the world, one who had no superior in wisdom, understanding, and good-nature; who, without company, forsaken by all at the age of thirty-six years, through neglect and carelessness of his people, came to so miserable an end. Together with him, the name of the empire, viz., Tai-Ming, that is, "of great brightness," after it had continued two hundred and sixty years, and the whole Imperial Family, reckoned to the number of 80,000, were utterly extinguished.

The following day, being the third after the enemy's coming, Licungz marched with an army of 300,000 men into the city, and so directly to the palace, where he took possession of the throne, and settled himself in the same.

When the emperor did not appear, Licungz proclaimed 100,000 ducats as a reward for whoever brought him, or could give information of him; but at last the body having been found hanging, as before mentioned, the rebels, without reverence or compassion (says Martini), by command of Licungz, hewed it in pieces.

Yet Schall tells us that, after the expiration of a month, the Tartars having driven out the rebels, the emperor was honourably buried, and though not laid among the emperors, yet amongst the princes their sons, and that all the magistrates, willing or not willing, were forced to come and mourn over his grave.

The remaining party of the robbers plundered the Chinese houses; and whoever walked the streets in handsome apparel they immediately carried to prison, and there, by cruel torments, procured the money which they suspected they had by their clothes; inasmuch that none appeared in the streets but the conquering rebels. Thirty days this rage continued, while the robbers possessed the palace, and pillaged that and the city. The Chinese already desired, upon an appointed day, to elect Licungz emperor, but he commanded them to desist, because, as some say, he feared it would be his ruin, for as often as he sat upon the throne, he was taken with a shivering cold and pain in his head, and thereby compelled to rise from it (unlawfully taken by him), and sit on the ground, as if he had deserved no better. Sitting on the earth, they report, that he seemed, in the eyes of the spectators, to be a despicable and ridiculous countenance, and rather showed like an ape than a man. It is believed that, before he would receive the imperial dignity, he intended first to settle and quiet the empire, and, by force of arms, subdue the neighbouring princes, allies of the deceased emperor, which else might afterwards disquiet him.

The same sad misfortune that befel the emperor Tsung-chin, happened also to the Imperial family and children. The queen, or lawful empress, obeyed the emperor's command at his departure, and hanged herself. His women fled wherever they thought to be safe from the rebels, and went to their parents' houses; though afterwards by force and policy fetched from thence by the Tartars. One of the queens being taken prisoner in disguise, having altered her majestic apparel, was made a slave to a Tartar; but not being able to

undergo such a yoke long, discovered herself, and was thereupon sent and kept among the other women of the former king, and eunuchs allowed to wait upon her.

The emperor's eldest son, in his eighteenth year, had thrown off his royal habits, that he might not be known, and hired himself as servant to a Tartar; but impatient of his master's cruel nature, he went, after some few months, privately from thence to a certain eunuch whom he supposed to be his trusty friend. This friend durst not long conceal him, but advised him to go to his sister, who had fled to his grandfather's house. The unfortunate prince was then obliged, for the sake of mere existence, to discover himself; and, although the Tartars spared his life, they condemned him to imprisonment. Some promised to let him have a prince's revenue, and honour him with the title of king; but he who was fallen from the highest pinnacle, and had a noble heart, would not stoop to mean things; nay, he despised all that was proffered him less than the empire, and delighted his fancy with music and singing, for the better dispersing of his sorrows.

Many had already discovered who he was, from his being formerly marked on his body, and declared him the emperor's son. Certain passages of the court were discovered by him likewise and described, which were unknown to all persons. His father's soldiers and officers pointing after their prince with their fingers, showed that he began to be publicly known. There being some apprehension that he would form a combination, from the hatred which he bore to the Tartars, the possessors of the realm, it was judged convenient to dispatch him; and forty magistrates and martial officers were also executed, *that he might not die without company*, or want attendance in the other world according to his birth and quality.

The eldest brother, who had got to Nankin, came almost to the same end, being killed by one of his near relations, who had there raised himself to be emperor. But if we credit Father Martini (the writer of "The History of the Wars of the Tartars"), the eldest of the emperor Tsung-chin's three sons was never heard of, though the robber Licungz made long and strict search after him. Whether he got away by flight, or, as some say, drowned himself, is unknown. Martini also says that the two youngest sons fell alive into the rebels' hands, who on the third day caused them to be dragged out of the city walls, and their heads to be severed from their bodies.

Wu Sankwei, a relative of the Imperial family, happened, at the time of the storming of Peking, to be stationed on the frontiers to defend them against the Manchus or Tartars. When he heard that a robber had seized the throne, his indignation exceeded all bounds, and taking 7,000 Tartars into his pay, he marched to meet the enemy. In a hard-fought battle, victory declared in his favour, and getting another reinforcement of 60,000 Manchus and Mongols, he pressed on to exterminate the monster Li. In this he succeeded; but when he wished to send home his Tartar auxiliaries they refused to leave, and in strong force marched on the capital. "So great was the abundance of choice and precious goods" (says a jesuit writer, present at this period), "that the whole country, to the borders of the province of Peking, a way of ten days' journey, lay covered with satins, and all manner of embroidered clothes—a thing incredible unless one had been an eye-witness." After the army had lain

losing him. The old custom was observed of retaining his boots, and presenting him with a new pair at every city he passed through, and many other testimonials of their regard were adopted." The Foyuen is the lieutenant-governor of a province. The term means "soother," as having to please both parties,—the one that taxes, and the other that has to pay.

four days before the city, the Tartars were, by all the inhabitants and grandees that went into the army, received with much joy and fetched in; whereupon Amawang, the uncle to the Tartar emperor, who commanded the army in behalf of his nephew, asked if they would really entertain and let them in as guests; and if they would, from that time forward, be governed by the Tartars; at which they all cried with a loud voice, "Thousand and a thousand times,—a thousand and a thousand years, live the emperor;" a wish used at this day to the Chinese emperor; this ended, upon the Chinese request the young Tartar emperor followed them into the city and palace—burnt down to a heap of rubbish. The next day, the Tartars not having houses enough, turned the Chinese out of their dwellings.

The Chinese, as a nation, made a better fight than is generally supposed against their invaders,—indeed, a longer and a stronger one than that of the Saxons against the Normans. They stood by one emperor after another with the energy of despair, and when the Tartars insisted that all "loyal Chinese," that is, all obedient to the selves, should shave their heads, wear a pigtail, and adopt the *ching*, or Mantchu coat, the nation indignantly flew to arms, and drove an army of the Tartars into the river Yang-tze-kiang. All would now have gone well, had a patriotic tailor of Canton, one Ching che-lung, the father of the renowned Coxinga, at that time in command of 4,000 vessels, remained true to his countrymen, whose cause he had up to this time assisted. But Ching che lung was an ambitious tailor, with a "soul above buttons;" he desired to be made emperor himself; which, when the Chinese, who have a great aversion to *parvenus*, refused, he went over, in the critical moment, to the Tartars, who had offered him the rank of generalissimo. Landing after this to visit the Tartar general Pei-le, he was received with all the honours due to his rank. But when he again desired to return to his fleet, the Tartar courtly requested that he would accompany him to court. On his arrival at Peking, he was strictly guarded at first, and shortly afterwards put to death; but when the pirates saw these treacherous dealings, they rallied their forces under Ching-chang-kung, and ravaged the coast.

The last pretender to the Ming throne, descended from the royal blood, was Yung-leih, a Christian prince, who assumed the name of Constantine. His court was

filled with converts, all his generals were Christians, and his wife and mother (in 1649), wrote a letter to the Pope announcing their conversion; a patriot hero, Keang-tse, also appeared, and routed the Mantchu army in a pitched battle on two occasions. In a third he fell, pierced by an arrow in the heart,—and with him died, for two centuries, the hopes of China. The Emperor Constantine was driven from city to city, and finally found refuge in Pegu,—returning only to be treacherously strangled by Wu-san-kwei, the general who had received, as a reward for first admitting the Tartars, the principality of Yunnan and Kwei-chow. Coxinga alone remained to annoy the Tartar emperor. It is told of him, that when he received the news of Yung-leih's death, he was so incensed that he attacked a Tartar fleet, sunk several of the vessels, and cut off the ears and noses of 4,000 Manchus. These men he sent on shore; but the Tartars put them to death, so that the shame put upon them might not spread. The brave Coxinga held out until 1662, having landed upon the island of Formosa and driven out the Dutch,—who, in spite of their presumed naval superiority, could never get it back, but suffered a defeat with their whole fleet, in an engagement in which, however, Coxinga fell. The Chinese pirate admiral, who succeeded, was his son Ching-ke-sun, who, at last, when tired of a roving life, and satiated with plunder, determined "to die decent," and accepted from the Tartar dynasty the office of high admiral of China.

With him was extinguished the last spark of open rebellion against the Tartar usurpers,—and with him perished, as was then thought, the last hope of the Ming family, whose greatness at sea was equal at one time to their splendour on the Chinese throne. We read in the "History of the Ming Dynasty," published, as we have said, in more than a hundred volumes by a Tartar emperor in 1792, that in the reign of Yung-lo, that great prince had, during twelve years, a fleet manned by 30,000 sailors,—which, at divers times, went to Manila, the Moluccas, Borneo, Java, Sumatra, Tonkin, Cochin China, Cambodia, Siam, Malacca, Bengal, and Ceylon. They speak of the Peak of Adam, and the impression of his foot (using their own term *Phun-ku*, the first demon god, whom they picture with a hammer and chisel, actually hewing out the heavens!) of Calicut, Surat, Ormus, Aden, and of the sea near Medina and Mecca. They brought back to China enormous riches, and all the princes of those countries sent embassies to Yung lo.

The Empire of China has comprised one sole and undivided monarchy ever since the year of Christ 1279, but instead of being regarded from that, as a privileged country, governed from time immemorial by the

¹ "Many," says Sir John Davis, "are the changes which may be made in despotic countries, without the notice or even the knowledge of the larger portion of the community; but an entire alteration in the national costume affects every individual equally, from the highest to the lowest, and in perhaps of all others the most open and degrading mark of conquest." This order was resisted by many, who chose to lose their heads rather than part with their hair; but the mandate was gradually enforced, and has now for about two centuries been one of the distinguishing marks of a Chinese, though to this day the natives of Fukkien wear a handkerchief around their head to conceal it. It should not escape notice that a similar change accompanied the conquest of England by the Normans. The smooth chins, short hair, and shaven lip of our own people were adopted to distinguish those obedient to the Norman rule, in contradistinction to those Saxons who manifested—by preserving the use of the long hair and beard of their ancestors, their aversion to the conquerors, and determination to free themselves whenever possible. The distinction in the tunic of the Saxons, and the Norman coat, the kirtle and the cloak, were of the same nature. Sir Walter Scott, in the opening scene of *Ivanhoe*, makes a special note on this point, in describing the dress of Cedric the Saxon.

² The Tartars gave an example, on this occasion, of what can be done by a great empire to defend its interior from the ravages of a piratical enemy. They destroyed all the towns, villages, and houses for a depth of two leagues along the whole extent of the coast, thus leaving a desert between the devastators and the interior of the Celestial Empire. "This memorable example," says M. Hue, "may enable us to judge what the Chinese are capable of, should they any day have to oppose themselves to the invasion of a powerful enemy. So long as they possess the conscience of the invincible force that lies in the immense extent of their territory and their vast population, they have nothing to fear from the assault of strangers. When a nation has on its side numbers and space, and it is resolved to take full advantage of these two resources, there are always means to paralyse the learned strategy and the fulminating machines of an unjust aggressor."



A CHINESE WOMAN.

same constitution, exempt from foreign conquest and intestine commotions, the only peculiarity which it possesses, in comparison with other empires which have disappeared from the earth, is, that—owing perhaps to its peninsular situation, at the extremity of the habitable world, and its consequent exemption from the sweep of those concurring nations who changed the people whom they overthrew,—it has preserved its manners and usages, in a great measure unaltered, amidst the various revolutions and subjugations which it has experienced.¹ There has resulted

from this state of things, alike prejudicial to the progress of a nation, and to the welfare of humanity at large, a spirit of exclusiveness which

¹ China, it ought to be more generally known, was, in the 11th century, the victim of a "Social" Experiment. The famous Wang-mang-che, a great philosophical politician (they have plenty of them in France), got into power, when the Emperor Chen-tsung desired to surround himself with enlightened men, and in spite of the opposition of a conservative leader, Tse-ma-kouang (pronounced Zema-chung), he conducted the government on the following principles:—"The State should take the entire management of commerce, industry, and agriculture into its own hands, with the view of securing the working-classes and preventing their being ground to the dust by the rich. Tribunals were established throughout the empire, which fixed the price of provisions and merchandise. For a certain number of years, taxes were

imposed, to be paid by the rich, and from which the poor were exempt. The tribunals were to decide who was rich and who was poor. The sum thus collected was to be reserved in the coffers of the State, to be distributed to aged paupers, to workmen out of employ, and to whoever should be judged to be in need of it. The State was to have the only protection of the soil; in each district the tribunals were to assign the land annually to the farmers, and distribute amongst them the seed necessary to sow it, on condition that the loan was repaid either in grain or other possessions after the harvest was gathered, and (hear it, ye Registrars-General!) the officers of the tribunals should fix what kind of crop was to be grown and supply the seed for it! Abundance and happiness were thus to be assured to the land, and the necessities of life sold at a moderate price." The contrary took place. Everything was overturned—nothing built up—everyone ruined, every one lazy, as there was no reward for industry. At last the great philosopher statesman, finding that everyone was speaking against him, stopped all literature, and ordered that none but his own books should be read, as the people were blinded to their own good by the literary men on the other side. This was too much; the wise and the learned combined, and with one united clamour of the suffering people

has engendered an overweening self-conceit, and contempt of everything that is not Chinese,—feelings most prejudicial to intercommunication and commerce. The maxim of this government is to rule strangers or barbarians like beasts, and not like native subjects; and hence it is not surprising that local authorities, and the people themselves, should behave towards strangers as if they were a degraded order of beings. They do not even consider treaties or agreements with barbarians binding; insincerity and falsehood, which only lead to distrust and jealousy among themselves, become virtues when practised towards strangers; and hence it is, that however much a number of thoughtful and earnest persons may regret that the civilization of outer races should be intruded upon an exclusive people by force of arms, still, if they will look more deeply into the matter, they will find that such action must be ultimately for the benefit of the Chinese themselves. They are trampled upon by a foreign dynasty—the country is rent by insurrection—there is little or no opening to commerce, to civilization, or to the propagation of the Gospel; the people labour under a thousand inconveniences and absurdities handed down from generation to generation, which intercommunication with other nations would soften down, if not utterly efface. They have no confidence in one another, and it is essential to their welfare and progress, that such a state of things should be remedied, and that they should, as far as possible, be impressed with a sense of truth, justice and sincerity. The ways of Providence are often obscure to the limited scope of our mental conceptions; and the Chinese, whom some look to, as, with the Japanese, as the future dominant powers of the Far-East, will probably only be roused to a sense of their own capabilities and resources by collision with other people.

VII.—THE REBELS OF CHINA.

THE story of the "First and Last of the Mings" is the story of all China. That of Hung-woo is being acted over again in the present rebellion under Tien-teh (pronounced Tien-tay). Shortly after the events in 1841, which led to the cession of Hong Kong and the opening of the five ports, the Chinese Emperor Tao-kuang, who, by his haughty disdain of the barbarous nations from without, had hurried into a war with Great Britain, and by so doing had laid the basis of civil war, and unsapped the foundations of the Manchu dynasty, died, and was succeeded by his son, who assumed the title of Hien-fung—"Complete Abundance." The new emperor shut himself up in the so-called Paradise¹—a city within a city—as large as a

fortified town, surrounded by flatterers, eunuchs, and concubines. A new order of things was inaugurated. Ma-chang-ha and Ki-a were dismissed, and their successors were selected for their inveterate hostility to Europeans.

It is not surprising that under these circumstances a rumour became prevalent, and was universally received, that the end of the Tsing or Manchu dynasty was at hand. The period of the downfall was even fixed by prophecy for the forty-eighth year of the existing cycle, which corresponded to A.D. 1851. It was proclaimed that the chief who first unfurled the standard of the ancient native Chinese dynasty of the Mings would ascend the throne. Such an individual was not long wanting. He was found in the person of a youth, apparently without intellect, enterprise, or even physical courage to recommend him, but who was declared to be a lineal descendant of the Mings, and who assumed the name of Tien-teh—"Celestial Virtue," but is also variously designated as Tye-ping, Tai-ping-wang, &c. Barely twenty-three years of age at the outbreak of the insurrection, this tool of the more secret and ambitious designs of others was always attended by an aged and mysterious counsellor, whose connection with him has never been perfectly explained.

The province of Kuang-si, where the insurrection first showed its hydra-head, is a mountainous region, as vast as the estate of many a sovereign in Central Europe, in the south-western portion of the empire. The less accessible portion of this district is tenanted by the Miao-tze—a warlike, freebooting, independent race. Backed by such hardy and intrepid mountaineers, Tien-teh, or rather his generals, for he never exposed himself to the rebuke of rashness by participating in active hostilities, had little difficulty in subjecting the city of Ho, and crossing the frontiers of Kuang-si to enter into the province of Kuan-tong (Canton). The emperor, faithful to his policy of retrogression, despatched that unscrupulous barbarian, Lin, to oppose the insurgents. But Lin died on the way, and was succeeded by Li-sing-wen. The new imperial commissioner

declines to receive him. He prostrates himself outside the door and returns. From thence he goes to light some scented sticks before an idol. Somewhat before three o'clock, the grandees of the empire, who seek audience, arrive. Business is transacted, and before sunrise all is already finished. In Europe, when a king shows himself in public he delights in seeing himself surrounded with his people, and receives with pleasure the tribute of their acclamations and homage. In Peking, and wherever the emperor resides, whenever he goes abroad, every one closes his door, window, and shop; however, it is notorious that the Chinese never fail to peep at him through the chinks. Not a soul dare be found upon his passage; all have taken flight before and, and woe to whoever is not fleet enough. Notwithstanding these honours, the emperor of China is a recluse in his palace of Lay-tien, where he chiefly resides, and he knows but very little of what is going on in his state. The absurd ceremony which surrounds him renders him inaccessible to truth. Every communication made to him reaches him manufactured by his *fat-chang*, or *tsay-siang*, the mandarins of his palace; and, besides, he is so infatuated with his pretended grandeur, so unpliable in the midst of human vicissitudes, so unmanageable in reverses, so terrible, so ridiculous, so implacable in his vengeance, that the great art of the court is to deceive him, and persuade him he has been always successful. The inspectors sent into the provinces are infallibly corrupted, and the report which they give will be moulded according to custom. Thus his armies, which he supposes to be innumerable and invincible, have little existence except on paper, and the mandarins, who understand their trade, keep for themselves, as an addition to their salaries, the enormous sums destined for the pay of these muster rolls of soldiers.

the Socialists were driven out of China. They passed the Great Wall in large troops, and wandered into the desert of Tartary. Here they communicated their unquiet spirit to the Mongol tribes, and the whole of Tartary was in a ferment with the refuse of Chinese civilization. Nothing was wanted but a man to organize and command, and Genghis Khan appeared. He gathered together the wild and terrible hordes of these regions, and led them in immense battalions even into Europe, crushing and overwhelming all that came in his way.

¹ The emperor lives by rule; but, according to the usual fashion of this people, that rule must necessarily be quit-at variance with our notions. About three o'clock in the afternoon, or four at the latest, the day closes, and all retire to bed in the palace, both in winter and summer. The hour for rising is one o'clock in the morning. After he gets up, the emperor goes to wait on his mother, who, in order to better maintain her dignity, sometimes

instead of conveying Tien-teh, chained, to the foot of the throne, as he had been ordered to do, contented himself with attributing all the evils to want of energy on the part of Sin, viceroy of Kuang-si.

The insurrection in the meantime kept making head. All who joined in the movement cut off their pig-tails, allowed their hair to grow long, and replaced the Tartar cloak by the old garment opening in front, which was worn in the time of the Mings. The imperial commissioner Lin established his headquarters at Kuay-lin, and he appointed as his lieutenant the ferocious Chaw-tian tsin, governor of Ku-nan. This was the savage who cut off the lower lips of the opium smokers of Hu-nan. These chieftains began their crusade against the insurrectionists by putting the suspected and the compromised to death, instead of boldly attacking the insurgents.

Such a mode of proceeding was naturally followed by no satisfactory results. Tien-teh, although kept in the background, was invested with the canary-coloured imperial robes, and his portrait was disseminated throughout the provinces, no doubt with a view of preparing the minds of the people to the revived costume of the ancestral kings. The emperor became exceedingly exasperated at the dimensions which the insurrection was assuming, and he despatched his prime minister, Sui-chang ha, accompanied by two other Manchü Tartars, Fa-hing and Fa-sung ha—the latter stained with the slaughter of the shipwrecked of the *Norwalk*—to Kuay-lin.

It was at this time that the report became current that not only was Tien-teh a descendant of the kings, but that he was also a Christian, and that he overthrew idols and destroyed pagodas wherever he met them on his passage. Opinions are divided as to who contributed most towards disseminating this rumour—the insurgents, who wished to conciliate the Europeans, or the imperialists, who were desirous of injuring the insurgents in the opinions of the people. The progress of the insurrection, deplorable as it was, was at the same time not without its fatal effects on the countries in which war was waged. The Tartar general, Hu-lan-tai, despatched from Canton to confront the rebels, was sorely worsted near Lo-wi. Sin himself then entered upon a campaign, aided and abetted by Sam-kwa, the prefect of Shanghai, but could effect nothing either with gold or with arms, so he contented himself with sending bulletins of apocryphal victories to the Son of Heaven.

In July, 1851, an attempt was made upon the life of the emperor, and, in consequence, eighteen grand mandarins and every member of their families were put to death. On the 29th of September in the same year, the rebels obtained a great victory at Yung-gui, and many important cities fell in consequence into their hands. By the end of 1851, their triumphs were so numerous, that the Gazette of Peking ceased to register the victories obtained by the Tartars, in order to record the advantages obtained by the Chinese. All the fortified towns throughout the empire were put in a state of defence, and topographic plans were published of the progress of the insurrection, and of towns and districts that had been successively occupied. It is stated, that the Chinese, at the onset, spared the inhabitants, and allowed those who chose to depart with their goods, when they took possession of any new city, but that, when the peaceful merchants and tradespeople took advantage of this clemency, the

Tartar troops uniformly despoiled them, and, if they attempted to defend themselves, slew them without mercy. "You are," exclaimed the indignant citizens to the Imperialists, "as nice before the rebels, and tigers to us."

In the meantime Sin had offered eighty thousand taels for the head of Tien-teh, and that of his councillor, that is to say, individually, twenty thousand taels less than the rebels had offered for his own cranium. But, no heads coming, he invented, in order to get back to Canton, the abominable falsehood, and which was published in the Peking Gazette, that the Portuguese of Macao were about to invade the Celestial Empire!

The rebels—and it is an important point to notice as a lesson for the guidance of civilised nations—did not care to preserve the places which they captured. It appears that they disregarded the Foo, or first class cities, and Nans and Choo, or cities of the second and third class, with some few exceptions, alike; their object was to possess themselves of Nankin, the ancient capital of the Ming dynasty, and after levying the means necessary for paying their troops, they evacuated each town in its turn. But in a country so peculiarly centralised as everything is in China, so long as Peking remains in the hands of the Manchus, they will preserve the empire of the Central Land. So also is it there, and there only, that nations, baffled, traitorously assaulted, and subjected to all kinds and descriptions of debasing indignities at the hands of a set of miserable mandarins, must seek for satisfaction.

This victory was followed by the subjection of Hu-chu-fu, in the province of Canton. Europeans had thus a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with the tactics of the Chinese, and they ascertained that they advanced to the assault in different bodies led on by independent chiefs, but all acting in one cause—that of the overthrow of the Tartar dynasty. A new manifesto was also published by the Chinese at this epoch, which spoke, like all former ones, of a dismemberment of the empire. When once they got to Peking, it was said, the land would be divided amongst the different chieftains. This may or may not be a deception on the part of one or more leaders to procure adherents, but it is interesting to know that any debasement of the imperial power by civilised nations may possibly lead to the dismemberment of this vast agglomeration of people with different habits, manners, and feelings. At the least, a confederation of feudal sovereigns would result from the inauguration of a new state of things. The different societies, so powerful in China, already understand this perfectly, and are prepared to act in such a sense when the time propitious for such a change shall arrive. In the same manifesto the decrees of Heaven are spoken of. "They have prostrated themselves," they announce, "before the Supreme Being, after having learned to worship God."¹

The Tartar general, Hu-lan-tai, determined upon avenging the disasters of which the province of Ping-lo had been the theatre, marched against the rebels at

¹ Subsequent proclamations, more especially one issued by Yang, King of the East, and Sam, or Sheng, King of the West, have not only alluded to the Supreme Lord, our Heavenly Father, who created the heaven and earth, and all that therein is in six days, and to the Old Testament, but also to the Lord Jesus, the Saviour of the world, who was incorporated in the country of Judaea, and suffers for the redemption of mankind.

the head of an army of thirteen thousand men. The forces met on the banks of the Kway-kiang, and, as usual, the Imperialists were defeated, with the loss of half their number by desertion and wounds. Thereupon Sin pulled his grey moustaches with vexation, and hit upon a notable plan to repair the damage done. He sent off four thousand buffaloes with resinous torches attached to their horns, accompanied by four thousand soldiers, who were to turn them adrift, the torches having been previously lighted, into the insurgent camp. The rebels, warned of this clever stratagem, let the buffaloes go quietly by, and fell upon their guard, destroying one half of their number. The insurrection had spread by this time to Hai nan, that great mountainous and yet fertile island, whose aborigines have never been subjected by the Chinese, and the possession of which by Great Britain would, to a certain extent, counterbalance the power lately obtained by France in Cambodia and Cochin China. It appears that, as in the province of Kwangsi, the native mountaineers abetted the insurgent Chinese in their rebellion, and they soon possessed themselves of King-chu-fu, the capital, and of other chief towns.

To the north, the insurrection had also spread into the provinces of Hu-nan and Hu-pai, which for brevity's sake, may be spoken under their older common name of Hu-kiang. They were hilly or rather mountainous districts, with a comparatively cold climate, and the inhabitants subsist mainly on corn and vegetables. The progress of the insurrection was not less rapid in these provinces than in the two Kwangs. Almost all the chief cities, as well as the second-class towns, fell into their hands without scarcely striking a blow. The people and their leaders alike went over to the national cause. True to their original system, the insurgents appropriated to themselves the public treasures and Imperial tribute, but they always respected private property. As to the unlucky mandarins, they had no other alternative but to hang themselves in despair. Tien-teh remained all this time in a strong position in the mountains of Tse-king, not far from Kway-lin. That wonderfully intelligent viceroy, Sin, thought that he would now further illustrate his career by entering into negotiations with this mysterious personage. Tien-teh contented himself upon this occasion with asserting his claim to the throne as a descendant of the Mings, and declared that the time had come when the usurping Tartar dynasty of the Tsings should withdraw to their own country. A further attempt was made shortly after this to carry Kway-lin by assault, but the insurgents recoiled before so strong a place well defended with cannon. The Tartar general, Hu-lan-tai, however, received a wound on the knee upon this occasion, which was rendered fatal by national prejudices. The assistance of a surgeon was sought for from Canton; but as no stranger was allowed to penetrate into the interior, Hu-lan-tai had to go to him, and he perished on the way.

A strange rumour also became current in this country of lies at this time. It was neither more nor less than that Tien-teh had been made a prisoner, and conveyed to Peking in chains. The Gazette of Peking even announced the condemnation of the pretender to death. His last dying speech and confession were also published at length in the same official sheet. The chief object of this notable publication was to implicate the Chang ti,

or Protestants, and more especially the secret society founded by Gutzlaff, and known as the "Chinese Union." This comedy was another offspring of the fertile and ingenious brain of Sin, the viceroy of the two Kwangs. He had got hold of a minor rebel chief, and had sent him to Peking, ticketed as the veritable Tien-teh.

In the meantime the insurgents experienced the first reverses in the north. Attacked at Chao-chu-fu, they were defeated with the loss of some four hundred men, killed, wounded, and prisoners. A few days after they experienced another defeat at Yang-chu-fu, and this was accompanied by a sad disaster to their fleet of junks, which was partly consumed in an attempt made to fire the Imperial fleet. They took their revenge at Kway yang, which was carried by assault, and the war, like all civil wars, having become envenomed by prolonged struggling, assumed now a more grievous aspect—the public buildings were destroyed and burnt, the mandarins were put to death, and the inhabitants who had sided with the Imperialists had to purchase their lives and property by heavy pecuniary sacrifices. The family of the Sins, the most wealthy in the province, was molested in the sum of 200,000 taels. Wealthy patriarchal families of this description exist in each of the eighteen provinces of the Celestial Empire. Three or four generations live together, on the same property, under one ancestor; but all have some pursuit, for in China, the opposite to us, the man who gains his bread by industry is more esteemed than he who lives upon his revenues.

In the month of September, 1852, Tien-teh established his headquarters at Hing-gan, a walled city, admirably situated, and not far from Kway-lin, the headquarters of the ingenious Sin. In the meantime, in consonance with the political theory advocated by the embodiment of "celestial virtue" of a federal empire, the rebels of Hu-nan proclaimed a new sovereign, without in any way infringing the rights of the descendant of the Mings. The whole disposable force of the insurgents, estimated at eighty thousand men, next concentrated itself at Klu-chu-fu, led on by chiefs equal in their rights, preparatory to the descent of the Yang-tse-kiang, the most disastrous of all the campaigns during the insurrection. Several more towns had fallen into the hands of the Chinese. At one, Tao-chu, the Tartars hit upon the happy expedient of turning the river upon the enemy, but it only destroyed the rats—the first time probably that the race had been exterminated by Tartars.

The Emperor, humiliated by so many disasters, recalled his old and faithful councillors. Ki-chan and Ki-in, to the ministry; Hing-gan, another liberal, was named prime minister, in the place of Sai-chang-ha; our old friend Sin was appointed to the government of the two Hus, and Y replaced him at Canton and in the two Kwangs. But with these changes of councillors Hian-fung did not change his policy. The Son of Heaven never deviated in his hostility to European barbarians; not even the services which they proffered at the most trying moments were capable of softening down that intensity of hatred which he has sucked with his Tartar mother's milk.

The rebels failed in an attack upon Chang-cha, the capital of Hu-nan, a beautiful city situated on the borders of the Siang, which flows out of a great lake into the Yang-tse-kiang, and backed by wooded mountains. This city is celebrated for an annual regatta, in



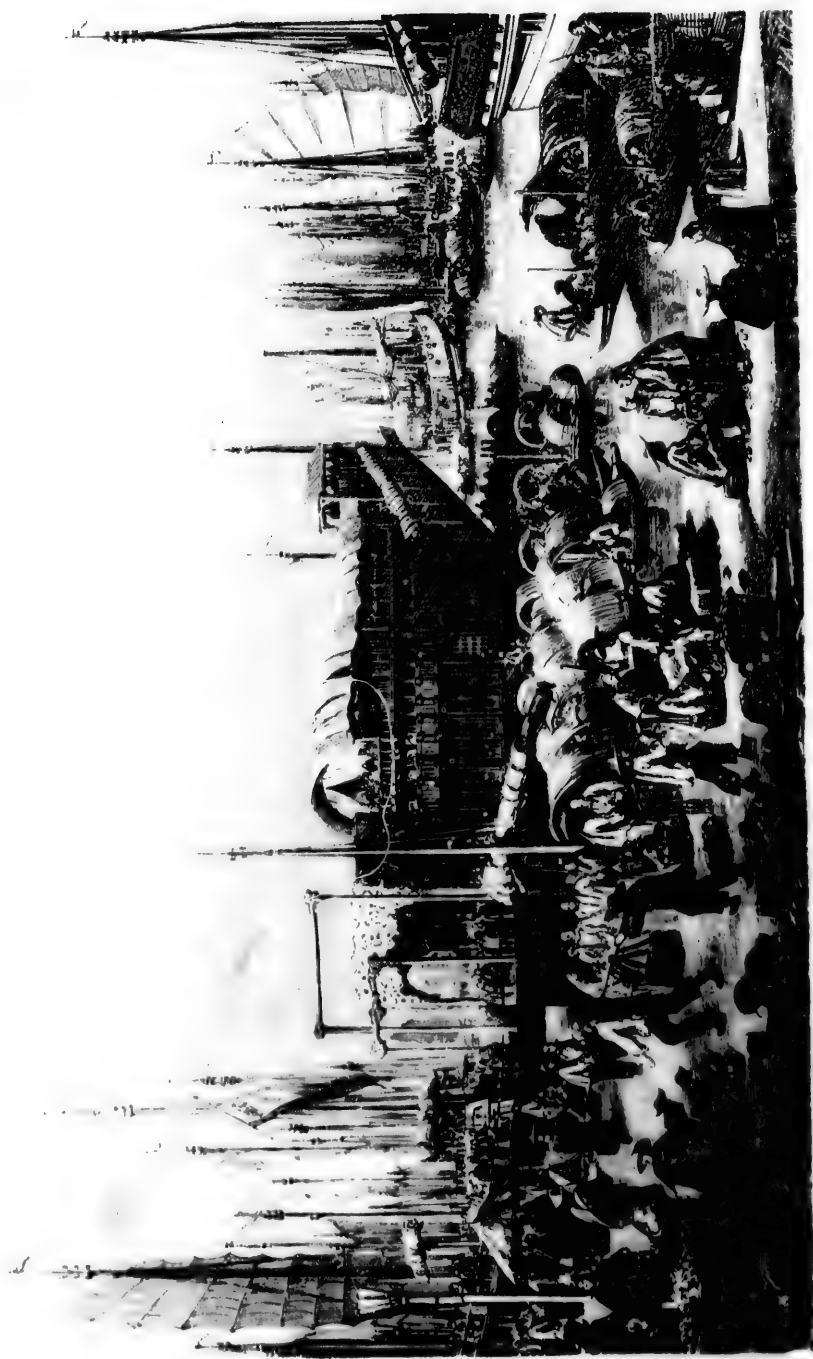
CHINESE OPIUM SMOKERS.

which boats, representing all the fantastic animals created by the imagination of the children of the Celestial Empire, contest for prizes. They were more successful, led on by one of their most distinguished chiefs, Tai-peng-wang, at Yt-chu, where they obtained great booty, and two hundred junks, with which they were enabled to navigate the river as far as Yang-chu-fu. It is to be observed here that the viceroy of the westerly and mountainous province of Kway-chu had always excused himself from sending aid to the Imperial cause on the plea that the province was ravaged by rebels. The fact appears to be that these mountaineers, always vassals more than subjects, have rarely, if ever, been well affected towards the Manchu dynasty. The hilly region of Chang tong, inhabited by a peaceable, industrious, and well-affected class of people—the birthplace of Confucius—also declared in favour of the insurrection, and slew their governor. The descendants of the philosopher dwell in this district, and number more than a thousand. They have lived there respected and honoured by all parties for now twenty centuries. Where are the descendants of the great philosophers, mandarins, and of the benefactors of humanity in Europe?

All these increasing evils were augmented by a deficiency in the funds, which began to assume an aspect as alarming as that of the insurrection. The governors of provinces could give no account of the monies entrusted to them. All they kept asking for was more money in order to be able to carry on the war. When

they were moderate in their demands, they contented themselves with declaring that they had forty thousand men on foot; when they were extravagant they boasted of one hundred thousand followers. The Son of Heaven is the most impudently robbed man in his empire. His ministers rob him, the governors rob the ministers, the prefects rob the governors, and so on down to the scullion. It is one universal, organised system of plunder. Under such a pressure, the Emperor issued an edict calculated to debase a nation more than any that, perhaps, was ever before issued by terrestrial monarch. It is impossible to give it at length, albeit of rare interest; suffice it, that it openly permits the sale of all places and dignities, even of judges, and authorises rebellion, vice, and even crime to be indemnified by money.

The rebels continued, in the meantime, the descent of the Yang-tse-kiang, and obtained possession of Hu-chang-fu, the capital of the province of Hu pay, and containing at that time some four hundred thousand inhabitants. They also succeeded in obtaining possession of one of the most remarkable districts in China, the oft described three cities, Hu-chang, Han-yang, and Han-chu, situated at the junction of the river Han with the Yang-tse-kiang; the first on the right bank of the Han; the second on the left, and the third on the opposite bank of the Yang-tse-kiang, and not less celebrated for their population, wealth, industrial movement, and myriads of junk than for picturesque detail of the parts and the general



SHANGHAI HARBOUR

magnificence of the whole. Since the period now in question, our enterprising war steamers have made their way up to this great commercial centre of China, and, alas! found it sadly fallen off in every respect from what had been depicted by different travellers previous to the ravages of this most frightful civil war.

The fact of the fall of the Three Cities of Hu peh, certified by imperial proclamation, carried with it alarm throughout the whole empire. Not a town but made its levies, and prepared for war. The paucity of military resources possessed by China may be judged of, when it is known that Shanghai, with a large floating population (floating in the real, and not the received sense of the word), and a resident population of one hundred thousand inhabitants, could only furnish a contingent of a hundred regulars, and the same number of volunteers. The populace, especially the maritime portion, as experience has since shown, reserved themselves for action when there were greater chances of plunder.

When the Chinese party had thus obtained possession of the richest province of the empire, Kiang-nan and Kiang-si, their leaders, assumed a real importance, and more correct information was obtained as to their individuality. Tai-ping-wan, we use only his assumed name, "the great pacifier," was the commander-in-chief, and he had with him four kings, his colleagues: Tung-wang, king of the east, a little spare man, about thirty-five years of age, and pitted with small-pox; H wang, king of the west, young, active, and brave, the Achilles of this pleiad of kings, but since dead; Nan-wang, king of the south, a man of letters; and Pay-wang, king of the north, young, and of great strength and intrepidity—the hero of the insurrection. Such were the five chiefs whose army now acted in concert, and they were aided and abetted by a great number of inferior officers. Two ministers are also deserving of mention, as they may play an important part should the Chinese party be successful, and carry the day against the Manchu Tartars. One is a little, sharp, clever personage, Fung-y-chang, by name; the other is a thin, ugly, and bony, but a highly educated man, and the author, it is supposed, of most of the proclamations issued by the insurgents; this is the person who is believed to be a Chang si, or Protestant, and a member of the "Chinese Union," if not an actual disciple of Gutzlaff's. His name is Chi-ta-kai.

After they obtained possession of the triple city of Hu-peh, the rebels continued the descent of the Yang-tse-kiang, and occupied successively Kin-kiang, Gan-kun, and Hu-hu. Obtaining possession, at the same time, of all the junks and merchants vessels that were on the river, the five kings made their appearance before Nankin, with a formidable fleet and an army of fifty thousand men. Nankin, with its five hundred thousand inhabitants, had been the capital of the empire under the Ming or Chinese dynasty. What remains in the present day of this once great city, occupies, like the existing fragments of Bagdad—the city of Khalifs—only a small extent of the circuit of the walls, which embraced an area three times the extent of Paris. The land is now cultivated where there were formerly streets, and the grass grows on the quays where the junks used to lie in a triple row. Yet nothing can exceed the fertility of the province of Kiang-nan. It surpasses alike Flanders, Belgium, and Lombardy. The fertile alluvium of the Yang-tse

kiang is furrowed by a thousand canals full of fish, and lined with bamboos and willows. The plains between are covered with yellow cotton, rice, fruit, and vegetables that yield two crops in the year. Scarlet and mother-of-pearl pheasants enliven the scene. This province alone supports thirty-eight millions of inhabitants, ten times as many as Belgium, and more than all France put together.

Whilst the army of the five kings was gathered around the old monument of the Chungs—the axis, as it were, of an extinct dynasty—the well-known nine-storied pagoda—the Emperor was raising his wife by proclamation in the *kin-sin-pao*—the official gazette of Peking, and the *Moniteur* of the eighteen provinces, and of three hundred and sixty millions of people—to the rank of Empress associate. Sin was deposed, and the aid of ships purchased from the Anglo-Americans, and of rusty guns bought from the Portuguese of Macao, was sought for, but all in vain: the people of the old capital of the Chings naturally sided with those who proclaimed the revival of the dynasty, and the re-establishment of their city as the capital of the empire. Nankin soon capitulated to the insurgents, who have held it and the mouths of the Yang-tse-kiang ever since. The Chinese party may be barbarians: in that they only imitate their rivals, the Manchus. They may have destroyed cities and massacred the inhabitants, where they met with prolonged opposition; they may have since been beaten by the Manchu Tartars, when they crossed the Hong-ho, or Yellow River, on their way to Peking; they may have manifested a hostile bearing to Europeans, owing partly to the misrepresentation of their countrymen, and partly to the attitude assumed by the Europeans themselves; they may have treated Sir George Bonham's mission scurvily, and their chief may, in Oriental extravagance, have gone so far as to designate himself "Brother of Our Saviour." It is an Eastern expression, as they say Son of God. But they have some redeeming points about them; they have overthrown idolatry, they receive the Word of God with the greatest deference and eagerness; they call us brothers, and they are engaged in printing the Bible to a very large extent. There cannot be a question, then, but that, with all their faults, they present the best material with which to work out the regeneration of China. If, after the lapse of so many years, they have been unable to expel the reigning dynasty, still they hold possession of the richest and most wealthy and central provinces of the Flowery Land. Of the four most important and central parts of China, Cha-sin, on the Yellow River, Fushan, Hanchu, and King-tse-chin, three are on the vast and populous plain of the Yang-tse-kiang, and in the hands of the Chinese party. In those of the broken-down Manchus, there only remain a few strongholds, the ports maintained by European forces, and the northerly provinces of Pe-cheli, or Pay-chi-li, Chan-si, and Chen-si.

VIII.—THE GREAT RIVERS OF CHINA.

THE vast empire of China is divided into three valleys, by three great rivers: the Pearl River, at the sea board of which lies Canton and Hong; the Yang-tse-kiang, or "Son of the Ocean," at the mouth of which lie Chusan and Shanghai; and the Yellow River, on the other side of which lies Peking. It is

geographically bounded on the south and east by the Pacific Ocean, on the north by the Yn chain of mountains, and the Great Desert of Gobi, or the "Sea of Sand;" to the west by the mountains of Thibet; and to the south-west by the less elevated ranges that extend along the limits of the Burmese empire and Tonquin.

The position of the Chinese empire at the present moment is truly deplorable. It is pressed upon, on the coast line, by France and England; on the side of its northern frontier, by the Russians; and, upon the south and in the centre, by its own people, who seem resolved to extirpate the Tartar government.

It will be seen that for the purposes of European trade, the river communication of China is one of the utmost importance, and to this point we must draw our readers' attention. Of the three great rivers—Canton has already made us acquainted with the Pearl—the Yellow River, from the shifting of its waters (which, of late, have destroyed the Grand Canal), is of minor importance as a means of communication from the sea board, but the Yang-tse-kiang stands unrivalled by any other river in the world, as regards its population, its wealth, and the enormous traffic that takes place on its waters. There is a greater trade carried on between the eighteen provinces of China than between all Europe and the rest of the world. If we wish to have a share in that trade, we must go up to Han-chu,¹ where we shall find a new market for our manufactures, and means of distributing them in the interior among millions who have never heard of them. No real progress will be made till we have gained these two points—free access to the tea and silk districts and the central marts there, and the right to navigate the Yang-tse-kiang, and to enter the great cities on its banks and those of its tributaries. The population of the great plain to the Yang-tse-kiang is somewhere about one hundred millions, or about three and a-half times the population of the United Kingdom, and the navigation of the Yang-tse-kiang will afford us the means of controlling the Chinese, and dictating to them terms of fairness and justice in our intercourse. It is of the first importance that access to this district should be secured to us; it appears to be the most important mart in Asia; half the Manchester and Leeds goods that are sent to China have already found their way there. If a line of European commerce were opened, sea-going ships would leave their cargoes at Shanghai, and steamers would be employed on the river. Compare the Yang-tse-kiang with the Mississippi, there are no two rivers so nearly alike. But there is this difference, that while one has a population of one hundred millions on its banks, the other has not more than ten or twelve millions. Now when we come to consider the immense number of steamers running on the Mississippi to supply the wants of those ten millions, we can form some idea of the enormous number of vessels there must be on the Yang-tse-kiang to supply the wants of that vast population of one hundred millions, or more. The Mississippi and its tributaries have in constant employment more than a thousand steamboats, and many of these of very large size; and were the same class of steamers introduced on the Yang-tse-kiang that

run on the American rivers—vessels drawing from thirteen inches to three feet of water—it would inevitably give an enormous impetus to the traffic of that great river.

As we ascend the Yang-tse-kiang, the cities are found to be sadly desolated by prolonged civil war. Han-kow, or Han-chu, is the most central spot in the empire, from whence foreign trade might radiate. The *Furoua*, Captain Sherard Osborn, drawing sixteen feet of water, reached this great and important central mart. The river is navigable much further up, and beyond are caravan routes to Nepal and India—the ancient commercial line between the extreme east and the central east—before ships went to India by the Cape of Good Hope. If the Yang-tse-kiang is not the longest river in the world, being three thousand miles, if it does not drain so large an area even as the Amur—156,800 to 145,000 square miles—it is universally admitted to be one of the most important, having so many populous cities containing one hundred millions of people on its banks, and traversing as it does the centre of one of the richest and most productive countries in the world. The trade of Shanghai in exports alone is now about £12,000,000 sterling per annum, paid for by Manchester and Leeds goods, tea, silver, and opium. To what extent this trade might be extended in the valley of the Yang-tse-kiang it would be futile to speculate upon, but it opens prospects even far beyond that, and which extend to the very heart of Thibet.

As you proceed up the river, it will be found that the population is not so much collected into large villages as in the south, but scattered over the country in farms and hamlets, imparting to the otherwise uninteresting scenery that air of domestic comfort and civilization which is more particularly the characteristic of Belgium and the low countries. Everywhere the population are industriously engaged in agricultural pursuits; not an inch of ground seems uncultivated; not a resource neglected for increasing the fertility of the soil. The whole country is intersected with water communication, most of the channels being a combination of the natural and artificial, and the sails of junks are visible above the level of the country, through which they seem impelled by some mysterious and hidden influence. In spring (about February), a thick hoar frost covered the fields in early morning, and a good coal fire is enjoyed at night.

Half way up the Yang-tse-kiang, also known by the name of the Blue River, it enters the province of Szechewan at a distance of about 500 miles to Thibet. Here, at the distance of nearly 500 miles from the sea, a coal district, and here also are the famous Salt Wells of Onchar, where the Chinese are in the daily habit of boring artesian wells, which not rarely pass through coal. The gas from some of these wells is used to evaporate the water and make salt, which it contains in the proportion of one-fifth. On up the river you will see officers who collect the salt duties. It is the income-tax of China—every one eats salt, and when you tax salt you tax everybody.

The Yang-tse-kiang is regarded as the largest, the deepest, and the most abundant river in the world. It passes first, as we ascend from the sea, through the province of Kiangsen and runs past Cheliang and Nankin, the capital of Southern China, now in possession of the rebels. It then passes upwards

¹ *Fu* signifies, in Chinese, the first order of towns, *chu*, of the second; *tsun*, of the third; all these are towns having walls around them.

through the province of Anhui for two hundred miles, through large towns and first class cities, until the provinces of Hu-peh and Han-nan are reached, the one on the north and the other on its south bank. Here grow the finest teas, which have hitherto been carried to Canton on men's backs over the mountains, instead of being placed on board our ships, which can sail up here, if permitted. Here are lakes, narrow rivers, and canals intersecting the country on all sides; and just here the Yang-tse-kiang unites with the river Han, at a spot about which are concentrated the three great trading cities of China, Wu-chung, Han-nan, and Han-kow, or "the Mouth of Commerce," which three cities are said to contain eight millions of population. Through the great province of Hu-peh the river flows, passing the great cities of King-chen and Tchang, with water deep enough for 300 tons burthen; indeed, there are no rapids, though the bottom is rocky, until we reach up to Kwei, which is 900 miles from the sea. When the snow melts upon the Tibetan mountains, the river is full, and the falls can be floated over; but these portions may be canalised. Here begin the coal fields of the Yang-tse-kiang; but above Kwei the river is deep and broad as the Canton river, and joins the Kiang river, which runs through the province of Fuman, and on to Tibet and Burmah, where already English enterprise has pushed a trade over the Burmese territory from our own possessions on the Irrawaddy, so that English enterprise is prepared to compete with the Chinese trade on both of her frontiers. Take the description of travelling on the Yang-tse-kiang on two points, we find it as follows: For two hours we followed narrow tortuous paths, now winding among hills of red earth, where cotton and indigo grow in abundance, now returning through valleys between verdant plantations of rice. Soon we caught sight of the lake of Ping-ho, whose blue surface, slightly ruffled by a slight breeze, glittered in the sun as if covered with innumerable diamonds. Three boats lay ready for us at the bank, our party were soon embarked; long sails, made of bamboo, and folded like fans, were quickly hoisted, and we pushed off. The wind being insufficient, its place was supplied by numbers of rowers; towards noon, however, the wind strengthened, and carried us rapidly over a magnificent lake. We encountered boats of every size and shape, carrying passengers and merchandise, as well as numerous fishing smacks, distinguished by the black nets hung on the mast. The various vessels passing and re-passing, with their yellow sails and striped flags, the vague indefinite murmur floating around, the aquatic birds hovering over the lake and diving suddenly after their prey, all this presented a most charming and animated picture to the eye. We passed several floating islands, those curious productions of Chinese industry, which no other people seem to have thought of. These floating islands are enormous rafts, generally constructed of bamboo, which resist the decomposing influence of the water for a long time. Upon the raft is laid a tolerable thick bed of vegetable soil, and thanks to the patient labour of a few families of aquatic agriculturists, the astonished traveller beholds a whole colony living on the surface of the water, in pretty houses, with their gardens, as well as fields and plantations of every sort. The inhabitants of these farms seem to enjoy peace and abundance. During the leisure time that is not occupied by the culture of their rice fields, they employ themselves in fishing,

which is at the same time a pastime and a source of profit; often after gathering a crop of grain from the lake, they cast their nets and bring up a harvest of fish from its depths, for these waters teem with creatures fit for the use of man. Many birds, particularly swallows and pigeons, build their nests in these floating isles, and enliven the peaceful and poetic solitudes. Towards the middle of the lake, we encountered one of these islands, on its way to take up a fresh position. It moved very slowly, although there was a good deal of wind, and large sails were attached to the houses, as well as to the corners of the island; the inhabitants, men, women and children, lent their strength to aid its progress by working at large oars, but their efforts did not seem to materially increase the speed at which they moved. However, these peculiar mariners do not probably trouble themselves much about delays, as they are sure of sleeping on land, at whatever place they may go. Their migrations are often without any apparent motive. Like the Mongols in their vast prairies, they wander at will; but more fortunate than these latter, they have constructed for themselves a little solitude in the midst of civilization, and united the charms of a nomadic life to the advantage of a sedentary abode. These floating islands are to be found on all the great lakes of China, and at first sight present an enchanting picture of happiness and gaiety, whilst it is impossible not to admire the ingenious industry of these Chinese, so singular in all their proceedings. But when you consider the cause of their construction, the labour and patience necessary for their erection, by people unable to find a corner on the solid earth on which to establish themselves, the smiling picture assumes a darker tint, and the mind endeavours vainly to penetrate the future of a race so numerous that the land will no longer hold it, and which has sought a resting place on the surface of the waters.¹

¹ The traveller in the Celestial Empire reflecting on the countless myriads of inhabitants whose numbers increase year by year with frightful rapidity, is almost tempted to wonder that China should not experience one of those exterminating scourges by which providence arrests from time to time the rapid increase of too fertile races. The population of China has been the subject of much debate among European authors, who had no means of coming to exact conclusions. The Chinese statistics are, nevertheless, kept with care, and in each province the heads of families are required to inscribe their number in registers kept for this purpose, and the total number are collected and published. The method of registration has varied much even in modern times; numerous classes of non-ratepaying individuals have been omitted from the counts, and hence results the difference in the calculations of the Chinese population presented to us at different times. The following account appears to be especially authentic, though the largest number surpasses the smallest by 183,000,000. In 1743 according to Father Amiot, 150,265,171; in 1761, according to Father Hallerstein, 198,211,552; in 1794 according to Lord Macartney, 343,000,000. The most recent census, taken under the Manchou dynasty, raises the total number up to 361,000,000. We have not the information necessary to examine this calculation and decide with certainty; but we do not doubt the correctness of the estimate, in spite of the enormous number registered. It is easy to form perfect opposite ideas of the population of China, according to the route by which you traverse it. If, for example, in the centre provinces, you travel along the roads, you would be led to believe the country much less populous than it really is. The villages are few and far between, the waste lands so considerable that you might at times fancy yourself in the plains of Tartary. But traverse the same province by the canal or rivers, and the aspect of the country is entirely changed. Often you pass high cities containing not less than two or three millions of inhabitants; whilst smaller towns and great villages follow each other in almost uninterrupted succession. It is difficult to conceive where these numberless multitudes, whose mere habitation seems to

Speaking of Wuchang, the same one of our emissaries informed us that "the river at this place resembles a great arm of the sea. Multitudes of enormous junks were moving rapidly down or slowly up this 'River Child of the Sea,' as the Chinese call it. The wind was blowing from the south, which was favourably enough for us, as we only wanted a side wind, but it was extremely violent, and as the passage boats we found stationed at the shore appeared much too slight for stormy weather in these impetuous waters, we hesitated a little before embarking in them. The example, however, of many other travellers who made no difficulty having reassured us, we entered a boat which soon carried us away with almost terrific rapidity. When we were near the middle of the river, we met with a squall that sent our boat so much on her side that her sails for a moment touched the water. At length, after a passage of three quarters of an hour, we arrived, without accident, in the port of Wuchang, where we were detained more than two hours opening a passage for ourselves through the prodigious mass of junks in the anchorage."

Of the country on the river banks, he says-- "Along the road we met groups of little Chinese children, with large straw hats, leading goats, asses, or enormous buffaloes, to feed on the grass that grows in the ditches by the road side. You can hear the prattling of the little creatures quite far off, and see them capering and jumping. Large trees are on the road side, and not seldom, it must be said, swarms of mosquitoes, whose stings render an evening, already too hot, by no means more supportable."

IX.—THE MARITIME CITIES OF CHINA.

HAVING now accomplished our object, in giving the reader some insight into the inside life of China—that is, the portion of the country not immediately on the sea-board—we will proceed on our voyage.

The six main busy provinces—which are almost nations—known out of the eighteen vast divisions of which China is constituted, are Kwan-tung, or "The East Plain," with 20,000,000 of population; Fuh-kien, "The Constitution of Happiness," with 15,000,000; Cheh-kiang, "The Country of the Winding River," Yang-tse-kiang, with 20,000,000; Kiang-tu, "The Country of the Happy River" (the Yellow River), with 38,000,000; Shang-tung, "East of the Mountains," with 29,000,000; and Pe-cheli, "The Supreme Province," with 29,000,000. It is to open up a special trade with these provinces that we demand a right of trading with the ports of Canton, Amoy, Ningpo, Shanghai, and Chusan were opened by the treaty of Nankin, and those of New-chang, Tang-chow, Tai-wan (the island of Formosa), Chau-chow (Swatow), and Kiang-chow (or the Isle of Hainan, at the extreme point of China), by the treaty of Tientsin. To inspect some of these ports, and to get an insight into Chinese life and habits, we connect of our present run along the shore upwards from Hong-kong to the Gulf of Pe-cheli. Chinese nature, as it appears along the coast, presents a cheerful and unimpaired aspect, occasionally we see a fishing village just as we come to the sterility and barrenness of the huge mountain of volcanic sand and surf-beaten rocks, then a battery very like a mud-bump, then a pagoda, then a convoy of

coast the whole surface of the land, and can find means of subsistence; and the estimate of 300,000,000 would seem rather under than over the truth.

trading junks at anchor in a rock-bound bay, hidden by three pyramidal hills; that is Swatow, where there is a great trade in sugar, brought over from Formosa to be refined, and afterwards exported to various ports of China. As the frequent piracy perilled these valuable cargoes, it became customary for the Chinese merchants to hire foreign vessels, and hence, in spite of the Chinese authorities, a very extensive trade has sprung up. Swatow is also the centre of a Coolie emigration or exportation to Havana and Callao, and there are tales told here that would make a slave captain shudder. The men of Swatow are fine sturdy fellows, most of them in turbans of dark blue nankeen, and the women wear picturesque dresses, all of the gayest colours. The head dresses of the young girls are very pretty—their hair plaited in a long tail, which is wound round and round the head, terminating in a tassel behind. A round black silk or velvet band encircles the upper part of the forehead, and has generally a gaudy jewel in front; a fine flower jauntily placed on one side of the head, completes her head-dress. Others have the hair curiously worked up into shape. Handsome gold ornaments and flowers tastefully placed give the head of a pretty girl a fine appearance. We went to see a play here, and arrived just as the drums banged and the cymbals clashed for a fighting scene, as they always do, to give effect to the blows. The dresses were capital, and the wardrobe extensive. The heroines were played by men; one in particular acted remarkably well, and the studied attitudes, even to the position of the fingers, were admirable. In one furious scene, where the heroine had been going through a terrific piece of fierce declamation, in a high falsetto, she threw herself (or rather himself), in the height of injured innocence, into a chair, and hiding her face from the spectators, as in the deepest grief, quietly expelled her quid, invisibly to them, but bringing the sublime much too near the ridiculous for us who were at the side-scenes. There is no use attempting to describe a Chinese play. Grand dresses, marches, processions, kowtowing, fighting and quarrelling, are jumbled in inexpressible confusion. The actors, in the absence of play bills, coolly walk forward and proclaim who they are, sometimes even hold up a placard with the title on it, make no difficulty about distance, pretend to get on a horse, no horse being on the stage, and then say: "I have now arrived at such a place." Most of their plays relate to old Chinese times, their costumes being almost invariably such as were used previous to the Tartar invasion. Their travelling apparatus is well arranged, being packed in gaudily painted boxes, which form seats behind the stage, and are, we believe, also fitted up for cooking, another as a dressing stand, for washing and painting their faces; some of their faces are most curiously painted to represent demons, or more often terrible creatures. From here to Nankin, a literary island and a collegiate city; which is famous for little else than its den of opium smokers and opium dealers, who, at the base of the barren hills on the sea shore, have established a trading station. The island bay, near the city, swarms with small craft, whose industrious owners, a hardy class, working naked, make us wonder why China wants a navy, and by no means feel astonished that with such a government she has such a pirate population on her shores. From here to Amoy barren rocks and sharp blowing sand and nothing worth looking at, but the Chapel Island, which the sea

has tunnelled through. The first thing that strikes you as you land at Amoy, passing up what looks like a deep bay, but is only made by another island, Kolungau, is the spot where the English fleet "blow out of the water"—the only Chinese fleet that ever dared to face them. The town itself looks like a wooden Wapping, and has two long streets of open shops,—cranky concerns, full of ugly-looking meat (you think of cannibals and dog-eaters when you see such joints), and bread that looks like honey-soap. The streets are narrow, and the perpetual "Ah ho" of the palankeen bearers causes fresh confusion every instant. Of course, the English live in good houses. The trade is mostly in teas and silks, but Amoy is not so well situated as its rival, Shanghai. Every one we met was smoking a pipe, not of opium, but of good honest tobacco.¹

We were not sorry to leave Amoy and forge along to the rocky mouth of the Min river on our way to Foo-chow, the sea port of Fuh kien, which sells us fifty millions of pounds weight of tea, and takes only 100,000% of our goods, besides some million and a half of bullion away from us; for, as for coin, the Chinese have nothing of it, so far as silver and gold are concerned.²

They say that Foo-chow or Fuchu, is not a good place for teas, which are there, as 26 to 18 in price, compared with Fuh-chun, a place at some short distance above; but it has always been the greatest trading place of the two, and the Chinese must know best. We were compelled to get into a boat at the mouth of the river, for we had still 25 miles to go up to the city. This Chinese boating is very pleasant; imagine a gondola style of craft, thirty feet long by six broad, with the sails, if the wind blows fair, and ten oarsmen, if that fails; carrying out the contrary as usual, they push, instead of pull, the oar, to the accompaniment of that singularly inharmonious chant. It was a long and tedious pull, for the tide was against us, and the night had fallen, and we could only see the dark tops of the mountains, and an occasional village light, and hear the hoarse gurgling of the murky waters, as the tide rushed by our frail, gimcrack habitation. At

¹ The use of tobacco has become universal throughout the empire; men, women, children, everybody smokes almost without ceasing. They go about their daily business, cultivate the fields, ride on horseback, and write, constantly with the pipe in their mouths. During their meals, if they stop for a moment, it is to smoke a pipe; and if they wake in the night, they are sure to amuse themselves in the same way. It may be easily supposed, therefore, that in a country containing three hundred millions of smokers, without counting the tribes of Tartary and Tibet, who lay in their stocks in the Chinese markets, the culture of tobacco has become very important. Any one may grow it. There is no tax. The favourite tobacco is that of Leao-tong, in Mantchuria, and in the province of Tse-chuen. The leaves are variously prepared, according to the locality; in the south they cut them extremely fine; in the north they rub them up coarsely, and put them in their pipes. Snuff-takers are less numerous than smokers. The Mantchu Tartars are, however, great in using this "smoke for the nose," as the Chinese call it. The Chinese carry snuff, not in boxes, but in phials.

² The Chinese have no silver or gold coin of their own. Silver in "shoes" of various sizes, generally about fifty taels (16½ worth), and golden bars or leaf are used where foreign money is not current. The banker puts his stamp upon it, and the "touch" is thereby guaranteed. Any tampering with the quality is rare. In Canton foreign dollars are so marked by the guaranteeing stamps, that the original character of the coin is often obliterated; and in the north, where Carolus dollars, unstamped, are preferred, it used to be the custom to mark them with the banker's seal in ink.

last we reach the Pagoda anchorage, where the opium ships are lying, and row past the low land paddy plantations, near the wheat field shore, through the floating city of junks, under the beautiful bridge of 200 arches, until we reach our landing place, near the Viceroy's palace, where reigns a sepulchral stillness.³

Up through lanes dismal in the lantern's shade—up dirty, ragged, stone-fenced streets—down in deeper arches than before, only to go up stone steps, one above the other, an immense height, and then into a house where English faces welcome us. Foo-chow is a wonderful place, and has a balance of trade to the extent of a million and a half in gold and silver against us. We ordered chairs next morning, and set out to see the city. The streets are narrow, and you go in Indian file, your bearers shouting all the while to make way. Over the bridge we went, which is twelve feet wide and about twelve thousand feet in length. The bridge path is narrowed by stalls to eight feet, and this is crowded. Twice we were lifted and held up outside the bridge, over the parapet, while a Mandarin, with a grand *cortège*, passed by. The bridge is old, but strong as petrified rock, and made of immense stones. Here were the people, everywhere as usual, as busy as bees in a hive.⁴

³ When they see Europeans spend hours in walking for the mere sake of the exercise, the Chinese ask if it is not more comfortable to civilised ideas to sit down quietly, to smoke, and drink tea, when you have nothing else to do, or, still better, to go to bed at once. The idea of meeting to spend the greater part of the night in amusements and gaiety has not yet presented itself to them. They are like our worthy ancestors before they hit upon a way of prolonging the day till midnight, and the night till noon. All the Chinese, even of the higher class, go to bed in time to get up at sunrise—New Year's Day, and certain family festivals excepted. On these days they do not allow themselves a moment's repose. In general, they follow the course of the heavenly bodies in their arrangements of day and night. At these hours, which in the great cities of Europe are the most noisy and tumultuous, the cities of China enjoy the most profound tranquillity. Every one has returned into his family; all the shops are closed; the boatmen, the mountebank, the public reader, have finished their sittings, and nothing like business is to be seen, except, perhaps, in a few theatres, which depend mostly on the working classes, who have only the night at their disposal, in which they enjoy the favourite amusement of seeing a play.

⁴ Nothing strikes the stranger's mind more forcibly than the energetic, never tiring industry of the Chinese. All seem to be hard at work—even the beggars perspire with their continual calls for cash. Each profession by itself, and every man in his place, are busy at work; many of the operatives do not raise their heads to see the chair of the "Western Devil." Go through a thickly-settled street, among the machinists at Paris, London, or New York, and everything you see done there you will find being executed in China, only with simpler utensils, and in a slower manner, but with greater perfection. The Chinese have little to learn from us; we cannot point to a practical discovery that experience has not already taught them. Their dress is the most comfortable and cheapest; their boats suit all their wants, and each is best adapted for its own waters; they have had water-tight partitions for ages; they make most beautiful silks with the simplest possible loom; their tools are less costly and more handy than ours; their saw requires far less iron than ours, their bellows gives a constant draft of air, and is merely an oblong or cylindrical box with a piston worked in it. In their water-mills for grinding flour, there is no trouble or expense in keeping the machinery in order while at work; to each pivot or axle a small bamboo pipe constantly supplies a dropping of water, which prevents all heating from friction. In propelling their boats the powerful scull adults of a child doing as much work as a man with us. If the Tyne keels or the Thames barges were fitted with a long, bent, well balanced Chinese scull, hung only on a small iron pivot, and with a rope on board to give extra pressure, one man would do the work of at least two with half the exertion. The Chinese system of agriculture combines all that we have only just reached by a long course of

The pawnbrokers are most systematic in their dealings, and squeeze their customers with the avaricious perseverance of Jews, while the private banking establishments are conducted on the European principle. Although coolies are passing to and from the banks with cash, the currency most in use for small amounts is paper, signed and countersigned with remarkable perfection and ingenuity.¹

The women of Foo-chow are by no means ashamed of being seen. They have fine sturdy figures, dress their hair prettily, and have a fine healthy bloom on their cheeks. They do most of the carrying work, and are remarkably neat and clean. They wear little white aprons, the folds of which are carefully puckered and plaited. They do not follow the small-foot fashion and the little toddling step of the Canton belles, but step out firm and free. A peasant woman of Foo-chow will carry two chests of tea, each weighing one hundred pounds, from the city to the river, and make light of it. The Tartar women (there is a Tartar quarter here) wear their hair all drawn back from the forehead, and fastened in a knot behind with a sort of skewer stuck through it, at the end of which is a flower; they wear unmentionables, appear to be stuck into wide loose stockings, generally very dirty, and shoes with amazingly thick felt soles often down at the heels.

You see about as much out of the city as in—the same shops, tradesmen, and active stir of everyday life. The walls of the city are some thirty feet in height and expensively ornamented over the several gateways, all of which are composed of granite foundations finished off with bricks. These walls are some eight miles in circumference, and there are seven gates for entrance. The most prominent public buildings are the Treasury Department, and the houses, (or *yamen*) of the various officials; the Confucian Temple, destroyed some time since by fire; the Temples of the "God of War," the "Goddess of Mercy," the residence of the Viceroy, and the college, jail, &c. The Viceroy's palace hardly deserves the name; but is like all their public residences, that seem built more for tinsel and show, than substantiality and comfort. The curiosity shops are full of ivory carving, wood work and tortoise shell, bronze goods, and lacquered ware, for which the

scientific inquiry. We have much to learn from this people. The mud of their rivers is collected—instead of being left to generate malaria—and is used for manure. They burn earth with their dung-heaps, and produce a rich mould. They collect their night soil and apply it fresh, instead of wasting the ammonia by fermentation; and, what is more, they absolutely grow acres of clover for no other purpose than manure.

¹ The Chinese method of settling a commercial panic is decided and effectual. We give an example. At Foo-chow bank notes are current, and there, as elsewhere, it sometimes happens that the bankers are unable to meet their engagements. In 1855 several banks were in this position, and as the people were heavy losers, they clamoured vociferously at the offices, and even commenced pulling down the houses. The mob was too strong for the mandarins. On the first day the soldiers, who should have been ready, could not be mustered, but enough were assembled next day to clear the streets, which they did effectually, by beheading those who were the largest holders of notes, and taking others prisoners! The beheading was openly performed in the public streets, without trial, and caused great consternation; but it stopped the run on the banks. A useful lesson for Threadneedle street.

² What an eye the Chinese have to business may be imagined from the fact that while the English fleet were bombarding Canton, the sampans or shop-boats were all day long proceeding from shop to ship, and selling fruit and vegetables to the sailors who were firing their houses.

Foo-chow artists enjoy a special fame. The British Consulate was once an old monastery, and from it is a beautiful prospect of the town and surrounding country. There are also the Buddhist monastery of Cooshan, on a height 1,400 feet above the city. A whale's tooth—said to be Buddha's, and an old bonze, said to be 500 years old, with nails four inches long, and the Ningpo Temple, with two elaborately carved columns of granite, said to have cost £2,000—a prodigious sum, considering the cheapness of Chinese workmanship. Coming back from the Peak over the monastery, which is 2,500 feet above the town, we met with a gentleman travelling in a wheelbarrow (see p. 144). We afterwards found this to be by no means unusual; indeed, wheelbarrows are among the ordinary modes of transport for human beings in the Celestial Empire. The missionaries prefer them, on account of their cheapness, to all other modes of conveyance, notwithstanding that they are very fatiguing. Travelling wheelbarrows are constantly to be seen in the streets of Shanghai and Tien-tsin. The wheel is in the centre, and the patient is seated on one side, and is counterpoised by his baggage on the other. What is still more curious and an ascertained fact, is that in some parts of China there are wheelbarrows propelled by sails. The well-known traveller and missionary Hue declares to having seen one. When there is a good side wind, or it is blowing a gale from behind, the labours of the wheeler are singularly facilitated by such a process.

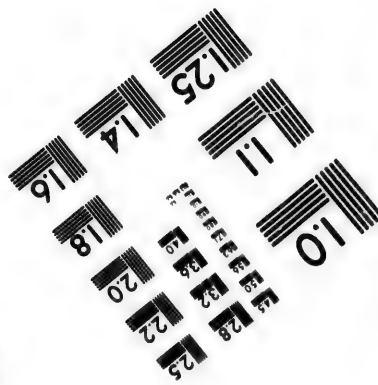
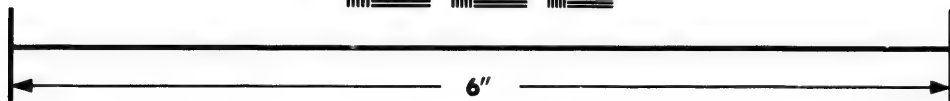
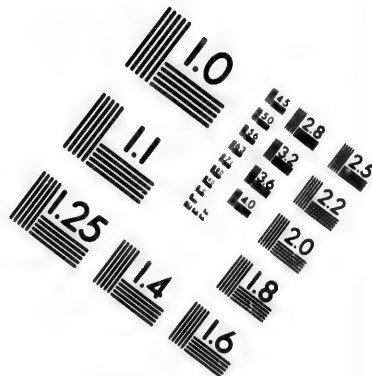
Next day we came down the river through a richly cultivated country, and resumed our course along the coast of the most densely populated province of China, past Wan-chun, where a tolerable trade in sea-salt and alum was got up lately, until we sighted the little sacred island of Puto and the Chusan group; Chusan is a large and beautiful island, with noble mountains and fertile valleys sloping to the sea. You reach the harbour of Tighai through narrow channels of rocky islets. It is a small place of 20,000 inhabitants. The port is impregnable in good hands, and is a fine harbour of refuge. The island grows cotton (but not much), and the *Urtica ivera*, which produces a strong fibre capable of being worked very fine. There is also a palm tree growing here, from the bracts of which a strong fibre is obtained, which the people use to make hats and coats of for rainy weather. The green tea shrub is everywhere cultivated, and the tallow tree is abundant, as well as the camphor tree. Here the Chinese shopkeepers have adopted English names, as "Stultz, tailor, from London;" "Buckmaster, tailor to the Army and Navy;" "Doddie, grocer." There are a number of "tradesmen to her Majesty," and we heard of one, Ching Kang, changed into "John King, tailor to Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, by appointment." Below was a single word, *uniforms for descriptions*. Their language is a mixture of Portuguese, Malay, Bengalese, and Pigeon English. Most of the inhabitants earn a living by making salt on the shore. The possession of Chusan is a great protection to our trade with the north, and now that we have it once more, we shall not leave it. It stands central to Japan and Corea. The sickness of the English troops, while there, was attributable to their barracks being placed in a marsh, instead of on the hills above. In the spring, Chusan is one of the most beautiful islands in the world, and reminds us of England. In the mornings



VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF SHANGHAI.

TRINITY

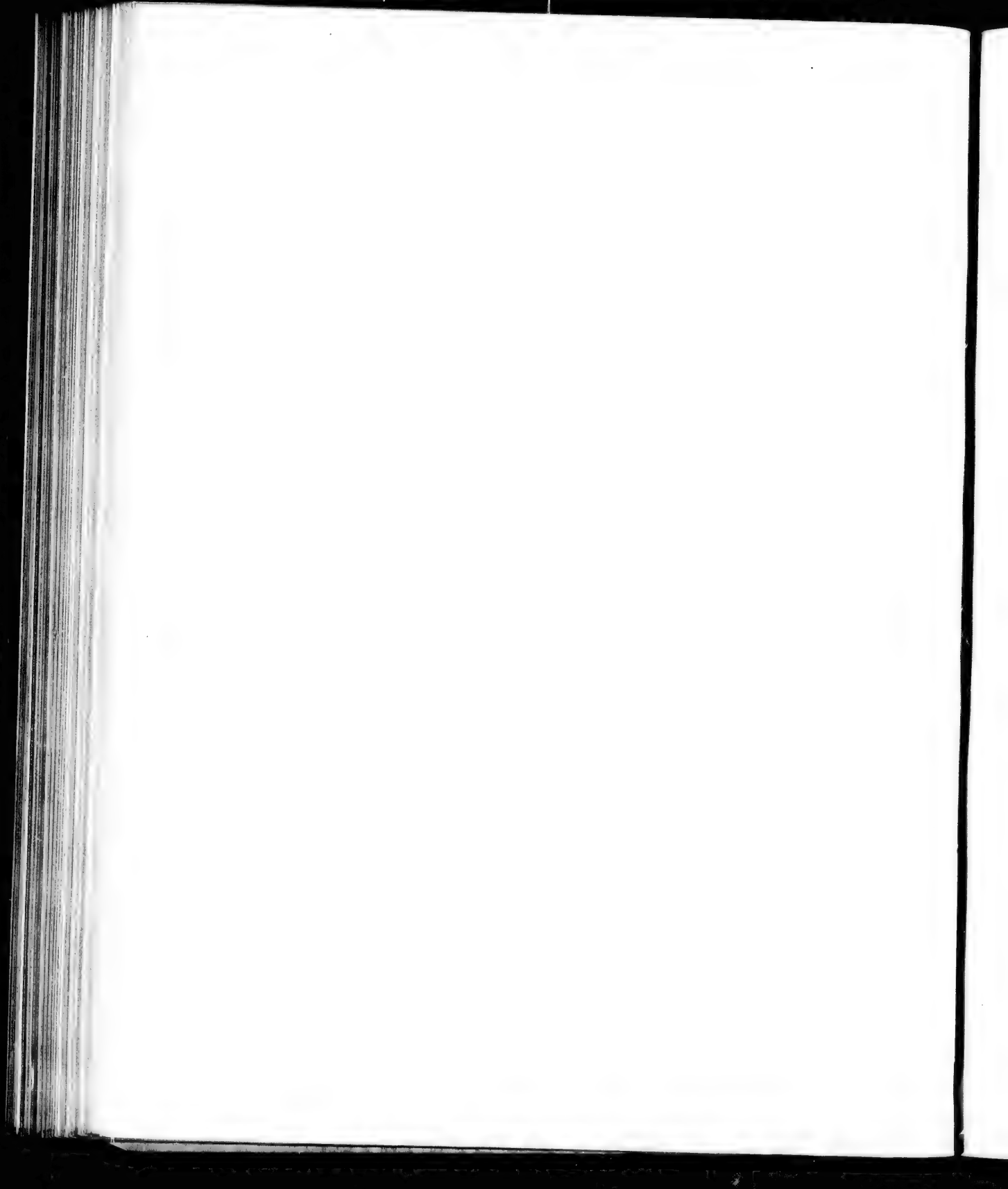




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the grass sparkles with the dew, the air is cool and refreshing, the birds are singing in every bush, and flowers are hanging in graceful festoons from the trees and hedges.

We resumed our voyage, and when we rose next morning, found ourselves in the shallow waters that noted the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang—a river 1,500 miles in navigable length—coming down here from the very backbone of Central Asia, and running through 600,000 square miles of midland China. The first land we saw was the island of Woo-sing, which has been gradually formed from the debris of the "River Child of the Ocean." Shipping of every class were scudding in and out, and at Woo-sing were lying half-a-dozen opium ships—a visit to which was enough to give you a headache for a week. A floating lighthouse marks the entrance to the Wang-hoo river, seven miles up which lies Shanghai; and with the tide in our favour, and a light breeze, we merrily worked our way, assisted by a crew of Chinese boatmen—nine of whom were at the rudder—sailing in a puny-looking, bamboo-masted, latteen-sailed, square at both sides, and high in the middle, constructed craft (a house boat), past the damp, swampy, Essex-looking coast, past the mountains far away from the river's banks, till a missionary village, with its tiny church, a good, substantial residence, and a dozen more well built houses, broke the monotony. Now we push past the large square mansions of the merchant residents at each corner, and land at the Custom House, in the English port.

X.—SHANGHAI.

SHANGHAI is the most northerly of the five ports at which foreigners are now permitted to trade with the Chinese. It is situated about a hundred miles in a north-west direction from the island of Chusan. The city stands on the bank of a fine river, about twelve miles from the point where it joins the celebrated Yang-tse-kiang, or "River Child of the Ocean." The Wan-su river, as it is generally called by foreigners, is as wide at Shanghai as the Thames at London Bridge. Its main channel is deep, and easily navigated, when known, but the river abounds in long mud-banks, dangerous to large foreign vessels, unless they happen to go up with a fair wind, and manage to get a good pilot on board at the entrance of the river.

The city of Shanghai is surrounded with high walls and ramparts, built upon the same plan as all other Chinese fortifications of this kind. The circumference of the walls is about three and a half miles, and the greater part of the inside is densely studded with houses; the suburbs, particularly all along the side of the river, are very extensive. Although the gates of the city are closed soon after dark, the people are allowed to pass through afterwards on the payment of a few "cash." When the gate is open to one a whole crowd are ready to rush through along with him, the first only paying the "cash." Such is the custom; so that if a poor man comes to the gate he has only to wait until one richer than himself arrives, when the fee being paid, they pass through together. Joss-houses are met with in all directions, both in the city and suburbs; at certain parts on the ramparts also these temples are built and crowded with idols, where the natives come to burn incense, bow the knee, and engage in the other ceremonies of heathen idol worship. Fortune-tellers and jugglers are also in great request,

and reap a rich harvest by working upon the credulity of their countrymen. You meet these characters in all the streets and public squares in Shanghai, and, what is very strange, the *siang-sougs* or theatricals, of which the Chinese are particularly fond, are frequently exhibited in the temples.

The streets are generally very narrow, and in the day time are crowded with people actively engaged in business. The merchandise, which is the most striking to a stranger walking through the streets, is silk and embroidery, cotton and cotton goods, porcelain, ready-made clothes of all kinds beautifully lined with skins and fur, bamboo pipes, six feet long, and, nicely arranged in the shops, pictures, bronzes, and numerous curiosity shops for the sale of carved bamboo ornaments, old pieces of porcelain, and things of that kind, to which the Chinese attach great value. But articles of food form of course the most extensive trade of all; and it is sometimes a difficult matter to get through the streets for the immense quantities of fish, pork, fruit, and vegetables which crowd the stands in front of the shops. Besides the more common kinds of vegetables, the shepherd's pulse and a kind of trefoil clover are extensively used among the natives there, and really these things, when properly cooked, more particularly the latter, are not bad. Dining-rooms, tea-houses, and baker's shops are met with at every step, from the poor man who carries his kitchen or bakehouse upon his back, and beats upon a piece of bamboo to apprise the neighbourhood of his presence, and whose whole establishment is not worth a dollar, to the most extensive tavern or tea garden crowded with hundreds of customers. For a few cash (1000 or 1200, one dollar), a Chinese can dine in a sumptuous manner upon his rice, fish, vegetables, and tea; and hence, some travellers believe that in no country in the world is there less real misery and want than in China. The very beggars seem a kind of jolly crew, and are kindly treated by the inhabitants.

Shanghai is by far the most important station for foreign trade on the coast of China, and is, consequently, attracting a large share of public attention. No other town possesses greater advantages; it is the great gate—the principal entrance, in fact—to the Chinese empire. In going up the river towards the town, a forest of masts meets the eye, and shows at once that it is a place of vast native trade. Junks come here from all parts of the coast, not only from the southern provinces, but also from Shan-tung and Pe-che-li; there are, also, a considerable number, annually, from Singapore and the Malay Islands. The convenience of inland transit is also unrivalled in any part of the world. The country being, as it were, the valley of the Yang-tse-kiang, is one vast plain, intersected by many beautiful rivers, and these again joined and crossed by canals, many of them nearly natural and others stupendous works of art. Owing to the level nature of the country the tide ebbs and flows a great distance inland, thus assisting the natives in the transmission of their exports to Shanghai, or their imports to the most distant parts of the country. The port of Shanghai swarms with boats of all sizes employed in this inland traffic; and the traveller continually meets them, and gets a glimpse of their sails over the land at every step of his progress in the interior. Since the port has been opened, these boats bring down large quantities of tea and silk, to supply the wants of our merchants who have established themselves here, and return loaded

with the manufactures of Europe and America, which they have taken in exchange. Our plain cotton goods are most in demand amongst the Chinese because they can dye them in their own peculiar style, and fit them for the tastes of the people. From what we know of the geographical nature of the country, there can be no doubt that all the green teas, and perhaps the greatest portion of the black, can be brought to Shanghai at less expense than they can be taken to Canton, or any of the southern towns, except, perhaps, Ning-po; and, as the tea-men incur less risk in taking their money home from the north, owing to the peaceable nature of the inhabitants, this will be another very great inducement to bring their teas to Shanghai. People generally suppose the black-tea districts to be nearer the port of Fu-chu pu than either Ning-po or Shanghai; but it must be recollected that very few of the black teas now imported to England are from the Bohea hills, as these teas are considered coarser, and much inferior in quality to other kinds, which are from a very different country much farther to the north, and on the northern side of the Great Mountain. The large silk districts of Northern China are close at hand: there can be no doubt that a large proportion of that commodity, in a raw state, will be disposed of at Shanghai. Taking, therefore, all these facts into consideration, the proximity of Shanghai and other large towns, Hun-chu, Su-chu, and the ancient capital of Nankin: the large native trade, the convenience of inland transit by means of rivers and canals; the fact that teas and silks can be brought here more readily than to Canton; and, lastly, viewing this place as an immense mart for our cotton manufactures, which we already know it to be—it is easily understood how it not only rivals Canton, but has become a place of far greater importance. And, when it is added that the climate is healthy, the natives peaceable, and foreign residents respected, and allowed to walk and ride all over the country to any distance not exceeding a day's journey, it will be acknowledged that as a place to live at, it has many advantages over its southern rival.

As an agricultural country, the plain of Shanghai is by far the richest which is to be seen in China, and is, perhaps, unequalled by any district of like extent in the world. It is one vast beautiful garden. The hills nearest to Shanghai are distant about thirty miles. These have an isolated appearance in the extensive plain, and are not more than 200 or 300 feet high. All the rest of the country is a vast level plain, without a mountain or a hill to break the monotony of the view. The soil is a rich deep loam, and produces heavy crops of wheat, barley, rice, and cotton, besides an immense quantity of green vegetable crops, such as cabbages, turnips, yams, carrots, egg-plants, cucumbers, and other articles of that kind, which are grown in the vicinity of the city. The land, although level, is generally higher than the valleys amongst the hills or the plains round Ning-po, and consequently, it is well adapted for the cultivation of cotton, which is, in fact, the staple production of the district. Indeed, this is the great Nankin cotton country, from which large quantities of that article are generally sent in junks to the north and south of China, as well as to the neighbouring islands. Both the white kind, and that called the "yellow cotton," from which the yellow nankeen cloth is made, are produced in the district.

The soil of this district is not only remarkably fertile, but agriculture seems more advanced, and bears a greater

resemblance to what it is at home. Farm-yards are here to be met with, containing stacks regularly built up and thatched in the same form and manner as we find them in England; the land too is ridged and furrowed the same way; and were it not for plantations of bamboo, and the long tail; and general costume of the natives, a man might almost imagine himself on the banks of the Thames. A very considerable portion of the land in the vicinity of the town is occupied by the tombs of the dead. In all directions large conical shaped mounds meet the eye, overgrown with long grass, and in some instances planted with shrubs and flowers. The traveller here, as well as at Ning-po and Chusan, constantly meets with coffins placed on the surface of the ground out in the fields, carefully thatched over with straw or mats to preserve them from the weather. Sometimes, though rarely, when the relatives are less careful than they generally are, coffins are met with broken or crumbling to pieces with age, exposing the remains of the dead. Coffins of children are met with everywhere, are raised from the ground on a few wooden posts, and carefully thatched over to protect them from the weather, reminding the stranger that some parent, with feelings as tender and acute as his own, has been bereaved of a loved one, whom he, perhaps, expected should cheer and support him in his declining years, and whose remains he now carefully watches. Those in the higher ranks of life have, generally, a family burial place at a little distance from the town, planted with cypresses and pine trees, with a temple and altar built to hold the josses or idols, and where the various religious ceremonies are performed. A man with his family is stationed there to protect the place, and to burn candles and incense on certain high days. Others, again, are interred in what may be called public cemeteries, several of which are to be met with in the vicinity of Shanghai. These are large buildings, each containing a certain number of spacious halls or rooms, and having the coffins placed in rows around the sides.

Since Europeans have established themselves along the coast of China, Shanghai is uniformly considered, of all spots, the pleasantest as a residence. With a society almost as numerous as Hong-Kong, there is much agreeable social intercourse, owing, no doubt, in a great measure, to the fact that it is the *ultima thule* of civilisation and has not yet been forced into exclusiveness by miscellaneous hordes making it a house of call; while, as a foreign community in a distant land, it is not subject to those political discussions which so often distract our own colonies. There is, moreover, an air of substantial prosperity about Shanghai, which occasionally expands into magnificence, and displays itself in palatial residences, and an expensive style of living; but there is also, unhappily, a gloomy side to the picture; and there are years when an unfortunately heavy venture in silk, on the part of the community, results in a corresponding reduction of crinoline.

Situated on the flat bank of the river, Shanghai owes none of its charms to the picturesque, but the handsome houses which line the shore, for a distance of two miles, give it an imposing appearance as approached from the sea. The English section of the town, though not confined exclusively to British subjects, is the largest. It lies between the French and American; each of these different quarters is inhabited by subjects of other countries. The boundary of the French concession is the city wall. The city is about three miles

in circumference, and contains a population of about 300,000. Shanghai is chiefly celebrated for old china, inland copper, and other objects of "vertu," which it imports from Su-chu, to meet the European demand. It has suffered a good deal from the occupation of the rebels, and its nice famous tea-gardens are now a mass of grotesque rock-work and debris, but little frequented, and which in their best days must have been rather quaint than pretty.

We will now take a chair, and proceed to inspect the town. We find the foreign settlement situated on the river-bank. The buildings (or *hongs*) are very large, and two storeys high, with upper and lower verandas, and each surrounded with its garden. Behind them are the tea and silk warehouses, or "go-downs," as they call them, some a hundred and thirty feet in length by forty. The English merchants in China take pride in their elegant furniture, and choice pictures and engravings. How wonderful is China! we kept on exclaiming, as we jostled in company with a learned doctor through the city. It took three miles to bring us to a gate, and all the way through a thickly-peopled district, passing countless men, women, and children, all hurrying on with loads of vegetables, baskets of fowls, and various bundles of teas, silk, &c. In one street, we went into a coffin-maker's manufactory—coffins are matters of compliment in China, they make presents of them and keep them for years; and a joss paper-maker's, where we saw the paper shaken out on a sieve (they have no machines), and the pulp made. The Chinese method of making paper is the same as Koop's famous patent. Koop had been in China and Japan, and seen it made, and Koop really made paper out of deal boards. In the canals here you may see large quantities of bamboo partially covered with mud so as to be pressed under water. These were intended to be made into paper, after they had been soaked for some time. The process of making paper is carried out as follows:—After being soaked for some time, the bamboos are split up and saturated with lime and water until they have become quite soft. They are then beaten into a pulp in mortars, or, where water-power is at hand, as in the hilly districts, the beating or stamping process is done by means of stampers, which rise and fall as the cogs, which are placed on the axis of the water-wheel, revolve. When the mass has been reduced to a fine pulpy substance, it is then taken to a furnace and well boiled until it has become quite white, and is then made into paper. The fine stuff is used for writing and drawing papers, the common for brown, and for cutting up in pieces to be used by builders in their mortar.

Here we come to rice and corn mills, and there you would fall in with a whole row of blacksmiths, carpenters, umbrella-makers, rope manufactories, boots, shoes, tailors, bookbinders, now and then a barber, shaving with his two-inch chisel of a razor over a pastry-cook's—cakes frizzling in the pan. Further on we came to a beautiful street, wider than the rest—say ten or twelve feet—gaily caparisoned with gaudy swinging signs of boards or pasteboard, coloured cotton or metallic signs, the several characters noting the name and style of the firm standing out conspicuously, completely lined on both sides with wholesale and retail tradesmen, cloth goods or ready-made clothing, beans, peas, and rice in one shop, and caps and silks and cloths in the next; pictures and prints, cook-shops and eating-houses, curiosity-mongers, pawnbrokers,

banks, books, and barbers; some polishing stone ornaments, some grinding corn and rice, some kneading dough with the pot swinging ready to receive it, while others were engaged in counting cash at some exchange-house, smoking opium in an hotel, or drinking samshu in a pot-house, and an occasional beggar got up in the best possible style with rags and vermin, sores and filth, person exposed, and mud-balls stuck on his forehead, yelling at the top of his voice round some aristocratic tradesman's place for money, and the poor shopman dare not drive him away, for the professional beggar is like a fellowship porter, licensed to beg by government, and you can only get rid of him by giving him 'cash.' They then go on to the next, and before night, collect enough to buy some rice, drink a cup of samshu, and then get drunk over their opium pipe. Passing along this thickly-shopped street, we dived down a small lane and into a bathing house, where the poor come at all hours and take a bath for less than a farthing. Each bather has a little box for his clothes, and an obsequious servant to help him to dress, and, if he chooses, a cup of tea is near at hand. Some, only half dressed, were being operated upon by a corn doctor—and they are at home in such science—others were arguing and talking wisdom, and some singing wild and passionate songs. We chin-chined out of the steam as fast as possible, and next visited one of the opium dens (see p. 128,) which are in every street. There were about a dozen poor besotted creatures in different stages of intoxication, and some lifelessly stretched upon the floor. About the room were benches, and one or two couches, where, lying down, resting upon their elbows, with a little rush-light before them, they insert, with a long needle, one of the little balls into the end of their pipes and smoke away, letting the smoke disappear, usually, through the nostrils. The opium is handed to them in a little cup, about the size of a thimble, and they are allowed to make themselves intoxicated for a farthing.

Further on we came to the English Missionaries' Church, built of stone. From here to the Chinaman's joss house, where we found a large hall, entered by a spacious court, in the middle of which was a large bronze cup, with the names of those who had subscribed to it engraved on its side—a penny subscription monument—a curious relic of two hundred years ago. The outside of the temple is adorned with quaint designs of birds and animals; in the inside were great gilt wooden statues of Buddha, in his three forms, the past, the present, and the future. Besides these were other forms, larger than life; youth and age, happiness and misery, peace and war, the pregnant woman and the new born babe, laughter and sorrow, and numerous other emblems, capitably and vividly executed in wood. Opposite the No. 1 god were little sticks to burn homage, and joss paper to set on fire;—and that is their idea of worship.

Again, we are off to the Court of Justice—a clean, dignified room, with a Mandarin, whose whole mien bore unmistakable marks of authority, sitting in the seat of the judge, with policemen and assistants, officials and clerks on every side; but the prisoners with chains about their legs, and arms tied behind them, were waiting their trial and decision of the judge. One man was up in the criminal box, but the system of examination was so cruel that we could not bear to witness it. First, the guard struck him fiercely over the

mouth with a bamboo official staff, the poor wretch shrieking with pain; the other prisoners all the while stolid and indifferent spectators, not knowing who came next. Afterwards, another kind of torture was resorted to, the guard making the criminal kneel down with his hands above his head, in a position which extorted yells of agony, the judge and the officials all wearing a look of the utmost indifference. A little further on there were two criminals with large bolts about their necks, and the kang (a large square piece of plank) hung round their necks. The whole seemed a farce—a mixture of brutal cruelty with refined barbarism. Below are prisoners in *bastinado*—a jail—growing and howling in their crowded cells like beasts, and clanking their chains. We will change the scene to a better phase of Chinese life—thrice benevolent institutions. Here you see the lame, the blind, attendants, nurses, doctors,¹ all arranged in the style of our own hospitals, everything furnished by the Imperial magnate; the patients are numerous and kindly treated. We also visited the city charity house, and a private charity-house for the distressed poor; also a foundling hospital, where a little drawer in the side of the house—directly facing the street,—opened on the ringing of a bell and took the baby, thereon deposited, into a room where a nurse was always waiting with a blanket. As we entered, the nurses, each with a child in her arms, ran away frightened. We did not take the children in our arms, for certain small, living reasons of great activity. The rooms are large, some of them filled with older children, and we saw they had baby jumpers even in China. Then we left the foundlings, and walked through more streets, over flag-stones and bricks, made slippery with the constant tread of busy feet, and saw some temples, and part of the city which was burnt down when the Imperial troops drove the rebels out of Shanghai and murdered and plundered the citizens they came to rescue. The rebels were not Fui-ping's men, but members of the Triad Society,—one of the secret conspiracies of China. They came in junks from Fok-ken and Canton, and fought well, frequently making sorties, and keeping up a good fight, 200 or 300 against thousands of the Imperialists. Their fights being in skinning order, their retreats were curiously managed—one young fellow in red keeping on the right, and another in blue on the left. These men kept moving on each flank, the rest kept up a fire from the centre. The Imperialists wasted their shot on the two flank men, who appeared daringly at intervals waving their flags. The rebel uniform was like that of the Garibaldi volunteers—red, yellow, or blue blouses—fine gaudy colours, red turbans, or red sashes. All wore their hair in a tuft on the crown—no pig-tails. Chin-ah Lin, one of the ten-ang chiefs, wore shoes, stockings, gloves, and boots of English fashion; and his men armed with muskets, Minies, horse-pistols, and revolvers. Regarding rifle balls, they wore dresses padded with floss-silk, for they said that while the ball had a twist in it, it caught up the silk and fastened itself in the garment. But this they said only happened while the ball was revolving; at a long

range it was of no avail. The laws in the city during their stay were those of the Triad Society—a strong mixture of common sense and Lynch justice. The churches were respected, and the emperor's property untouched. They renounced idolatry and proclaimed the worship of the True God. The chief who ultimately took command was a Canton sugar broker, who had started the Triad Lodge at Shanghai; another leader was a green-tea broker. The best fighting chief was a young groom, who had served in the British Consulate stables at Amoy and Foo-chow. They did as they pleased, and the people did not oppose them. The French picked a quarrel with him and attacked him, but were repulsed. At last the rebels surrendered to the French, who gave them up to Yeh, and the Imperialists broke into the town, which they rifled, beheading and mutilating 1500 men. Chin-ah Lin cut his way through and made his way to Siam; where he was last heard of as a favourite of the king. He was said to be leagued with a great pirate party of naval rebels, and was once the cause of saving a great many English lives, by betraying the plan of the Chinese admiral to have sailors engaged to work lorchaes to Macao, and then seizing them near Namon and cutting off their heads for the reward! Fancy an English admiral smuggling the heads of our enemies in this fashion! The ruins of the bun district covered many acres, and the wonder is, as the fire was started in so many points, that the whole city was not destroyed. We saw the walls where the French wasted their cannon balls; it was like firing through a piece of mortar; the temple was pierced through and through, completely riddled. The Chinese rebels, stationed in buildings, even where the walls were weakest, pasted paper over the holes made by the French cannon, and fired through them. A Company of French Marines were mowed down by shot they could not trace.

We are now upon the Bund, a broad embankment; on one side the wide river, and on the other the Hong, go-downs, or warehouses of the Foreign merchants, with the great Chinese Custom House in front of all (see p. 137). It is here that the English, French, and Americans pay or elect their own officers to collect customs for the Emperor of China, and hence Shanghai is the only port where the duty is really collected, every where else the Chinese officials being bribed, and the Government cheated out of half. Every house employs a tea taster and a silk buyer, who makes the purchases on his individual judgment; such is a regular profession of itself, and requires years of study. Some of their assistants make their fortunes. The salaries of clerks vary from £150 to £500 per annum—the latter price for book-keepers of long experience. These sums are entirely exclusive of household expenses, which are paid by the firm, about £12 a month being allowed, which gives the clerk good lodgings, a good table, a coolie, chair, and boy servant. All seem well satisfied indeed.

It is by no means disagreeable work to range over the gardens, by which all the warehouses are surrounded, and watch the Chinamen for hours preparing the silk for inspection, and rattan, mark, and arrange the tea for shipment,—a most interesting sight,—done so rapidly and ingeniously at a trifling expense, never making a mistake in delivering, for the delivering is a succession of checks,—first at the door—then at the gate,—again at the

¹ The Chinese have long administered arsenic as a cure for fever and ague. They have always opposed bleeding in fever. They regard the itch as an insect disease, (which it is), and cure it by an ointment that kills the insect. In skin diseases they are very skilled. They extract teeth without drawing them; but they have innumerable quackeries in their practice, and compound heterogeneous medicines that neutralize each other.

large boat—and now then at the ship, a small stick left for every package.¹

"Fire!" Out we rush, for a fire is everywhere a matter of pleasurable excitement, when not in your own house or your neighbour's. How will the Chinese manage it? Here comes a fire-engine, (a regular Braided-wood, the "Water Dragon,") and the old mob with it, just as you would see in Fleet Street. The Tum tum, a drum, beaten by the night watchers, is heard loud all over the neighbourhood, and everyone rushes up with a bucket, and there are tubs and cisterns of water provided for the purpose. Next come the guard—for without them the thieves would gut the house, and pull it down, and carry away even the materials. How ever, there goes the roof, and all is over, burnt up as quickly as a bamboo chair, and to-morrow it will be half built up again, and in a week, painted afresh, and John Chinaman selling his wares, and turning over his cash as brisk as ever. The Chinese have a regular Fire Brigade, with engines and uniform, paid for by the public, and looked after by the Mayor and Town Council, who are regularly elected in Chinese wardmotes, and are answerable to the State for the taxes in their district, as are also all the Mayors of the villages. This proves that the division into hundreds and townships was by no means a Saxon or German invention, as our historians teach us.

Let us enter the Kaopai, or theatre of literary examinations,² in short, the "Institution" of the city.

¹ Manufacturing industry, like everything else in China, is in a state of decay, and visibly declining from day to day. Many important secrets connected with it are lost, and the most skillful workmen would now be incapable of producing the perfection and finish so much admired in the works of past ages. This was not always the case, but it is referable to the disorganisation of all things under the Manchou government. In former times an impulse was given to genius and industry. An Arab traveller in the ninth century tells us they had, even then, nine industrial exhibitions. "The Chinese," he says, "are of all the creatures of God those who have most skill in the hand in all that concerns the acts of design and fabrication, and for every kind of work; they are not in this respect surpassed by any nation. In China, when a man has made anything which no one else would be able to make, he carries it to the governor, demanding a recompense for the progress he has made in the art. The governor immediately orders the article to be placed at the door of his palace, and keeps it there for a year; if in the course of that time no one finds a fault in it, he rewards the artist, and takes him into his service; but if any real defect can be pointed out in the work, it is sent back, and no reward given to the maker. One day a young man brought a piece of silk stuff, on which was represented an ear of corn, with a sparrow perching on it. No one, on seeing it, could doubt that it was a real ear of corn, and that a sparrow was really sitting on it. The stuff remained for some time in the place of exhibition; at last a hump-backed man came and began to criticise the performance. He was immediately admitted to the governor of the town, and the artist at the same time was sent for. There they asked the hump-backed caviiler what he had to object to; and he said, 'Everybody knows very well that a sparrow could not perch upon an ear of corn without making it bend; now the artist has represented it quite straight, and yet he has shown a sparrow perched upon it.' The observation was considered just, and the artist received no reward. The purpose of the Chinese in all this is to exercise the talents of the artist, and to force them to reflect maturely upon what they undertake, and to devote the utmost possible care to the works that issue from their hands."

² The literary examinations are, like everything else, degenerating and sinking to decay. They have no longer the grave, correct, impartial character that was doubtless impressed on them at the time of their institution. The corruption that spreads everywhere in China has found its way among both examiners and examinees. The rules that ought to be observed in the examinations are extremely stringent, with a view to prevent any kind of fraud, and discover the true merit of the candidate; but by

There they are, all the students arranged at long tables, and all with their papers, and the best man is to have the highest honours, and to serve the State. Is it so, does the best man win always? and is the best bookman the best to serve the State. Sir John Bowring says no; but the present story of China does not give great encouragement to the competitive system. What is this disturbance? 'A crupper bachelor' detected! Some poor scholar has taken the name of a rich young man who wishes to pass, and a rival has denounced him; we do the same sometimes at our own Horse Guards. But what are they reading and writing and talking about? What do they learn? Chemistry?—No. Mathematics?—No. Logic?—No. Languages?—No. The four Classic Books and the five Sacred Books.³

certain financial methods they are neutralised. A rich man can always find out beforehand the subjects proposed for the various impositions; and what is worse, even the suffrages of the judges are sold to the highest bidder. By the by, in China, as in England, any man, however ignorant, is perfectly at liberty to set himself up as a schoolmaster.

³ The Seehon, or four Books, contains 1st, the "Grand Study," a kind of treatise on politics and morals, composed from the concise text of Confucius by one of his disciples, and the grand principle inculcated in it is self-improvement. There are seven precepts and ten chapters of commentary. 2ndly, the "Invincible Centre," a treatise on the conduct of wise men in life, edited by a disciple of Confucius, according to instructions received from one who was of the number himself. The system of morals contained in this book is based on the principle that virtue is about at an equal distance from two extremes— an harmonious centre, Ching-po being the source of the true, the beautiful, and the good! 3rdly, "Philosophical Conversations," a collection of maxims, and recollections of discourses of Confucius with his pupils— among many very wise things we learn that the great Confucius was as odd in his ways as wise men usually are in general. The *Lou-quan* is called, informing us that the master, in introducing his guests, kept his arms stretched out like the wings of a bird; that he would never eat meat that was not cut in a straight line; that if the seat on which he used to sit down was not regularly placed he would not take it; and that he would point to nothing with his fingers. 4th and last, "The Book of Mencius," or Meng-tze, the Socrates of the Plato of Confucius. He treats, says a Chinese writer, on the virtues of domestic life and the order of affairs; the duties of superiors, from the sovereign to the lowest magistrate; the cares of students, labourers, traders, and workmen; the cares of the physical world; of the heavens and the earth; birds, fish, beasts, insects, and flowers; also his discourses with great men; his instruction to his pupil; and his explanations of books contained therein.

After these come "The Five Sacred Books," or "Kings." "The Book of Changes"—an intelligible treatise on Divinations, founded on combinations of 64 lines, found in a tortoise's back, by Fou-tsi, the founder of Chinese civilization. Confucius edited the book, but made it no easier to comprehend and 1150 treatises in explanation of it that are in the Imperial library have only made the matter worse. 2ndly, "The Book of History," the speeches of the Emperors of the different dynasties, as far as the eighth century before our era— precious documents to Chinese historical writers. 3rdly, The "Book of Songs," a collection, also of the wise Confucius, of natural and "official" songs from the eighteenth to the third century before our era— of some use as regards ancient manners. 4thly, The "Book of Kites," fragments of lessons in etiquette and politeness. 5thly, The "Book of Spring and Autumn," so entitled as having been commenced in the former season, by Confucius, and finished in the latter—a kind of country history of the little kingdom in which that great man was born—a record and a picture of ancient customs.

The Emperor can only choose his civil agents from the lettered class. Every Chinese may present himself to be examined for the third literary degree, and having attained this may become candidate for the second, which opens to him official employment. There are no nobility except the emperor's relations who wear yellow girdles, but the military mandarins give themselves great airs. The corporation of lettered men constitute a privileged class. The number of bachelors (the third degree of literature) is very considerable; but, for want of resources, pecuniary as well as intellectual, there are very few who attain to the higher degrees

ALL ROUND THE WORLD.

Forty miles from Shanghai, on the main land, twelve miles from the sea-shore, and up the river Yung, is Ningpo, a city of 350,000 inhabitants. Its greater

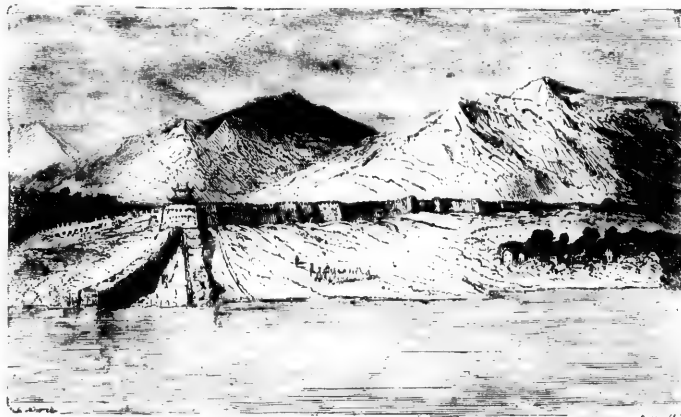
staple being timber, it has a large conveying and carrying trade. So infested is the coast with piracy, that the 6,000 junks between here and Foo-chow pay



A CHINESE TRAVELING WHEELBARROW.

£70,000 annually for convoy money, and, in many instances, the pirates themselves safely convoy, or bargain for safe conduct. The boat-bridge at Ningpo,

where two fine rivers join, is a remarkable structure. The piles are simply boats moored at equal distances, and on these the upper wooden work of the bridge is



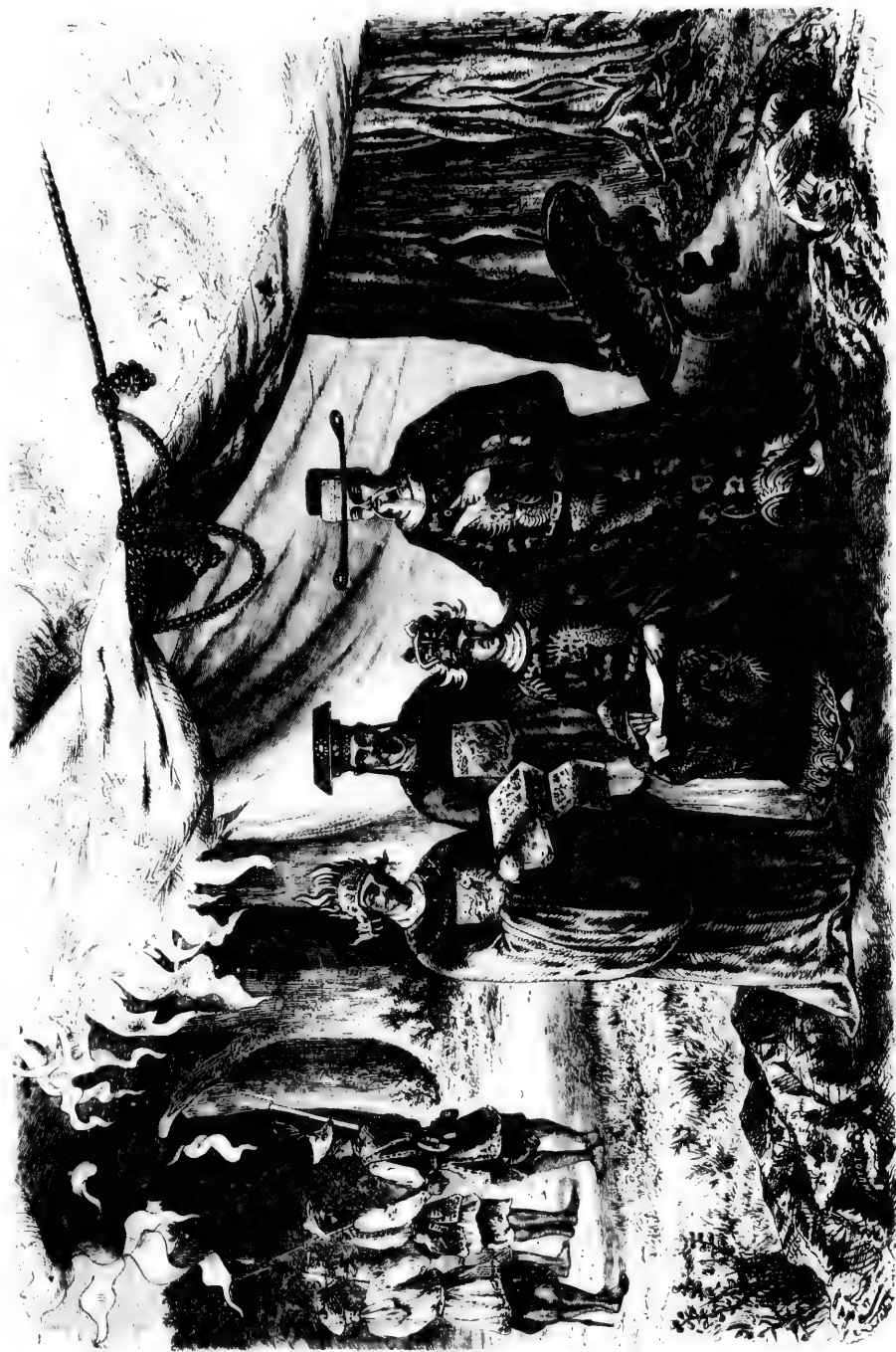
THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

built, so that the whole rises and falls with the tide; by this means there is sufficient room under the bridge to allow fishing and pass ge-boats to pass. The

city is surrounded with high walls, and contains three fine streets. There is a fine pagoda, the "Temple of the Heavenly Winds." The winter here is severe,

which fit them for public offices. Those who are in easy circumstances, however, may at least enjoy the incomparable happiness of seeing a gilt ball in their caps. They are fond of public ceremonials, parades, and assemblies in which they may display their pretensions. Poor literary graduates, who have no public office, form in the empire a class apart. To occupy themselves with industry, commerce, or agriculture would be much beneath their dignity. Sometimes they become schoolmasters, one of whom

may be seen in every village—for nowhere is primary education so much encouraged as in China—a salary, for a schoolmaster, being supplied by foundation of land. Others become subaltern officers in the tribunals; others mere adventurers, living in various ways on the public. Law suits are a grand resource for them. They foment disputes, and assist for small remuneration in settling them. They are the agents of secret societies, and the agitators in time of revolution, by proclamations, placards, and pamphlets.



THE EMPEROR OF COCHIN CHINA AND HIS MINISTERS.

so that the clothes in the shops are seen lined with skins. They have no fires, but put on more clothes as the cold increases; so that the unpeeling of a Ningpo-man on a warm day is something like that of the gravedigger in Hamlet; the ladies, however, carry little brass baskets of charcoal. There are excellent silk shops and warehouses, and beautiful embroidered goods—aprons, shawls, work-bags, &c., made up in the English style, cotton-printing in the most simple block form, rope-making, from the palm and Chinese hemp; curiosity-shops and shops for furniture, all of Chinese form, with presses of inlaid work, illustrating the manners and customs of the people, abound.¹ The banks here are great establishments and largely connected throughout the country; in fact it is to this place that the wealthiest Chinese merchants seem to retire. The gardens of the Mandarins are very pretty and unique, and are celebrated for their dwarf trees. Some of these are only a few inches high, yet preserve all the characteristic of the large trees. This is done by grafting, by confining the roots, withholding water, bending the branches, and other ways. They twist the main stem in a zigzag form, which checks the flow of the sap and encourages the growth of branches; they next starve the tree with a little soil only, and barely water enough to keep it alive. The strong growing shoots are also nipped off, until nature at last becomes exhausted and makes no further effort. From Ningpo, we sailed down the Yung and over to Chusan, whence we again started for the uppermost northern district of the Gulf of Pecheli.²

¹ It ought not to be omitted that Ningpo is celebrated for having produced some of the ablest scholars in China; and numerous triumphal arches, in honour of those of her sons who have carried off the highest honours at competitive examinations, span the principal streets. The book-shops of Ningpo are worthy of its high literary reputation; and indeed the shops of every description are superior to those at any other of the ports. At that popularly known as F. ritum and Masons', exquisite tea can be sipped, while various delicate preserves are handed round, and pipes of mild tobacco are smoked at intervals.

² We ought not to quit Ningpo without one memorial—one thing to make it remembered with all its beauty, its trade, and its greatness. "At Ningpo," says Mr. Wingrove Cooke, "I saw in the household of Mrs. McGowan, the lady of Mr. McGowan, the American Medical Missionary, a young girl with large feet and a cheerful aspect, doing duty as a nursery maid. This girl had been rescued from death by starvation. Mrs. McGowan told me that it was by no means an uncommon circumstance to find, under the walls, bodies of infants half-drowned by dogs. A very shocking incident of this kind had occurred a few weeks before. One night the little girl, whom I have already mentioned, came up to Mrs. McGowan, and told her that she heard the grunting of dogs and the faint cry of a child just outside the garden gate. The benevolent lady immediately arose, and, going forth with a lantern and some of the house coolies, was quickly guided to the spot. It was a dreadful spectacle. An infant, wrapped in a coarse cloth, was surrounded by a pack of pariah dogs, who were tearing at the cloth and a ready gnawing the flesh. The baby was still alive. While the men beat off the dogs, Mrs. McGowan took the little creature in her arms and ran with it to the house. It was too late. The squalid tiny thing opened its eyes and seemed to try to cling to her, and, as she imagined, smiled upon her, and died." We will also let Mr. Wingrove Cooke tell the story of the Baby Tower of Shanghai. We confess we had hoped to have thought otherwise of it than we did until we saw it, and then—"Tell me, Vice-Consul Harvey, what means that more than usual portentous steam which seems to radiate from that decaying pepper-box-shaped tower." "That is the Baby Tower." "The —?" I said inquiringly. "The Baby Tower. Look through that rent in the stone-work—not too close, or the stream of effluvia may kill you. You see a mound of wisps of bamboo-straw. It seems to move, but it is only the crawling of the worms. Sometimes a tiny leg or arm, or a little fleshless

XI.—TIEN-TSIN, "THE CITY OF FELICITY."

From the Amherst Rocks that lie at the entrance of the Yang-tse-kiang river, we made a run of 360 miles, over waters rendered shallow by the deposits of the Yellow River—soon to be land won from the sea by Chinese industry,—until we rounded Shan-tung point, the nearest extremity of the Gulf of Pe che-li, and entered the Yellow Sea, after a run of 600 miles. The coldness of the atmosphere told us now that we were advancing into higher latitudes. After rounding the Cape we passed the harbour of Chu-foo and the large walled town of Tang-chun, one of the ports to be opened by the new treaty, thus giving us the trade of the Gulf. Entering into the Gulf through a barrier, as it were, of small islands, the Miaotao—within which, and all up the bay to the entrance of the Peiho river, are to be seen junks in myriads, bearing corn as tribute to feed the capital—on our left lies the delicious province of Shan-tung, the native country of Confucius, with lofty mountains and wooded valleys, in a long picturesque panorama. This province alone, not larger than England, Scotland, and Wales, contains thirty millions of inhabitants. It was the sixth day from our departure before we entered the mouth of the Peiho river, at the top of the Gulf, past the Taku Forts, that have caused so much commotion in the world, and are so utterly unformidable, except for the mud all about them. Thence we screwed up forty miles of twisting river, through mud villages, fleets of junks in mud docks, between mud banks, to Tien-tsin, or the "City of Felicity," which we were very happy to see.

The first aspect of Tien-tsin, as approached from the east, is most remarkable. Enormous stacks of salt, numbering from two to three hundred, line the banks of the river for some hundreds of yards below the town. These stacks vary in length from two hundred to six hundred feet, and average about a hundred in breadth; they are twenty or thirty feet in height, shaped like the rounded top of a carrier's waggon, and covered with matting or thatched with millet straw—the salt being stacked in bags. Passing these, a bridge of boats is attained, which connects one of the suburbs with the city.

The river flows between banks ten or twelve feet high, and densely populated; the mud houses are packed closely on either side, and their occupants still more compactly. A long straight reach extends from below the bridge of boats to the point of the junction of the river and the grand canal, which enters the Peiho at right angles from the southward, and here terminates its extended course of about 600 miles.

Not far from this point is a picturesque line of buildings, abreast of which the allied Admirals were moored (see p. 153). Their fragile and somewhat fantastical construction suggested the notion of a summer palace. The allied embassies were informed that as such it had, in fact, served the emperor, Kien-lung, in honour of

bone protrudes from the straw. The Tower is not so full now as I have seen it; they must have cleared it out recently." "Is this a cemetery, or a slaughter-house?" "The Chinese say it is only a tomb. Coffins are dear, and the peasantry are poor. When a child dies the parents wrap it round with bamboo, throw it in at that window and all is done. When the tower is full the proper authorities burn the heap, and spread the ashes over the land." There is no inquiry—no check. The parent has power to kill or save. This Baby-tower is a terrible institution. It stands there, close to the walls of a crowded city—an intrusive invitation to infanticide.

which happy event it had been invested by Imperial patent with the title of "The Temple of Supreme Felicity," under which auspicious designation it was now about to serve as their abode. They found, when they stood within the walls which enclosed their future residence, that it was not belied by its external aspect. As is generally the case in China, it served the double purpose of a temple and a palace, though it had not been honoured with the Imperial presence since the emperor Kien-lung had made it his temporary abode.

Upon the top of the wall, which was only separated from the edge of the river bank by a narrow pathway, were two large apartments of light and graceful construction, surrounded by verandahs, elaborately carved, in which depended monster horn lanterns, gaudily painted, as transparent as ground glass, and decorated with innumerable tassels and silken hangings. The Chinese have carried the art of fabricating these lanterns to great perfection. They first soften the horn by the application of a high degree of moist heat, and then extend it into thin laminae of any shape, either flat or globular. The walls of these rooms were composed of paper pasted upon the wooden trellis work: the sliding panels into which it was divided were made to answer the purpose of win-lows. When they were shut, however, the paper was so transparent that there was plenty of light, and on a sunny day the glare was unpleasant. These two buildings were thirty or forty yards apart, and connected by a verandah which ran along the top of the wall, and terminated in two quaint little kiosks, their upturned roofs supported by carved posts. These apartments were appropriated by Baron Gros and Lord Elgin; that occupied by the latter being perched upon an artificial mound laid out in true Chinese taste, and ascended by steps of ornamental rock-work. Overhanging the river, they command an extensive and ever interesting view; below them, a dozen English and French gun-boats, some of them moored within pleasant conversational distance, imparted a satisfactory sense of security to the position. (See p. 153.) Not a single native craft, except an occasional ferry boat, rippled the surface of the stream or reposed upon its waters.

The *personnel* of the two missions were accommodated in the temple and other buildings, all enclosed within one outer wall; a partition-wall, however, divided the English from their allies. The latter occupied a number of detached summer-houses, dotted about a garden. As to the members of the English embassy, they established themselves in the inmost recesses of the temple, their bedrooms furnished with sacred jugs and bronzes, in which smouldered eternal fire (until they came and allowed it to go out), their slumbers presided over by grim deities with enormous stomachs, or many-armed goddesses, with heads encircled in a blaze of golden, or rather brass, flame. The perfume of incense still clung to these sacred purlieus. Much and devoutly did they wish it had been the only odour to which their nostrils were subjected!

Servants with a white badge, emblem of an armistice, attached to their coats, waited assiduously upon them, perpetually presenting them with little cups of tea; indeed, for the first few days, a man was always walking about with a tea-pot ready at the shortest notice to refresh the thirsty soul. The tables with which they were supplied were solidly constructed and well carved, square in shape, as Chinese tables always are; a red cloth, elaborately embroidered, served as a table-

cloth, and falling to the ground in front, concealed the legs of the table. The high backed, uncomfortable chairs were similarly decorated, gorgeous enough to look upon, but very disagreeable to use. Some erected their mosquito curtains over square wooden ottomans, others slept upon a brick platform, generally used in China, and which, in cold weather, is heated by fires from beneath, after the manner of an oven, an unhealthy style of bed place at all times, for in summer the damp is apt to strike through the bricks, and in winter they are not dry, but heated, a semi-baking process which must be more or less prejudicial.

In front of the temple was a square courtyard, partially shaded by the spreading arms of an old tree; the English, however, thought nature required a little assistance, so the whole court was natted in, which greatly added to the picturesque effect, and was of practical utility in reducing the temperature. A raised flag passage intersected this court, and on each side of it was a quaint little kiosk, the roof separated by four carved pillars, also elaborately carved, brilliantly coloured, and surmounted with dragons' heads, rampant fish, and other devices. In one of these a marble slab was erected vertically upon an elevated platform, and was covered with Chinese characters, alleged to have been traced by the hand of the Emperor Kien-lung, and to embody a high moral sentiment.

The building on the opposite side of the courtyard was formed into the guard-house, the guard being usually composed of engineers and marines, and maintaining upwards of a hundred men. Attached to this building were the servants' offices, and behind them stables. The establishment was thus very complete, and it was not without a feeling of regret that they saw it dismantled, preparatory to its restoration for the rites of Paganism, when, after having occupied it for upwards of a month, they looked upon it for the last time.

As to the Russian and American Embassies, they had some difficulty in erecting a house on shore; the proprietor (doubtless a good deal puzzled as to the relations of might and right in his view of the state of matters generally,) made a novel proposition, in the shape of an offer of 6,000 dollars if they would not rent it. This, however, was declined, the difficulty somehow or other overcome, and a handsome rent for the short space of one month was ultimately pressed upon the reluctant owner. To judge from the appearance of the mansion, he was a rich man. Mr. Reed lived in a charming retreat, with a Levantine air about it; a courtyard with flowers and fountains, and ponds full of gold fish, was surrounded by cool airy apartments with paper walls, and verandahs and balconies overhanging the river. Count Pontiatine lived next door—a strip of intervening building which was impregnable from without, and consecrated to the use of the female portion of the Chinese owner's establishment, alone separating him from his colleague. This residence was on the right bank of the river, and within view of the *yamun* of the Allies, though distant from it about half a mile. Ere long the flags of the four respective nations, waving proudly in the breeze, signified to the Chinese world of Tien-tsin the distinctive abodes of the chiefs of the four barbarian hordes who had thus boldly located themselves in their city.

In a country which abounded with horses and roads, it was not to be supposed that persons of an exploratory

tendency were to be satisfied with pedestrian excursions; the members of the embassy, therefore, sent in a requisition for a certain number of steeds, and, after some delay, were furnished with what appeared the scum of the stables of Tien-tsin. These were indignantly rejected, and they ultimately obtained six very respectable ponies, and six very uncomfortable Chinese saddles, very hard and angular, and garnished with extensive drapery, and an awkward bolster-shaped protuberance in front. To these uncouth contrivances, however, they ultimately became accustomed, and they had minutely explored the country round Tien-tsin within a radius of about six miles before they left it. One day the members of the embassy were making trial of their ponies and of the road to Peking for the first time, when a *cortège*, preceded by a cloud of dust, indicated the approach of some grand personages. Presently appeared runners with rods of office, corresponding with javelin men; these cleared the way and forced the people to the right and left; then followed two stately chairs, each borne by eight stalwart bearers, containing two of the most elevated dignitaries in the realm. The common people at once brought themselves up to the attitude "attention," the hands being pressed on the outside of the thigh, and the body maintained erect and motionless. They could scarcely make out the features of the inmates through the small window of the chair, across which was stretched fine gauze, but though in all probability they were the first barbarians the Chinese officials had ever set eyes upon, they gazed with all the imperturbability of Chinese dignity impassively in front of them, their countenances manifested neither curiosity, alarm, surprise, or any emotion whatever.

Immediately behind was a dense and dusty crowd of footmen and horsemen, evidently coming off a journey, and though many of them were handsomely apparelled, and were doubtless officials of some rank, they looked worn and travel-stained. A number of excellent, well-built, covered baggage waggons, drawn by four or six large fat mules, completed the procession, which was evidently one not of display but of serious earnest.

In contemplating the population of Tien-tsin with a practically commercial eye, the problem is not whether they want clothes, but whether they have money enough to buy them. Appearances certainly fully bore out every Chinese merchant's assertion as to the poverty of the town. In no part of the world can be witnessed a more squalid, diseased population than that which seems rather to infest than inhabit the suburbs of the city. Filth, nakedness, and disease are their prevailing characteristics. When the embassies were there, the banks of the river swarmed with men who lived entirely on the garbage and offal that was flung from the ships, or swept up by the tide from the city. There was an eddy just in front of the *yamun*, in which dead cats, &c., used to gyrate, and into which stark naked figures were constantly plunging, in search of some delicate morsel. Their clothing generally consists of a piece of mat or tattered sacking, which they wear, not round their waist, but thrown negligently over their shoulders: it is difficult to divine for what purpose, as decency is ignored, and, in the month of June, warmth is not a desideratum. Cutaneous diseases of the most loathsome character meet the eye in the course of the shortest walk; and objects so frightful that their vitality seems a mockery of existence, shocks the coarsest sensibilities.

Upon several occasions you might see some wretched sufferer dying at his post of mendicancy. One old woman, noticed by those connected with the embassy, in particular, used to lie motionless on a mat, in the centre of the road, a diseased skeleton. She had just strength enough to clutch at cash that was flung to her. One day this strength seemed to have failed: on looking closer, she was found to be dead. A few hours after, her place knew her no more; she had been carried away, and cast upon a dung heap! Riding in the out-kirts of the city one day, a man was seen carrying another on his back. At first it was thought that the burden was a corpse; but on approaching nearer, a certain flexibility of the legs, as they trailed in the dust behind, showed that this was one of the city scavengers who prowl the streets for dying beggars, and when they find one in whom life is almost extinct, they bear him off to some suburban *Aceldama*, and fling him from their shoulders, a premature feast for crows and vultures. Certainly, if the imagination of the Chinaman who named this city Tien-tsin ("Heavenly felicity") could form no higher idea of an *atode* of bliss, it is difficult to conceive what must have been his notion of the opposite extreme.

As if in ironical allusion to the misery which the living seem to endure, almost the only pretty spots near Tien-tsin are the burial places.¹ They are nearly the only localities honoured with trees, and consist generally of a square, with an area of about a quarter of an acre, inclosed by a mud-bank and ditch, so as to present exactly the appearance of a small earthwork or *tabia*. Each member of a family who reposes within this inclosure is placed beneath a conical mound of earth, about the size and shape of a bell tent. A thick grove of trees, generally willow and cypress, surrounds the cemetery, and gives a cool and refreshing aspect to the place. One of these burial-places is of so great an extent, and contained so many graves, that the members of the embassy when here actually avoided it for some days, feeling certain that it was an intrenched camp, as they had heard of the existence of one in the neighbourhood. The real camp they discovered a few days after, from the summit of a species of martello tower, to the top of which they climbed for purpose of inspection.

The *yamun* of the English was situated on a peninsula, formed by a deep bend of the river, which doubled back so as almost to convert it into an island. Upon one side of it, the mud houses of the suburb were built against the *yamun* wall, but to the left and rear were gardens, scattered houses, and waste land. The engineers occupied a temple within market-shot and next door to them, "*Caserne Française*," painted in large white letters, indicated the quarters of the "*Marine Française*." Just previous to their departure, there was an allied force of nearly six hundred men quartered in different buildings upon this little penin-

¹ The country is covered with graves, and in many places about Shanghai the coffins are openly exposed in the fields. They are even kept in the houses (the coffins being of a great thickness and filled with quick-lime) till a propitious day arrives for the burial. Money is saved and put by to procure coffins. A traveller tells us, "I saw, in a little cottage near Shanghai, an old cobwebbed coffin in the corner; I asked a young lad why it was there? he quietly pointed with his thumb over his shoulder to his grandmother, standing close by, and said it was for her! She was very old, and was nearly wearing out the coffin before she was put into it."

sula, which was capable of being rendered defensible, if necessary, by an earthwork thrown across the narrow isthmus, so that they were fortunate both in respect to the accommodation and *locale* of their position.

Passing the isthmus, and riding parallel to the Grand Canal, a bridge of boats is soon reached, which the Pekin road crosses to the city; turning sharp to the right, this road soon emerges from the suburb, and crossing two canals tributary to the Peiho, by substantial bridges, one of which is ornamented with a handsome balustrade of carved marble, reaches the Wenho, or salt river, a little above its junction with the Peiho. It is conveyed across this important stream by a bridge of boats, and traversing the peninsula formed by the two, follows the right bank of the Peiho for as many miles as our explorations at that time extended.

The farthest point we reached was the large village of Petsang,¹ about seven miles from Tien-tsin by the road, and interesting as the point at which Mr. Ward, the American Envoy, and his suite, struck the Peiho on their way to Pekin, from which, according to report, it is not above forty-five miles distant in a straight line. The country through which we passed presented all the appearance of being subject to annual inundations; deep ditches intersected it in various directions, for the purpose of carrying off the water; and the Pekin road was raised fifteen or twenty feet above its level, the small country roads which crossed it being all bridge over. The high road was paved in places, and about twenty feet in breadth. The villages which dotted the landscape in every direction were also built upon raised mounds, which completed their resemblance to the mud towns of Egypt.

During the first portion of our stay at Tien-tsin, the flat country extending between the Grand Canal and the Peiho was one vast field of ripening wheat, far as eye could reach; and, uninterrupted by fence or enclosure, the yellow corn rose and fell to the breeze in gently rolling waves. Dotted over its surface, the masts and sails of numerous junks are visible, looking as though they traversed a golden sea. These are navigating the minor canals. On an unusually clear day, we distinguished the irregular outline of some far-off hills in the dim distance. Winding through this fertile plain, the courses of the Grand Canal and the Peiho are marked by the groves of trees which adorn their banks, and surround ancestral graves. Some of the villages also rejoice in clumps of trees, but generally they look like brown patches, stuck upon a green ground.

Ere we left Tien-tsin, the aspect of the country was entirely changed, for the harvest was over. Most of the corn was cut with the sickle, but grain of certain descriptions was plucked out by the roots; then it was collected into the thrashing-grounds, to be trampled out by oxen, and winnowed upon breezy days, when carts, concealed by mountains of straw, and drawn by mixed teams of horses, mules, and oxen, creaked heavily over the soft land, and gleaners scattered themselves far and wide through the fields, and the whole population was out in the bright sunshine, looking cheerful and happy as they gathered in the blessed fruits of their labour and toil. In the mellow hour of evening, when the whole western sky was a blaze of red, and the sun was

bathed in the glowing reflection of its fiery tints, it was pleasant to ride among the reapers of Tien-tsin, and forget, in the picture of content and plenty before them, the objects we had just witnessed of misery and starvation.

Although the country round Tien-tsin is a dead level, it is not destitute of variety. If the Pekin road leads through nothing but a corn-field, that which follows the banks of the Grand Canal, in a southerly direction, conducts you for miles between kitchen-gardens so exquisitely tended that, in this respect at all events, the environs of Tien-tsin are a pattern to those of London. Fences of the neatest and most tasteful construction enclose little areas of ground, irrigated by a network of minute canals, divided into beds, devoid of weed or pebble. Greens of every description, gourds, egg-plants, leeks and onions, sweet potatoes, beans and peas, are planted out and manured, or trained, as the case may be, with the utmost care. Interspersed with the kit-hen-gardens are vineyards, orchards, and fruit gardens, containing apricots, apples and pears, of a coarse description, and vines trained in trellices as in the north of Italy. This is one of the pleasantest rides, as it is for the most part shaded by trees, and the windings of the canal, with the river-life upon it, add to its picturesque interest. It is an immense relief, in all our rural rambles, not to be stifled at every turn with the filthy manure-contrivances of the south. In this respect the horticulture and agriculture of the north are carried on under much pleasanter conditions. Explorations in a westerly direction were uninteresting; the country is an immense graveyard—not a collection of private cemeteries, such as are seen upon the banks of the Peiho and Grand Canal, but a plain, crowded with conical tumuli, destitute of grass or trees, and extensive enough to have contained the whole defunct population of Tien-tsin, since the original founding of that "heavenly spot."

A very considerable suburb, connected with the city by a bridge of boats, is situated upon the opposite side of the Peiho. Passing through it is a singular piece of landscape. Here are salt-pans, with the salt stacked in large tumuli, like gigantic graves. Interspersed with them are small tumuli and deep pits; and ponds of water, with narrow ridges between them; and more salt stacked in bags, and roofed in with millet straw; and huge stacks of wheat straw collected for purposes of fuel; and mud huts, like Irish cabins of the meanest description, enclosed by fences of millet straw, which is thick and strong enough for the purpose; and there are brick-kilns, which look like circular forts, and a circular fort which looks like a brick-kiln. Altogether it is the oddest collection of big mounds and little mounds, and heaps, and stacks, and pits, and stagnant ponds, and hovels, and forts, and brick-kilns, and fences, and waste land, that can be easily imagined. A high road leads through it, and into a close, populous village beyond, and out of that into the illimitable steppe. There was no waving corn here; a weakly vetch and unhealthy-looking young plants of Indian corn were struggling to maintain a miserable existence, in a soil so thin and friable, that the united efforts of two men and a donkey or two donkeys were sufficient to drag a plough through it. It seems to be of quite another character from that on the right bank of the river. Beyond the vetch-fields, the steppe produces nothing but a short dry grass, across which we could scamper in every direction, with the chance of putting up a hare, and riding after him across the country.

¹ The scene of the first victory in the late invasion of China by the English and French forces.

It reminds us of some parts of the steppes of Southern Russia. Sometimes the monotony of this scene is unbroken by a living object; sometimes a cloud of dust would betoken the approach of country carts, and a succession of huge creaking vehicles would roll past, loaded with fuel, and drawn by a mixed train; sometimes a horse, a pony, a mule, a donkey, and two oxen, in one cart. An ox and the horse served as wheelers, in front of them were the other ox, the mule, and the pony, while the donkey leads the way in solitary dignity.

Tien-tsin itself, at the time, presented nothing remarkable, but our lively allies ferreted out some caricatures there. One represented an English officer on horseback, with a white umbrella and a cigar in his mouth. His hat and dress were irresistibly ludicrous. Another depicted a grotesquely accoutred merchant exchanging a bag of money for a hedgehog. In a commercial point of view we may remark that Tien-tsin will, if opened to the commerce of the West, present a marvellous market for British manufactures wherewith to clothe all the hordes of Tartary, but it can afford little in exchange save furs, which are abundant, good, and cheap.

We were here enabled to corroborate a highly important fact; that is, the destruction of the Imperial Canal by the floods of the Yellow River, which, driving the great annual supplies of rice and other necessities to navigate from the Yang-tse-kiang by the Gulf of Pe-che-li, places the capital at the mercy of any European power. We have thus discovered the weak point of the Colossus, and England will not forget it. In fact, the point is already hit, and the supply of grain by the sea-board being cut off from Peking, that city has no alternative between peace with Great Britain, or starvation: for even should the Emperor at any time carry out his threat and retire to Mookden, his further capital in Manchuria, it would only be to depose himself—as the millions of Peking would, none the less, be starved into surrender, and in his absence China would then learn to be able to go on without its Tartar Emperor.

XII.—THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

HE who should ask the use of certain high square towers erected on the Imperial road, through the great wall from Peking towards Ping-ton-luen, will be told that they served as signals of war, by means of fireworks combined in a particular manner; and that so long ago as 780 B.C., the Emperor Yeou-Wang, the thirteenth of the Teiou dynasty, yielding to the absurd solicitations of his wife one night, ordered these signals of alarm to be made. The empress wanted, at once, to amuse herself at the expense of the soldiers, and to ascertain, at the same time, whether these fireworks would really bring up the troops to the succour of the capital. As the signals passed on to the provinces, the governors despatched the military mandarins and their forces to Peking. When the soldiers learned, on their arrival, that they had been called together for the capricious amusement of a woman, they retired home full of indignation. Shortly afterwards the Tartars made an irruption into the empire, and advanced with rapidity to the very walls of the capital. This time the emperor gave the alarm in grave earnest; but, throughout the province, not a man stirred, thinking the empress was again amusing herself. The consequence was, as we

have seen, that the Tartars entered Peking, and the Imperial family was massacred.

On leaving Tien-tsin, we resolved, before quitting the gulf of Pe-che-li, to make an excursion to this Great Wall of China, which was said to have its origin on the coast at the entrance of the Gulf of Lea-tung. We accordingly embarked at seven in the morning on board the steamer. The object of our search was said to be only some thirty or forty leagues distant; but evening came, and land was only visible in the horizon, so we were obliged to come to anchor in the open sea. The next morning, however, we neared the coast, and were soon enabled to make out the Great Wall, which presented the appearance, as seen from the sea, of a succession of towers and curtains rising up from a pagoda, which constitutes the starting-point on the shore. The scene was the most picturesque that can be possibly imagined; along the coast, a vast plain extends, covered with pasture and a luxuriant vegetation, with numerous villages embosomed in trees, while beyond, lofty mountains rose one above another, some rocky and precipitous, others clad with trees to their very summits, and amidst all, the Great Wall issuing forth from the sea, with alternating pagodas and bastions, clomb up the steepest acclivities, and stretched across wooded and precipitous crests alike. At the foot of the Wall, on the Chinese side, are the white tents of two camps of Tartar horsemen, whose steeds are quietly pasturing in the fields around.

On the side of China, the Great Wall looks like a mere earthwork crowned with battlements of brick, but in a very dilapidated condition, and broken down in places. On the side of Manchuria, on the contrary, the Great Wall is faced with bricks reposing on a foundation of stone. The Wall is protected by square towers at the distance of two arrow-shots from one another, so that the enemy should always be within bearing. It descends into the sea in two parallel jetties, and the water is so deep that large ships can anchor at a distance of a couple of miles.

Our party landed, and had an interview with a mandarin, who was mounted on a white horse, and accompanied by two mounted officers. Having explained to him the pacific objects of our visit, he gave us permission to land. This, however, was not so easily accomplished when permission was granted, for the sea ran very high, and the boats could not approach the shore, so we had to be borne upon the shoulders of three naked sailors. Some of the bearers, unable to withstand the violence of the waves, were thrown down and cast their burthens into the water. Finally, after many misadventures, our party gathered together on the shore, and found that we mustered only a couple of guns which had not been in the water; but, nothing daunted, we made our way directly towards the Great Wall. We had to cross several streams of water on the road, and to take a circuitous and inland direction to avoid marshy spots. As we neared the wall we saw the Tartars becoming very fidgetty, getting on their horses, and galloping to and fro. Gradually they formed themselves into three bodies, one of which posted itself in front of the camp, intercepting the way to the Great Wall; a second took a direction to the left; while a third, composed of cavalry with white and gilded globules, rode forth to meet us. When we got up, they inquired whence we came, and where we were going, adding, that they could not let us go along further, that the Commander-

in-chief was absent, and they could not take upon themselves the responsibility of allowing us to proceed. A prolonged negotiation had at last a successful termination, and for a moment we thought that we would have reached the Great Wall; but we had scarcely gone a few hundred yards, when we were intercepted by another party of horsemen, who declared that we should proceed no further.

With two rifles and our revolvers, and three hundred Tartar horsemen, we felt it to be our duty to avoid a quarrel, and still more so any actual fighting for the mere purpose of gratifying an innocent curiosity. So, after having taken a few sketches, we purchased sundry furs from the Tartar cavaliers, and astonished the crowd of Chinese who surrounded them by the distribution of brandy and the loan of our binocular glasses.

These Tartar horsemen had neither bows nor arrows, but all of them carried matchlocks suspended behind them. Their powder was very coarse, but besides balls they had also bits of lead in their cartouche boxes. Their horses were small, generally white or piebald, and of an essentially primitive race. These cavaliers carried their pipes and furs in their great boots, and all had a ring of jade for stringing bows.¹

Before leaving this neighbourhood we made an excursion to the other side of the Great Wall, opposite to the plains of Manchuria, which presented that brilliant verdure which is only met with in countries a long time covered with snow and suddenly vivified by a brilliant sun. The Great Wall here detached itself like a long dark line from this admirable vegetation, and could be seen from this point issuing forth from the sea and ascending the mountain sides, to cross their very summits in all its grandeur, and thence to stretch away, for some six hundred leagues, across the wild regions which extend to the confines of Mongolia (see p. 144).

After having contemplated this magnificent spectacle to our fill, we took our departure, and made the best of our way back to our old quarters, with the memory of a pleasant trip to the most picturesque spot in all China. The soundings obtained showed that there was everywhere plenty of water to enable the largest ships to navigate the Gulf of Pe-che-li in perfect safety as far as to the Lea-tung.²

¹ "Probyn's Horse," a detachment of Sikh cavalry, commanded by English officers of the Indian army, rode down these Tartar cavalry, and scattered them like sheep in the recent short campaign.

² This Great Wall, which separates China from Tartary, is the most remarkable architectural monument of China, which, with its windings, is supposed to extend over 1,500 miles. It is passed through valleys and over mountains alike, and is carried over streams by means of arches. The building of it is said to have been commenced B.C. 215, to prevent the invasion of the Tartars, and it was probably the work of several generations. Since the conquest of China by the Manchus, and the foundation of a Tartar dynasty and army, its purposes have been obsolete. Many exaggerations as to the solidity of this wall have become current, and it has even been calculated that the materials of which it is composed would be sufficient to erect all the dwelling houses in England and Scotland. It appears, however, from the detached notes of late travellers, that it is for the most part a mere earth wall faced in parts with brick and stone, and having quadrangular towers, at short distances, at the more important points. As to its breadth being such as to permit six horsemen to ride abreast of it, that, it would appear, must also be understood only of particular points, most open to access, and not to apply to the whole of the mountainous and diversified country over which the wall is carried.

Our judgment, after personal inspection, is, that its height

XIII.-ACROSS CHINA TO PEKIN.

ONE of our objects in visiting this side of the wall, was to take in an emissary, who had been entrusted to cross the country, and pass into Peking by land. This we safely effected, and received from him the following account of his progress. "Disguised from head to foot, in full costume, with red trinkets, satin boots, and spectacles of large size,³ we crossed the bazaar, at Shanghai, and descended into our boat. After fifteen days' sail from boat to boat, from river to river, from canal to canal, from lake to lake, we passed the Kiang, and arrived at the banks of the Yellow River, at Hoai-ngan-fu. On the borders of the Yellow River carriage transit commences. We journeyed for four days along its banks from Hoai-ngan to P'eu-tchu. This river rolled along enormous blocks of ice, and the passage was dangerous. It is as wide as the Rhone at Avignon. Its waters are muddy and yellowish. Hence its name of Hoang-ho, Yellow River. In Europe you have bridges over your rivers, the Rhone, the Thames, the Rhine, &c., and where you have not bridges, you have ferries. The Chinese have not availed themselves of these conveniences. Here there are certainly many bridges of wood and stone, with arches well struck, and extremely well constructed; but in all these cases they are thrown across watercourses, or small streams which are often fordable, and the channels of which are dry except in the season of heavy rains. If the bridge is built on a rock it may be, in some degree, permanent; if not, however, cracks will soon begin to appear, the arches, placed on a bad foundation, will totter, and on the occasion of a heavy flood the bridge will be entirely swept away. As to ferries, the Chinese have not even an idea of them; they take off the horses, and place two planks from a boat to the water's edge, one for each wheel. The sailors then put themselves in harness, and by degrees draw the carriage on board; but the greatest difficulty is to get the cattle into the boat.

and breadth are not equal in every place; nor, indeed, is it necessary they should. When carried over steep rocks, where no horse can pass, it is about fifteen or twenty feet high, and broad in proportion; but while running through a valley or crossing a river, there you see a strong wall about thirty feet high, with square towers, at the distance of a bow-shot from one another, and embrasures at equal distances. The top of the wall is flat, and paved with broad free stone; and where it rises over a rock or any eminence, you ascend by a fine easy stone stair.

The bridges over rivers and torrents are exceedingly neat, being both well contrived and executed. They have two stories of arches, one above the other, to afford sufficient passage for the waters on sudden rains or floods. "This surprising piece of work," says a traveller, "if not the greatest, may be justly reckoned among the wonders of the world. And the emperor, who planned and completed it, deserves fame as much superior to him who built the famous Egyptian pyramids, as a performance of real use exceeds a work of vanity."

Besides the main wall, there are at places semi-circular walls. These are more particularly met with at the places least fortified by nature, and at the open passes of the mountains, as more particularly at the pass of Ku-pe-ku, or Cou-pe-koo. These are strongly built of the same materials and architecture as the long wall in the same neighbourhood, that is to say, of brick on a foundation of large blocks of square stones laid in mortar, and are often of considerable extent, sometimes on one side of the main wall, and sometimes on the other. In these walls are strong gates, constantly defended by a numerous guard.

³ Most Europeans, when they wish to disguise themselves in China, are compelled to wear spectacles to hide the length, height, and prominence of their noses. The Chinese, as a nation, have small turn-up noses. Hence they believed that Mr. Gutzlaff, who had a small nose, and spoke Chinese, must have been the son of a Chinese father who had emigrated to Germany.

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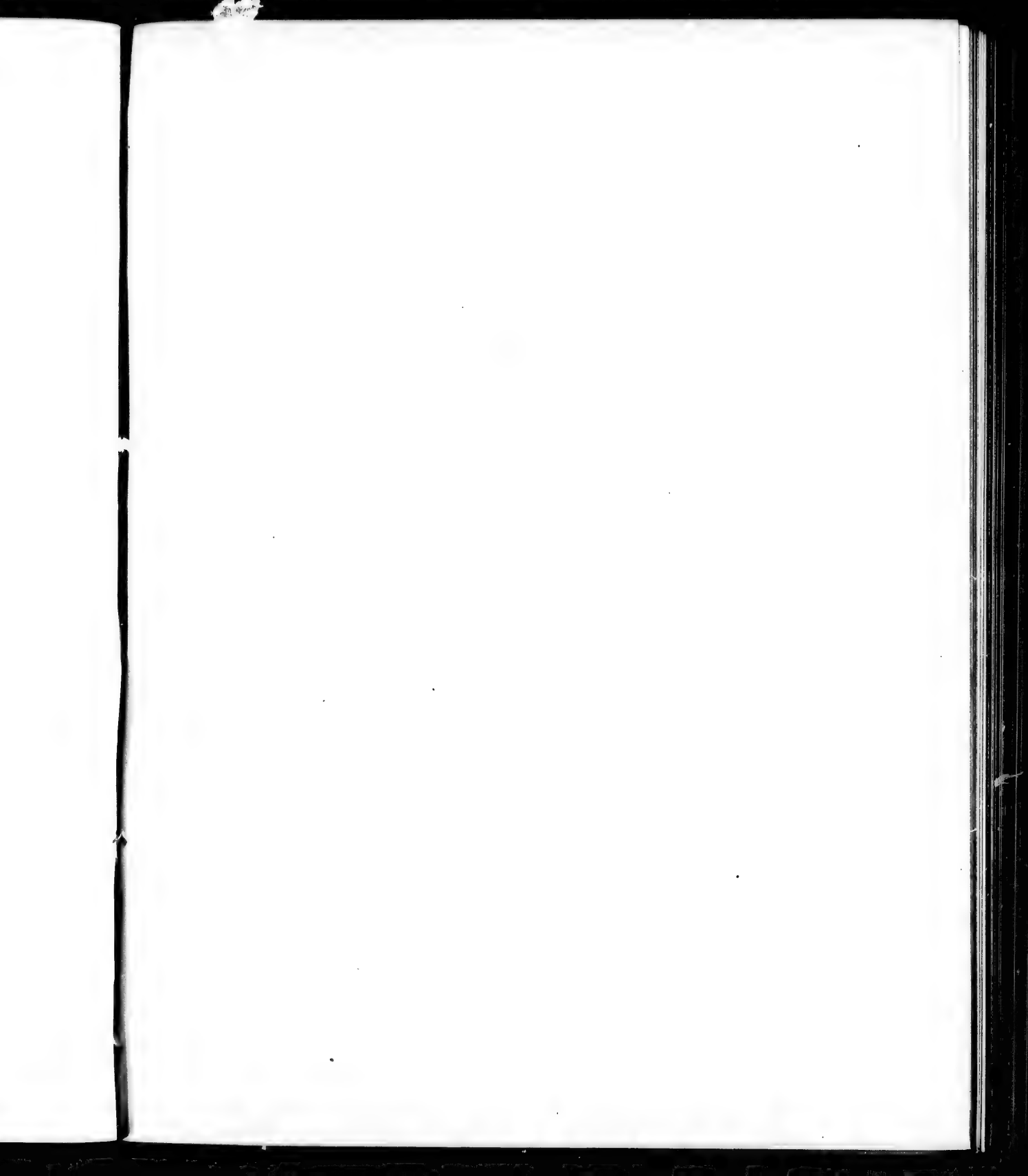
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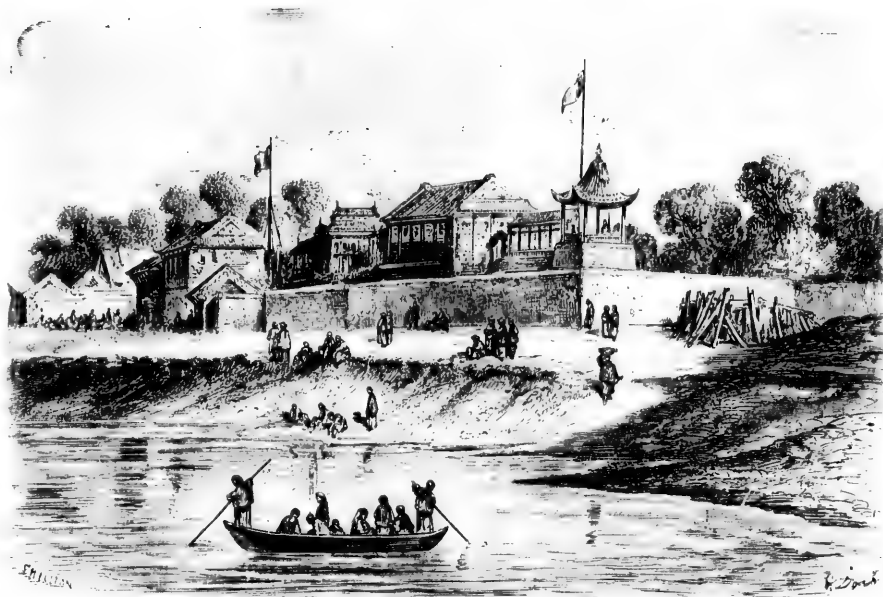
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RESIDENCE OF THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH AMBASSADORS AT TIEN-YUIN.

They are made to jump in from the bank. This is effected by pulling them before, pushing them from behind, and striking them on the haunches. The boats, as they have no keel, resemble oblong tubes, with the bottom flat and a little rounded off.

In the province of Kiang-nan¹ the bed of the Yellow River is much higher than the surface of the country through which it runs; its waters are confined by the embankments for roads which are made on each side of it; but, unfortunately, when the heavy floods come on, it frequently breaks through these banks, which are often badly constructed through the selfish cupidity of the contractors; then the towns of entire districts are inundated by most awful floods. Towards the north of

this river the country assumes a new appearance altogether. The palm-tree, the bamboo, and the rice-fields, are exchanged for immense tracts of corn and millet. We are now in the midst of the plains of Shan-tung, and feel no more the damp atmosphere of Kiang-nan, nor do we breathe beneath its cloudy sky. Here we have a dry and rather piercing cold, and a pure and cloudless heaven, and throughout the whole journey clouds of dust that nearly choke us; when the wind is high and stormy, immense whirlwinds rise into the air, and again pour down a deluge of sand at an incredible distance, as far off as Su-tchuen, and even further. During the passage of these sand-clouds in Mongolia, it is sometimes necessary to light the lamps in the middle of the day; so much is the light of the sun obscured, and the air darkened.

We crossed, at a Chinese pace (that is to say, with slow and heavy steps), the plains of Shan tung. Every-

days after they have been deposited in the earth. As soon as the young plants have reached the height of six or seven inches, they are pulled up, the tops are cut off, the roots carefully washed, and the whole planted out in rows, about a foot asunder. The first crop, for they obtain two in the course of the year, is harvested about May or June, and the second in October or November. The sickle employed for the purpose of reaping the rice is, like the European instrument, bent into the form of a hook; but the edge, instead of being smooth, is notched like that of a saw. The chief food of the Chinese consists of this useful grain, prepared in various ways. They use no spoons at their meals, and it is curious to notice the dexterity with which two small skewers called *chop-sticks* are employed to jerk the rice into their mouths; a kind of wine is also prepared from the grain by fermentation.

¹ Kiang nan is divided into two departments, Kiang-su and Kiang-si; Nankin is the chief town of the former, Nan-chang of the latter.

² The mode of cultivating the rice plant varies considerably according to the climate and local circumstances. The following is the method employed among the Chinese, who cultivate it to a very great extent in the midland and southern parts of their dominions, the low grounds of which are annually flooded by the Kiang and the Yellow rivers. These extensive inundations are occasioned by the heavy rains that fall near the sources of these rivers, which have their origin in the Himalayan chain of mountains. When the waters have receded, the earth is covered with a thick coating of slime and mud, which fertilizes the ground as perfectly as the richest manure. The ground is then carefully harrowed, and this operation is several times repeated until it is well worked. In the meantime the rice intended for seed has been soaked in water, in which a quantity of manure has been stirred; this has forwarded its growth so much, that the young plants appear above the ground in two

where there were populous villages, composed of wretched hovels, built of straw,¹ and plastered over with mud, in the midst of which grow plantations of willow and poplar trees.

Formerly some of these small hamlets were surmounted with a rampart of mud, and enclosed with gates, formed, no doubt, during the civil war; at present the ruins of these fortifications alone remain. Numerous pagodas relieve somewhat the uniformity of the landscape; but as they all resemble one another so much, the eye soon becomes fatigued by a new species of monotony. You are already acquainted with these pagodas; they tower some feet above the ordinary houses; their summits are decorated with dragons, lions, and wreaths, all modelled in plaster. In the far end of the sanctuary there is a huge enormous gilt idol, installed on a throne upon a raised platform. Its form is monstrous—a stiff black beard, thin like that of the Chinese, and very long, flows down from its ears and its chin; a broad flat nose, small eyes sunken in the forehead, covered with thick eyelids, and stuffed with some transparent gum; a large paunch, which is in China a distinguished mark of gentility, and finally, enormous ears, which hang down to its very shoulders. Such are the characteristics of the idol. Here large ears denote a great mind, and the Chinese all believe that their emperor has long and very large ears. At the feet of the principal god are arranged, in a semicircle, a crowd of minor divinities, with red, black, blue, and green faces, who rival one another in ugliness, grotesque appearance, and horrible aspect.

On our left we had the Imperial Canal, Yan-Leang-ho. This canal is large, and very beautiful in some places. We ascended it in Kiang-nan, and Yang-tcheou as far as the Hwai-ngan, on the Yellow River, for forty leagues. All throughout it seemed magnificent. South of Kiang we also ascended it; it is sometimes very narrow and shallow.² We have been stranded there on a shoal. This was near Teu-king; there were in all two hundred junks stranded there. We often crossed this canal in Shan-tung. It appeared to us scarcely navigable, and, in fact, whenever there is a drought it becomes impracticable; open the sluices as you may, the boats make little more than half a league per day. Hence, this year, the sea junks alone have conveyed rice to provision the country from Peking to Tien tsin. It is erroneous to say (as a celebrated geographer has advanced, on the authority of a learned Russian, who was himself deceived by some vaunting Chinese), that stone quays line its banks, and that on each side there is a long row of houses from one end to the other of its course.

On the 4th of February we reached Shan-tung. This was the first day of the Chinese year. In China, on New-year's day, all travelling and some works are suspended. Each one thinks of making the best cheer possible, playing at dice and cards, and thus ruining

himself. Others, or the majority, spend their time in firing off a succession of crackers; all wear their best attire. The women ornament their heads with an additional profusion of flowers. The houses, for once in the year, are dusted and swept somewhat carefully; the furniture rubbed; the papers forming the windows, which for so many months have fallen into tatters, are at length renewed. Strips of red paper, pasted together, are stuck everywhere on the posts, the pillars, the jambs of the doors, the walls, the chimney-pieces, the counters, the side-boards, the shafts of the carriages, and even on the stable doors. On each of these strips are written in large characters a great number of sentences; some of these are moral sentences, many are epicurean, and the majority superstitious. The household gods are greeted; the dragon conjured to pass by the house, and entreated to discover some great vein of wealth; and, in short, that the house may be completely filled, from top to bottom, with very yellow gold, Hoang-Kin, and precious stones, Kin-yu-man-tang.³

On the 10th we entered the province of Pe-che-li, after ten days' journey: we felt scorched, as it were, in a plain of sand, which whirled about with the wind. This notified our approach to Peking. We made our way into this city at noon: our guide, whom we had hired at an adjacent Christian community, took to flight; such are the Chinese in point of courage. On the approach of the custom-house officers we got out of our carriage. "Are you mandarins?" said they to us. "Whence do you come? where are you going?" "We are going east and west." "But what is your occupation? What business are you engaged in?" "Do you suppose, then, we have no business? At all events why do you wait? examine our carriage." We slipped them 200 sapees (16 to 20 half-pennies), then got in again and entered the town.

We expected to meet some remarkable building, some road well laid out, that air of comfort which is noticeable on approaching our large towns. But, on the contrary, we know nothing throughout the whole of China poorer or meaner than the outlets of the capital. We looked on all sides; we could not perceive either palace or country house, nor even a single grove. The inhabitants of the hamlets and villages do not seem to us more comfortable or more refined in their tastes than the rest of the empire. We advanced at a slow pace, the sand half-way up the horses' legs. There, as everywhere else in these countries, the roads are completely in ruts, and no one thinks of repairing them: every individual extricates himself as best he can. The mandarins have scarcely any other occupation than to extort from the people.

³ When there is a want of rain, the Mandarin orders a fast for the Dragon of Water, and as a last resource, they carry about his image in procession, and burn paper to his honour. When the dragon is obstinate, and the weather continues dry, he is beaten and torn to pieces. It is related that under Kia King, the fifth Emperor of the Mantchu Tartar dynasty, a long drought had desolated several provinces of the north, but as, notwithstanding numerous processions, the dragon persisted in not sending rain, the indignant Emperor launched against him a thundering edict, and condemned him to perpetual exile on the borders of the river Iai, in the province of Togot. The sentence was about to be executed, and the criminal (paper image) was proceeding with touching resignation to cross the deserts of Tartary, and undergo his punishment on the borders of Turkistan, when the supreme council of Peking went in a body to implore his pardon, and his Imperial Majesty revoked the sentence and reinstated the dragon in his position on conditions of better conduct for the future.

¹ The Chinese cottages generally are wretched buildings of mud and stone, with damp earthen floors, scarcely fit for cattle to sleep in, and remind one of what Scotch cottages were a few years ago; bad fitting, loose, creaking doors, paper windows, dirty and torn; ducks, geese, fowls, dogs, and pigs in the house and at the doors, apparently claiming and obtaining equal rights with the inmates. Children, grandchildren, and several degrees beyond, he huddled together, with their shaved heads, long tails, and strange costume, in comic groups within.

² Its southerly termination is at Hwang-Chow, in the Che-Kiang.

We entered by the southern gate, and traversed the Chinese town, *Ouy-lo-tcheng*, from south to north. First comes a spacious quarter, almost deserted; some cabins are scattered here and there amongst a great number of small fields and kitchen-gardens, where not a walk, not a tree, combines ornament with tillage. After a transit of ten minutes we reached the inhabited quarters, next at the Tartar town, *Mun-tcheng*. Its ramparts are higher and better built than those of the Chinese town: they are of brick. The gates are three stories high, and the walls forty feet high. We traversed, one after another, the streets of this immense city, often blocked up by long rows of carriages, which cross one another in all directions, by camels, mules, and porters. What an uproar! Peking is, however, much superior to all the Chinese towns we have ever met with. Two great streets are principally remarkable; one is in the Chinese part of the town, and the other at the Tartar end of it. Both of these are sixty feet wide; they run from one end of the town to the other. It is here, especially, that the Chinese lavishly display decorations on the fronts of their shops, in the shape of large gilded external ornaments, embellished with a thousand pieces of sculpture. At each side of the shop is its sign, which consists of a strong broad board covered with varnish, on which gilded characters are painted or cut. It is set up on its end, and is kept in its position by two blocks of sculptured granite, and stands about forty or fifty feet high; near it are poles painted red, and surmounted with a gilded heart turned upside down. This confusion of sign-boards and poles presents a singular and truly novel appearance. Besides these two streets, we have observed a few others laid out in straight lines, but not quite so wide, although rather handsome. As to the others, they are not worth mention. Certain parts of the town are paved with flag-stones; but they are uneven and worn into holes, for want of being properly attended to, and therefore afford an extremely unsafe way for carriages. Almost everywhere there is a black mire, which, during the dry season, blinds the passers-by, and fills the shops with dust; and during the rainy weather, what mud! and, consequently, what ruts! Here the population are continually perambulating the streets, and paddling about under the gilded fronts which ornament the shops, and doors, and windows, that admit the light through oiled paper. In all Peking we did not see one single pane of glass. After sunset complete darkness prevails, and the streets are entirely deserted.

In the Tartar town (*Mun-tcheng*), the cross is still standing that was raised on the pinnacle of an edifice now in ruins, formerly the cathedral, or the Portuguese church. Some years ago, when this church was closed, and its adjoining buildings, the bishop's house and the seminary, were destroyed, the Emperor wished this cross to be pulled down along with them; but it is said that he hesitated to give the order, fearing chastisement and vengeance from the God of the Christians. It therefore remains still standing.

There is a Church of the Immaculate Conception, at Peking, of tolerable size, capable of containing from twelve to fifteen hundred persons. It is built in the form of a Latin cross. It does not belong to any order of architecture, and has nothing of the lance-shaped gothic style about it. Its entrance is very elegantly adorned with festoons and mouldings, cut in relief, in the midst of which the holy name of Jesus stands conspicuous. It is built in the style of the Portuguese

churches. All these decorations are well executed, and wrought in plaster. The cross, which surmounts the principal front, is sixty feet from the ground.

Some authors have estimated the population of Peking at three millions; others at two; others again at fifteen hundred thousand, and some even at a million. Peking is in point of fact about fifty-two *lys* in circumference, or about six leagues, of five thousand metres, or twenty-four kilometres (about eighteen miles English). It is of an irregular quadrilateral shape, approaching to that of a trapezium, and is composed of four large districts: namely, that of the Chinese town, *Ouy-lo-tcheng*, which forms, as it were, the base of the trapezium; that of the Tartar town, or *Mun-tcheng*; that of the imperial town, or *Hoang-tcheng*; and that of the palace, or *Tse-kin-tcheng*. This palace, which is nothing more than a long string of houses and courtyards, together with a few gardens, is surrounded by a wide ditch filled with water, which is sunk on the outside and at the foot of the boundary wall. It is about half a league (or a mile and a half English) in circumference. The *Tien-tan*, where the Emperor repairs to sacrifice to the heavens, is alone greater than the palace. The great court-houses of the empire, and several large pagodas besides, occupy a very considerable space. The shops are in general uninhabited. Every evening the shopkeepers, with the exception of the watchmen, return to their families, who inhabit some more retired neighbourhood, where, properly speaking, they are domiciled. It is true, that in these Chinese houses the families are crowded all together; father, mother, children, daughters-in-law, and the grand-daughters. Notwithstanding this the houses are only one story high. From all these considerations it may easily be concluded that those who reckon the population of Peking at about a million come nearest to the truth; while, with respect to the suburbs, it is quite a mistake to suppose that their population is so great as has been stated. We have gone through many of them, among others that of the south, which contains the largest number of inhabitants, and we found it consisted of a single street, hardly a quarter of a league (or two-thirds of an English mile) in length.

The commerce of Peking is far from being in proportion to the capital of so large an empire. It receives its silks from the midland towns, especially those of *Kiang-nan*, *Son-tcheou*, *Hang-tcheou*, and even *Su-tchen*. *Shan-si* supplies it with its felts and its iron manufactures; *Shang-tung* and the southern provinces their linens; *Canton*, *Shan-tung* and *Ning-po* their printed books, &c.; in a word, Peking imports most of the articles of consumption in their manufactured and finished state. Little is made there except objects of luxury, and articles which are of little importance in the ordinary use of life. However this may be, still the trade of Peking is considerable; but consists of a provision and storage trade. It is an immense magazine, into which the rich productions of eighteen provinces flow, in order to be thence carried beyond the Great Wall, and hawked to the principal stations and hordes of *Mantchu-Tartary* and *Mongolia*, such as *Monkden*, *Ghirin*, *Tsi-tsi-kar*, *Ha-ta*, *San-tso-ta*, *Lama-miao*, &c.

On the 25th of February we passed the Great Wall. We arrived at *Chang-hai-kou*, the custom-house of which is stated to be the most rigorous of any in the empire. But happily for us it is always easy to manage matters with the Chinese police. With the expenditure of some coins worth about two shillings, we secured

our little carriage by means of the innkeeper, who himself got it through the custom house. Towards evening, when it was dark, we passed this famous rampart, a league further to the west, by one of those numerous breaches which afford such an easy passage. This wall is crumbling, just like the Chinese empire, and is decaying with age. On a former occasion, when we arrived from Su-tchun, we cleared the Chinese frontier without noticing any vestige of this stupendous work. In point of fact, the wall does not exist in many places; undoubtedly not in the most deserted localities. Here it seems to be thirty feet high. Its bastions are distant from one another; and irregular battlements crown its summit, which is from eight to ten feet broad. It is built of brick, or rather it consists of a mass, or long embankment constructed of mud, and faced at each side with a continuous range of bricks forming a frontage for it. This wall, which is unavailable in reference to utility, engineering, and architecture, is, if viewed in itself, a gigantic work; hence its erection exhausted the resources of the empire, and ruined the senseless Che-hoang, who reigned, if we may believe the Kang-kien, or Chinese Annals, about the time of the Macedonians. He caused all the books he could find, throughout the extent of his empire, to be burned; and in order, as it were, to eternise his name, raised this inglorious wall. The work was finished in five years, from Ian-tcheou, the capital of Kan-sou, as far as Chang-hai-koen, where it terminates, a line of four hundred leagues. The workmen employed, but never paid, were innumerable; a great many perished, some of starvation, others of fatigue and cold. At length, at a later period, the stupid and ferocious Che-hoang was assassinated in a most awful manner.

We went round the Gulf of Lea-tong, or Phou-hay. This sea of Lea-tong, about forty leagues in breadth, is not navigable during the winter. The inner head of the gulf to the north is entirely frozen, and the margin almost always congealed for many leagues from the shore. We wandered over the icy solitudes. They consist of huge icebergs piled up like accumulated cliffs, and presenting at a distance the appearance of an immense plain, scattered over with ruins. This sea, however, lies in the same latitude as Naples. The coasts east and west are thickly inhabited. At the end of the gulf there are meadows allotted for the pasturage of the imperial cavalry. They extend very far northward, along the banks of the Lena, nearly to Moukden, the capital of Shin-King, in Mantchuria. The Emperor of China fancies he has in his broad meadows of Mantchuria and Mongolia more than a hundred thousand horses; but very far from it. The mandarins here cultivate the best lands for their own profit, and leave the marshes unreclaimed. On the 14th of March, we at last reached the village of Yang-koan (Sun Hotel), situated three leagues from the sea, not 400 from the town of Kay-tcheou. From Kay-tcheou, to the other side of the Amoor, where is the Russian frontier, there lies a distance of five hundred leagues (about 1552 miles English), of which two hundred and fifty (about 776 miles) are frequented by fierce and savage tribes.

Here our duties terminated, and we awaited the intelligence of the arrival of certain appointed vessels, either for our own return or in advance of the expedition, in furtherance of which our inquiries had been directed.

Near Shanghai is the Jesuit college of Ze-ka-Wei. It has about one hundred pupils, who work thirteen

hours in the day. They are described as being exceedingly apt, diligent, and persevering. The Romanist mission of Kiang-nan numbers 40 missionaries, and it is said, about 80,000 converts. The seminary of Tong-ka-Ton contains 28 Chinese students in theology, and there are also 364 schools, where 5000 children are educated by Christian masters. There is also the "Sainte-Enfance," at which 1767 children, abandoned by their parents, were sheltered in the year 1857 alone. These are afterwards put out to school, or in families, or they are taught a trade. Service is performed at the cathedral at Tong-ka-Ton, by a choir with tails and turned-up shoes; the organ is of bamboo, and the preaching in Chinese. These Chinese choristers also wore hats borrowed from the fashion of the ancient dynasties, for nothing is so disrespectful as to remain uncovered in China. The Lazarists have removed from Macao to Shanghai. This order has also a college and convent at Ningpo. That China may now be pronounced unequivocally an open country, we believe to be certain. The principal trading towns on her coast, the largest islands at the mouth of her rivers, are now pronounced accessible to the trade of the world, from the extreme east along her three thousand miles of coast, up to the north, and even to Peking itself.

Of what importance is this trade, and of how much greater importance it was to the trade of England that some change should have been effected in the method of carrying on commerce with China, can be estimated from the fact that the legitimate exports of Shanghai alone, during 1859, were £11,950,000, against an import of only £6,713,627 sterling, a balance against us of five and a quarter millions, and Shanghai represents only one-third of the European trade with China. The customs dues paid by Europeans into this port alone, amounted, in 1859, to £1,310,792 sterling.

XIV.—COCHIN-CHINA.

The great central Empire of China is composed of numerous countries lying beyond itself, which pay tribute to it in acknowledgment of a sovereignty but seldom and very lightly exercised. These are Mongolia,¹ Mantchuria, Thibet, and the Corea,² (to each of

¹ The quantity of cattle that pours down into China from the vast prairies of Mongolian Tartary, is described as being very great. The number of sheep passing the gate in the great wall, that is nearest to Peking, alone, is estimated at twenty five millions annually. The total number annually entering China may thus be estimated at from sixty to sixty-five millions. Hence sheep are almost fabulously cheap in the northern provinces, but they are rarely met with south of the Yang-tse-kiang; the provinces beyond, being covered with rice, have no pasturages wherewith to feed them. We may now obtain, by this means, an equal supply of wool from China on this side of Asia, that we are seeking from the plains of the Indus on the other.

² The Corean Peninsula is a tributary kingdom of China, and sends, every year, an embassy to Peking. But the authority of the Celestial Empire over this people is purely nominal; no Chinese is permitted to reside in Corea, nor a Corean in the Chinese territory. So slight is the feeling of connection between the countries that the Russian Admiral Pontiatin was at one time obliged to interfere on behalf of the shipwrecked crew of a Chinese junk, when the Coreans were about to massacre. The rivers in this country roll over beds of gold. The existence of three gold mines is well known, two of which are not worked, because the workmen, as the natives tell us, are driven away by evil geni; in reality, however, by the Mandarins, whose particular ideas of political economy lead them to infer that those who hunt for gold are not likely to sow the earth they dig up. The

which we have been closely approximating from the Gulf of Loo-tung) the Loo-Choo Isles, Tonking, Cambogia, and Cochin-China, to the latter of which we now particularly address ourselves.

The joint expedition of a French and Spanish force to Cochin-China, despatched, in 1858, to avenge the cruel murder of two Catholic missionaries, twelve native priests, and thirteen native Christians, besides the destruction of the convents and churches of the Christian community, resulted in the capture of the trading town and port at the mouth of the river Saigon, the destruction of its forts, and the taking possession of the adjacent district of Tourane, the expedition terminating its campaign by a gallant victory over 8000 Cochin-Chinese, who were driven out of a strong line of fortifications at the point of the bayonet by less than 1,000 European troops.

At the southern extremity of Asia, and parallel with India, properly so called, lies a vast peninsula, extending from the 19th to the 19th degree of east longitude, and from the tropic of Cancer to the Equator. Bounded on the north by China, Tibet, Bootan, and Bengal, and on the other three sides by the sea, it is almost encircled by the Andaman Islands, Sumatra, Borneo, and the Philippines. Whilst its indented shores are rounded towards the east, it forms almost a straight line in the west, terminating in the peninsula of Malacca to the south. A chain of mountains, connected with the Himalaya range, reaches from the frontiers of China to the Straits of Singapore, dividing the country into two parts, and giving rise to rivers, which flow from their sides to the right and left. The Song-ka, Me-kon, or May-kong, and Me-nam, or May-nam, discharge themselves into the sea of China; whilst the Salween, the Irawaddi, and Brahma-pootra, flow into the Bay of Bengal.

The population of this vast country amounts to only twenty-five millions, a consequence of the insalubrity of the country. Numerous tribes, having their origin in Upper India, overspread the northern provinces, but have been as yet inaccessible to the curiosity of travellers. The southern shores are covered with colonies of Malays, a warlike people, who have also overrun the neighbouring islands. Two distant nations, however, divide between them the empire of the peninsula. The Assam and the Burman empire betoken, by preservation of castes and name, their Indian nationality and proximity; whilst the Annamite empire, which is on the frontiers of China, is tributary to that country, and borrows from it its military and civil constitution, its worship of Confucius, its language of monosyllables, and its writing the expression of words, not ideas. It is, therefore, denominated justly an Indo-Chinese Peninsula. Buddhism, the reformed religion of Brahminism, reigns, however, alike over both empires, from the banks of the Irawaddi to those of the Song-ka; a religion which has for ages subjected *one-third of the human race* to the same moral and intellectual servitude, and now first confronted with the law of Christ, in its purity and simplicity.

In 1557, when Francis Xavier first led forth Christianity in all its majesty, to proselytise and humanise those regions which the sword had conquered, a bishopric

was established at Molucca, to follow up such spiritual instructions as had crept in since 1521, when the Portuguese navigators first reached these shores. Into the history of the Church here our limits forbid us to enter. We may, however, briefly notice that the territory was divided into five vicarates-apostolic of Ava and Pegu, Siam, Cochin-China, western and eastern Tong-king. This will show the state of Christianity in Indo-China under the Roman Catholic Church.

In the kingdom of Annam, bordering on China, the Word of God, first heard in 1627, was responded to by 200,000 conversions. MM. de la Mothe Lambert and Palla, sent to gather in this harvest, founded, to supply a succession of fellow-labourers, the Society of Foreign Missions in Paris, so many of whose brethren have since nobly won the bloody palm of martyrdom in distant lands. Calm and persecution succeeded each other in their usual course, until the bishop of Adrian was called to the councils of the King of Annam, and entrusted with the education of the heir to the throne. All seemed fraught with the brightest Christian hope, until the ascent of the tyrant Minh-Meng to the throne brought with it cruel persecution; for, like Diocletian, he declared his purpose of rooting out the very name of Christian.

A worthy missionary of older times—one of the first in the kingdom—Borri, a Milanese, of the Society of Jesus, describes Cochin-China as "a land as to its climate and seasons of the year habitable, on account of the fruitfulness of its soil, abounding in provisions, fruit, birds and beasts; and the sea in choice and delicious fish; and most healthy, because of the excellent temperature of the air, inasmuch that these people do not yet know what the plague is. It is rich in gold, silver, silk, columbia, and other things of great value, fit for trade on account of the ports and resort of all nations; peaceable because of their loving, generous, and sweet disposition; and lastly secure, not only by the valour and bravery of the Cochin-Chinese, accounted such by other countries, and their store of arms and skill in managing them; but even by nature, which has inclosed it on the one side by the sea, and on the other by the rocky alps and uncouth mountains of the Kemois. This is that part of the earth called Cochin-China, which wants nothing to make it a part of heaven, but that God should send thither a great many of his angels—so St. John Chrysostom calls apostolical men, and preachers of the gospel."

Cochin-China is, like China, divided into a number of provinces, but these may be grouped into three great divisions; the north or high Cochin-China, whose capital, Huah, is the royal city; the central, in which is situated the fine port of Tourane, or Touranne of the French, and now occupied by that power, but by the natives known simply as Han or Tur-han; and the city of Fai-fu, which was for a long time the commercial centre of the country. The wars which desolated Cochin-China at the latter part of the last century destroyed the city in great part, although it still contains a considerable Chinese population in addition to the natives, and who carry on a tolerably active commercial intercourse with the mother country. This district is alike picturesque and fertile, and at the same time less unwholesome than some others, from its being hilly.

Further to the south is the port of Kua-gia, in a region of crumbling brick towers—relics of a once

Russian claim of the great southern bend of the Amoor, and her possession of the river Sungari, or Soongari, as well as other affluents of the Amoor, bring her in terrible proximity to the Koreans, whose independence is seriously menaced.

powerful dynasty, known as that of Siam. This, again, is followed by the port of Nhatrang or Binhon, disposed in a kind of amphitheatre, with plantations of areca, betel nut, groves of mulberry, and fields of rice. A French officer constructed a stronghold at this point, which sustained two sieges: one in 1792, and another in 1793. The older capital of the Siamese or Lays was situated in the southern part of Central Cochinchina—a region which produces ebony, and the still more valuable Ki-nam or scented eagle-wood. These Siamese had once commercial relations with the nations of the extreme East, and we are told of one of the Javanese emperors wedding a daughter of the King of Siam, in the fifteenth century; but the few that remain in the present day dwell away in the mountain recesses.

Lastly, we have the southern portion of Cochinchina, which comprises a part of Cambodia, formerly known as Dug-mai, the field of deer, but now designated Saigon. This district is in reality constituted by the delta of the great river May-Kong, and it and its capital have passed away into the hands of the French. That branch of the May-Kong upon which the port and town of Saigon is built, can be navigated by the largest merchantmen for a distance of sixty miles from its mouth.

The memory of a great poet attaches itself to this river. Camoens was returning from his exile at Macao, in 1561; he was on his way to enjoy, in the bosom of his family, a fortune which he had conquered by his industry, when a frightful tempest arose, and the ship that bore him was stranded and broken up. He nevertheless saved himself, and with him the manuscript of the "Lusiad." "Look at the river Mecon," he says, "proclaimed sovereign of rivers, as it flows through the plains of Cambodia. One day, in the midst of its repose, it received on its hospitable banks verses moistened with the ocean's waves, and preserved from a grievous and miserable wreck, we on struck by an unjust decree, he to whose sonorous lyre more glory and renown are accorded than happiness, found himself cast away amidst privations and dangers innumerable." (*Lusiad*, x. 127.)

In 1643 a Dutch embassy went up this river, under the unfortunate Regemortes, who was assassinated with all his followers, at the moment when he was about to be introduced to an audience with the king. The two ships that brought them were then seized and the crews massacred.

Two years before that the enterprising Van Diemen, who had founded the Dutch factory at Tonquin, and under whose auspices it was that the unfortunate attempt was made to win over the murderous King of Cambodia to commercial intercommunication, had organised an exploratory expedition up the May-kong to the kingdom of Laos. The party succeeded in ascending in boats as far as to Wink-yan, which was at that time the Royal City. They found the river to be wide in places, but in others, on the contrary, to be narrow, and obstructed by rocks. They had often indeed, to effect portages, and renew the navigation at a higher point. Villages and towns were met with on the banks of the river, pretty well built, after the fashion of the country; and they were, altogether, seven weeks on their journey. The embassy was not unfavourably received, albeit all the extravagantly exclusive and vain observances of an oriental despotism were as usual adhered to; but all the advantages

that could have been derived from the expedition were frustrated by a native revolution.

Although so little visited by Europeans, and it appears to be very doubtful (although Spanish missionaries from the Philippines wrote in 1596 of Laos as a rich and powerful country, and as if they knew it personally) if the missionaries really did visit it, Laos is known in actual times to be a dependent, prostrated, miserable country, to which Cochinchina professes to be a mother and Siam a father! The father, indeed, inflicts sometimes a little parental chastisement, as in 1828, when the king of Laos, having omitted to send the tree of gold—emblem of vassal tenure—to Bangkok, an army of twenty thousand men was sent to put Laos to the fire and sword—a savage mission which is said to have been carried out to the letter, the king himself having been made prisoner, and conducted to Bangkok in an iron cage, where he was subjected to the most atrocious tortures that oriental ingenuity could devise.

Elephants, rhinoceroses, tigers, monkeys, boars, and deer, the latter of very large size, are met with in these countries. The elephant is a very fine animal, similar to the one of Bengal. The best come from Cambodia, and our Chinese authority, before quoted, says that there are 5,000 kept for the purpose of war. Certain it is, that amongst the Cochinchinese the elephant is a most useful and indefatigable servant. The horses are small but agile; asses and mules are also common. The number of tame cattle, such as buffaloes and cows, is said to be very great. The buffalo is a large animal in Cambodia, but it dwindles down in Cochinchina to a small reddish-brown beast without a hump. Strange to say, the natives, like many other people of the extreme east, do not partake of the flesh of buffaloes or cows, and actually abhor milk!

Cochinchina is the indigenous country of the domestic fowl. It would hardly be thought that the tall, long-legged species—the furor of a moment in this country—was the progenitor of our own diminutive race. The rearing of high-bred varieties of fowls is a passion also with the Cochinchinese, and the cruel spectacle of a cock-fight constitutes one of their national pastimes. Wild ducks cover the lakes and marshes, and even the rice inundations, at certain seasons of the year, and tame ducks are reared in incredible numbers. A large white goose, of a different breed from that seen in China, is reared at Saigon.

Fish abound in the lakes and rivers, as also on the coast. The fisheries on the latter, especially, are very productive, and the fish are of the rarest and most delicious kinds. A great number of hands are employed carrying fish from the sea-coast to all parts of the kingdom, as well as what are engaged in the fisheries themselves. The Cochinchinese use a kind of sauce which they call *balachiam*, made of salt fish macerated and steeped in water. This is a sharp liquor, not unlike mustard, and serves more especially to render the ordinary boiled rice palatable. The islands also abound in the edible nests of the *salangan* swallow.

The population of Cochinchina is composed of four distinct races: the Annamite, the Cambodian, or Cambogians, the Siamese, or Champese, or Lays, and the Moys. The Annamite race constitutes the chief population of Tonquin and Cochinchina. The inhabitants of these two countries, although frequently at war, speak the same language, are governed by the same laws, and are controlled by the same habits and manners.

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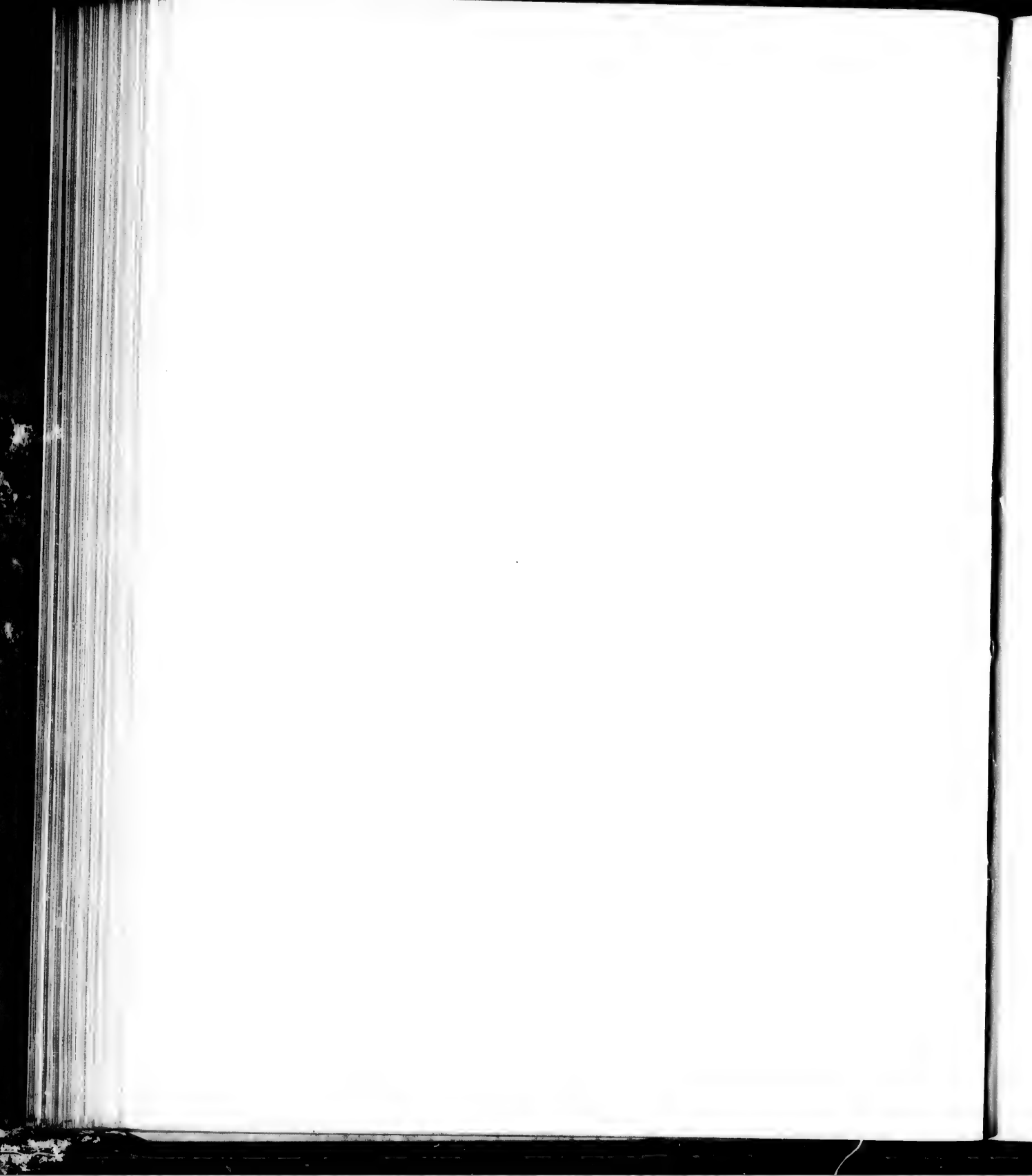
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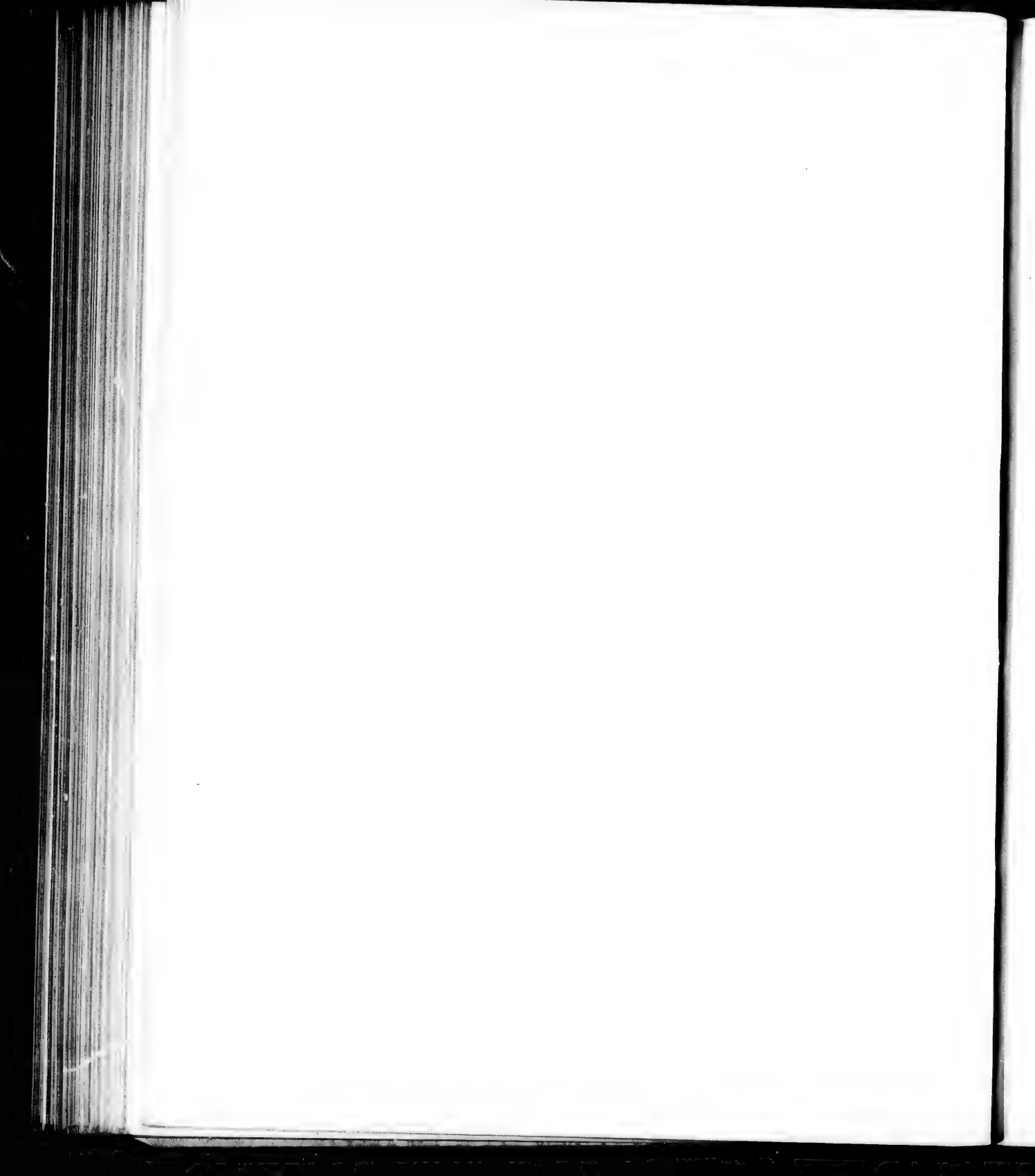


MOUTH OF THE RIVER SAIGON, COCHIN CHINA





BANKS OF THE RIVER SAIGON.



The Cambogians call themselves Kammer, or Koomien; they speak a different language from that of neighbouring nations, but they resemble the Siamese more than any other people in their appearance, their laws and religion, and their state of civilisation. The latter is of ancient date: they used to send ambassadors to China in the year 616. Constantly at war with Siam on the one side, and Cochin-China on the other, they appear to have attained the zenith of their power in the tenth century. In the twelfth, they subjected the latter country. Kublai Khan invaded them in 1268, but the great Tartar conqueror appeared to have contented himself with an acknowledgment of submission. In 1717, the Siamese invaded the country, and the sovereign, obliged to seek the assistance of the Cochin-Chinese, fell into the power of his auxiliaries. From that time to the present, this fertile and populous, but unfortunate country, has been the constant seat of troubles.

We may now revert to the good Bishop of Adran and his royal charge, with whom he took refuge in Bangkok, when, the king of Siam falling in love with the sister of Gia-Song, quarrels ensued, which led to the exiles once more regaining the protection of their island. The Bishop of Adran conceived in this extremity that France might derive advantages by coming to the succour of the banished monarch. Filled with this idea, he sailed for Europe, in company with the king's eldest son, a boy of six or seven years of age. The bishop was well received at the court of Louis XVI., his projects were countenanced, and it was resolved to send ships and men to reestablish the king on his throne, on the condition of a large cession of territory to the French, and the furnishing of a contingent of 60,000 men, to enable France to hold possession of her new acquisitions.

Luckily for Gia-Song, this projected assistance, which would have made Cochin-China a French province, was never carried out. The bishop arrived at Pondicherry with instructions to the Comte de Conway, governor-general of the French establishment in India, to supply the necessary forces. But Madame de Vienne, mistress of the court, taking offence at the bishop's manners towards her, prevailed upon him not to act in conformity with his instructions, and the bishop was obliged to join the king at Saigon, where he had by that time succeeded in establishing himself with some fourteen or fifteen adventurers, among whom were several English and Irish officers. These men organised an army, created a fleet, and were in great part the means of restoring this monarch to the throne of his ancestors, and of adding to it the richer and more populous country of Tonquin. The king also began with the same assistance many improvements. He established a manufactory of saltpetre, opened roads of communication, and encouraged cultivation. He distributed his land forces into regular regiments, and established military schools, in which officers were instructed by Europeans. He also formed a fleet, consisting of three hundred large gun-boats or row galleys, five luggers, and a frigate, on the model of a European vessel. He also undertook, with the assistance of the bishop, to reform the system of jurisprudence; but although he openly declared his great veneration for the Christian religion, he adhered to the ancient religion of his own country. In 1803, taking advantage of dissensions which prevailed in Cambodia, Gia-Song, partly by force of arms and

partly by intrigue, acquired the most valuable part of that country, and thus established one of the most extensive and best organised powers in the extreme east. The fortifications and arsenals at Huah and Saigon excite the admiration of strangers to the present day.

Gia-Song, who has been compared to Peter the Great and to our Alfred, died in 1819, at sixty-three years of age. He was the first who bore the title of emperor. He was succeeded by his son, Minh-Mengh, who possessed some of the military qualities of his father, but, instead of tolerating the Roman Catholic missionaries, as the former had done, he was all the time of his reign their bitterest foe and direst enemy. So they dubbed him the Nero of Cochin-China. This system of persecution was persevered in by the successor of Minh-Mengh, Thien Iri, and Tu-Duk, the present sovereign; but it seems, as in most other instances, to have only served to augment the zeal of the missionaries, and to increase the number of converts.

The political system of the Cochin-China government is like that of all countries beyond the Ganges, one of extreme caution and aversion to any intimate connection with neighbouring powers. The sovereignty is despotic, and yet it assumes to be patriarchal and paternal. The whole empire is administered as one family, and the bamboo is the chief instrument employed to keep all parties in order!¹ There is no nobility, save that conferred by functions. The civil and military officers are, like the mandarins in China, divided into ten classes. The first two assist in the king's council. There are thus only two social classes, the people and the mandarins. Each province is ruled by one military and two civil mandarins, who are expected to act in concert. Each province is divided into three kuyens or departments, each kuyen into four fies or districts, and each fie into a certain number of villages, whose magistrates, elected by the peasants, have to collect the taxes. The system is, at all events, simple, and ought to be efficient. But it is damaged by mischievous laws, as, for example, the servitude of every male after he is of age. Every adult must be a soldier, or a sailor, a workman in the arsenals, public roads, or a mandarin's servant.

The military power is said to be upheld by a royal guard of forty regiments of 600 men, with their officers, elephants, and waggon train. Of the 800 elephants that belong to the army, 130 are always stationed in the capital. There are, in addition to these royal troops, five legions, each of five regiments, and provincial militia, the number of which varies greatly. The vicerealty of Saigon, for example, has sixteen regiments. There is no cavalry. The men are short of stature, but robust, active, accustomed to fatigue, easy to instruct, and obedient.

The Cochin-Chinese are low in stature (averaging about five feet three inches), with a round head and face, low forehead, little brown round eyes, not so much

¹ The extent to which the bastinado system is carried on in Cochin-China is positively ridiculous. Parents bastinado their children, husbands their wives, officers their soldiers, generals their officers. The Prime Minister having granted a farewell audience to Mr. Crawford's mission, he had the whole troop of royal comedians bastinadoed in his presence, because he was not satisfied with their performance! Everywhere, and at all times, the bamboo is in requisition, and is appealed to to settle every difference.

curved as the Chinese, small nose, large mouth, prominent lips, and considerable expanse of the lower part of the face. All the manifestations of low intelligence, good nature, and frankness, which pre-eminently distinguishes them from the Chinese, the Siamese, and the Malays. The prevalent tint is yellowish, and of the hair, which is long and coarse, black; the beard is sparse, yet it is cultivated with extreme care. The Cochinese are a naturally quiet, inoffensive people, given to talking, joking, and laughing. But on the other hand, whether as the results of despotism, or of climate, or of the two united, they are servile, deceitful, ignorant, dirty, and totally indifferent in matters of religion. In the pursuits of industry and commerce, however, they stand next after the Hindoos, the Chinese, and the Japanese. Their inferiority is particularly manifest in their agriculture, which, better in Saigon and Tonquin, is at its lowest ebb in Cochinese-China; witness the poor harvests of rice. They are more successful with their sugar and cotton plantations. They manufacture excellent cotton cloths, but neither dye nor print them. Their silks, we have before seen, are inferior to those of the Chinese. Tonquin was once as celebrated for its lacquer and other varnished works as Japan is in our day. These works exhibit much taste, and are adorned with gold and mother of pearl, of which they obtain a very fine description from a species of *mya*. The art of melting and founding has been long known to them; but although the gun and cannon foundries have much improved of late, they still depend upon foreign countries for firearms and side arms, as well as for other first-class works in metal. It is the same with other branches of industry: the Annamite race appear never to get beyond the rudiments, although, like the Chinese, they are proficient in the arts of imitation.

The Cochinese, not being allowed to quit their own country on any plea whatsoever, the consequence of so absurd, so restrictive, and so inhuman a law, is that external commerce is entirely in the hands of strangers. Naturally hardy, vigorous, active, and docile, were it not for this, the Cochinese would probably become first rate navigators. The trade of the interior is mainly carried on by the rivers and the sea coast. From Huah, the capital, to Tonquin, there is a water communication by canals and lagunes, which are not marked in our maps. External commerce is mainly directed towards China, Siam, and the British ports in the Straits of Malacca and Singapore. Kekho, or Cachao, is the chief for commerce with China, which is estimated as represented by 116 junks, or some 20,000 tons. Some fifty junks, navigated by Chinese, suffice to keep up the commercial relations with Siam. Far greater commercial activity exists, however, in respect to Singapore—a commerce which has had its origin in the force of circumstances. The olden commerce of the Dutch, Portuguese, and English, with Tonquin and Cochinese-China, has been long closed, when the latter made attempts in 1778 to re-open commercial relations. In 1804, new measures were taken under the Marquis Wellesley, but they failed, in consequence of the supremacy of French interests. These interests, however, declined so rapidly in their turn, that the French themselves were obliged to have recourse to extraordinary measures in 1815 and 1817. At that epoch Captain A. de Kergarion reclaimed the cession of a small territory, in virtue of the treaty of 1787, in order to enable France to establish a settle-

ment. The proposal, however, gave umbrage to the Cochinese monarch. He would not even enter upon a discussion of the subject; and he and his successor gave so little encouragement to the French, that they gave up for a long time making any further attempts at establishing commercial relations, or insisting upon the fulfilment of a one-sided treaty. Crawford's mission took place in 1822, and he obtained freedom of commerce in the rivers, and at the ports of Saigon, Hou, or Tuan, and also in the bays of Fay-foo and Huah, besides other advantages, all of which were, however, lost to us by French interference. The consequence was, that Singapore was declared a free port, and it soon attracted the main portion of the commerce of all the surrounding countries. Above forty Cochinese junks now visit yearly the port of Singapore and the British possessions within the Straits of Malacca. There are also some slight commercial relations with Macao and Batavia. It is also supposed that the inland trade between the Cochinese dominions and China is considerable. In this intercourse Cochinese China receives manufactured silks, English broadcloths, and Bengal opium, with the copper, spelter, and lead of Yunnan, and return cotton, areca nuts, varnish, dye stuffs, and a variety of native products.

The Cochinese have not been so long separated from China but that they still preserve many of the customs of the latter country. This is more particularly observable in their marriages, and funeral and other processions, and ceremonies. They have also the same superstitions, consulting oracles, and making offerings to idols. They eat the same food and practise the same modes of preparing it. They have the same games and public amusements, the same fireworks, the same musical instruments, the same cock and quail fights. Although the language differs, the writing is the same. But then again, there are great differences in dress, in the manner of wearing the hair, in their liveliness and garrulity, and still more so in their treatment of the fair sex. Women in Cochinese-China are not only housekeepers, but also merchants and agriculturists; nay, they even navigate their boats and junks. In fact, owing to all the men being recruited as soldiers, as is, to a certain extent, the case in France, the women have everything to do. Strange that the French should have met with their counterparts in the remote East! Barrow long ago remarked that the Cochinese were as fond of talking as the French; they are also as fond of dancing; their religion and morality are pretty nearly upon a par; the men are all soldiers, and the women have to perform the more serious duties of life. Nowhere are women less scrupulous, and men more indifferent to the honour of their wives and daughters, it is said, than at Turan. If the females are of easy virtue they are not always captivating. They are of lively disposition, but the features are coarse and the skin yellow. The teeth are discoloured by betel chewing. The poorer classes only wear a chemise of coarse cloth, brown or blue, that comes down to the thighs, with wide drawers of black nankeen. They wear neither shoes nor stockings, and their feet are just the reverse of the ostrich foot of the Chinese: "*femina plantas adeo parvas, ut struthopodes appellentur*," as old Eudocius has it, they are large and flat. The better classes of females wear two, or three shifts of different colours. They gather together their long black hair in a knot at the top of the head, or

sometimes they let it float in long tresses behind until it reaches the ground. The men are as badly dressed as the women, contenting themselves with a jacket and wide trowsers, a kerchief doing duty as a turban, or a broad brimmed Malay or other hat covering the head, while the wretched hovels of bamboo keep the general poverty of the inhabitants in countenance.

Turan is, in the present day, a mere assemblage of villages, and these are composed of huts of bamboo, or mud coarsely thatched. The ruins of edifices of a better class attest that it has not always been in so fallen a condition. Now-a-days the best houses are of wood or sun-dried bricks. The walls are crumbling to ruin. Plantations of sugar and of tobacco are to be seen between the huts. The celebrated French navigator, Admiral Laplace, gives a graphic description of the bay of Turan: "The right side on entering," he says, "is flanked by an amphitheatre of mountains which, heaped the one over the other, appear in their gloomy majesty to rise from the shore to the heavens, and their sharp-pointed summits, whitened by the snow and rain, are lost in the clouds during a great part of the year. The flanks of these enormous masses are clad with dense forests, as ancient as the world, and the possession of which is disputed by elephants, tigers, and bears. Wild beasts often await the traveller on the rocky and sinuous pathway, which, crossing the crest of the mountain range, which constitutes the natural barrier between the two provinces, leads from Turan to Huah-fu. This road, the only one that exists between Fai-fo and the capital, is protected at the top of the pass by a wall and gateway, which is carefully guarded. Not even a native can cross this barrier without a passport, which indicates to the mandarin, or officer in command, his name, condition, and object of his journey, certified by the authorities of the town or village to which he belongs.

The road, as it descends to the foot of the mountains on the Turan side, passes at first through several miserable villages, situated on the barren and rocky side of that portion of the bay; it then traverses treeless plains, the seat, however, of extensive rice fields and

narrow and shallow passage between them, than by two forts, upon which floats the yellow standard of the sovereign of Cochin China, and which is torn into tatters at each rainy season. The right bank of the river is less liable to inundations than the left, and it is only separated from the sea by a very narrow isthmus, on which vegetation is supplanted by moving downs of sand. This isthmus unites the peninsula that forms the eastern side of the bay to the continent, protecting the former from the winds, and giving origin to an excellent harbour. Although of irregular form, this peninsula is more or less like a star, the rays of which diverge from a group of rugged mountains, clothed with dense forests from the shore up to the summits.

It is in vain that the traveller's eye seeks, in this wild country, for the delightful scenes upon which it loves to dwell—those villages whose white cottages seem to hide themselves behind the woods, those imposing mansions which, rising on the slope of hills, dominate over the sea, and announce to the weary sailor that he is about soon to find friends and good cheer, in the indulgence of which he may be enabled to drown for a moment the memory of home. "To whatever side we direct our looks we could perceive nothing but gloomy forests or miserable villages, inhabited by a race of men whose language and manners were alike strange to us."

We must, however, pass on to the events which have led to the interference of France, and have been the cause of hostilities on the part of that power with the Emperor of Cochin China. In the month of November, 1841, the agent of the French government, employed on an extraordinary mission to the Chinese seas—M. Dubois de Jacigny—being at Manila, thought proper, in concert with the consul-general of France, to send M. de Chouski, one of the gentlemen attached to the mission, to Macao. A passage was accordingly obtained for the French diplomatist on board of the British steamer, *Medusa*, which had touched at Manila for coals, and intended to complete its freight at Mariveles in the Philippines.

The *Medusa*, however, encountered such violent contrary winds, and was so buffeted by the currents, as to be nigh perishing on the coast of Hainan on the 15th of November, and was glad, having exhausted all her coal, and having nothing but dangers to struggle against all along the coast of Cochin China, to seek shelter, on the night of the 18th, in the bay of Camraoh, or, as the French write it, Camraigue.

The population, hearing a gun fired, hastened down to the beach, and great was their surprise when they saw the Europeans disembark; but they received them with the utmost courtesy, and the delight and admiration they felt for the new comers was still further increased the next morning, when, the steam having been got up by means of wood obtained from the natives, the vessel was put in motion. Nothing of the kind had ever been seen before, and it seemed to them as if a miracle had been enacted. There were only two villages in this bay, and these were inhabited by fishermen.

This accidental contact of a French diplomatist on board an English steamer with Cochin China, was the primary cause of the attention of the French government having been once more directed in our own times to these interesting regions. It was ascertained during the stay of the *Medusa* that there was an opening for a most lucrative commerce. Provisions of the value of



RICE.

other cultivation, and, finally, it reaches Turan, a mass of poor huts constructed of mud and straw, congregated on the marshy and boggy soil which lies at the bottom of the bay, and the mouth of a small river, more efficiently defended by mud-banks, that leave only a

twenty Spanish piastres were obtained for a coloured shirt and a few metal buttons. But it was also felt that this was an accidental circumstance; and, in the case of a regular commercial intercourse being entered into, the Cochin-Chinese government, faithful to its ancient system of exclusiveness, would levy such exorbitant custom duties, as virtually to exclude all profit. "It is evident, therefore," argued the French, "that it is only by the fear which would be inspired by some military demonstration, that the concessions which would be indispensable to the establishment of an advantageous commerce could be wrung from the Cochin-Chinese. The smallest expedition, conducted with wisdom and firmness, would fulfil this object: the aid promised by the treaty of 1787 was to be composed of five European regiments, two Indian regiments, and twenty ships of war and transports,—all that was thought requisite to conquer the whole empire of Annam. The government is weak, it is poor, and pompous; the occupation of certain points on the coast would suffice to assure to us the greatest influence in all these determinations." As a further stimulus to this somewhat obscure proposal of ensuring certain "determinations," and in which we are left in doubt whether an advantageous commerce by the foundation of permanent settlements, or the subjection of the whole empire is meant, the treaty of 1787, it was observed, remained in force, although France had so grievously failed in fulfilling her portion of the treaty. By this treaty, signed at Versailles, on the 28th of November, 1787, the following territorial cessions were acceded to:—viz., the ports and territory of Han-sen (Turan), and the islands of Fai-foo and Fai-wan, in return for the proposed assistance to re-establish the deposed monarch on his throne; but as the assistance was never given, and the king regained his throne without it, it is no longer wanted, and it could only be by some strange perversion of international logic that it could be urged in the present day that the Cochin-Chinese should be made by force of arms to fulfil their portion of the treaty. By so acting, France would place herself in the position of a man who had volunteered to ship a cargo for half the produce, and who, unable to fulfil his engagement, still claimed his half when the cargo had been brought to port in another bottom, or of a man who had proposed to exchange a house for a bit of land, and the house going in the meantime burnt down, he still laid claim to the land.

We have seen that Admiral Laplace visited the Bay of Turan in 1831. He was at that time captain in command of *La Favorite*, and he is reproached with having gone almost to an extreme in the prudence observed in his relations with the Cochin-Chinese. The corvette *L'Alouette* visited the same port in 1844 in a quite different mood. According to the version given by the French themselves, the corvette had no sooner approached off the mouth of the river Fai-foo, than there was a manifest agitation among the red-coated soldiers who constituted the garrison of Turan. Each seized his halbert or rusty musket, to oppose a further advance; and when the boats put off, regardless of the menacing aspect of the military, and pushing beyond the customary landing-place, made for the river itself, great was the consternation at such an overt act of disregard to the rules of the empire, which carefully excluded all outside barbarians. Three boats loaded with soldiers put off after the expedition,

whilst the red coats and halberts of the soldiers were seen making their way through the rice fields on both banks of the river. The native boats, manned with skilful rowers, soon overtook the French, but it was vain that the police officer on board intimated that his head would pay for their temerity in infringing the emperor's commands; they contented themselves with offering him a consolatory cigar, and continued their progress upwards to what they designated as the land of marvels. This was, however, but the forerunner of more deplorable incidents.

After the departure of Admiral Cécille, the command of the French division in the Chinese Seas devolved upon Commodore Lapierre, commanding the frigate *La Gloire*. News having been received at Macao in April, 1847, which led to apprehensions for the personal safety of M. de Lefèvre, vicar-apostolic in Cochin-China, who was said to have been placed in arrest by the authorities, but who had, in reality, escaped in a native junk, and had arrived safe in Java, the corvette *La Victorieuse* was expedited to Turan with a letter from Commodore Lapierre for the Cochin-Chinese government, asking, or rather exacting, in the name of the King of the French, not only that the bishop should be set at liberty, but that freedom of worship for all classes should be established throughout the empire.

It was not long before the frigate *La Gloire* joined *La Victorieuse*, which it found lying off Turan, watched by five Cochin-Chinese war-junks. The commodore was much annoyed upon hearing that the commander of *La Victorieuse* had not succeeded in getting the mandarins to forward the letter of which he was the bearer to their sovereign, and on finding, further, that both he and his officers were the objects of an insulting surveillance, which had been carried so far, that one of the officers who had gone on shore had been obliged to use violence before he could make his way through the soldiers. This state of things so irritated the commodore, that he gave orders that the mandarins who came on board should be received with great coolness, and he made known that he himself would only confer with a high dignitary of the Court of Huah. At the same time, in order to impart activity to the negotiations, the French took possession of the sails of the Cochin-Chinese war-junks, promising to restore them when the difficulties that had arisen should be smoothed over! Two days having elapsed, the commander of *La Victorieuse* was received on shore by the chief mandarin of the province. He was accompanied by ten officers and fifty men. The object of the demonstration, and the precise nature of the demands made in the letter, were explained at this meeting. The mandarin, after some difficulties, accepted the letter, and promised to forward it to Huah, but he did not disguise how much he was displeased at the embargo placed upon the imperial war-junks.

During the time that this interview was being held, a great movement was observed to be taking place among the Annamite troops from the frigate. They seemed to be arriving from all sides, and the commodore became apprehensive, or, according to another version, ascertained that there was an intention to massacre all the French at the interview. It is even said that the plan of attack was formed on board the war-junk on which they had placed the sails of the other junks. The Cochin-Chinese were also observed to be arming six gun-boats.

Whereupon Commodore Lapierre immediately despatched an aid de camp on shore to warn the authorities that, on the event of one single gun boat leaving the river, the French ships would at once open fire.

The aid de camp found the Cochín-Chinese busy knocking down the houses that masked their land batteries, and, notwithstanding the warning given, two armed boats got out of the river under cover of night. On the 13th of April, at eleven o'clock A.M., the signal to engage was given from the Commodore's ship, and the frigate *La Gloire* and the corvette *La Victorieuse* opened fire upon the poor Cochín-Chinese war junks, to the shouts of "*Vive le roi !*" Half an hour afterwards one of the war-junks was fired by a shell, and blew up with its whole crew. A few minutes more, and another went to the bottom; finally, at the expiration of about an hour, the three others, one of which was on the point of foundering, were fired by the boats of the French ships. The Cochín-Chinese fleet was that day annihilated. "Un millier de Cochín-Chinois avaient perdu la vie dans cette lutte inégale," says our French authority.

The forts of Turan were carried by assault on the 1st of September, 1858, by a force of less than two thousand men, of whom half were French and the other half Spaniards and Tagal soldiers, from Luçon. A Frenchman thus describes the scene: On entering the fort of the observatory, were fired by the boats of the French ships. The Cochín-Chinese fleet was that day annihilated. "Un millier de Cochín-Chinois avaient perdu la vie dans cette lutte inégale," says our French authority.

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We were definitely established on shore the same day, waiting for the Annamite army, if it took it into its head to appear. But it did not come. It was tremendously hot; hotter, I think, than I ever felt it. It was a furnace. Two or three of my men perished from fatigue and the heat of the sun. Nothing however could have been more beautiful, than this bay of Turan, cut out in the shape of a crescent, with its two mountain capes prolonged into the ocean; whilst our two squadrons at anchor, the coming to and fro of the embarkations, the varied uniform of our infantry, of our marines, and of the colonial troopers of the Philippines, and the flags of the two nations floating above the

ruined forts, reminded one of the activity of Europe coming at last to shake the secular lethargy of the old orient.

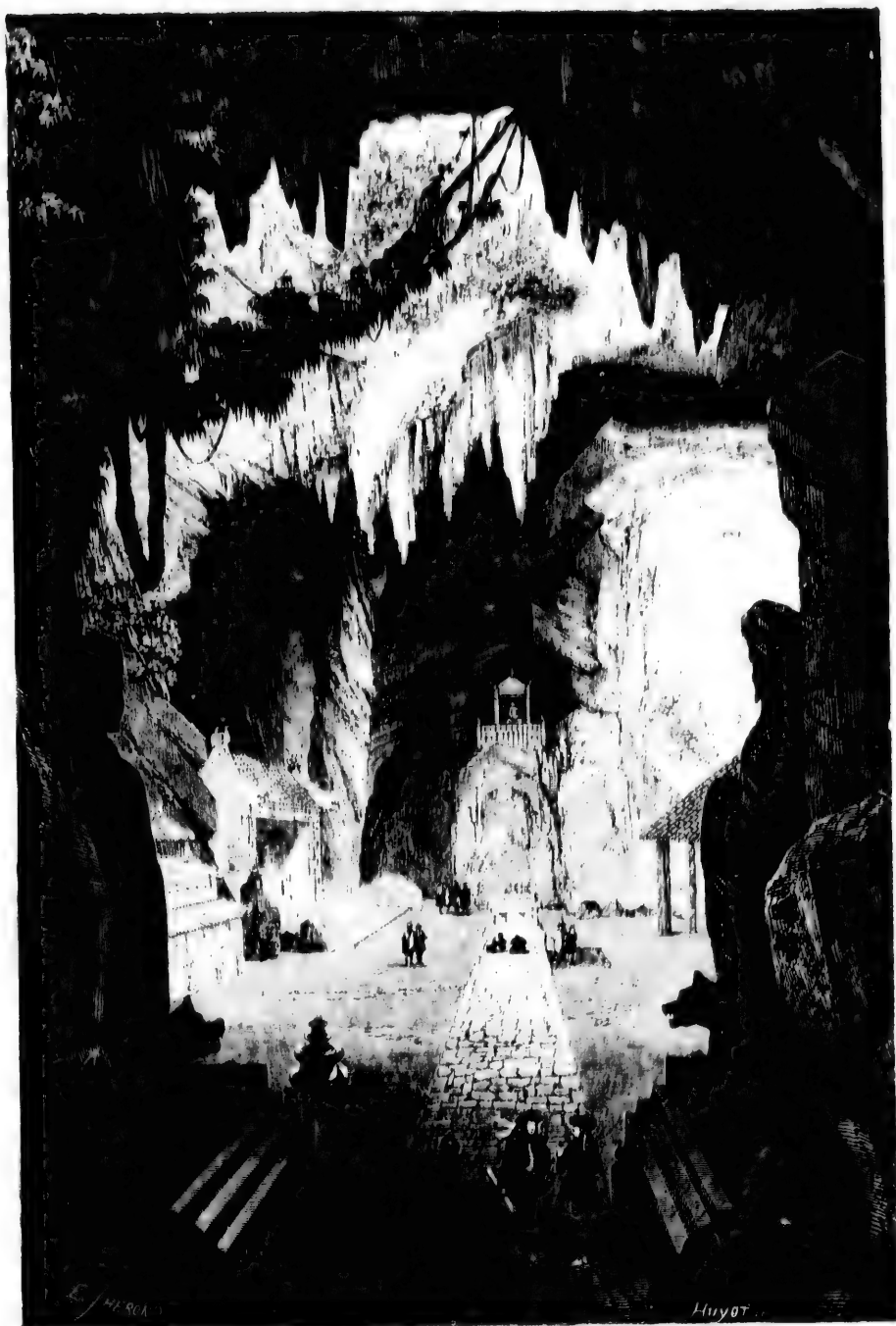
I will spare you the narrative of our daily petty combats, of our prodigies of setting, our pleasures and our miseries, generally a pouring rain, for the dry season does not set in till December, to relate to you our expedition to Saigon some two hundred leagues (five hundred miles) to the south.

If you cast your eyes on the map and follow the course of the river of Cambodia, which is called the Mekong (May kuang, or May kong), you will remark at its mouth a multitude of branches, making their way across an infinite number of alluvial plains of various sizes, something that I can only compare to the delta of the Ganges or to Dutch Zealand. Of these alluvia some are supplied by this immense river, one of the largest in Asia, others by another very important stream which flows into the sea at some distance, somewhat as the Scheldt does to the Meuse. To continue my comparison, Saigon would be nearly in the same position as Antwerp. Figure to yourself a country perfectly level, intersected by magnificent moors, well wooded, with fig trees, with teak, with palm trees, and banyans interlacing their branches and their foliage in all possible ways; place here and there beneath these verdant shades huts of bamboos and clay, around which circulate, crawl, or grunt, first more or less dirty and ugly men, women and children, then black and mild-looking buffaloes, then pigs whose bellies sweep the ground, and, lastly, fowls of that variety now so very popular in Europe, and you will be as well acquainted as I am with this portion of Low Cochín China.

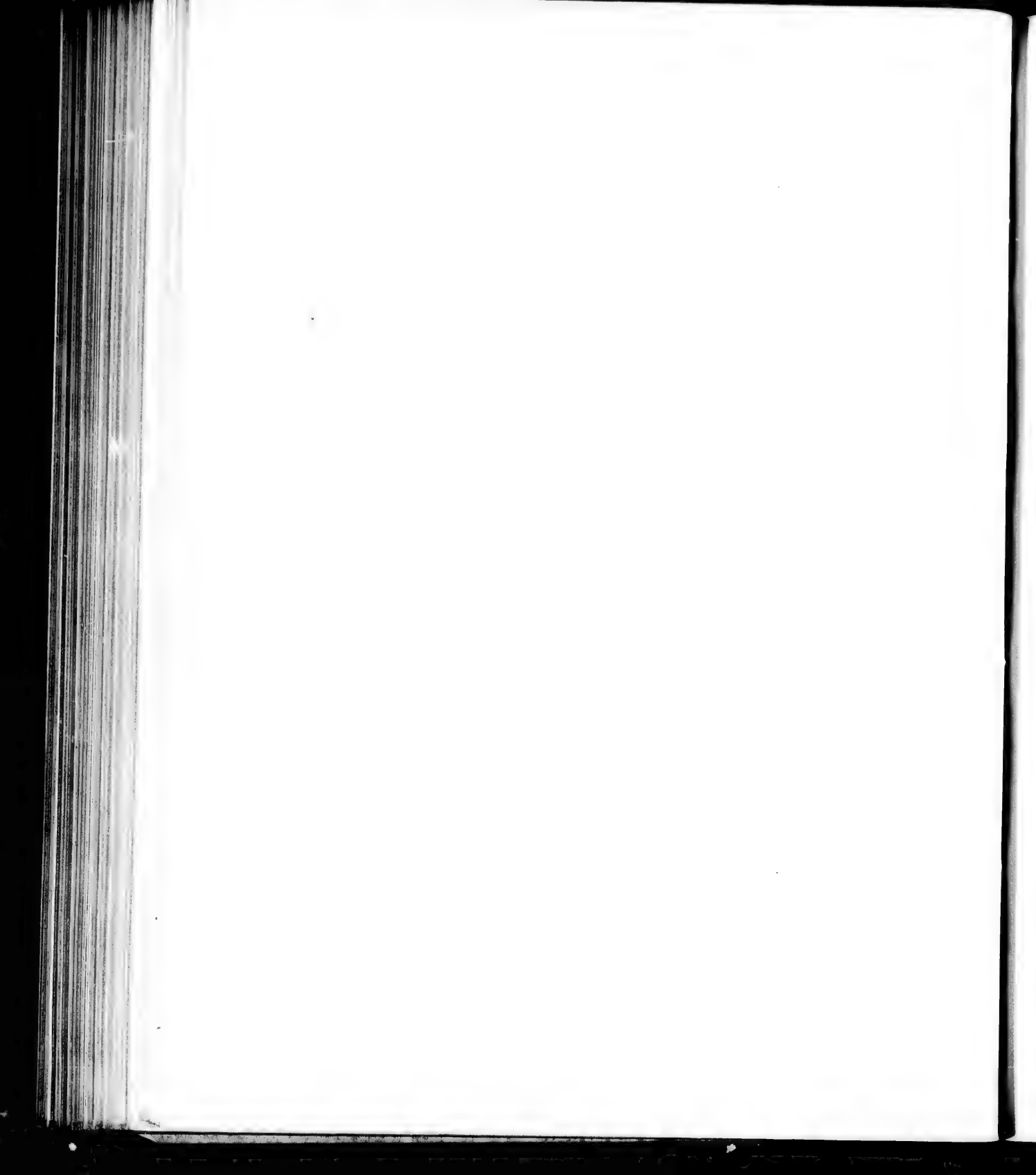
The views we have given, one of which is taken at the mouth of the river of Saigon (see p. 160), and the other (see p. 161) on its banks, will convey a better idea of the general aspect of the country than any detailed description.

We were, on the 9th of February, at the mouth of the river of Saigon, with the *Phlégon* carrying the flag of Vice-Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, the *Prémangant*, three gun boats, as many transports, and a Spanish steamer *El Cano*. We advanced boldly up this network of rivers, interlaced in the strangest manner possible, the bowsprit in the trees, yet with five to six fathoms of water. The chief stream was certainly not less than a hundred yards in width. The approaches were defended by a dozen wooden forts, well armed, and by three stockades. All these were carried rapidly, the two last which were nearest to the town alone holding out for some time. Before an hour had elapsed we were in Saigon.

Endeavour now to represent to yourself, we do not say a town, as we understand the word in Europe, but a tropical forest, out of which surge up, from distance to distance, almost comfortable habitations, all green, fresh, intersected by rivulets, which come and go, cross one another, and are lost to the sight, and then again, amidst this vegetation, masked by trees, a great square bastioned fort, in good hewn stone, and you have before you Saigon and its citadel. The first surrendered, and the second followed soon, although it was not visible from the river, and had to be carried by the land party without aid from the ships. After having silenced its fire, we escalated with long bamboo ladders, expecting to find the gunners astride on their pieces, as at Turan; but this time they had disappeared.



Subterranean Buddhist Temple in the Marble Pocks near Forest of Coochee, China



the rivers *May-kiang* and *Saigon*. We were unable to follow it for want of depth of water; but the canal was blockaded and the *Cochin-Chinese* ships were reduced, after a blockade of three months, to such an extremity, that the Mandarin, *Kiemsin*, who commanded them, ordered them to be burnt and turned the sails adrift. These unfortunates, after having wandered about for ten days, arrived at *Saigon* in a state of utmost destitution, and to their great joy and infinite surprise, they were kindly received by us.

The fleet thus destroyed was composed of eight war-junks of first rank, and of five of second class. The *Cochin-Chinese* admiral sought refuge at first at *Campot*, in the Gulf of *Siam*. But dreading the anger of the emperor, he opened his belly in the presence of the officers of his staff, as the Roman admiral at *Cape Misenum* would not have failed to do under similar circumstances to the greater glory of *Nero* or *Domitian*.

But do not imagine that all the *Annamite* functionaries are similarly prepared to sacrifice themselves so classically on the altar of heroism or rather of fear. A few weeks afterwards I had the pleasure of seeing, with my own eyes, a land mandarin arrive at *Saigon*, who was possessed of more practical philosophy than his maritime colleague. This was no less a personage than the indigenous prefect of the province. The period for sowing coming on, this worthy man, like a true disciple of *Triptolemus*, seized the pretext of agricultural interests to enter into negotiations with us, and to assure himself as to the state of things, and the physiognomy of those who had usurped his residence of old.

Conducted into the presence of our commandant, he prostrated himself neither more nor less than he would have done before an idol, and he then addressed him in a speech which our interpreter translated in the following characteristic terms:—

"You are not like those pirates who come but too frequently into our rivers to rob cities and insult the women; you are wise—since you came from that great nation in the west, who sent a virtuous man to the King *Nguyen-anh*, who was his friend, and you are strong, since you belong to the same country as those who restored to him the throne of his father, which had been usurped by *Tayson*. None can resist you when you fight, but you are disarmed before the weak. Allow us then to sow our crops, and give us assurance you will not withdraw your protection when the time comes round that we shall have to gather them in."

Whether he was sincere or not in the request, it was granted to him, and he was reconducted to the outposts, with military honours, which filled him with surprise and gratitude.

Clad in a long robe of damask worked with gold and silk, and in nether garments of red silk, which did not cover his black feet, very imperfectly protected by his slippers, this august dignitary had a black hat on his head, decorated in front like the hat of a roadman, with a large metal plate, upon which were inscribed the name and arms of his Majesty *Tu Duk*, and which was further supplied at its sides with two appendages in black gauze, which looked like the wings of a night-moth, and were nine inches in length. This curious head-gear is the distinctive decoration of a civil mandarin, and it would of itself have deserved the honours of the sketch-book, even if it had not surmounted one of the most typical heads and bodies that chance ever

presented to my pencil: square face, yellow complexion, red eyes blinking beneath lids manifestly too large for the organ which they covered, wide mouth, hanging lips, teeth black and corroded by betel nut, a body at once thin and squat, and lastly, spare limbs,—such was the appearance of the ex-mandarin of *Saigon*, and with slight variations it would apply to all his countrymen. Only when we apply it to the people we must supplant the expression of cunning and deceit, which predominates among those in power, by one of sorrow and dejection.

It will be seen from this that the *Cochin-Chinese* are not handsome. If they are younger brothers to the Chinese, they are much degenerated from their elders, who, without being *Apollons*, still possess generally such force as is derived from a more fully developed body and limbs. They possess besides a quality which is completely unknown to their neighbours of the south—cleanliness.

What we call with us the fair sex does not make an exception to the general rule. In spite of a mild and kindly aspect, of a bust tolerably well modelled in youth, of feet and hands that would be envied by a Parisian, and of long black hair, always combed and raised up with little care on the back of the head, the *Cochin-Chinese* lady does not impart a more agreeable impression than her lord and master. With the one as with the other, there are the same facial features, the same form of dress, the same deteriorated teeth, and lastly the same want of cleanliness of body and dress. It is even said that the latter, the parts of which must always fall off before they are replaced, enter into the gastronomic calculations of their proprietors, great or little, rich or poor, in as far as the myriads of insects to which they afford an asylum are concerned, and of which the women are not a bit less greedy than the men.

Apart from this extraordinary taste, common to all classes of society, even that of the highest classes, the people of *Annam* appear to me to be more sober even than that of the Celestial Empire. They are utterly ignorant of all culinary delicacies. They eat little, feeding on fish, rice, fruits, and a kind of pea peculiar to the country, and it is only at the festival of the new year, a festival which is at once religious and civil in *Cochin-China*, that their ordinary temperance is laid aside, and that, according to a local expression, each family "kills its pig," strangles its ducks, devours its fermented eggs, (fresh eggs are never eaten in *Cochin-China*), and consumes in one or two repasts what it has saved up during a whole year. But even in this annual debauch, in the midst of the evanescent fumes of wine (*sanchu*) and rice-spirit (*rak* or *raki*), the *Cochin-Chinese* cannot shake off the dejection of spirits that is habitual with them. Their greatest efforts at gaiety do not extend to dancing, and I do not think that I ever heard one of them sing. Never noisy, quiet in their conversation, which they maintain on all occasions in a measured, nasal tone, if such a people possess national songs, they must be among those which we occidentals should select for a funeral. To sum up, the general impression made upon us by *Cochin-Chinese* of all ages and sexes is, that they constitute a congregation of melancholy beings; perhaps it is so because they have grown old from age to age without knowing what liberty is.

In a subsequent advance into the interior of the country, made from *Tuam*, not *Saigon*, the troops were pushed forward until they reached the cele-

located Mountains of Marble, a rocky country, held sacred by local superstition, any entrance to which had, for many years past, been interdicted by the government even to the natives of the country. The Mountains of Marble rise in the middle of a sandy desert about six miles from the village of Turan. They are bounded on the north by the river Turan, and on the south by the ocean. On approaching them, small huts are observed resting upon the rocks, and little pagodas constructed in beautiful grottoes, the entrances to which are laved by the current of the river. Five huge rocks of marble, looking like the summits of mountains swallowed up in the sands, or buried cathedrals, are separated from each other by passages covered with low trees and creeping plants, or obstructed by blocks of stone, blackened by the rain and sea breezes. One of these paths, darkened by the thick foliage of myrtles, terminates in a long covered way hewn in the rock. This is rendered easy of descent by some broad steps at long intervals. After passing through a few seconds of complete darkness, this passage opens upon a subterranean temple in a cavern, the aspect of which impresses the beholder with its solemn magnificence (see p. 169).

This enormous excavation, in which the hand of man appears to have wrought out many changes, is fifty feet long by forty feet wide, and about forty five feet high. From the gate,—on either side of which are two colossal statues of stone, representing a human being in a strange costume, and some fabulous animal,—there is a descent by a deep and rapid stair to the bottom of the grotto, which receives the light of day through a natural opening in the centre of the vaulted roof. This is hung with festoons of creeping plants, covered with leaves and flowers, the brightness of which admirably contrasts with the varied and brilliant tints of the rocks. Opposite to the entrance, and upon a slightly raised platform, to which leads a narrow pathway of bricks, terminating in some steps, is placed a high altar adorned with chandeliers painted red, and wax candles of the same colour. A few other ornaments, equally simple, surround a statue of wood three feet in height, representing a man in a sitting posture. His features, his garments, which have nothing of the Chinese style, his feet joined and placed flat, and his extended hands, designate him with sufficient clearness as an idol of the Buddhist worship, a religion to which is due a great part of the superstitions of the Cochinchinese, and of which monuments of a remote antiquity are to be met with everywhere throughout this country.

It is impossible to say whether this religion was brought over to this country from China, or was the work of Indian and Chinese missionaries at the time of the great Buddhist revival. Be that as it may, the moral and sceptical doctrines of Buddha are no longer known in Cochinchina, except in a minority, so small as to be imperceptible. Most of the grandees of the state, equally ignorant with the mass of the people, believe in sorcerers, devils, and good and bad genii, and allegorical personations of the four elements.

The religion of Buddha,—if religion that can be called whose primary element is total abnegation of belief and the destruction of all faith,—had its origin in the north of India, six or seven centuries before our era, and rapidly took root there, where it could live without persecution. Hence it reached the south of the penin-

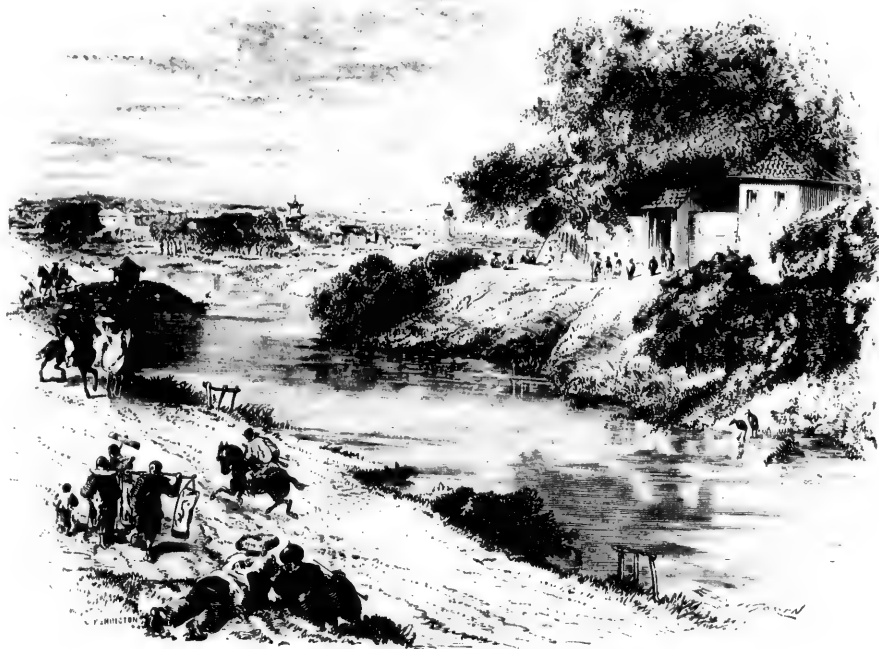
sula, in Ceylon; but returned thence to the states on the left bank of the Ganges river, and to the feet of the Himalayan range. Thence, crossing the mountains, it extended itself with prodigious rapidity among the semi barbarous population that filled the vast steppes or mountain plains of Tibet and Mongolia. Going on, it traversed the East, and crossing the mouths of the Ganges, as it had already crossed the Himalayas and the Nor Kutch, it invaded Burmah, Assam, and the immense provinces that separate the Indus and China. At last it reached China itself; and, in the sixth year of our era, made such progress as to be officially adopted by the Emperors. Henceforth China became the great seat of Buddhism; and from China emanated the mission of Hionen Tsing, from which the resuscitation of Buddhism in India dates its era.

But what is Buddhism? Briefly,—Buddha was himself a wise man and a great reformer. Educated a priest of Brahma, he applied himself to the study of the Vedas or sacred books, and soon penetrated to the truth. Everywhere he saw in that religion only representatives of attributes of the Deity, but nowhere God himself. He found, moreover, nothing certain but the inculcation of morality. Hence the first starting point of Buddhism is a doubt—universal scepticism. In avoiding idolatry in the personality of the Deity, he fell into the equally serious error of materialism, by declaring God to be the universe itself—pervading and animating all—not a spirit, however, but actually the universe itself. Man, therefore, Buddha pronounced to be a portion of the Deity, and the higher his moral condition the nearer is he to the godly spirit. We need not point out where Plato obtained his philosophy while studying in the East. The institutions of Buddhism, in their pure state, call upon man to observe five commandments and avoid ten sins. First to kill no animal of the meanest kind (as partaking of the living essence of the Deity); not to steal; not to commit adultery; not to lie; not to drink intoxicating drinks. Those who obey these commandments will never be hungry, or unlucky, or unfortunate. Amongst the ten sins are discord, idle talking, envy, and the following of false gods. Those who avoid these will become worthy to see and hear God, and be exempt from weight (oppression), old age, disease, and death.

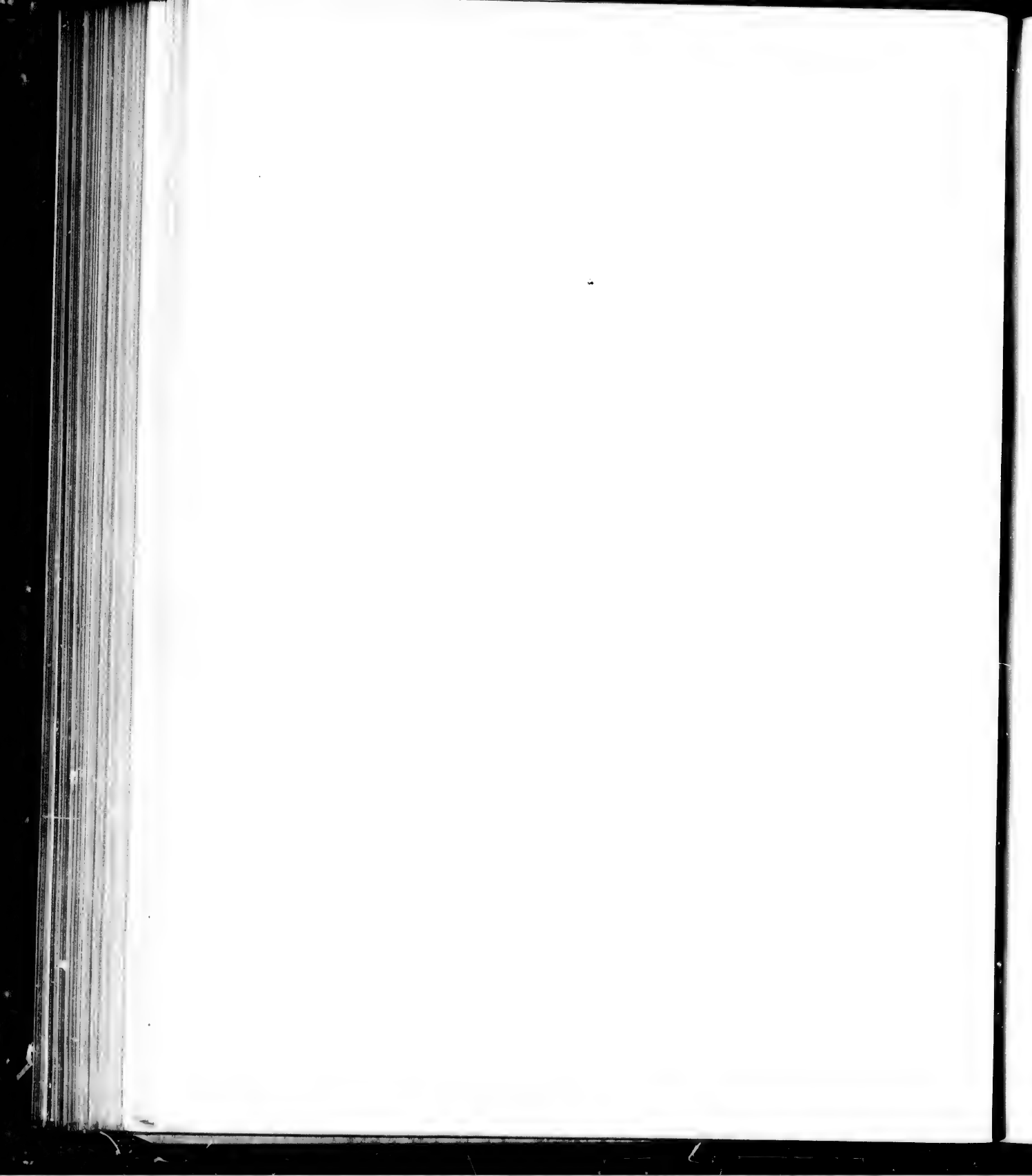
The High Brahmins, who found this teaching to be dangerous to the permanence of their worship, adopted it by making their own two incarnations of the Deity—Vishnu and Shiva become again incarnate in the person of Buddha, whose scepticism they made sacred, by saying he was sent into the world to inspire doubts against the opponents of Brahmin and Vishnu. A separate priesthood of Penzes, kept up by adoption, was gradually instituted for the worship of Buddha, and the doctrine of the efficacy of fasts, and prayers by proxy through the priest to release souls from purgatory, was introduced and forcibly inculcated. Thus gradually the simple clear idea of Buddha himself degenerated again into a worship of attributes, allegorical personifications of the elements, and reptiles—even the meanest of which are sedulously protected by his creed. Thus do we find how prone is the human mind in its weakness to regard the thing created rather than the Creator, and to avoid the one, simple idea, known and revealed to the wise, in all ages, that "God is a Spirit, and those who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."



JAPANESE TEA GARDENS.



GARDENS OF THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN, AT YEDDO.



JAPAN.

FAR away in the North Pacific Ocean, abutting on China, with which they are connected by Saghalien, but physically united by Kamschatka, of which they and the Kurile Isles form but a spur, is a group of islands which very closely resemble Great Britain with Ireland to the north of Scotland, and two great islands in the Channel, this group being again prolonged by the Loo-choo and other islets to Formosa and the Philippine Islands, and by these again and New Guinea to the continent of Australia, thus constituting one great band of rock, and land, and sea, which girt by their semicircular disposition the Arch-Archipelago of the world—one expanse of ocean, everywhere studded with coral reefs, islets, islands, and groups of islands.¹

The lands in question rich with all the gifts of nature, fertile beyond measure, and with a glorious climate, have long constituted a populous empire remote from the rest of the world, and which, if accidentally or purposely thrown in contact with it, it has repelled with churlish selfishness. This empire is called by the natives, Nip-pon, "the Empire of the Sun," or "Sun-source Country," and by the Chinese, Yang-hu. Marco Polo, the celebrated Venetian traveller, having first pronounced its existence to Europeans, called the country Zipangu,—a name which has become abbreviated and corrupted into Japan. From the best measurement, it would appear that this vast insular empire of Eastern Asia possesses a superficies of 270,211 square miles. Its population is immense. The number of people one encounters on the roads and highways is incredible. It has been estimated as high as 50,000,000, and as low as 10,000,000, but there cannot be less than 30,000,000, and they are of Mongolo-Chinese or Tartar-Chinese origin; their language being also a dialect of the Chinese.

The first settlement in Japan took its origin in the wreck of the Portuguese adventurer Fernando Mendez Pinto, in 1542 or 1543, who carried such glowing accounts to his countrymen as to induce them to send a commercial expedition, which, establishing itself at Nagasaki, conducted for several years a considerable trade with the natives. In 1585, a missionary deputation was sent from Rome to Japan, and the Jesuits having set about converting the natives, such an outcry was raised, and so many lives sacrificed, that the Portuguese were obliged to leave the country.

The Portuguese were succeeded in the Japan trade

by the Dutch, in whose favour an exception was made on account of their being Protestants.

The trade of the latter people was, at one time, of enormous value, but has dwindled down to its present comparatively insignificant amount through their own mismanagement and indiscretion. There was a period in the history of their commercial intercourse with the Japanese, when they drained the island of the precious metals to an incredible amount. This excited the apprehensions of the Court much in the same way as the exchange of silver, and nothing but silver, for opium, lately brought matters to a crisis in China. The value of the currency was constantly tampered with in all transactions between the Dutch and Japanese; and to such an extent, writes Mr. Inhoff, "that our commerce was carried on by the people groping in the dark, neither knowing the actual price of purchase or sale. Since 1710, all articles of trade not disposed of at a profit of 63 per cent rendered a loss." The same writer tells us that his countrymen have, over and over again, declined to receive many valuable articles of commerce which were from time to time tendered by the Japanese. The conduct of the Company's servants at Japan appears to have been most injudicious. Instead of a dignified but firm resistance to all the encroachments and insults of the Japanese, they gave way in every instance; and this base conduct on the part of Europeans tended infinitely to increase the pride and arrogance of an already vain, ignorant, and exclusive people.

In 1654, Hagenaar was sent by the Governor-general of Batavia to Formosa and Japan. The Dutch, at that time had what they call a lodge—a large wooden building—in the bay of Firando, as also a factory at Kurki. The intolerance and jealousy of the Japanese was manifest on this as on all other occasions. Thirty-seven persons lost their lives at Firando, on account of their being either professed Christians or born of Christian parents. Some were hung up by the feet; others were beheaded, and cut to pieces; and, again, others were tied to stakes and burnt.

In 1635, Hagenaar having visited Firando a second time, disputes had arisen which necessitated a mission to Yeddo. Accordingly, a public entry was made into the capital, on which occasion the concourse of people was so great, that they could scarcely move forward. But, as usual, after a month had nearly elapsed in various prearranged ceremonies and negotiations, a message was sent, intimating that no opportunity had yet occurred of laying their petition before the emperor, that it was not likely their business could be done for some time, and that the Dutch mission had better return to whence it came.

Hagenaar accordingly returned, but some of the Dutch merchants remained behind, among whom was Frans Caron, who left us one of the earliest accounts of the capital of the country, which he describes as being very large, the palace or castle alone being four or five miles in circumference, and the streets in extent are, he adds, very broad, and some are bordered on both sides by sumptuous palaces. The gates are fortified on each side with iron bands or gratings, and over each grating is a large building, capable of containing, in case of necessity, two or three hundred men.

¹ The island empire of Japan occupies an insular position off the east coast of Continental Asia, and opposite to the Sea of Japan, and the Gulf of Tartary, and Corea, from which it is separated by Mantchuria, and is consequently the most easterly part of our hemisphere; the sun rises over Yeddo eight hours earlier than over London. The empire comprises five large and two hundred small islands, with numerous islets and dependencies; including the Loo-chu group, and the Kurile Archipelago. It extends from the 24th to the 50th degree of north latitude, and from the 123rd to the 157th degree of east longitude. To the north it is bounded by the Sea of Okotsk, and the independent portion of the island peninsula of Saghalien; to the east by the north Pacific Ocean; to the south by the eastern Sea of China; and to the west by the Sea of Japan, which communicates with the ocean by the Straits of La Perouse or Sanzan, and others running between the various islands. Of these islands, Nipon is the largest, being sixteen hundred miles in length, and from one to three hundred miles in breadth at different parts.



JAPANESE LADY.

It is, Caron says, the interior part of the castle in which the imperial palace is situated, consisting of many large apartments, surrounded by groves, which, although planted by art, appear to be the production of nature. There are likewise fish-ponds, rivulets, open spaces, race grounds, rides, gardens, and a number of separate apartments for the women.

In the second enclosure stand the palaces of the princes of the blood, and of the principal ministers. In the third and outer enclosures are the palaces of the kings and nobles of Japan, all gilt and richly adorned.

Without are the dwellings and houses of the inferior nobles, more or less sumptuous according to their rank. Taken altogether, this astonishingly large palace appears within and without like a golden mountain; for all the nobles, from the highest to the lowest, spare no expense to ornament their residences.

Here reside the married wives and children of the nobles, in order that, being always under the eye of the Court, they may serve as hostages for their fidelity. This exceedingly spacious palace, which has an extent equal to a populous city, is thus at all times filled with great men, who never appear in public without a numerous retinue of inferior nobles, pages, horses, and palankins. The streets, however broad, are yet too narrow for their pompous processions.

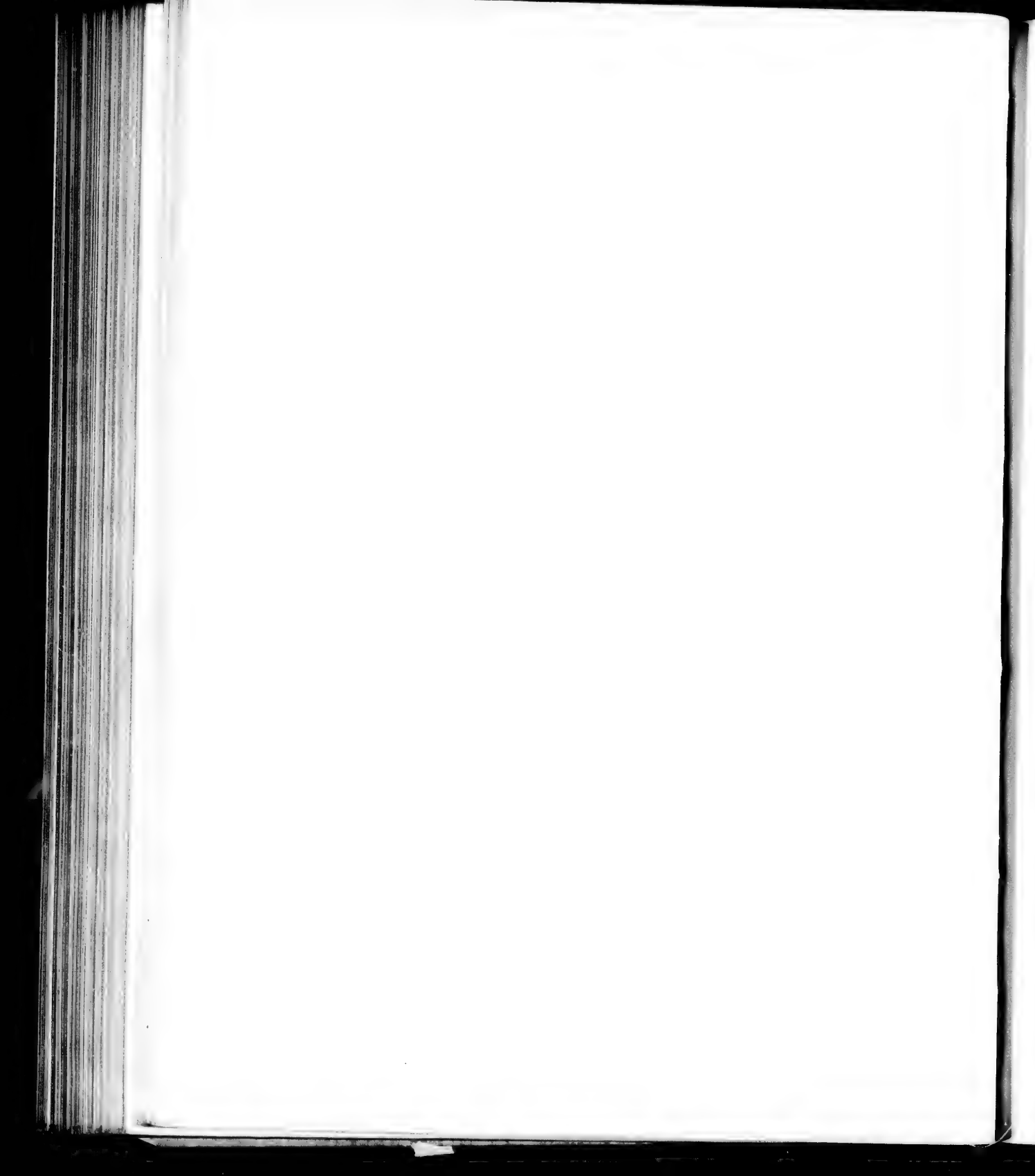
Caron, describing afterwards the pomp and magnificence of the Imperial retinue, adds, "How uncommonly large soever the number be of the soldiers kept by this monarch, none are found amongst them but chosen men, well made, of a courageous appearance, expert in the use of arms, and even not ignorant of

literature. The muster of the troops which the kings and nobles must furnish, upon the first summons of the Court, amounted at that time to 368,000 infantry and 20,000 cavalry. Most of the nobles, however, generally kept in actual service twice as many troops as they are required to furnish at the first summons. The emperor also entertained, out of his private purse, 10,000 foot soldiers and 20,000 horsemen, who he in garrison in the cities or fortresses, or serve him as body guards. All the cavalry wear armour, but the foot soldiers only wear a helmet. Some of the horsemen are described at that time as being armed with pistols, some with short lances, and others with bows and arrows; all, however, were provided with scimitars. The infantry were armed with two sabres, and, according to the size and strength of the men, with heavy, lighter firelocks. Some carried long pikes or nagaganets, "which are a sort of bayonet." But this has undergone great changes, fire-arms having been more generally introduced.

Such was the wealth of Japan at this period, that the incomes of the chief ministers amounted to £182,000, those of the inferior gentlemen to £91,000, and the salaries of those who fill the lowest situations may, at least, be reckoned at from £18,200 to £27,300. But, although the nobles also possessed very enormous revenues, yet the expenses which they are obliged to incur swallow all up. At Yeddo, especially, everything was very dear, and housekeeping, especially on the Japanese scale, was very expensive. Whatever can be imagined as contributing to pleasure and the support of luxury was to be met with. The enter-



TOILET OF A JAPANESE LADY.



tainments given by kings and nobles to the emperor were often ruinous to them.

The women of Japan, according to the same old traveller, were rigidly secluded, even more so than among the Muhammadans; but they had many pleasures—gardens, fishponds, arbours, summer-houses, half a-shore and half over the water, and all sorts of landbirds and waterfowl, musical instruments, and such like. Plays were represented, and feasts and banquets constantly occur. Their dress was of different coloured silk; each, according to the rank they hold, or the post assigned them, wearing an appointed colour.

The revenues of the nobles arise out of the various products which their territories afford. Some lands yield corn; some, gold and silver; others, copper, iron, tin, or lead; others again, timber, hemp, cotton, or silk. The emperor disposes of the fisheries, more particularly of the whale fisheries, once a source of large revenue, but now almost in the hands of Americans and others. The Japanese are neither very superstitious, nor are they over-religious; they do not pray either in the morning or the evening, and the most religious scarcely go to the pagoda more than once a month. At the same time the number of pagodas in Japan is incredibly large. The priests reside in them, from two to twenty in a community, according to the size of the buildings.

The priests naturally side with the nobles in keeping the people and the middle classes in ignorance and slavery; the military and the priests are more or less despotic; and in this system, all the evils of feudalism being superadded to a pure and irresponsible despotism, are to be traced the long seclusion of the nation. Only let the merchants and the industrious classes once feel their importance in the social state, and such a seclusion would soon become impossible.

All the necessaries and luxuries of life are produced in the empire. It yields gold, silver, copper, and lead in abundance, and furnishes also cotton cloth, goatskins, an annual quantity of one hundred thousand peculs of silk, and between three and four hundred thousand peculs of silk-cotton (the produce of the *Bombax pentandrum*), a great many deerskins, timber, and all kinds of provisions in much greater abundance than is requisite for the subsistence of the inhabitants. Japanese ware and Japan work has been celebrated from a remote antiquity. It is alluded to in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

The climate of Japan is said to be happy and healthy, but subject to extremes of cold in winter and of heat in summer; this, however, must vary much in different islands. It rains frequently, with much thunder and lightning. The sea, which encompasses the islands, is very rough and stormy, which, with many rocks, cliffs, and shoals, above and under water, makes its navigation very dangerous. There are also two remarkable and dangerous whirlpools. Water-spouts are also frequently observed to rise in the Japanese seas. The natives fancy that they are a kind of water-dragon. Earthquakes are so common that the natives think no more of them than we do of an ordinary storm. Yet, sometimes, whole cities are destroyed, and thousands of inhabitants buried under the ruins. Such a dreadful accident happened, as Father Lewis de Froes relates ("De Rebus Japonicis collecta a Joh. Hays"), in the year 1586. Kempfer relates that, in 1703, by an earthquake, and fire that followed thereon, almost the whole city of Yeddo, and

the imperial palace itself, were destroyed and laid in ashes, and upwards of 200,000 inhabitants buried under the ruins.¹

There are burning mountains in several of the islands, some of which seem to be of volcanic origin, but others to be chemical phenomena. Coal is also said to abound. In some parts the natives use naphtha instead of oil. Amber is abundant, and the pearl fishery is prosecuted with success.

Amongst the chief trees are the mulberry, varnish-tree, various laurels and bays, camphor-laurel, the tea-shrub, sansio (used instead of pepper or ginger), fig-trees, chestnuts, walnuts, oranges, lemons, grapes, &c. The superiority of the Japan varnish is owing to the virtues of the *nenai*, or varnish-tree, described by Kœmpfer in his "Amoenitates Exoticæ."

Such is about the state of information which we possessed of this remarkable country, previous to the late expeditions of the Anglo-Americans and of the English, and the researches of the naturalist Siebold.

¹ The islands of Japan are essentially mountainous and rocky, being chiefly of volcanic origin. Nip-pon is traversed throughout its whole length by a chain of mountains, some of whose peaks are clad with perpetual snow. The waters flow on the one side to the Sea of Japan, on the other to the Pacific. According to the Japanese annals, Mount Fusi or Fus yama, the loftiest mountain of all Japan (3793 metres), rose out of the earth 285 years B.C., and an enormous depression gave rise, at the same time, to the great lake Mizen, or Ots (Biwake, in Siebold's map). Fusi was for a long time an active volcano: some of its eruptions have been frightful and were accompanied by the most terrible devastation from lava and earthquakes. It has, however, been now quiescent for upwards of a century. So late, however, as the 23rd of December, 1854, an earthquake nearly destroyed the port and town of Simoda, and with them the Russian frigate *Diana*, which, having been hunted over the Pacific Ocean by the English fleet, had finally taken refuge in the Japanese waters. The story is told as follows in Commodore Perry's "Voyage:"—"On the arrival of Commander Adams at Simoda, he found a great and sad change in the physical aspects of the place. In the interval of his absence from Japan (on the 23rd of December, 1854) an earthquake had occurred, which was felt on the whole coast of Japan, doing some injury to the capital, Yeddo, completely destroying the fine city of Ossa, on the south-eastern side of Nippon, and leaving abundant evidences of its ruinous effects at Simoda. Every house and public building on the low grounds has been destroyed; a few temples and private edifices, that stood on elevated spots, were all that escaped; and sixteen structures were all that was left of what was once Simoda. The inhabitants told Commander Adams, that the destruction was not caused by the immediate agitation of the earth, but by the sea, which it occasioned, and which regularly followed the shock. According to the statements of the Japanese, the waters in the bay and near the shore were first observed to be violently agitated; they soon began rapidly to retreat, leaving the bottom of the harbour, where usually there were nine feet of water, nearly bare. The water then rushed in upon the land, in a wave five fathoms above its usual height, and overflowing the town up to the tops of the houses, swept everything away. The frightened inhabitants fled to the hills for safety; but, before they could reach their summits, they were overtaken by the climbing waters, and hundreds were drowned. The waters retreated and returned in this manner five several times, tearing down everything, and strewn the adjacent shores with the wrecks, and ruins of houses prostrated, and vessels torn from their anchorage. The Russian frigate *Diana*, bearing the flag of Admiral Poutiatine, was lying in the harbour at the time. The Russian officers told Commander Adams, that, when the waters retreated, the mud bled up from the bottom in a thousand springs. When they came in, they boiled like a muck-stew, and such was their velocity and force, that the frigate actually made forty-three complete revolutions in the space of thirty minutes. Their anchor had been let go in six fathoms; when the waters retreated, they could see it, and had but four feet of water alongside. Her rudder, stern part, and a great part of her keel were knocked off and lost, and her bottom much injured. In the endeavour to carry her across the bay for repair, she sank. The Japanese speedily set to work to rebuild and roll the town, which is now again a flourishing one.

The progress made by the Anglo-Americans, in breaking down the exclusive barriers of this old country, is sufficiently attested by the fact that they have induced this secluded nation, which neither travelled nor permitted travel, to send a mission to the United States.

The Americans have, indeed, a just right to impel a stubborn nation to acts of common humanity. Japan had not only refused to hold commercial intercourse with the rest of the world—a very questionable right—but she went further; and occupying, as she does, an enormous extent of seacoast, she not only refused to open her ports to foreign vessels in distress, but actually opened her batteries (such as they are) upon them when they approached within gun-shot of her shores, and when driven upon them by stress of weather, she seized upon, imprisoned, exhibited in cages, and actually murdered the crews of such ill-fated vessels.

"This," argued the Americans, "has been submitted to too long already; and the constant increase of our whale fleet, and the consequent increase of disasters in this barbarous and inhospitable region, have compelled our government, unprompted except by wise foresight, to insist upon a reform in the policy and bearing of the Japanese towards the rest of the world. The single fact, that at one time within the last year there were 121 American whalers lying in the harbour of the Sandwich Islands, far away from their cruising grounds, because they could not enter any harbour on the coast of Japan for repairs, shows not only the extent of our commerce in that region, but the claims of humanity itself for protection against the barbarians who thus cut off, as it were, the commerce of the Yellow Sea and the Sea of Ochotsk." (The Sea of Japan might have been added.)

To carry out this notion, Commodore Perry, of the U.S. Navy, cast anchor in the Bay of Yeddo, the commercial capital of Japan, on the 8th of July, 1853, and speedily, on the 23rd of August, to his great surprise, found his party strengthened by the appearance of a Russian fleet; the frigate *Pallas*, and the steamer *Vostock*, the *Aurora*, 48, and the corvette, *Avardino*, 22, being sent up to Kamschatka, to be close in readiness, if required, and a powerful squadron having been told off to cruise in the Pacific.

Commodore Perry succeeded in carrying a treaty by which three ports, Nagasaki, Hakodaki, and Simoda were thrown open to trade, and every port on the Japanese coast was opened to vessels in distress. The results of this treaty, and a similar one effected by Admiral Stirling, on the part of England, not being entirely satisfactory, Lord Elgin proceeded from China

¹ "There is no power in the other hemisphere," says the narrator of Commodore Perry's voyage, "to which the possession of Japan, or the conduct of its affairs, is so important as it is to Russia. She is on one side of the islands (by the Amoor), the United States on the other. The Pacific Ocean is destined to be the theatre of immense commercial undertakings. Russia is, in a great degree, shut out from easy access to the Atlantic by her local position; but with such harbours as the Pacific or Japan would give her, she might hope to become the controlling maritime power of the world." We are in possession of very recent information from Japan, tending to show that the Japanese government distrust the purposes of Russia. The movements of that nation on the Amoor River have been viewed with much apprehension. The Japanese, on the report of a special agent sent for the purpose, have resolved to raise an efficient army and equip a navy of vessels on the European model, and to open Japan to the trade of the world.

in 1858, and going right up to Yeddo itself, in a manner at once original and unexpected, concluded a treaty which granted all the European powers the right of free trade, under very slight limitations, with Japan. Of what happened in his voyage, and what was seen in Japan, we intend to give a vivid outline, as likely to convey to our readers the best idea of Japan as it is.

II.—BAY AND HARBOUR OF NAGASAKI

"HARD a-starboard, sir!" exclaimed the gallant Sherard Osborn's *Palinurus*, and as the spokes of the wheel flew round, the ship tared sharply into the fine channel of water, leading up to Nagasaki. That city faced us, says the captain, spread round the base of a hill at the farther end of the harbour, and having immediately in front of it a rude collection of hybrid European houses, with a flag staff on the artificial island of Decima, where the Japanese had held the Dutchmen voluntary prisoners ever since the expulsion of the Portuguese in 1613. The poor Dutchmen endured insults, restraints and contumely, rather than forego certain advantages in carrying out Japanese copper and retailing it to Europeans at an enormous profit. Long suffering and enduring vendors of strong Dutch cheese, Zealand butter and pleasant schnapps, relief came at last! The Japanese Emperor was astonished to find the intelligent powers of Russia and England, playing a game of hide-and-seek, in his many bays and harbours, and wisely concluded that the orthodox old Lady of Moscow, whose dominions approached suspiciously close to Japan, might one day think it as Christian-like to rob a Buddhist as a Muhammadan neighbour. He has very wisely departed from the ancient laws of his realm, and has sought for aid and protection where, strangely enough, he can find them, in the friendship of four or five nations who cordially dislike and are jealous of each other. A long ford of blue water stretches two miles inland between sloping hills, which spring from the sea with a bold, rocky escarpment, and then roll gently back, rising to an altitude of a thousand feet or so; and these are overlooked by still more lofty giants—every mountain-side covered with all that can gladden a landscape, and down every ravine glad some streams rushing on to the sea. Here a village, there a quaint bark anchored in a sandy cove; now an official abode, with a square cut terrace and upright fence, so properly stiff-starved and queer, you felt sure you had only to knock, and that one of the Parnacles of society would appear; then, resting in the midst of green trees and flowery gardens, were the prettiest chalets seen out of Switzerland; children, with no clothes at all, rolling on the grass, or tumbling in and out of the water, whilst their respected parents, with but few habiliments to incommode them, gravely moved their fins, or sat gazing upon the newly arrived vessels. Oh! it was a goodly sight; but they were all in the mood to be pleased: and had the sky been less clear, the air less bracing and the climate as bad as that of China, they would assuredly still have admired it.

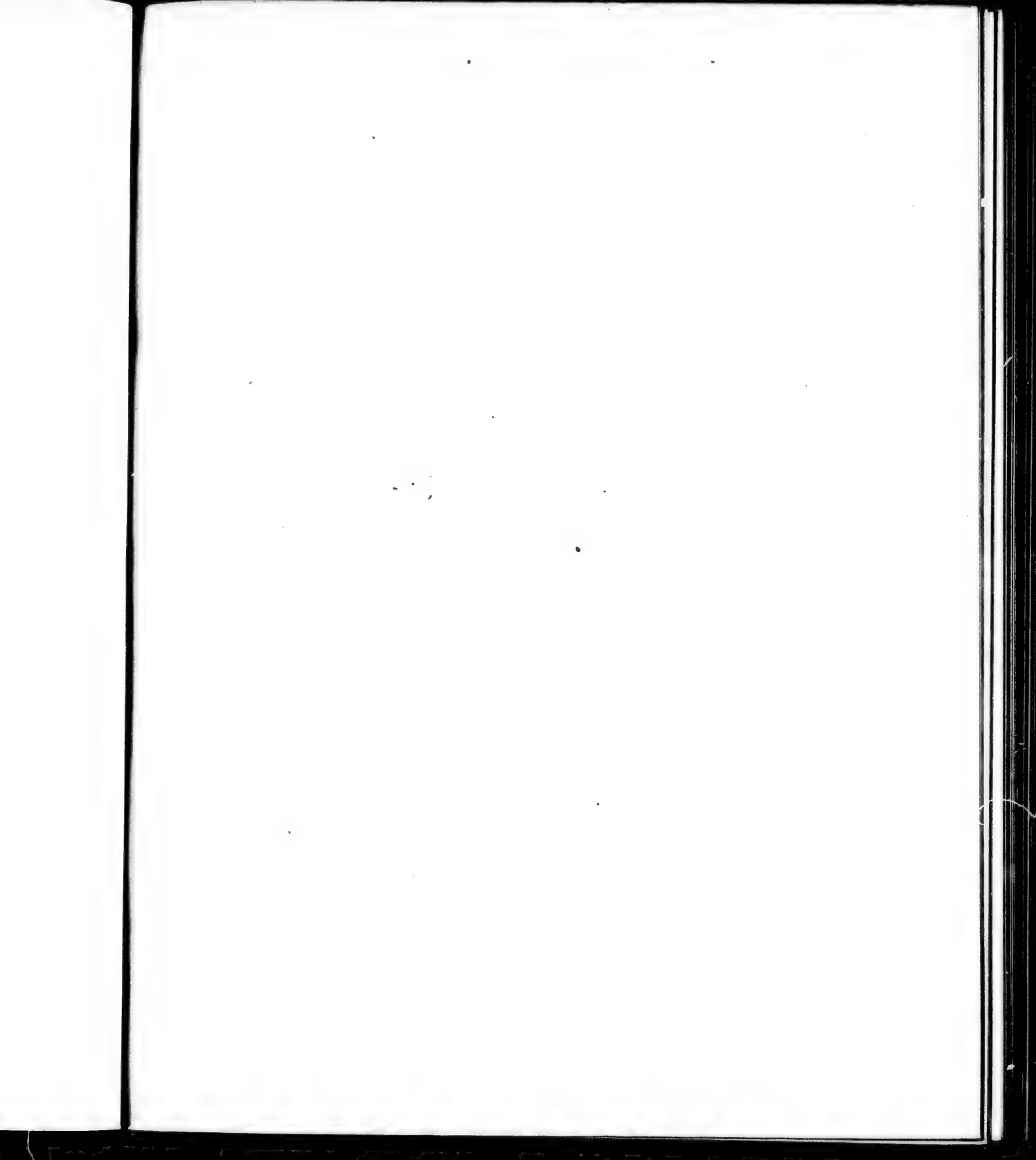
In former days, a chain of guard-boats used to extend across the gate of this Japanese paradise. One of our men-of-war, during the Russian war, nearly paddled over them; and we too, it had been determined, were not to be stopped by them. The Japanese officers of the present day are far wiser in their generation than those who, when the frigate of Sir Israel Pellow forced

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her way into the harbour during the French war, disembowelled themselves rather than survive the disgrace. They found all the boats removed and made fast in by the shore. One officer, more anxious than the rest to do his duty, or, Asiatic-like, desirous of ascertaining to what lengths he might go, stood up in his boat as we came abreast of him and mildly gesticulated with his fan (the everlasting emblem of office in Japan) for them to go back again! They would fain not have seen it, but of course the officious signalman immediately reported that there was a Japanese officer waving. A spy glass was brought steadily to bear on him; the wretch was about fifty yards off; the action of the fan became at once less violent, then irregular, as if the waver of the fan was in a decline, then a spasmodic jerk: the glass was kept steadily on the wretch (we feared lest the Ambassador should see him and then cry halt!)—there was a pause, another flutter—hurrah! He put up his fan, and retired under his awning, beaten. He had only to perform *harrari* or disembowement, and they might proceed, giving the officious signalman orders not to make nonsensical reports of every Japanese who chose to fan himself!

As the silver dawn spreads over the land and water, that lovely mountain, *Fusi-yama*, the type of the beautiful to the whole Japanese nation, is seen stepping like a coy maiden from her veil and her robes of cloud to gaze upon all the loveliness spread at her feet. The scene lasts but a few minutes,—would it could have been for ever; but the bold sun leaps upon the crests of the eastern hills, and *Fusi-yama* retires blushing from his fierce gaze. The bay and beach are quickly alive with moving beings, hundreds of fishing-boats skim the water, pressing in with the last of the night breeze to secure an early market. The number of full grown men in each boat attests the redundancy of the population. Stout athletic fellows they are, smooth-skinned, bronze-coloured, and beardless; but their large muscles and deep chests attest the perfection of their *physique*. They look at the English without fear or distrust, and as they bend on their oars shout out some joke or salutation. The morning breeze is cold and damp, the sun has not dispelled the low thin mist creeping along the surface of the bay from the lowlands to the north, and they are wearing blue clothing with comfort, yet all the boatmen are naked, with the exception of a small blue waist-cloth, and another strip of material tied tight over their nose! Why do the Japanese, asks Captain Sherard Osborn, tie up their noses? We have often asked, for one cannot but believe that there is some good reason why a naked man should voluntarily lash up his nose. Can a Japanese nose be a fractious feature? or is it that noses require to be much taken care of in Japan? or may it not be that there is some security in this precaution against inhaling malaria? We leave the question to be decided by future visitors, and content ourselves with the entry in our journal: *Yem.*—In *Yeddo*, it is the custom afloat to tie up the nose, and wear but few garments. They having breakfasted, proceeded to the landing-place. It is low water,—shoals of boats and great numbers of men are at work in the shallows. Many are lading their boats with cockle-shells, scraped up from the land, to burn into excellent lime; others are dredging for shell-fish. Some are hauling the seine. Here their observations are interrupted by a spy-boat pulling alongside, and

the officer coolly requesting, by signs, a seat in our boat. They are frank with him, and recommend him to go to the ——. He smiles, shoves off, and makes a note of the brief interchange of civility. Parties of respectable citizens, oily sleek men, of a well-to-do appearance, are embarked for a day's pleasure on the water; their children are with them, and every archer has a fishing-line overboard. They thought of Mr. Briggs.—*Pauch's* Mr. Briggs,—at *Ramsgate*. In another boat, a lady is seated with her children; her dress betokens that she is of better order, her family are laughing and trying to cook at a brazier which stands in the centre of the boat, while she sits abaft, in the most matronly manner, and points out to one of her daughters what she deems most worthy of notice in the English, their boat, and boat's crew. The young lady, they were glad to observe, without being unlady-like, showed none of that suspicious fear of the genus man so general in the excessively modest East, and which betokened even a better state of social civilization than they had been led to expect by what they witnessed at *Nagasaki*; so they let the boat drift to enjoy all this, and, as a natural consequence, drift on shore close to the town. The police or spy-boat immediately works itself into a fever, and the officer is most anxious they should know where the deep water leading to their landing-place could be found. To add to the fun, all the little boys and girls of the adjoining houses turn out and come scampering down. The police officer is in an awful state; he urges them back, waves his fan, expostulates with them; but it is all equally useless. So long as our boat remains on the sand, so long does young Japan remain staring into her. The crowd did not, as an English mob of boys would have done, pelt and chaff the officer, and they therefore had reason to praise their civility. After a while, they float the boat and proceed. The entrances to several canals are passed,—they serve, at high tide, to facilitate the communication between remote parts of the city and the sea. Now they are nothing but huge sewers.

The landing-place reached, they see the officer who is charged with their convoy to the embassy; he looks like a man who has much responsibility, and gives a great number of orders of barge, so that they may land with facility. The horses are wonderfully got-up creatures; there is something truly mediæval in their trappings, barring the straw-shoes wrapped round the hoofs, which spoiled the poetry of their steeds; otherwise the head-stalls, bits, saddle-cloths, martingales, cruppers, and stirrups might have been used by the Disinherited Knight in the tilt-yard of *Front-de-Bœuf's* castle. For the horses, they cannot say as much; but they are good-tempered, steady little steeds. And so—to horse! The street leading from the landing place is as wide as *Regent-street*, and terminates about three-quarters of a mile off, at the entrance of a handsome temple, whose green terraces, dotted with seats and cool alcoves, look most refreshing. They turn, however abruptly up a street parallel to the water. It is broad and clean; on either hand are continuous rows of shops, and at short intervals of three hundred yards a wooden barrier runs athwart the street, apparently constructed for purposes of police. Shops of a trade seem to run together; here we have etables in any quantity, then basket and wicker-work of all Japan, now, earthenware,—then, ironware. And then, what a crowd! They have only run together as they pass,

yet you might walk on their heads. They used to think the Chinese stowed closely in their houses, but these Japanese assuredly beat them in that, and, what is far better, they do it with cleanliness, which the former certainly do not. Everybody looks well-washed, contented, and merry; you do not meet a single cross sullen look. In the doorways of the houses women abound. They have succeeded, God forgive them! in making themselves as ugly as sin; yet they have good eyes, glossy hair, and a merry look. Generous creatures; we find they are mostly married women, who have sacrificed their teeth and eyebrows to insure their poor husbands against the pangs of jealousy. The women have evidently abundant liberty here, and it is strange how indelicate the mass of people are. The police-officer is looking out most keenly for any pictures that might be exposed in the shops offensive to their visitor's sense of propriety, and they disappear like magic at his approach; still he sees not all, and they are startled by figures and models of the vilest description, swinging about unnoticed amongst men, women, and children, who seemed unconscious of, or indifferent to, the shameless exhibition.

They do not see a beggar, and the street is admirably clean. Some respectably dressed Buddhist priests are chanting a hymn, in not unmusical cadence, at the closed door of a house,—they still continue to do so until the heart of the proprietor is softened, or his patience gone, then the door will open, and he will fee them civilly. Their conductor now turns sharp down a street, at the end of which is a sturdy-looking gate; they are at the portal of the enclosure within which the British Embassy dwells. It opens, and, as they proceed, a grand procession is approaching them from the temple at the end of the road, and they find his Excellency and suite are just starting for their first visit to the Prince, who is said to direct the foreign affairs of Japan. His lordship having brought with him a very gorgeous chair, which those learned in Chinese etiquette had declared to be of the proper dimensions and colour for a statesman of his rank, was able to go and visit the Prince in comparative comfort; but all the rest of the party, naval and diplomatic, were packed in small wicker-work palanquins used in the country. To people accustomed to sit on their haunches, instead of chairs, travelling in such conveyances might be simple enough; but with our big-boned, big-jointed countrymen, done up in cocked-hats, gilded coats, and long swords, the feat was a wonderful one, and a sight not easily to be forgotten.

Mr. Oliphant thus depicts his impressions on first visiting the Japanese town of Nagasaki or Nangasaki: A flight of steps ascends the embankment, at the top of which is in fact a sort of raised parterre, is of considerable width, and a broad street runs along its whole length. Crossing this, is reached the head of the flight of steps that descend into the town. The view is peculiarly striking, especially to the stranger who has just arrived from China. Instead of an indefinite congeries of houses built apparently on no settled plan, and so close together that the streets which divide them are completely concealed, they saw before them a wide spacious street, about a mile in length, flanked by neat houses, generally of two stories, with tiled or wooden roofs, and broad eaves projecting over the lower story. A *pare* ran down the centre of the street, on each side of which it was carefully gravelled to the gutters. No wheeled vehicle or beast

of burden was, however, visible; but in defiance of plentiful sprinkling of foot passengers gave it an air of life and animation. It terminated in the distance in a flight of steps, which soon disappeared amid the foliage of the hill-side, crowned with a temple or tea house, or gleaming with the white washed walls of some fire-proof store-house.

As they traversed its entire length, no foul odours assailed their nostrils, or hideous cutaneous objects offended their eyesight, as at Tien-tsin; nor did inconvenient walls or envious shutters debar them from inspecting, as they passed along, the internal economy of the shops and dwellings on each side. Light wooden screens, neatly papered, and running on slides, were, for the most part, pushed back in the daytime, and the passer looks through the house to where the waving shrubs of a cool looking back-garden invite him to extend his investigations. Between the observer and this retreat there are probably one or two rooms, raised about two feet from the ground, and upon the scrupulously clean and well-wadded matting, which is stretched upon the wooden floor, semi-nude men and women roll and lounge, and their altogether nude progeny crawl and feast themselves luxuriously at ever-present fountains. The women seldom wear anything above their waists, the men only a scanty loin-cloth. In the mid day, during the summer, a general air of languor pervades the community; about sunset, the world begins to wash, and the Japanese youth, like copper-coloured Cupids, riot simultaneously.

The shops do not generally contain those articles in lacquer and china-ware for which Japan is so justly celebrated. To obtain them a visit must be made to the Dutch or Russian bazars; but interest is kept alive by the varied productions of native manufacture exhibited in the shops, which are as open to the street as stalls at a fancy fair, and which contain all those articles which are in common use among the people. Umbrella, fan, and shoe shop; led; bazars for toys and glass ornaments arrested them for a moment; but time was precious, and they could not do more than glance cursorily at the novelties displayed, and vainly endeavour to comprehend the object of various processes and manufactures which were being industriously carried on, but the result of which, in default of an interpreter, remained a mystery. Indeed, except from the Dutch gentlemen at Decima, they found it difficult, during their short stay at Nagasaki, to obtain any information, as only one Japanese had picked up a very few words of English. All the interpreters spoke Dutch,—a language of which their knowledge was extremely limited, nor was it spoken by any of their party. Their rambles through Nagasaki, therefore, though in the highest degree amusing and attractive, possessed the one drawback of leaving the curiosity and interest they had excited at every turn unsatisfied. Nor could they gratify themselves by making purchases of curiosities. As yet they had not been introduced to the government money changers, who sat in solemn conclave at the Russian bazaar, and no consideration could induce the shopkeeper to accept the smallest or even the largest foreign coin. Well did he know that the eye of his neighbour was upon him, and that an official visit the next morning would remind him of his oblivion of that great national institution of universal espionage, which would with us be considered an intolerable tyranny, but which the Japanese regard as a necessary ingredient to the welfare and protection of society.

They pursued their peregrinations through the streets of Nagasaki unmolested and almost unnoticed by the people, who did not crowd the thoroughfares with busy, moving clamour, as in China, but strolled carelessly along, apparently little troubled with occupation, with an air of amiable contentment on their features, and an expression of kindly good nature towards the curious, wondering strangers. Although Kempfer speaks of numerous beggars, Mr. Oliphant says he did not observe any, with the exception of one or two religious mendicants. A stream about the size of an ordinary canal intersects the town in a lateral direction, and is spanned by thirty or forty bridges, of which about fifteen are solidly constructed of stone, with handsome balustrades. Balconies, filled with women engaged in domestic avocations, overhang the water; small boats ply upon its surface, and here and there the quaint old buttresses of the bridges are partly concealed with creeping plants, and across them numerous passengers pass and repass. It is interesting to stand on one of these and watch the humours of the place, while we enjoy the picturesque view which it affords.

Nagasaki contains upwards of eighty streets crossing each other at right angles, and from three-quarters of a mile to a mile in length. Its population is estimated at about 60,000; but it presents a far more imposing appearance, and covers a much greater area of ground than a Chinese city of the same dimensions. Its outskirts run up into the secluded valleys formed by the surrounding hills, the spurs of which descend into the town, so that almost every street terminates in a flight of stone steps, and, indeed, some of them which they visited afterwards, climb the hill-sides, the houses being built one above the other, as at Malta.

A Japanese house consists of a ground-floor and top story. The front and back of the basement can be removed at pleasure, leaving it quite open, through the premises, for air and light, except where the posts supporting the first floor intervene. Usually the front panels only are removed during the daytime, and the back panels, formed of a light, graceful, wood framework, covered with translucent paper, are left to screen the cooking departments and back premises. The floor of the basement is raised about three feet above the level of the ground, and is neatly boarded, and then laid over with a series of stuffed grass mats, on which the inmates walk, sit, feed, and sleep. If it is a shop, the arrangements are still the same, except that the boxes or drawers containing the goods are arranged on shelves on either sides, and the merchant and purchasers in their *socks*—for all shoes and boots are carefully put off on these mats—sit on the floor to discuss prices and qualities. The story overhead serves as a place of abode for their wives and families, and those we visited are in height, and ventilation, and cleanliness, vastly superior to the majority of up-stairs rooms in the East.

There was hardly a house in Nagasaki that had not some sort of garden attached to it, and all were well and tastefully kept; but the most striking thing in this city (and it was generally observed by all of us in Japan) was that every man, woman, and child looked happy and contented! There was an exception to the rule—a number of unfortunate solemnities who were in charge of the gateway leading from Decima to Nagasaki; and they were evidently bored to death. Poor scribes! they had to keep notes of everything,

animate and inanimate, that went in or out of that solitary outlet to Japan! Every one else met us with a friendly smile, or a good-natured look of amazement, at either our brilliant buttons, our shining boots, or some other phenomenon exhibited in the gorgeous attire of a British naval officer. The labouring portion of the male population decidedly took little anxious care of their raiment—a piece of cotton cloth, a yard long and six inches wide, constituted their general attire; and many of the children might have just escaped from Eden, so innocent were they of any clothing. Laughing and coaxing, they came unhesitatingly up to us, begging, in their naturally pretty way, for buttons, “Cassi button?” “Cassi button?” It was irresistible, and we gave all we could spare; but what those little urchins were going to do with buttons, seeing they had neither rag nor ornament upon them, was a puzzle to us. The grown-up women were modestly attired in dark-coloured garments, their beautiful hair neatly dressed, and, but that their nails were dyed, there was a general appearance of beauty about them, combined with much grace in the figures of the younger ones.

The Japanese officials and gentry are very well dressed, and in their attire displayed considerable dandyism, according to their own fashion. But in their dress, as well as in their houses, in Japan, we noticed the prevalence of sombre colours, and the absence of that vulgar colouring and tinsel work so common in China. Here the out-door dress of the ladies, and that of the poor girls at the tea-gardens, and the wives of the tradespeople, are quiet in colour, however fine the texture might be; and amongst the official dresses of the officers, black, dark blue, and black and white patterns, were most general. Their houses and temples are likewise painted less gaudily than elsewhere in the East, and there is far less gilding about them. This peculiarity in Japanese taste was one of the first impressions received on our visiting Japan, and, like many first impressions, proved to be correct.

Woman holds in Japan a high social position. She is not cooped up in pestiferous apartments to delight some fattened-up Chinese mandarin, or greasy Brahmin, but contributes not a little to the charms of man's life; she has succeeded in asserting her right to be treated like a rational being, quite as well able to take care of herself as the sterner sex. Their freedom granted, it is true, the fair damsels—nay, and the matrons—have in some respects “jumped over the traces.” Then, with a highly commendable liking to scrupulous cleanliness, they somewhat depart from Western notions of propriety as to the time and place for their ablutions. Yet, after all, that is a mere matter of taste. A tub of water in the open air, in a balmy climate, is, all will allow, very delicious, and the ladies of Nagasaki saw no good reason to forego their pleasurable bath because there happened to be an unsolicited influx of hairy-faced strangers, at a season of the year when bathing was more than ever necessary. Their own countrymen did not stop and stare, but went and did likewise. Let future European residents resist the temptation to adopt the *ad fresco* habits of the people; meantime let us bear in mind our good old motto, “Honi soit qui mal y pense.”

The arrangement and width of its streets is similar to those of Simoda and Hakodah, the architecture on the whole superior: verandahs invariably sheltered

the houses, and each stood in its own garden, which was, without exception, laid out with artistic judgment and tasteful neatness. They were all arranged and cultivated on the landscape principle; rocks and rivers, hills and valleys, miniature meadows and dwarfed forest-trees everywhere characterised their aspect. The Japanese are great adepts at both the dwarfing and forcing of vegetable products of all kinds.

Here and there appeared at the doors of the houses a gaily dressed lady, with a dragon, or a peacock, or a phoenix woven into or embroidered on her dress of beautiful silk or exquisite crape, her hair set off with pins of gold or polished tortoise-shell, and her small feet resting on light high sandals, just revealed beneath her flowing robe, and her lips rosy, but often rouged, her placid countenance pale enough to show an enchanting shadow of pink, her eyes black and winning, her form graceful and well shaped, and her whole look so kind, so gentle, so passive, and so amiable, that fascination was irresistible. The Japanese women paint their lips with a cosmetic prepared from the *carthamus tinctorius* in cups of porcelain. When a slight coat is applied it imparts a bright-red colour, but when it is put on thickly a deep violet hue is obtained, which latter is much prized.

At one corner of the street alluded to our traveller was attracted by a Buddhist temple, which was approached by a short avenue of cypress trees; so, leaving his companions, he sauntered up the shady walk, and ascended the steps and entered the sacred edifice alone and unmolested. Strange to say, this was during the time of public worship, and when nearly a hundred kneeling devotees were present. A large shrine, with a gilt image in its recess; two large globular lamps, and two burning candles, immensely long and thick, as also numerous gold and porcelain vases, holding lighted tapers, and surrounded by a forest of artificial flowers, were the objects that most riveted his attention.

On both sides of this magnificent and richly-gilted shrine were two smaller ones, each illuminated with lighted candles and perfumed tapers burning with coloured flame, the effect of which was very beautiful. In front of the principal altar, within an enclosure, knelt six shaven-headed priests,—the latter and physicians shave the whole of the hair of their heads,—robed in crimson silk and white crape, the centre and chief of whom engaged himself in striking a small saucer-shaped bell, while four more of the number performed a similar duty with padded drum-sticks on hollow vessels of lacquered wood, which awoke a dull, monotonous sound. They kept good time, playing in unison, and tuning their prayers to their music in chanting. At the conclusion of this singing and drumming they bent their foreheads to the floor, after which they rose, and repaired to the smaller shrines, where a ceremony made up of gesticulation and a solemn reading of prayers took place. In the meantime the audience knelt with their eyes directed to the ground, and repeating the prayers in silence. A quarter of an hour or more had elapsed from the moment of the intruder's entrance before his right of presence was in any way questioned. Then, however, one of the acolytes approached him from a side-door, and with a most imploring look desired his departure.

They terminated their first day's exploration of Nagasaki, by a second visit to Decima, for the purpose

of seeing the Dutch bazaar. Crossing the moat which separates the factory from the town and makes an island of it, they passed through the gateway, under which, in a sanctum of their own, sat three or four officials, called by the Dutch, "*danjos*," whose business it is to inspect narrowly every person seeking ingress and egress, and every article or package which is carried in or out. In former times, these janitors were in a most responsible position, and their functions were regarded by the Japanese government as of the utmost importance; now, however, the recent relaxations with reference to foreigners have diminished the cares of office, and these dreaded *custodii*, so long the bugbears of the Dutch *employes* at Decima, will soon cease to exist, or dwindle into respectable sinecurists.

III.—ENVIRONS OF NAGASAKI.

THE environs of Nagasaki are beautiful. The city itself nestles at the base of wooded hills of exquisite form, as though it did not venture to profane with its coarse touch those lovely slopes which are dedicated to the worship of Buddha and the Cytherian Goddess, for the hill sides are dotted with the most enchanting sites, and every one of them is occupied with a temple or a tea house.

In Japan, religion is not used as in some countries to conceal immorality, but rather to give it countenance and support, so that practically there is very little difference here between a temple and a tea house. Both are situated in grounds beautifully laid out. In landscape-gardening the Japanese excel every other nation in the world. Both are resorted to as agreeable retreats from the turmoil and bustle of the city. The most delightful arbours, the choicest dishes, and the softest music, are provided equally at one and the other.

It is estimated that there are sixty-two temples (large and small) and seven hundred and fifty tea-houses on the hills round Nagasaki, all offering to the Japanese in search of repose delicious tea and extensive panoramic views. It is worth while climbing up to some of them, if only to enjoy the latter. Old moss-grown steps ascend the deep hill-side, and you pass through venerable gateways and up more massive flights to a hazy-like wooden structure perched on a projecting point, and backed by terraced gardens and cool shady groves that lead to grottoes, where sparkling water gushes from the hill-side. The building seems constructed with a view to the prospect it commands. The bare, lofty, matted rooms are surrounded with deep verandahs, and from every angle a fresh scene of beauty meets the eye. Behind are wooded dells, and more temples and tea-houses. At the foot of the hills the city is mapped out, and the back premises of the houses can be inspected, the families engaged in domestic ablutions. It is delightful to see papa, mamma, and all the children splashing so harmoniously in the back garden. Beyond the town are more terraced hills, and the beautiful winding harbour losing itself in deep creeks and bays, to all appearance a placid lake; for the ocean is nowhere visible.

Meantime the dinner, which has been ordered, has arrived, spread out upon the floor in lacquered bowls; it occupies the greater portion of the room. It has been quickly and diligently arranged by a train of neatly dressed maidens, who now sent themselves round it and invite us to partake. The party had long since

taken off their shoes, and now quitted in a circle on the floor and gazed with curious, not unmixed with alarm, at the display before them. There was raw fish thinly sliced, and salted ginger; there were prawns piled up with a substance, which in taste and appearance very much resembled toffy; there were pickled eggs and rock leeches, and pieces of gristle belonging to animals unknown, to be eaten with soy; and yams and pears, and various sorts of fruits and vegetables prepared, some of them, palatable enough; but still the experiment was hazardous, and they were relieved at the sight of a bowl of rice as a safe *pièce de résistance*.

The ministering spirits seemed to delight in pressing upon them the nastiest things, apparently for the amusement which their very faces afforded them. Presently another troop of damsels with lutes and tom-toms came tripping in; but they elicited from their musical instruments the most discordant sounds to their non-Japanese ears, so they were glad to take refuge in the balcony; and having once more feasted their eyes upon the fading prospect, they descended from their airy position to the streets, now rapidly subsiding into that early evening stillness which gives evidence that the good folks of Nagasaki don't allow either business or pleasure to steal from them the best hours of the night.

Contrary to that which obtains throughout the East, women enjoy in Japan a real social importance. This is sufficiently attested by their hereditary succession to the throne of the Mikados. The Japanese have only one legitimate wife, and they do not keep her shut up as the Chinese and most orientals do. Nay, she is even, strange to say, responsible for her husband's debts. Nowhere are women treated with greater respect, or are more attentions lavished upon the sex. The marriages of the great are attended with a profuse outlay, and their ladies have their own household. The butterfly—emblem of inconstancy in Europe—plays an important part in the marriage ceremony in Japan. They are apparently closer entomological observers than Europeans generally, and they have consecrated the butterfly because it terminates its existence "*dans une union amoureuse*." Two girls enact the part, the one of the male butterfly, the other of the female butterfly, at all marriage ceremonies, the most important part of which consists in the bride and bridegroom drinking to one another and changing cups. This establishes a permanent engagement in Japan, and our merchants and skippers must beware of exchanging glasses with the pretty maids who flutter in the tea-gardens. Their education is carefully attended to, their manners are at once engaging and noble. Married ladies visit their relatives once a year with extraordinary pomp and solemnity. They are accompanied by numerous maids of honour, who wear red dresses with green ribands, or green dresses with red ribands, according to their rank.

Japanese ladies read a great deal. They have many story-books and romances. Among the latter—of a somewhat historical character—the Misfortunes of Nisimono Kisaki, the wife of a Mikado in the olden times, occupy a prominent place. They also dress well and expensively, with indeed a truly oriental luxury. If the men clothe themselves, as in China, India, and Persia, in stuffs of silk and gold, the ladies are not behind them in the costliness of their crapes, their muslins, their silks and satin, and the richness of

their embroidery. Taste and wealth are alike marked by the number, variety, and costliness of a lady's dresses. No tissues woven in Europe approach in delicacy of material the light gossamer materials worn by Japanese ladies in summer. Their dresses are supported by a simple waistband, which is tied behind by the unmarried, and before by the wedded ladies. The sleeves are of great dimensions, and, in some instances, fall to the ground. They also wear many dresses at the same time, but the toilette is not, on that account, a tedious affair, as with us. They can get into them, however numerous, all at once. They dress and undress with equal ease and rapidity. The waistband is loosened, their sleeves are allowed to fall, the dress or dresses follow, and all is done. These waistbands are richly worked with gold and silver, or decorated with precious stones. The length of the robe behind determines the rank of the wearer. Rich or poor, every woman had her fan, and all classes go with their head uncovered except in winter, when they wear a kind of white lined silk bonnet. Men and women alike use parasols, generally borne by pages.

IV.—JAPANESE DOMESTIC LIFE.

THE following purely domestic scene, detailing fragments of daily intercourse between an English traveller and a respectable Japanese family, will do more to convey an idea of their manners and customs than whole pages of descriptive generalities.

Our traveller, it is to be observed, picked up the acquaintance of a Japanese gentleman in the streets of Nagasaki. They had not proceeded more than a hundred yards from their halting place, when his scarlet friend, as he then called him, stopped in front of a small archway leading through a small avenue of orange-trees, flanked by gardens, and thence up half a dozen marble steps to the hall door of a well verandahed comfortable looking habitation, with a conical roof, which, by sundry words and signs which would lose their effect if it were attempted to reduce them to pen on paper, he was led to understand was his house. Would he walk in and take tea? Of course he would, and so he did; and to the evident delight of his new host, whose bowing politeness was so intense, that he says he had never met with its like before, and never expected to meet with again out of Japan. Crossing the neat but elaborately constructed porch, they entered by the open doorway a spacious hall, matted according to the government regulations, which prescribes that every mat manufactured throughout the empire must be of the one uniform size. Similar regulations are in force with respect to the building of houses and all sailing craft, which must in no case be diverged from without special authority. At the opposite end of the hall, which consisted of a wall painted very much after the style of a drop at a theatre; a passage crossed it, so that the house could be entered either to the right or the left. A man servant, clad in yellow gossamer, was sitting, *à la Turque*, in the one to the right by which they entered; he bowed his forehead toward the ground as his master approached, and passed him, immediately after which he followed them into the saloon, or common sitting-room of the house, where a beautiful sight at once presented itself to the visitor. He should rather have said a beautiful woman, for it was no other than his host the scarlet gentleman's wife.



ENTRANCE TO THE BAY OF YEDDO.

The hair of this lady was dressed in a manner which was new to his experience, being worn at full length down her back, and tied at equal distances with velvet crape. It was suggestive of a bell-rope; but what of that! it was a surpassing ornament. Her lips were of a delicate purple tint, the effect of cosmetic, which as she slightly moved them with an expression of timid wonder at the moment of his entrance, disclosed a set of well-formed but blackened teeth, the invariable sign of marriage. Her complexion was pale, inclining to tawny, and a delicate hue of russet pink adorned her cheeks. Her brows were black, alike with her hair, and arched. Her head was rather large, and displayed a high well-formed forehead; her eyes were narrow and somewhat sunk in the head, the eyelids forming in the great angle of the eye a deep furrow, but the expression was one of extreme quickness and amiability. So soft, so confiding was her manner, that our traveller says she inspired him with the virtuous passion of admiration. Her hands and feet, the latter resting on a feathery mat, were small and exquisitely formed, and her whole figure, attitude, and movements were full of grace. She was arrayed in a dress of beautiful silk, into the skirt of which behind was wove a representation of the peacock. The colours were as bright as those worn by her sire, but then they harmonised well, as is invariably the case with the Japanese, so that the most brilliant collection of tints never wears an aspect otherwise than pleasing.

His host introduced him as *America*; he bowed low to the lady, who had risen from a small ottoman-like stool on which she was seated, took and fan in hand, at the moment of his entrance, and who bowed likewise, closing her hands and raising them to her bosom as she did so. After this, she resumed her seat, and without uttering a word. A metallic brazier stood in the centre of the room, and round it were arranged three velvet topped cushions or stools, intended to be used as seats. On one of these he was invited to be seated; so he made the descent with an elegance for

which he says he was indebted to his "shiny leather" boots, and congratulated himself very much on reaching the cushion without a "flop."

His host having handed his sword to the attendant, followed him to the floor, where he arrived as safely and as naturally as our traveller had done himself; immediately after which the yellow gossamer-clad attendant laid a tray containing the usual pipe and tobacco-pouch before each of them. As he had no fan, one was handed to him. It was unnecessary to order tea; it was brought in on a tray by another male domestic, arrayed in white cambric, a minute or so afterwards.

The windows of the room were open, and disclosed, across the verandah, which surrounded the house, a well-cultivated garden of diversified aspect. The walls of the room itself were entirely covered with beautiful Japanese drawings of large size on paper,¹ and very

¹ It was wonderful to see the thousand useful as well as ornamental purpose to which paper was applicable in the hands of these industrious and tasteful people; our papier-mâché manufacturers, as well as the continental ones, should go to Yeddo to learn what can be done with paper. We saw it made into material so closely resembling Russian and morocco leather, that it was very difficult to detect the difference. With the aid of lacquer, varnish, and skilful painting, paper made excellent trunks, tobacco bags, cigar cases, saddles, telescope-cases, the frames of mic oscopes; and we even saw and used excellent waterproof coats made of simple paper, which *did* keep out the rain, and were as supple as the best mackintosh. The Japanese use neither silk nor cotton handkerchiefs, towels, or dusters; paper, in their hands, serves as an excellent substitute. It is soft, thin, tough, of a pale yellow colour, and very plentiful and cheap. The inner walls of many a Japanese apartment are formed of paper, being nothing more than painted screens; their windows are covered with a fine translucent description of the same material. It enters largely into the manufacture of nearly everything in a Japanese household, and we saw what seemed balls of twine, which were nothing but long shreds of tough paper rolled up. If a shoemaker had a parcel to tie up, he would take a strip of paper, roll it quickly between his hands, and use it for the purpose, and it was quite as strong as the ordinary string used at home. In short, without paper, all Japan would come to a dead lock, and, indeed, lest in

much resembling stage scenery. The floor was of course covered with the finest of matting; the ceiling was richly gilded, and bedizened with many exquisite colours, while the entire aspect of the place was one of seductive repose.

His host now became voluble on the subject of himself and the meeting to his wife, who made her comments and inquiries in a soft subdued voice.

"Picture, Monsieur," said he, bowing, and extending his hand, first towards his visitor and then towards the lady.

The said visitor saw that he wanted him to produce a sketch he had made of a funeral procession; so he readily complied, giving them to understand, however, that it was by no means in a finished state. They appeared to be much pleased with it, his host handing it back to him with the inquiry, whether he would sketch him!

"Oui—yes—ya—zoo—ramayoo—tsegum—filaboo."

He would do so with pleasure; and as man and wife were biblically assented to be one flesh, he presumed that he wished him to include the lady. He did; he should be glad to see her as a poppy in the field. So drawing forth his pencil and paper-case, which he always carried about him when on shore, he began to eye the features of his entertainers, and, much to their amusement, to depict the same upon the white surface before him. When he had finished the pencilling, he showed it to them with the remark, that he would colour and complete the drawing when he went on board the ship, and bring it to them on the morrow. But no—they did not like that. They did not want to be seen on board the ship. However, on his assuring them that it should not be shown, his host consented to the arrangement.

"You would like to see my children?" said he.

"Their presence will delight me exceedingly," was the reply; upon which he tapped the metal brazier standing before him with his fan, which produced a mellow bell-like tingling sound, which was answered by the lobby servant in yellow gossamer, who entered and knelt before us. A few words of instruction were softly, scarce audibly, uttered by the lady; the man bowed his head low, rose, and left the room, moving backwards, with his hands resting upon his thighs till he passed the doorway.

Having now drunk each a cup of tea, and smoked a pipe, during which time the lady had been engaged in fanning herself and holding occasional conversation with her husband, the latter suggested their rising and taking seats under the verandah, or out in the garden, where they could see and admire the fruits and flowers of the earth. So, accordingly, they rose, and passing through the open windows, and level with the floor of the garden in all its loveliness was spread out before them.

Our traveller admits that he is rather a lover of Dutch and Chinese taste and detail in the arrangement of gardens, although an admirer of the grand, the rough-hewn, the wild, and the massive in nature. He was, therefore, pleased and refreshed by the sight of the miniature landscape before him, with its arched bridge spanning a river or a waterfall, its terraced hills, and its

the arbitrary exercise of authority a tyrannical husband should stop his wife's paper, the sage mother-in-law invariably stipulates in the marriage settlement that the bride is to have allowed to her a certain quantity of paper.

fertile plains, its jungle, and its groves of laurel, citron and peach, and although here it all was artificial, it was highly picturesque and suggestive of the more imposingly real.

Here, in imagination, he was taking a bird's-eye view of an extensive sweep of country instead of an acre or so of cultivated ground. They had not been more than five minutes under the verandah, when two nurses noiselessly presented themselves before them, the one leading a fine little boy about three years of age, who, with the front hair shaven off his head, looked as wildly intelligent as did the urchins he had seen at Simoda on the first day of his landing in the empire. The feet and legs of this young gentleman were bare, and his sole clothing was a sleeved frock of straw-coloured crape, drawn in at the waist by a red silk sash. The second nurse bore her charge on her back, with her hands behind holding on, after the manner adopted by the lubras of Australia, and occasionally by the women of most other countries. It was entirely covered, the head and face excepted, by a thin loose-fitting robe of similar colour and material to that worn by the elder boy; for this also was of the gender masculine, as was readily perceived by the shaven head, a ceremony begun very early in life, for the infant in question he ascertained to be under twelve months old.

The nurses were both pretty girls, with besoms considerably exposed, displaying a skin even paler than their faces. Their hair was tastefully drawn from off the forehead and sides, and fastened in the usual way with gold pins in a graceful knot on the crown. Their ears were small and delicately formed; their hands and feet, both of which were uncovered, answered the same description. Their gauzy dresses of light blue cotton extended from the shoulders to the ankles, but left the outline of their form and limbs distinctly traceable. A yellow crape sash circled the waist, and tightened their dresses round them—which garments wore any thing but an inflated aspect—so much so that now, if he says he had to name the antipodes of the hoop-skirt and crinolined dress of his sister (he speaks in the Quaker sense of the term), Lady Florence Rotunda, of Grosvenor-square, he should select that of one of the nurses of his Nagasaki friend.

He very much admired, and expressed his admiration of the little things, upon which (like other mothers in other lands) his hostess seemed quite as much pleased with him as he was with the children. He smiled, and petted them with caresses—paternalias smiled, and tickled one of them under the chin—the nurses smiled, and he smiled himself, meanwhile finishing his eulogistic remarks and gestures, and shaking them by the hand—a mode of greeting to which they appeared to be quite accustomed—so that, on the whole, judging by appearances, they were a happy family, the yellow gossamer-clad individual, who knelt at some distance with a pleasant grin playing across his features, included.

As it was now sunset he took his leave—the lady waving low, the nurses and children still being by her side, and his host accompanying him to the porch, and insisting upon his accepting as a gift the fan which had been handed to him at the time of his entrance, and expressing a renewed hope that he would allow him the felicity of entertaining him on the day following.

The next day our traveller took his way with the coloured portrait in his pocket, "the observed of all

observers," over the well-swept, well-paved ground, to the house of Noskotoska, his host of the previous day. While making mention of his name, it may be observed that the Japanese usage with respect to such, differs from that of all other nations. The family name of the individual is never made use of by him, except in the signing of solemn contracts; and the particular names by which men are designated in ordinary life and conversation, varies according to age and position. Thus, in official ranks, it is a common thing for the one man to have been known and addressed by half a dozen different names.

Our traveller passed under the same elegantly carved archway, along the same avenue of orange and citron trees, under the same porch, and over the soft matting to the lobby, where was squatted the herald in yellow gossamer. He inclined his forehead to the ground as he approached him, then rose, and receded before him backwards, with his hands resting on his thighs, to the door of the saloon in which he had sat on the previous day. It was unoccupied; but the windows were open, as before, revealing to the eye the pleasant garden prospect without. The attendant placed one of the velvet stool-cushions for him, if he chose, to be seated upon, and with hands to thighs, he again moved backwards out of the room.

In a few moments—during which he had amused himself by examining a gaily painted fan, which had Fusi-yama on one side, and a wrestling match on the other—his host made his appearance; but this time clad in robes of different and more magnificent colours to those worn on the occasion of his first seeing him. He bowed low, clasped his hands, elevated them to his forehead, and again to his breast, and bade him welcome. He presented the picture to him; he again bowed and thanked him, in the name of Nipon and his wife, for the honour that he had done them. Our traveller bowed his acknowledgments, and responded with many assurances of the pride and pleasure he felt in the honour of his acquaintance in particular, and of Japan in general. He again bowed low, and said that Nipon was exalted, and Noskotoska was flattered. He would take a cup of the delicious and life-restoring tea grown on the terrace hills of the island, and he would burn a pipe of the fragrant leaf of the tobacco plant, which flourished in the valleys; and very soon the partner of his career on the *unsteady* earth—he must have been disturbed by earthquakes—would be down to reward him with her love and smiles. He bowed again. His host drew forth the tobacco pouch from his sash, while simultaneously the tenant of the yellow gossamer entered with a tray containing another for his visitor. He followed the example of his friend, and sat down before the metal brasier, in which a small fire of prepared charcoal was burning at the time of his entrance. He hoped the children were well; yes, they were in happy enjoyment of the most perfect health. He was glad to hear it.

Presently the lady of the house made her appearance. The salutation was as on the previous day, but free from all embarrassment. She greeted the visitor in a few words of her native language, which he did not distinctly hear nor understand, but which, no doubt, were words of compliment or welcome. She saw the coloured portrait on one of the cushions, and anticipating the act of her sire, leant down and picked it up, expressing her satisfaction with it at the first

moment of its examination. Her dress and appearance, including the mode of wearing the hair, was nearly the same as on the previous day, and her manner was just as winning, amiable, and full of gentleness.

V.—A JAPANESE LADY.

A STILL more curious and characteristic scene presented itself on another occasion, and after intercourse between the two parties had ripened to intimacy. The visitor and his host had been conversing about half an hour when the beautiful Sondoree, in other words, Mrs. Noskotoska, made her appearance.

She had just entered the house in company with a lady friend, who was then in another apartment. Involuntarily the visitor rose, bowed, and extended his hand, the latter so suggestively that Mrs. Noskotoska actually took hold of it, or rather, in the uncertain endeavour to do so, approached it so closely that he tenderly took hold of hers. He was delighted to see her. He hoped, with all the fervour of his nature, that the noble boys, her children, were doing well, and she herself was doing likewise. He wished her the highest felicity ever awarded to mortals on earth, a highly orthodox Japanese compliment, and begged her acceptance of the few trinkets which he had provided himself with before leaving the ship, and which he then handed to her, encased in a small box which had been bought at Tynbridge Wells for sixpence. They consisted of a ring, a pencil case, and a few charms, which he had bought from an Englishman at Hong-Kong for the purpose of giving away to the Japanese ladies. She was much pleased with them, and thanked him warmly, but with respect to the ring she thought it emblematic of bondage, fetters, and that like. He placed it upon her second finger, and assured her that the ladies of England and America had no such scruple against wearing them, and that such was a sign of rank and wealth rather than otherwise; although, when the display of those or any other kind of jewellery was large and conspicuous, the taste was justly esteemed vulgar. Her hair to day was no longer of such a length as to remind him of a bell-rope; it was wound into a compact coil at the back of the head near the crown, after the common style of wearing it; there it was fastened by two pins chastely carved, the one of tortoise-shell, the other of gold. Her appearance was so fair and becoming, that she would have awoke the admiration of many an unsmiten exquisite satiated with gazing on the beauty of a London season. Ladies, she was "a dear sweet creature," as guileless, as innocent, and as virtuous as she was lovely. She withdrew.

The host expressed his inclination for a bath. Would he like to enjoy a similar luxury? if so, his company in the water would afford him pleasure. Tapping the brasier before him with his fan, he summoned the attendant from the passage, to whom he communicated his desire. The yellow gossamer retired, bending as usual. The host followed immediately afterwards, and he with him, across the apartment, through the open window and garden to the bath-house, at one side of the entrance to which knelt the gentleman of the bath, a third male servant. He inclined his forehead to the ground as they passed him, and then still kneeling, awaited the commands of his master.

There were two tanks or baths in the chamber, made

of white marble, and both supplied with warm water. In a recess the buckets for holding cold water were suspended from a copper rail running across it. His host was quickly divested of his garments, he followed his example, and very soon they were dashing and plunging about in five feet of water. He was in the act of emerging again from the bath when the fair Soudoree—yes reader, Mrs. Noskotoska—made her appearance! and, oh, clouds and sunshine, with her lady friend by her side! There was no mistake about it, they had seen them go into the bath-house. They did not blush or turn back—no, that was not to be expected from Japanese ladies. What was the best thing to be done? The lovely creatures were asking him how he liked the bath. He was almost disposed to be vulgar and say, "None the better for seeing you," but its rudeness shocked his delicacy, as much as did the presence of his host's wife and her virgin friend, for the teeth of the latter were white as polished ivory. So much the worse for him, he thought. Nevertheless, he mustered that quiet courage so necessary in positions of the kind and composed himself. Why should he trouble himself about it, thought he, if they did not? They were the intruders, not him. What delightful consolation! Just then Noskotoska stepped out of his bath, and standing on a grating in the middle of the floor, ordered a couple of buckets of cold water to be thrown over him by the attendant. The water, through which a constant current had been maintained, was now allowed to run off, it was but the work of a moment. Just then the thought struck him that the ladies, who were conversing together in one corner of the room, had come to immerse themselves, and that the longer he remained where he was the longer one of them would have to wait. They would rather see him out of the bath than in it, he began to think, so out he stepped, in a manner as sprightly as ever that of Noskotoska. He narrowly escaped having two buckets of cold water dashed over him as he passed the attendant and proceeded to the drying ground, a small but open division at the upper extremity of the room. By this time the water from both tanks had been emptied, and they were being filled again with a fresh supply from the pipes leading into them, and, to his additional dismay, the ladies commenced undressing. They were divested of their apparel almost as quickly as was Noskotoska, their entire habiliments descending at a drop, on the sash, etcetera, being unbound. After that they tripped lightly into the respective baths. He was dressed nearly as soon as his host, and they both left the apartment together, the ladies chatting to him as he went, and appearing to be in the enjoyment of the most perfect happiness.

But this was not all. After the bath was over and they were standing together, one of the male attendants presented himself at the open doorway, and kneeling, uttered a few words in a low tone, and then retired. It was an intimation that the mid-day repast was prepared and in readiness. Noskotoska led the way, the ladies followed him, and our traveller followed the ladies. Such was the order of procession. They ascended a flight of steps, beautifully lacquered, into a third room richly gilded and belienized with ornaments, overlooking the avenue leading to the porch, and affording a glimpse of the street, and of the mountains beyond. There were four small lacquered tables, on each of which lay the accustomed ivory chopsticks, the small porcelain cup for tea, and the larger one of

lacquer-work for saki, the small glass cruet of soy, the porcelain spoon, and the silver fork.

Tables were arranged round the room, and two servants in gossamer showed the virgin lady and the Englishman, as guests, to their appointed seats and tables. The former were without backs, but provided with three legs of ebony wood, and topped with figured velvet. Both tables and stools were lower than he says he could have desired, and they had the effect of inducing him to extend his legs a more than usual distance across the room, nature having elevated him, he estimates, "pretty considerable" in the world, that is to say, some six feet or more above the standing level.

The first course was a cup of saki; the second a small saucer-like plate of soup, and, of course, fish and rice soup; the third was the same, but made from a different variety of fish, and thicker than the first; the fourth was a fragment of lobster each; the fifth, a well-flavoured potage of fine herbs and rice; the sixth, a second supply of saki and pieces of wheaten cake; the seventh, one small mucilaginous shell-fish each, which was as suggestive of a snail as Mrs. Noskotoska's original mode of dressing her hair had been suggestive of a bell-rope, but which proved itself very delicious; the eighth, and final course, consisted of tea and confectionary, the last mentioned being the choicest he had ever eaten in any part of the world. The meal, on the whole, light, as the reader may easily suppose. However, there was one cause for satisfaction; it was remarkably easy of digestion, so much so, that he felt disposed for a biscuit an hour after the last course was served; and he declares that he is by no means a connoisseur.

After the collation was over they descended into the saloon of audience, and soon to the verandah upon which its windows opened, and where they took their seats on the flimsiest looking of lacquered benches, and surveyed the beauties of the garden prospect before them. They had not been there ten minutes, when he saw the two nurses, before spoken of, bearing the two children of Noskotoska, threading their way down a side-walk from the house towards the bathing saloon. The movement was similarly observed by the others. In about ten minutes more, during which time they had been served with tea and pipes, and the ladies with tea only, the host arose, saying, "Come and look at my wife's offspring, the sons upon whom I rely for the perpetuation of my memory and the fame of my good deeds." He politely assented, but had some fears that they should find them, as well as their nurses, in a condition not the most presentable, according to European ideas. "*In puris naturalibus*," said he with an air and look rather jocular than anything else.

Noskotoska's response was that such was no obstacle, of no consequence whatever; they were all virtuous in Nipon.

So they set off, men and women, in the same order of procession as that adopted in moving from the library to the drawing-room, wending their way through groves and flowers, and across hills and valleys, till they reached the bathing saloon. It was built with a conical roof, and spreading leaves of figured lilies covering a compact matting of bamboo. On the conical summit of the roof the figure of a crane, cast in silver, was gracefully perched. They entered, as he had anticipated, just in time to find the women and children occupying the honourable receptacles before mentioned.

Each had one of the boys in her arms, whose head only was kept above water; however, they appeared to be enjoying the immersion very much, judging by the giggling of the children and the smiling laughter of their *life preservers*, for such they might reasonably be called, when the depth of the water is taken into consideration. The Japanese stood watching and admiring the pranks of the children, the ladies not omitting to talk to them. The nurses, he found, were no more bashful than their mistress, or were the rest of the ladies of the empire. But no harm was thought of it, no harm ever came of it; and he thought with Nosotoska that in Japan it was a matter of no consequence, perfectly orthodox, &c., &c., as well as a sign of that innocence, that virtue, which is an universal characteristic of the women of that eastern realm.

VI.—THE INTERIOR OF JAPAN.

JAPAN is a country of exceeding beauty. The sea is blue, the sky mostly clear, and the coast picturesquely indented, varied by hill and dale, and clothed with a brilliant vegetation of a sparkling green. Towns and villages abound; the Japanese houses, light and graceful like those of China, are constructed with thin walls of wood or porcelain. Everywhere in the towns and up the hill sides these great temples tower over the more modest houses of the people, or pretty pleasure houses peep forth from the flower and verdure of the tea gardens. The Japanese are especially devoted to landscape-gardening. With a redundant population, travelling is more common in Japan than in any other country of the East; the accounts given by travellers of the number of persons met with on the highways, and of the numerous retinues of the nobles who are perpetually carrying on ceremonial visits, almost exceeds belief. Remarkably industrious fields, and streets of towns and villages, are alike the scene of a refreshing activity and a constant public movement, to which variety is given by religious and other ceremonies and amusements of different kinds. It is with the water as with the land, although hitherto the Japanese have been debarred from foreign travel and commerce, nothing can surpass the activity and extent of their coasting trade. Of the interior of these islands little is yet known.

It was the custom, for upwards of a century, for the chief governor of the Dutch factory to go every year to Yeddo to convey presents to the emperor. We are mainly indebted to these periodical missions for what has been learnt up to the time of the recent embassies of the manners, laws, uses, and resources of the Japanese empire. The Dutch never had the means of making these missions impressive to the Japanese. They could not, in their most palmy days, muster over some two hundred officials and followers, and that in a country where a prince of secondary rank goes attended by ten thousand followers, and one of first rank by twenty thousand.

The journey was effected in vehicles something between a palanquin and a sedan chair, but of which there are numerous varieties. The whole was in charge of a police-officer, who took his orders with Japanese politeness, as to the halts, although all was arranged beforehand. Men, women, and children, who met the procession on the way, turned their backs to it, the

Dutch were told, out of respect! It generally took seven days to cross the Island of Kin Tin, whence they went by water to Simamoroseki, and thence, by an archipelago of little islands, to Ohasaka; thence it took twenty-two to twenty-three days, by Miako, to Yeddo. Altogether some fifty days from Nagasaki to their destination. The mission was hospitably entertained by the native chiefs on its way, and a detachment of troops took charge of it through each principality. The roads being wide and well kept, although sometimes crowded, no inconvenience was ever experienced. The roads are, indeed, for the most part lined with trees, and are swept clean with brooms, it is supposed for the sake of the sweepings. Innumerable little shops are also met with, where they sell straw shoes for travellers, as also for horses and buffaloes. Little books are also sold containing all the most minute information as to inns and expenses on the way.

Among the more remarkable objects met with on

¹ A similar "getting-out-of-the-way" treatment was subsequently accorded to a Russian embassy. A Japanese crew having been wrecked on one of the Aleutian Islands, belonging to Russia, was rescued and conveyed to Okotsk, the port of Siberia. They were not sent home at once, but detained ten years, the object being that the Japanese and Russians might learn each other's language. The Empress Catherine directed the governor of Siberia to convey them home, and a Russian lieutenant, Laxson, sailed from Okotsk, in the transport *Catherine*, for that purpose. He wintered on the northern coast of Japan, and, in the summer, sailed round to Hakodadi, on the southern coast. The Japanese politely refused to receive the crew (as they afterwards did certain Japanese saved by the Americans), and warned the Russians off. In 1804, the Emperor Alexander sent to Nagasaki an ambassador named Rosanoff, who, after some delay was allowed to anchor his ship near Deema, and was shut up in a fish warehouse until an answer came from the emperor. At last he was summoned to Nagasaki to receive it, but curtains were drawn before the houses on each side of the streets through which he passed, and the people were ordered to keep out of his sight. He was overwhelmed with politeness, and, at last, in 1805, was dismissed with the following message: "Order from the Emperor of Japan to the Russian ambassador. Formerly our empire had communication with several nations, but experience caused us to adopt as safe the opposite principle. It is not permitted to the Japanese to trade abroad, nor to foreigners to enter our country."

• • • As to Russia we have never had any relations with her. Ten years ago you sent certain shipwrecked Japanese to Matsui, and you then made us propositions of alliance and commerce. At this time you have come back to renew these propositions. This proves that Russia has a strong inclination for Japan. It is long since we discontinued all relations with foreigners generally, although we desire to live in peace with all neighbouring states, the difference between them and us, in manners and character, forbids entirely treaties of alliance. Your voyages and your labours are, therefore, useless." Rosanoff (all whose expenses the polite Japanese insisted on defraying) departed in anger, and dispatched from Kamoiatka two armed trading ships, commanded by Chowstoff and Davidoff, who landed and took possession of two northern Kurile islands, and plundered one of the southern islands, killing and conveying off some of the people. In May, 1811, Captain Golownin, in the ship *Diana*, of the Russian navy, landed at Iveterpor, one of the southernmost Kurile isles, expecting to see Kuriles only; but he was met by a Japanese chief and soldiers, who asked him if he meant to treat them as Chowstoff and Davidoff had treated another island some years before. Golownin made the best of his way off, but on hearing another island the *Diana* was fired upon. Golownin himself, with a midshipman and four sailors, was entrapped and taken prisoner, nor released for some years, until the Japanese were convinced that the outrages of Chowstoff and Davidoff had not been authorised by the Russian emperor. When he left, they served on him an official warning against further Russian attempts at trade or intercourse with Japan, which was not again attempted. The Russians, however, have, within the last four years, possessed the isles, under pretence of a Chinese treaty, of the island of Sungaiien, the uppermost of the Japanese group, lying opposite to the debouchure of the great river Amoor.

these interesting journeys were the temples, some of which belong to peculiar sects. One of these, the Ikko Syn, has the image of only one god, Amida, a name not unknown to the Greeks and Romans; and its priests marry and eat meat. Near Sonogi is a camphor tree seventeen yards in circumference, and which was old in the time of Kämpfer, one hundred and thirty five years before it was measured by Siebold. At Tenka Saki are thermal springs, and at Kayanosi, coal, or apparently lignite deposits. In the archipelago is a temple to Kumpira, the Japanese Neptune, to whom offerings are made of small coin, as also of saki, the rice beer of the country. Old trees grow in the vicinity of the temples; a pine, at Fimezi, is described by Fischer as being in his time (1822) nine hundred and eighty three years old. The harbour of Hiogo is protected by a great breakwater; beyond it is the renowned Ohasaka. This is, indeed, the handsomest and richest city of the empire, and where theatres and amusements of all kinds do most abound. Hence do all travellers agree in calling it the Paris of Japan.²

It is a day and a half hence to Miako, or Miyako, the residence of the Mikado, or sovereign pontiff. The city is described as being situated in a beautiful valley, where water, vegetation, climate and scenery unite to render life delicious. The city is especially termed Fei-on-sio, "the City of Tranquillity." Here is the Daira, or residence of the sovereign pontiff, Mikado. Here also are the five great academies, each of which is said to boast of its three thousand five hundred pupils. Here also are those wondrous temples with their giant idols, which excited at once the surprise and the ire of the old travellers. "The devil could not have suggested to the emperor a readier means of spending his immense treasures," exclaimed the bigoted Spaniard, Don Rodrigo de Viveroy Velasco, in 1609. Visiting the tomb of Taicassu, the same uncompromising Romanist grieves over splendid edifices raised to the memory of a man "whose soul is in hell to all eternity." And he concludes his contemplation of Japanese folly and idolatry by saying, "I was wearied with seeing so many temples, and moaned for the power of the devil over these people."

The mission, while at Miako, was placed under the most rigid surveillance, and people were only allowed to visit it "naïon"—a common Japanese expression to signify non-officially—or when the authorities chose to close their eyes upon what is being done against rule.

From Miako to Yeddo the mission followed the Tokaido, the most frequented of all the great highways in Japan. Kämpfer, who travelled four times along this road, asserts that it is daily traversed by more people than the public streets of the great cities of Europe. We cannot but imagine that there is in this, as in many statements relating to Japan, much exaggeration. The chief travellers seem to be the princes and their suites. When two parties meet, as with us, each keeps his right hand. Half way on this road is the little town of Array, where the baggage is care-

fully examined, passports are perused, above all, women are prevented passing disguised in men's clothes.

Beyond this there are two rivers to cross, with such an unpracticable name that all travellers spell it differently (Oyogawa of Siebold), and which has to be crossed on men's shoulders. This torrent is so liable to sudden rises that no bridge can be built over it. The giant *Fusi-yama*, of the same height as Etna, comes now in sight, its peak clad with perpetual snows. The Japanese make pilgrimages to its very summit, where they go to worship the genius of tempests. This mountain imparts a character of magnificence to the whole scene. An order of monks, called Yamabosis or Mountain Bonzes, dwells on its flanks. Beyond Mount Fusi, there is the rocky chain of Fakoni to cross, with a military and police station of the same name. The lakes and rivers of this district abound in salmon and trout. Titsingh tells a strange story, if true, of this police station: A Japanese managed to get through with his two children, a boy and a girl—the latter disguised as a boy. A man who knew the delinquent, threatened to denounce him unless he paid him a large sum of money. The father had it not, so the man returned to the gate and told what had happened. The excitement was great, for it concerned the heads of all. The officer on duty managed to avoid exposure. He sent off another boy, telling the father to leave the girl and return with the two boys. When he had thus proved himself in the right, he could, in a fit of legitimate anger, kill the denouncer. The father accordingly returned to the post with the two boys, and took the hint as to the summary mode of disposing of the man who had brought him and the girl into trouble.

The description given of the capital of the empire by old travellers, fully corroborates the recent details transmitted to this country. The streets are described as being wide, regular, paved at the sides and lined with houses of one story, and of a uniform style of building. Among them are many larger buildings and magazines. In front of these magazines, as well as of the other houses, are the shops, marked by their particular signs and peopled by boys, who invite purchasers with noisy exclamations. Although no carts or carriages are allowed to circulate in the streets, still the movement and bustle of this immense capital, is compared with what is met with in the most busy streets of London. Yeddo stands at the extremity of a gulf, or estuary, which is fed by several streams, the largest of which flows through the centre of the city. The water is shallow near Yeddo itself, hence coasting vessels anchor at a place called Singawa. Above, the river is crossed by numerous bridges, the chief of which is called Nippon Bars, or the bridge of Japan, and all the geographical distances of the empire are fixed from that point. The town itself, which stretches along the bay in a crescent like shape, is from fifty to sixty miles in circumference, and the population is estimated by different people as from one million eight hundred thousand to two millions and a half of souls. Yeddo is not, however, either so regularly built or so handsome as Miako or Ohasaka. It owes its immense size in great part to the presence of the Singans, and partly to the houses being only of one story. The imperial palace is after the fashion of the palaces of Babylon and Nineveh, and those of the Yellow City of Pekin—a town within a town—with gardens watered by derivations from the river. It takes three hours to walk round the imperial inclosure. Other palaces are grouped around the hon-

¹ Kämpfer writes *Sinongi*; Thunberg, *Sinonqui*; and Fischer, *Sonogi*.

² Nosaka is said to have been destroyed by the earthquake of December 23 1854. It is described as having within it 100 bridges, and a population of 80,000. It is the centre of the chief commerce of the empire. The goods landed at Nagasaki find their market there. It is famous for its foundries of copper.

of the sovereign, among which are the residences of the empress, of the princes of blood, of the concubines, and of the chief officers of state. The imperial inclosure is at once a palace and a prison—a Versailles and a Bastille—for the laws of etiquette are so severe in the higher ranks, that with many of the officers—as with the Lord Chamberlain and others—life is one continuous and wearisome imprisonment.

VII.—ARTS AND INDUSTRY OF THE JAPANESE.

NAGASAKI is an imperial town, one of the four great cities, with Yeddo, Sakai, and Okosaka; and therefore what is found in its shops and bazaar stalls may be taken as a good specimen of what is generally to be found throughout the empire. At one stall our naval missionaries found microscopes in neat morocco cases, telescopes bound in stiff paper cases, sun-dials, rules, scales, clocks, knives, spoons, glass-beads, trinkets, and mirrors—all of native make upon European models—at ridiculously small prices; small telescopes, one shilling; large ones—equal to Dolland's—five shillings! Beautiful table clocks, with open works,¹ and waterproof paper overcoats at eightpence each! This brings us to a consideration of Japanese industry.

The Japanese are an exceedingly industrious and ingenious people, and in certain manufactures are surpassed by no nation.

Metals.—They work in iron, copper, gold, and silver, and, indeed in all the metals they have. Of iron, it is supposed the supply afforded by their country is not large; still they have extracted the metal from such ores as they possess, and wrought it into shape. Copper is very abundant, and they understand perfectly well the mode of treating the ores, and preparing the metal for market or for manufactures. Gold also exists, and probably to an extent as yet undeveloped; the deposits are likely, we think, to prove large on further and scientific exploration. At any rate, there does not seem now to be any scarcity of it for the purposes to which they apply it. They have silver mines which they work. They know, too, how to make some combinations of metals which produce a beautiful effect. Thunberg tells us that they work with great skill in what they call *sumae*. This is a mixture of gold and copper, which they colour with *tench*, or ink, making it a fine blue or black, by an art unknown to Europeans. They make steel, and temper their sword-blades admirably. Clocks and watches are also made by them, but in these they are not entitled to the merit of invention; they have copied from European models. The same may be said of their astronomical instruments; they make very well the metallic portions of telescopes, &c., and buy mirror-glasses from the Dutch, which they grind into suitable lenses. They also manufacture excellent metallic mirrors; and we saw carpenters'

and cabinet makers' tools, particularly saws, made in Japan, quite equal to any English tools of a similar kind. They are exceedingly quick in observing any improvement brought in among them by foreigners, soon make themselves masters of it, and copy it with great skill and exactness. They are very expert in carving metal, and can cast metal statues. Their copper coinage is well stamped, for they are good die-sinkers; and several of their operations in metal are carried on in very large and well-ordered manufactories.

Wood.—No people work better than they can in wood and bamboo, and they possess one art in which they excel the world: this is in lacquering wood-work. Other nations have attempted without success to equal them in this department. For this operation they select the finest wood of fir or cedar to be covered with varnish. They get the gum from which they prepare the varnish from the *shus vernis*—a tree which is abundant in many parts of their country. On puncturing the tree the gum oozes out, of a light colour, and of the consistence of cream, but on exposure to the air grows thicker and blacker; it is so transparent, that when laid on wood, the grain and every mark on the wood may be seen through it. They obviate this, however, where it is desirable by placing beneath the varnish a dark ground, one element in the composition of which is the fine sludge caught in a trough under a grindstone. They also use for the purpose minutely pulverised charcoal, and sometimes gold leaf ground very fine. They then ornament the varnish with figures and flowers of gold and silver. They make, and thus varnish screens, desks, caskets, cabinets, and other articles, exceedingly beautiful, of which specimens may be seen from time to time in Europe, and this country. It is said, however, that the best specimens are never sent out of the kingdom.

Glass.—They know how to make this article, and can manufacture it now for any purpose, both coloured and non-coloured. Formerly they did not know how to make the flat pane for window glass; and probably what they make is an inferior article, as they still purchase thick mirror glass from the Dutch to grind into lenses.

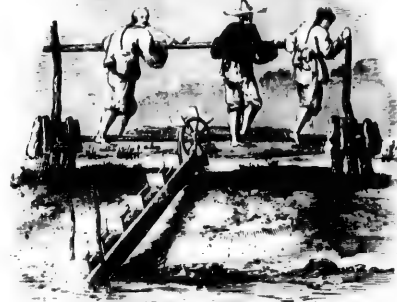
Porcelain.—This they make, and some say in greater perfection than the Chinese can. At any rate, specimens we have seen of Japanese porcelain are very delicate and beautiful; though some writers tell us, that, owing to the exhaustion of the best clay, they cannot manufacture such as they once could.

Paper.—Of this they make an abundance, as well for writing and printing, as for tapestry, handkerchiefs, packing cloths for goods, &c. It is of different qualities, and some of it as soft and flexible as our cotton cloth. Indeed that used for handkerchiefs might be mistaken for cloth, so far as toughness and flexibility are concerned. The material of which it is made is the bark of the mulberry (*morus papyrifera*), and the process is described as follows:—In December, after the tree has shed its leaves, they cut off the branches about three feet in length, and tie them up in bundles; they are then boiled in a ley of ashes in a covered kettle till the bark is so shrunk that half-an-inch of the wood may be seen projecting at either end of the branch. When they have become cool, the bark is stripped off and soaked in water three or four hours until it becomes soft, when the fine black skin is scraped off with a knife. The coarse bark is then separated from the fine; the

¹ The Japanese day is divided into twelve hours of unequal duration, depending on the amount of daylight or darkness in each day. The dial of their clocks differs, therefore, from ours; in some the dial is changed every month; in others, the motion of the hands is regulated by an ingenious adaptation of weights, and increased or decreased length and pendulum. A good clock of this description, which, says Captain Sherard Osborn, from its elegance, and the beautiful workmanship and chasing of the exterior, would have been an ornament anywhere, was only priced at about £5.



WHITE MULBERRY TREE.



RAISING WATER.

new branches make the finest paper. The bark is then boiled again in fresh ley, continually stirred with a stick, and fresh water from time to time added. It is then put into a sieve and taken to a brook, and here the bark is incessantly stirred until it becomes a fine pulp. It is then thrown into water and separates in the form of meal. This is put into a small vessel with a decoction of rice and a species of *Hibiscus*, and stirred until it has attained a tolerable consistence. It is then poured into a larger vessel, from whence it is taken out and put in the form of sheets on mats or layers of grass straw; these sheets are laid out one upon another with straw between, and pressed to force the water out. After this they are spread upon boards in the sun, dried, cut, and gathered into bundles for sale. This paper will better endure folding and last longer than ours.

Woven Fabrics.—They make silk, the best of which is superior to that of China. The best silks are woven by criminals of high rank, who are confined upon a small, rocky, unproductive island, deprived of their property, and made to support themselves by their labour. The exportation of these silks, it is said, is prohibited.

They have but small skill in producing cotton fabrics, though such are made. For many purposes to which we apply cloth of cotton, they use the coarse spongy paper to which we have alluded. They require woollen cloths, for the winters are cold; but we believe they make none. Indeed they have no sheep or goats, and therefore lack the materials from which to make woollen cloths.

Leather.—They convert the skins of certain animals into this article; but all those who have anything to do with the making or vending of leather are outcasts from the rest of the population, and universally proscribed. They never apply the article, as we do, to make shoes or other coverings for the feet. They hardly ever wear shoes or slippers that are not made of plaited straw. The shoes are always the shabbiest and most awkward part of the dress of the Japanese. As they are of straw, they consequently last but a little time.

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But they are made in immense numbers, cost but a trifle, and may be bought in every town and village in the empire. The pedestrian, therefore, throws away the old pair by the road-side, and buys new ones as he goes along; while the more provident man takes two or three pairs with him on starting. Immense numbers of these discarded shoes may be found on the sides of all the roads. In wet weather they wear under the shoe a wooden clog, which is attached to the foot by ties of plaited straw. Dignitaries sometimes wear slippers made of fine rattan slips neatly plaited.

Agriculture.—Japan is very mountainous, as we have already stated, but with the exception of that portion of the ground covered by the roads, and by the woods left to supply timber and charcoal, nearly every foot of ground, to the very tops of the mountains, is cultivated. Of animals to assist in culture, they have the horse, ox, and a large species of buffalo, which they train to draw carts, and carry heavy goods on the back. They plough with both the ox and cow. Of milk and butter they make no use. When they cannot use cattle to plough, as on the steep sides of hills, men are substituted; and sometimes the plough is laid aside, and all the labour in preparing the earth is done by hand. Generally their soil is rather poor, but by means of the immense labour they bestow upon it by irrigation, and especially by the use of manures, which they understand well, they raise very large crops. Their chief grain is rice, of which they are said to produce the best in all Asia. They also make barley and wheat. The first is used for feeding the cattle, the other is not much valued, and is chiefly used for cakes and soy. This last is made by fermenting, under ground, wheat with a peculiar kind of bean and salt.

Next to rice in importance, is the tea plant. This was not cultivated in Japan before the beginning of the ninth century, when it was introduced from China. Immense quantities of it are now produced, for its use is universal. Besides the plantations devoted to it, the hedges on the farms are all of the tea plant.

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Siebold says, the finer kinds require great care and skill in the cultivation. The plantations are situated as far as they conveniently can be from all other crops, and from all human habitations, lest the delicacy of the tea should be impaired by smoke or any other impurity. They manure the plants with dried anchovies, and with the juice pressed out of mustard seed. The harvesting is a process of great nicety. Dr. Siebold thinks that the green and black tea are from the same plant, and differ only in the mode of preparation; though others have said the plants themselves differ. Neither, however, are ever dried on copper; they are both dried in an iron pan. Beans of various kinds are produced, and some other vegetables. Several edible roots are carefully cultivated. They grow the mulberry tree in great abundance, for the sake of the silk-worm, and also for making paper. In Foo-choo they make a coarse sugar from the cane; in Nipon they manufacture it from the sap of a tree. Our farmers deem it a part of their business to rear such animals as we use for food; but the Japanese farmer is mostly a Buddhist, and cares nothing for animal food. The Dutch, a great while ago, introduced some sheep and goats, and some few may possibly be found in the kingdom. If attended to, they would thrive very well, but the religion of the natives forbids them to eat flesh, and they do not know how to manufacture the wool and hair; hence the animals are little valued. They have, also, a few hogs, which were originally brought from China. They sell them to the Chinese junkmen, which are allowed to come over to trade. The Chinese sailor has a passion for pork. The hog thrives well, and becomes very fat in Japan.

Horticulture.—In this department, the Japanese are very skilful. They possess the art in a wonderful degree either of dwarfing or of unnaturally enlarging all natural productions. As an evidence of the first, may be seen, in the miniature gardens of the towns, perfectly mature trees, of various kinds, not more than three feet high, and with heads three feet in diameter. These dwarf trees are often placed in pots. Fischer says he saw in a box four inches long, one-and-a-half wide, and six in height, a bamboo, a fir, and a plum tree, all thriving, and the latter in full blossom. As proofs of the last, Mayhew tells us that he saw plum-trees covered with blossoms, each of which was four times the size of the cabbage-rose; it produced no fruits however. He also saw radishes weighing from fifty to sixty pounds; and those of fifteen pounds were not at all uncommon. The fir trees are represented as being forced to an enormous size; we are told that the branches at the height of seven or eight feet from the ground are led out sometimes over ponds, and supported by props, so that they give a shade around the tree three hundred feet in diameter. The cedar tree is a tree which reaches a great size.

Navigation.—Formerly the Japanese made voyages in vessels of their own construction to Corea, China, Java, Formosa, and other places at some distance from their own islands; but when the Portuguese were expelled, a decree was made that the natives should not leave the country; hence navigation declined. Still, short coasting voyages are made within the boundaries of the kingdom; and fishing-smacks go to sea, but not very far from the coast. This coasting-trade, however, is large; and the Japanese use fish for food so extensively, that the number is immense of these trading-boats and fishing-smacks. The Japanese have

the compass; not divided, however, into as many parts as ours. The construction of their vessels, as to model, is very clumsy; and, as they have seen and examined many European ships, it may seem strange that a people so skilful and ingenious should not, ere this, have improved in naval architecture. The fault is not theirs; the fact is, that they have, in more than one instance, built very good vessels after European models; but the law has interfered, for a special reason, and retarded improvement among a people whose insular position would have made them sailors, and whose quick perception would have made them good ones if left to themselves. Their craft are, by law, made with the stern open, so that they cannot weather an open and heavy sea. The smaller ones never, if they can help it, go out of sight of land; and upon any threatening appearance of rough weather, they instantly run in to make a harbour. The object of this law of construction is to keep the natives at home.

Internal Trade by Land and Water.—This is large, resulting from the variety of produce afforded by the variety of climate, and from the immense population. In many places town joins on to town, and village on to village for miles, so that the road looks like a continued street. Kämpfer thus speaks of the population: "The country is indeed populous beyond expression; and one would scarcely think it possible that, being no greater than it is, it should, nevertheless, maintain and support such a vast number of inhabitants. The highways are almost one continued line of villages and boroughs. You scarce come out of one but you enter another; and you may travel many miles, as it were, in one street, without knowing it to be composed of many villages, save by the differing names that were formerly given them, and which they after retained though joined to one another. It has many towns, the chief whereof may, of a certainty, vie with the most considerable in the world for largeness, magnificence, and number of inhabitants." Kämpfer says of Jeddo, that he was one whole day riding at a moderate pace, "from Singawa, where the suburb begins, along the main street, which goes across, a little irregular indeed, to the end of the city." As to the variety of climate, the southern part of the kingdom reaches down as far as the twenty-fourth degree of north latitude, produces the sugarcane and the tropical fruits; while the northern, extending as high as fifty degrees, yields the products of the temperate zones. The mineral wealth of the country is very great, the manufactures numerous; and, under such circumstances, the internal trade among so many people is necessarily active. Of the facilities for carrying it on, we remark that goods are conveyed by land by pack-horses and pack-oxen, and that the roads are excellent, and kept in admirable order. In the rugged and mountainous parts of the country, where the road must pass, they make it zigzag on the side of the mountain, and, where necessary, cut steps in the rocks. Indeed, the roads must be kept in order, otherwise they could not accomplish what they do by their postal arrangements. As among the ancient Mexicans and Peruvians, the post is pedestrian, and very expeditious. Every carrier is accompanied by a partner, to take his place in case of accident. The men run at the top of their speed, and, as they approach the end of their stage, find the relay waiting to whom, as soon as they are near enough, they toss the bag of letters, when the new runners set off before the coming ones have

stopped. Nothing must be interposed to delay them a moment on the road. The highest prince of the empire, with all his train, must make way for the postmen, if he meet them on the road. Where necessary and practicable, on the road, the Japanese make good bridges, often of stone; but they do not seem to have arrived at the art of tunnel-making. Some principles of civil engineering they understand and apply, but of military engineering they know nothing. But, besides their roads, they use their rivers and inland lakes for internal trade, wherever it is possible; and in those parts of the kingdom nearest the sea, probably the greatest part of the inland trade is carried on by the rivers, which, though short, are navigable for some miles into the interior. On the road, in all parts of the empire, stables, tea-shops, and other resting places occur at intervals, and the distances are regularly marked.

Scientific Knowledge and its Applications.—We have just said that the Japanese possess some knowledge of the principles of civil engineering. They know something of mathematics, mechanics, and trigonometry. Thus they have constructed very good maps of their own country; they have measured the height of some of their mountains by the barometer; they have made some very good canals; they have constructed water-mills, and lathes moved by water-power. They make clocks; and, herein, by the way, they have shown remarkable ingenuity and skill. Meylan gives the following account of a clock which they made, and exhibited to the Dutch, while he was an inmate of Decima. "The clock," says he, "is contained in a frame three feet high by five feet long, and presents a fair landscape at noontide. Plum and cherry trees in full blossom, with other trees, adorn the foreground. The background consists of a hill, from which falls a cascade, skilfully imitated in glass, that forms a softly-flowing river, first winding round rocks placed here and there, then running across the middle of the landscape till lost in a wood of fir trees. A golden sun hangs aloft in the sky, and, turning upon a pivot, indicates the striking of the hours. On the frame below, the twelve hours of the day and night are marked, where a slowly-creeping tortoise serves as a hand. A bird, perched upon a plum-tree, by its song and the clapping of its wings, announces the moment when the hour expires, and, as the song ceases, a bell is heard to strike the hour, during which operation, a mouse comes out of the grotto and runs over the hill. * * * Every separate part was nicely executed; but the bird was too large for the tree, the sun for the sky, whilst the mouse scaled the mountain in a moment of time. Whatever may have been the defects of it, the ingenuity and taste in this piece of mechanism are very apparent."

A far more creditable instance of the ingenuity and talent of a Japanese fisherman is related in the Dutch annals of Decima. It occurred during the presidency of Mr. Doeff. The Dutch at Batavia, during the war, feared the English cruisers too much to send one of their own ships on the annual voyage to Japan; they therefore more than once hired American vessels. One of these having taken in at Decima the usual cargo of copper and camphor, as she set sail at night, struck upon a rock in the harbour, filled, and sunk. The crew reached the shore in boats, and the authorities of Nagasaki, the Dutch factory, and the American captain, were all alike concerned to devise means of raising the

vessel. Japanese divers were sent down to fetch up the copper, but the camphor had dissolved, and the effluvia thus disengaged cost two of the divers their lives. The idea of unloading her was then abandoned. Efforts were then made to raise her as she was, but without success. A simple fisherman, named Kijemon, who now, perhaps, for the first time in his life, saw a European-built ship, for he did not live in Nagasaki, promised to raise the ship, providing his expenses in doing it were paid; if he did not succeed, he asked nothing. He was laughed at by the people for his presumption; but, as the case was hopeless, the people interested permitted him to make the attempt. At low tide, he fastened on the side of the vessel fifteen or seventeen boats together firmly by props and stays. He then waited for a spring-tide, when he came in a Japanese coasting-vessel, which he attached firmly to the stern of the sunken ship, and at the moment the tide was highest, he set every sail of every boat. The sunken vessel was lifted, disengaged from the rock, and was towed by the fisherman to the strand where she could be unloaded and repaired. Erasmus says he was handsomely rewarded for this. The readers will be amused to learn that his reward consisted in being allowed to wear two sabres (which is the badge of elevated rank), and to bear on his coat of arms a Dutch hat and two Dutch tobacco-pipes. We have never read in any narrative of the circumstance that he received any money to support his rank. The Dutchman and the American captain should have found that. If the circumstances had been changed, and either Hollander or Yankee had raised the vessel for the Japanese, it would very soon have been intimated to the natives that two swords, with the picture of a Dutch hat and two tobacco-pipes, afforded very inadequate compensation for such a valuable service.

Medicine.—All the writers on Japan agree in the statement, that on the visit of the Dutch president to Yeddo, his European physician, who accompanied him, was always visited by the native physicians, and closely questioned on points purely professional. Their object was to gain information. But they already know something. They have not, however, availed themselves of *post-mortem* examinations either to investigate disease or to study anatomy. We cannot suppose that they are without opportunities of thus acquiring knowledge, for we read that, after a criminal is executed, it is not uncommon for his body to be hacked into pieces by the young nobility that they may try the edge and temper of their sword-blades. But superstition is in the way; to come in contact with the dead is deemed pollution. Without such examinations, it is obvious that the knowledge of the physician and surgeon must be imperfect at best.

There are, however, in Japan, original medical works constantly appearing, and translations are also made of all such as they can obtain in the Dutch language, which they best understand. The European medical gentlemen, who have come in contact with their professional brethren of Japan, report favourably of them; and Dr. Siebold speaks with high praise of the zeal with which the native physicians thronged around him from all parts of the empire, seeking to enlarge the store of their knowledge. He bears testimony also to their intelligence, as evinced by the questions they asked. Acupuncture and moxa-burning are both used in Japan, and are native inventions. They have an original treatise on the first and the proper cases for

its use. Their drugs are mostly animal and vegetable; they are too little acquainted with chemistry to venture upon mineral remedies. They study medical botany, however, with great attention, and their remedies are said to be generally efficacious. Some of their medicinal preparations are very remarkable, producing most singular effects. Of these, there is one spoken by Titsingh, who saw its application and its consequences; and from some of the officers of our own expedition we have heard of this preparation, of which, we believe, they have brought home specimens. Titsingh thus writes:—"Instead of inclosing the bodies of the dead in coffins of a length and breadth proportionate to the stature and bulk of the deceased, they place the body in a tube three feet high, two feet and a-half in diameter at the top, and two feet at the bottom. It is difficult to conceive how the body of a grown person can be compressed into so small a space, when the limbs, rendered rigid by death, cannot be bent in any way. The Japanese to whom I made this observation, told me that they produced the result by means of a particular powder, called *dosia*, which they introduce into the ears, nostrils, and mouth of the deceased, after which the limbs all at once acquired astonishing flexibility. As they promised to perform the experiment in my presence, I would not do otherwise than suspend my judgment, lest I should condemn as an absurd fiction a fact which, indeed, surpasses our conception, but may yet be susceptible of a plausible explanation, especially by galvanism, the recently discovered effects of which also appeared to exceed the bounds of credulity. The experiment accordingly took place in the month of October, 1783, when the cold was pretty severe. A young Dutchman having died in our factory, at Desima, I directed the physician to cause the body to be washed and left all night exposed to the air, on a table near the open window, in order that it might become completely stiff. Next morning several Japanese, some of the officers of our factory and myself, went to examine the corpse, which was as hard as a piece of wood. One of the interpreters, named Zenhy, drew from his bosom a *sutabok* or pocket-book, and took out of it an oblong paper, filled with a coarse powder, resembling sand. This was the famous *dosia* powder. He put a pinch into the ears, another into the nostrils and a third into the mouth; and presently, whether from the effects of this drug, or some trick which I could not detect, the arms which had before been crossed over the breast, dropped of themselves, and in less than twenty minutes by the watch, the body recovered all its flexibility.

"I attributed this phenomenon to the action of some subtle poison, but was assured that the *dosia* powder, so far from being poisonous, was a most excellent medicine in child-bearing, for diseases of the eyes, and for other maladies. An infusion of this powder, taken even in perfect health, is said to have virtues which cause it to be in great request among the Japanese of all classes; it cheers the spirits and refreshes the body. It is carefully tied up in a white cloth, and dried after being used, as it will serve a great number of times without losing its virtues. The same infusion is given to people of quality when at the point of death; if it does not prolong life it prevents rigidity of the limbs, and the body is not exposed to the rude handling of professional persons, a circumstance of some consequence in a country where respect for the dead is carried even to excess. I had the curiosity to procure some of this

powder, for which I was obliged to send to Bidgo, or the Nine Provinces, to the temples of the Sintoo, which enjoy the exclusive sale of it, because they practise the doctrine of Kshow Dagsi, its inventor. The quantity obtained, in consequence of my first application, was very small, and even this was a special favour of the priests, who, otherwise, never part with more than a single pinch at a time." Titsingh, however, obtained a considerable quantity afterwards, which he carried home with him in 1784. It has the appearance of sand, and when it is perfected for use is as white as snow. It is obtained on the mountain of Kousogen or Kinkensen, in the province of Yamotto, where there are many mines of gold and silver. The process by which it is prepared is the secret of these priests. Their knowledge is doubtless the result of accidental experience, for their acquaintance with chemistry is so slight that we may safely conclude they do not understand the rationale of its preparation.

Astronomy.—In this science they have made very considerable proficiency. They understand the use of European instruments, and have caused many of them to be very successfully imitated by native workmen. Meylan says he saw good telescopes, chronometers, thermometers, and barometers, made by Japanese mechanics. They calculate eclipses accurately, and yearly almanacs are prepared in the Yedo and Daure colleges. Lalande's treatises and other astronomical works have been translated from Dutch into Japanese, and are studied with great ardour. They have, in their division of time, a cycle of sixty years, calculated out of their zodiac, which, like ours, has twelve signs, differing from ours by their names only. But this is not the place to consider minutely their astronomical system. We cannot leave it, however, without the remark that on a comparison of it with that of the Mursias, an ancient, semi-civilised, and now extinct race that once inhabited the plains of Bogota, in New Granada, the resemblances were so striking, that they produced on our mind a conviction that the astronomical systems of the two people were substantially the same.

VIII.—JAPANESE LITERATURE AND ART.

The character of art exhibited in the Japanese illustrated books and their pictures, reminds us of the designs (in one colour) upon the Etruscan vases. The same simplicity of expression and soberness of colouring, the same unextravagant expression of nature. One of these specimens is a work in two volumes, written by the Prince Hayashi, a negotiator of the American Treaty. The subject treated of is "The Points of a Horse," and the work is illustrated by a large number of pictures. These illustrations are from woodcuts of bold outline, and apparently printed with a tint to distinguish each in the various groups of the animals by sober grays, reds, and blacks. The style might be classed as that of the mediæval, and the horses might pass for those sketched in the time of Albert Durer, though with a more rigid adherence to nature. They exhibit, what may be noticed in the Elgin marbles, a breed of small stature and finely-formed limbs, such as are found in southern countries. The animals are represented in various attitudes, curvetting, gambolling, and rolling upon the ground, positions requiring and exhibiting an ability in foreshortening, which is found, with no small surprise, in Asiatic art.

IX.—SIMODA.

A DANGEROUS navigation along an iron-bound coast, and across a sea where sulphurous emissions, and occasionally a spurt of smoke and a rising of the waters, to say nothing of the beacon of the smoking crater of the "Vries Volcano," warn the sailor of novel dangers, leads us at last from the delightful bay, sheltered and safe, of Nagasaki,* to the dangerous though beautifully situated anchorage of Simoda,—a harbour so dangerous, that it has already been changed for the newer and safer port of Kanagawa. Bold green headlands and abrupt rocky islets conceal the entrance, and increase the danger and difficulty to sailing vessels in approaching it. The town of Simoda is on the island of Nippon, near the mouth of the lower bay or gulf of Yeddo, latitude 34° 39' 49" north longitude, 138° 57' 50" east.

* Captain Sherard Osborn tells a story which shows that Nagasaki Bay has other traditions than those of mere beauty or commercial utility. "The bay by day is beautiful, but give me Nagasaki by moonlight, when the boat is passing away, and the cool breezes of night invigorate the frame and ripple the polished surface of the water, which reflects the starry beauty of the blue vault over head, except where the dark shadows of native and foreign craft are thrown afawt it. The delicate play of the moonlight upon town, village and upland; the phosphorescent marks of the numerous boats passing and repassing, the twinkling lights and the drowsy hum of a large city during the early hours of night—all formed a picture which might tempt the mind to stop here content. We hear of a goodly Spanish ship that sailed in long ago, through that seaward portal, now shrouded by the dark gloom of the overhanging cliff. She is a tall ship of three decks, a yearly trader, from the Philippines—a royal vessel, combining the war ship and merchantman. Her swelling canvases furled, she swings to her anchors, and flaunts from many a mast quaint colours and pennons. Culverins and brass pieces peer out of her ports, and the golden ensign, with its broad bloody stripes, waves proudly over her stern. On shore there is much excitement. Twelve months previously the Japanese had learnt that a vessel of their country had been basely set upon off the Philippines, and the imperial government had forbidden Spaniards under pain of death to visit Japan. This galcon had come in contempt of the mandate, and, though warned of the horrors that would ensue, the Spaniards would not or could not sail. The court issues a mandate, and the Spaniard must suffer at any cost the penalty of his insolence. Wemay fancy the muster of row-boats, the Prince of Arima arranging his devoted relatives, promising high reward to the valiant, short swift to the oarsmen. We can fancy the scornful feeling of the high-couraged Don in his lofty bark for the yelling wolves around him—tanked, half-armed fellows, who come against the steel-clad frame of the conquerors of half the world! Then the shout of defiance, and the wild music of the war-shells as each rushed on. Wolves never went better at a sure quarry than the Japanese at the huge ship. In spite of resistance they cling to her tall sides, scale them—reach the upper deck, and throw themselves, regardless of life, upon the astonished Spaniards. When too late, the Don sees he has underrated his foe. He determines to resort to a desperate expedient of those times (in olden times, blowing up the deck with small quantities of powder was resorted to in cases of a desperate resistance to a boarding party). The retreat sounds—all the Spaniards rush below to the lower deck, and the upper deck is blown up—and, with a yell of victory, the Japanese are hurled into the water, scorched and burned. Alas for the Spaniard! the wind is right adverse to his escape, and every minute adds hundreds to the death pouring down to the attack. There is nothing for it but a host worthy of his race. Again the assault; again numbers carry the day, and the resolute Spaniards retire to the third deck, and again blow up the victors above them. Thrice, says the Japanese chronicle, quoted by the worthy master, Krumpholtz, was this desperate mode of resistance resorted to, until defenders, assailants, and galcon sunk in the bloody waters. Although the unfortunate infringers of the imperial edict had perished to a man, the native historian acknowledges the triumph of Japanese justice had been won only by the sacrifice of three thousand of her sons! Such was one episode in the history of Nagasaki."

A Japanese artist, employed to draw a set of screens, will make no sketch, but draw at once the various portions of the landscape, putting in houses, ships, horses, trees, birds, and at times painting in foliage with two brushes in one hand. The result will be, not a production of high art, but a much better specimen of ornamental screen than the most pretensions of our manufacturing establishments turn out. In linear drawing the Japanese excel. The engines of the steam-boats, American and English, were reproduced at once, by drawings in true proportion, of the whole engine, with its several parts properly placed.

A humble little illustrated primer, purchased at a broker's stall for a few Chinese copper "cash," suggests many points of interest. Its illustrations show a knowledge of perspective. There is a balcony presented in angular perspective, with its rafters placed in strict accordance with the principle of terminating the perspective lines in a vanishing point abruptly in the horizon. In another page is a humorous Tartar Hercules, a Japanese St. Patrick, valiantly brandishing his sword, and clearing the land of snakes and reptiles. Again, here is a quaint old shopman, peering through a pair of spectacles stuck upon his nose, and made exactly like the double eye-glasses now so fashionable, without any side-wires to keep them on the head, a glass-globe of fish watched by a cat, a couple of chairmen smoking their pipes, a professor of phrenology measuring the bumps on bald-headed disciples with a pair of compasses, and other pictures, exhibiting both taste and humour, abound in this child's book. We have none such at home, at such a price.

Books are to be seen in all the shops—cheap elementary works, and popular story-books or novels. The people are universally taught to read and are eager for information. Education is diffused throughout the empire, and the women share in the intellectual advancement of the men. The higher classes of the Japanese are not ignorant of the geography and contemporary history of the rest of the world, and could speak with knowledge of railroads, telegraphs, photographs, Paixhan guns, and steam-ships.¹

¹ On the departure of the Embassy from the Bay of Yeddo, a steam-yacht, brought over as a present for the Emperor from the Queen of England, was handed over to the Japanese, and "got slowly under weigh, commanded by a Japanese captain," manned by Japanese sailors, and her machinery worked by Japanese engineers. Notwithstanding the horizontal cylinders, and other latest improvements with which her engines were fitted, the men had learnt their lesson well, and were confident in their powers. We steamed guiltily through the fleets, the admiration of all beholders, whether British or Japanese. "Not the least remarkable part of this day's doings," says Captain Sherard Osborn, "was the moving and working of the *Emperor*, directly she became Japanese, under the management of a native captain, engineer, and crew. Her machinery was of the most recent construction—horizontal cylinders, trunk engines, and other peculiarities. Yet they mastered all these, under the English officers, after a week's instruction, having, of course, previously understood an ordinary old-fashioned engine. After passing round the squadron, she disembarked all her English visitors, and we had the pleasure of seeing the yacht proceed towards the city to land the imperial commissioners. At first the Japanese suggested that they should call the yacht the *London*, out of compliment to our capital, which alone, they believed, could compare with their own; but for some reason or other, they eventually named her the *Dragon*; and as such, H.I.M.Y. *Dragon* will, doubtless, be of great use as a pleasure-boat to all but the imprisoned monarch for whom it was intended. A few weeks after our visit, when the ambassador of France, Baron Gros, made his appearance in the Bay of Yeddo, he found the *Dragon* steaming about, and we heard that his Excellency made more than one trip in her, under the safe charge of a Japanese captain and engineer."

It is within the prefecture of Kamo, one of the eight into which Idzu is divided, and occupies the southern termination of that principality. The town lies at the western end of the harbour, on a plain at the opening of a fertile valley. Its name is probably derived from this—Simoda meaning low field. Through the valley runs a small river, which is navigable for barges transporting straw, timber, grain, and other produce.

The country surrounding the town is extremely picturesque and varied. Undulating hills, covered with trees, rise from the water's edge, and extend back into the lofty mountainous rocks, ribbed and bare.

Valleys divide the mountainous ranges, with their richly cultivated fields and gardens, stretching up to the very summit of the hill-sides, streams of water shaded with groves wind through the level bottoms, and beautify and enrich the land. The snow-capped Fusi is visible at the distance, pointing, cone-like, high into the clouds, and far above the elevation of the blue mountains that surround it. Entering the harbour, the town with its groups of low houses does not present a very imposing appearance; but, with its background of hills wooded with spreading pines and yew trees, and the verdant valley that opens between them, it has an air of sheltered repose and an appearance of secluded rusticity which is quite attractive.

Simoda is said to be the largest town in the principality of Idzu, and was at one time a mart of considerable importance. It was founded centuries ago, and some two hundred years since was the port of entry for vessels bound for the capital; but Uraga, further up the bay, having succeeded to the important function, Simoda has declined, and become comparatively a poverty-stricken place. There is not much appearance of activity in the port, but there still is some considerable business carried on through it, between the interior of the country and various places on the Japanese coast. In front of the town there is a dépôt for small junks and boats, artificially constructed by means of dykes and a breakwater. This is connected with the river, which flows through the valley that extends into the interior; and the boats are thus enabled, when the tide, which rises about five feet, is at its height, to float in and sail up the stream. Bule docks exist for building and launching vessels, and these show some evidence of activity in the number of junks, about which there are always numerous labourers, more or less busy at work, constructing or repairing. Near the docks, picturesquely bordered by a row of pine-trees, in the shade of which stands a small shrine, there is a landing place, which, however, is not easily reached by ships' boats, when the tide is low.

The town of Simoda is compactly built, and regularly laid out, the streets intersect at right angles, and most of them are guarded by light wooden gates, with the marks of the street marked upon their hollow post within which are the stations of the watchmen. Through the town a small street passes, the sides of which are walled with stone, and across it are thrown four small modern bridges, which connect the opposite banks. The streets are about twenty feet in width, and are partly macadamised and partly paved. Simoda shows an advanced state of civilisation much beyond our own boasted progress, in the attention of its constructors to the cleanliness and healthfulness of the place. There are not only gutters but sewers, which draw the refuse matter and filth directly into the sea or the small stream that divides the town.

The shops and dwelling-houses are but slightly built, many of them being merely thatched huts. A few of the houses of the better class are of stone, but most are constructed of a framework of bamboo or laths, and then covered with a tenacious mud, this latter, when dry, is again covered with a coat of plaster, which is either painted or becomes black by exposure. Mouldings are afterwards arranged in diagonal lines over the surface of the building, and these being painted white, contrasting with the dark ground behind, gives the house a curious pie-bald appearance. The roofs are often of tiles, coloured alternately black and white, and their eaves extend low down in front of the walls, and protect the inmates from the sun, and the oil-papered windows from the effects of the rain. On the tops of some of the houses, wires are stretched in various directions to keep off the crows, it is said; but whether on account of their being birds of ill-omen, or only in consequence of their bad habits, was not very apparent. These houses have no chimneys, and there being occasional fires for cooking and other purposes, the smoke is left to force its way through the various cracks and cracks which may chance to exist, unless, as is sometimes the case, there are certain holes in the upper part of the walls prudently left for the purpose. The buildings are generally but a single story in height, though many of the houses and shops have attics for the storage of goods and refuse articles.

Some of the residences stand back from the front of the streets, with yards before them, although generally the latter are in the rear, and are variously appropriated, some for kitchen-gardens and others for pleasure-grounds, with flowering shrubs, ponds of gold fish, and other ornamental appliances. There are a few buildings fronted with stone, whilst the main structure is of mud or adobe, which are used for the storage of valuable goods, as they are supposed to be better protected from fire. The fronts of the shops and houses have moveable shutters, which at night are fastened to the posts which support the projecting roof. Behind these are sliding panels of oiled paper, which are closed when privacy is sought, and opened for the purpose of seeing in the houses what may be passing, or displaying the goods in the inside of the shops. In lieu of the paper windows there are occasionally lattices of bamboo. The title of the shop is displayed over the door or windows, generally in some fanciful device, significant of the kind of business carried on. There are but few signs distinctly recording the trade or occupation, although there was one shop which bore on its front, in the Dutch language, the name in full of a Dutch nostrum, which seemed to be a popular remedy in Japan, for the same was observed in Kanagawa. The finer goods are generally kept secluded from view in boxes and drawers, and seem to be of a kind that indicates no great affluence on the part of the community.

The internal arrangements of the houses and shops at Simoda are simple and uniform, though somewhat modified according to the position and business of the inmates. The door is on the right or left side, and protected by the overhanging roof, under which the coarser goods are sheltered, and the customer, when driving a bargain. From the front door a pathway leads directly to the rear, where there are various dwellings and out houses, among which is frequently the shrine for private worship. In the shops this passage-way is crowded with baskets, stands, and trays

laden with various merchandise, and the walls on either side are provided with shelves, upon which goods are also heaped. In the best establishments, articles for sale are seldom displayed beyond turning the open ends of the boxes which contain them towards the street.

In the interior of the house there is a large framework raised two feet above the ground. It is spread with stuffed mats, and is divided into several compartments by means of sliding panels. This house within a house may be applied to the various purposes of trading, eating, sleeping and receiving company, according to the pleasure or necessity of the proprietor. This stage or platform is used as the workshop by the various handicraftsmen, as, for example, the carpenters and lacquer-varnishers; the blacksmith and stonecutter, however, perform their heavier work upon the ground.

The houses intended for lodgers are generally clean, and neatly spread with the usual soft and thick mats, which serve the double purpose of seats by day and beds by night. The names of the guests are recorded as with us, but somewhat more publicly, as they are posted on the doorway on the street. The aristocratic gentry have their coats of arms emblazoned in full and displayed in wide banners stretched in front of their sloping palaces. The interior of these hotels are by no means very magnificent in appearance, or complete in appointment. The entire absence of tables, chairs, sofas, lamps, and other essentials to comfort, interfere very seriously with a guest taking his ease in a Japanese inn. Moreover, the want of looking-glasses, pictures, and other pleasing appeals to the eye, give to the establishment a very naked, cold look to the traveller who has a vivid recollection of the warm snugness of an English inn or the luxurious completeness of an American hotel.

The whole number of houses at Simoda is estimated at about a thousand, and the inhabitants are supposed to amount to nearly seven thousand, one fifth of whom are shopkeepers and artisans. There are in the town, as elsewhere in Japan, a disproportionate amount of officials, soldiers, and retainers of the various princes and dignitaries, who add nothing to the productive resources of the country, but are great consumers of the results of the labours of the lower classes, who are forced to do much work, and are allowed to enjoy but little of the profit. The people have, notwithstanding, a tolerably thriving appearance, and it is seldom that a beggar is seen. The streets, with the exception of a few shops which do but little business, show no signs of trading activity. There is no public market-place, and all the daily transactions of buying and selling are conducted so privately and quickly that, to a passing stranger, Simoda would appear as a place singularly devoid of any regard to the concerns of this world. The people have all the characteristic courtesy and reserved but pleasant manners of the Japanese. A scene at one of the public baths where the sexes mingled indiscriminately, unconscious of their nudity, was not calculated to impress us with a very favourable opinion of the morals of the inhabitants. This may not be a universal practice throughout Japan, and indeed, is said by the Japanese near us, not to be; but the Japanese people of the lower ranks are, undoubtedly, notwithstanding their moral superiority to most oriental nations, a lewd people. Apart from the bathing scene, there was enough in the popular literature, with its obscene pictorial

illustrations, to form a licentiousness of taste and practice among a certain class of inhabitants, that was not only disgustingly obtrusive, but disgracefully indicative of foul corruption. The chief diet of the inhabitants of Simoda consists of fish and vegetable food. There are poultry—chickens, geese, and ducks—and some few cattle; but the latter are used only for beasts of burden, and their flesh is never eaten. Rice, wheat, barley, and sweet potatoes are the chief articles raised in and about Simoda, although Irish potatoes, buckwheat, Indian corn, tares, beans, cabbages, cresses, and egg-plants are produced to some extent. The wheat and barley are reaped in May, and the rice, which is first sown and then transplanted, as in Loo-choo, is ready for the latter operation in the middle of June, and these crops succeed each other year after year. During the winter, part of the rice fields, that which lies low, is left fallow, while the terraces are turned into wheat fields. In preparing the fields for the reception of the young shoots of rice, they are overflowed with water, and then reduced, by ploughing and harrowing into a soft well-mixed mud. Subsequently a substratum of grass and small bushes is trodden down below the surface by the feet. The labourer putting on a couple of broad pieces of wood, like a pair of snow-shoes, goes tramping over the grass and bushes, labouring until they disappear below the surface of the mud. This operation over, the small plants are transferred from the plot where they have been sown, to the fields, where they are allowed to remain until maturity. The rice crop is ready for harvesting in the latter part of September or early in the ensuing month. Oxen and horses are occasionally used in agricultural operations, but the labour is mostly performed by hand.

There are nine Buddhist and one great Sintoo temple in Simoda, to say nothing of the smaller shrines and the portable wooden chapels that may be seen by the roadside. Each Buddhist temple has twenty-five priests; the buildings are of wood, and unpainted, with tiled, projecting, peaked roofs; the floors are matted, and the pillars of lacquered work. Behind the door and the shrine are several reading desks, in each of which is a small wooden fish, which is used to mark time in praying. Boxes placed about, remind the pious, not of charity, but of "feeding hungry demons." These monasteries are surrounded by graveyards, where slabs, raised tombs, obelisks, and all the other vanities of death are abundant, intermixed with uncouth visages of Buddha, issuing from an opening shell, or holding a lotus flower, or a fly trap, or some other symbol. Flowers in profusion light up and render gay the otherwise gloomy precincts.

"How many religions have we in Japan?" inquired a Tycoon, when the Jesuit-Portuguese remonstrated against Dutch Protestantism. "Thirty-four, your highness," was the reply. "Then we can easily bear with another," answered the imperial philosopher. Of the thirty-five remaining, Christianity being now considered extinct,¹ that of the Sintoo is the most important,

¹ Simbarra was the last stronghold of native Christianity in Japan, and which saw, as Roman Catholic writers assert, the destruction of thirty thousand converts to their faith. It was at Simbarra, too, over the common grave of its inhabitants, that the famous inscription was erected, warning the natives, that to prefer to their native faith that of the Christians would be to draw down upon themselves the punishment due to traitors, to their emperor, and their country. One sentence ran thus: "So long

next to or concurrent with Buddhism, and the principal feature of the town of Simoda, terminating its widest street with an imposing edifice at the end of a long avenue of stately cedar and larch trees, is the great Sinto Temple.¹

As the visitor approaches this temple, he comes to a bridge which is thrown over a fish-pond, which breaks the continuity of the street, and entering the shaded avenue, he passes over another miniature bridge, beautifully constructed of finely carved greenstone. Two grim stone statues of armed men, overrun with moss and lichen, guard the entrance. Along the avenue within are high stone candelabras, to the right of which rises an open bellry of a spare form, resting on a foundation of masonry. From the roof swings a beam used to strike the bell, which forms a portion of the furniture of all the temples. To the left is a low tiled shed covering some small native statues, also of stone, and in a pavilion built over the gateway are pictures and models of junks and boats—for this is a marine temple, highly esteemed amongst sailors and fishermen. The temple itself is constructed of wood, covered with thatch, and supported by posts grotesquely ornamented. Hu-chai-on, the deified hero, or kami, to whom this

as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know, the King of Spain himself, or the Christian's God, if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his head."

¹ The national religion of Japan, which dates from the earliest period, is the religion of Sinsyon, or "Faith of the Gods." The votaries are called Sintoos, and the Mikado, or spiritual emperor, is its temporal head. The divinity is the goddess Ten-so-dai-rin. She was the daughter of the first god who ever married, and who created the world, which then consisted of Japan: to her succeeded four gods, the last of whom married a mortal wife, and left a mortal son, the immediate predecessor of the original Mikado. This Mikado, in functions resembles a pope, and has the power of canonisation, an hon-our much coveted by the Kais or great men of the empire. When thus canonised, they retain their ranks of Kami in the next world, and become the future saviours of their families. Thus, there is a saint in every house. The Kais are divided into superior and inferior, 832 being born gods, and 2,000 being deified or canonised men. The Sintoos believe in "in happy fields and villages," as the abode of disembodied spirits, but some say they have no idea of a devil or hell, purgatory, or future punishment. This, however, is a disputed point. The Sinto notion of creation is given in the following text: "In the beginning of the opening of all things, a chaos floated, as fishes swim in the water for pleasure; out of this chaos arose a thing like a pickle, moveable and transferable. This thing became a soul or spirit, and this spirit is called Kamitoko (Daimio Mikotto)," this is just about as far as the scientific materialists of the present day have brought their speculations. The reader will observe how inferior in grandeur, simplicity, and sublime distinctness it is to the words of Genesis: "And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." Purity of heart and life is the great feature of Sintoism, which also enforces purity of body by ceremonial ordinances, aimed at Levitical. Marriage is permitted to Sinto priests; unlike those of Buddha, the "Mikado" leading a jolly life (poor fellow!) with seven wives, he being the only man in Japan to whom such questionable enjoyment is permitted. The Sinto allow their hair to grow, and wear a remarkable head-dress, resembling an inverted boat, lapped, and often of a most brilliant colour. There is another religious belief, or rather unbelief, prevalent in Japan, called "Sinto," which is open to all superstitions but in itself recognises no gods, temples, or places of worship; it acknowledges a universal pervading spirit; denies any future state of rewards and punishments, and declares that happiness consists in a righteous life, and the perfection of man in the practice of five cardinal virtues—to live virtuously, to do right, to be courteous, to govern wisely, and to obey the conscience. The result of this highly moral state is a legalised prostitution, supported at the expense of the state, a whole quarter of the city devoted to courtesans, and the regular sale and training up of children for such filthy purposes.

temple is dedicated, stands in the shrine, having on each side a figure dressed in the ancient Japanese official costume. From the wall hangs a subscription-list (as usual in our parish churches, but this is thirty feet long) of those who provide the expenses of the service in honour of the naval hero. In addition to the one great Sinto Temple, there are various smaller shrines of the same faith, the sites of which have been picturesquely selected, on the acclivities and on the summits of the wooded hills which bound the town of Simoda landwards.

X—AN EXCURSION ROUND SIMODA.

THE country about Simoda is beautifully varied with hill and dale. There are the usual signs of elaborate Japanese culture, although from the more sparse population of the neighbourhood, there is more land left in comparatively barren condition than further up the bay towards the capital. The bottom and sides of the valley are covered with gardens and fields, which are well watered by the streamlets which flow through every valley, and which, by artificial arrangements, are diverted from their course, and pour their fertilising waters over the land from terrace to terrace. There are four principal villages, near Simoda. Paki, Gaki, or Persimman point, lies at the end of the harbour, and contains barely two hundred houses. One of its monasteries, known by the name of Gaku-zhen-zhi, was set apart like the Kiu-zhen-zhi, in Simoda, as a place of resort of the foreigners; and within the ground attached is the burial place appropriated to the Americans. There is a good anchorage at Kaki-zahi, for junks, and many of them take in their cargoes rather than at Simoda. Passing over the hills in a south easterly direction, we come to the village of Lasaki, which, with its two hundred houses or so, hangs upon the declivity of a wooded hill-side, with its front extending down to the beach, and facing the waters of the inlet. Its inhabitants are generally fishermen, and their boats, and even larger vessels, approach the shore at any state of the tide. From Lasaki, a good road leads in a northerly direction, to the village of Sotowra, a small hamlet also situated at the seaside, but with a pleasing landscape inward, varied by cultivated fields and an undergrowth of dwarf oaks. A larger place, the town of Shira-hama, or White-beach, extends its houses along a sandy beach, some three miles distant from Sotowra, and is comparatively a flourishing settlement. Several quarries of trachyte, or greenstone, are marked in the neighbourhood, and large quantities of charcoal are prepared on the forest-crowned hills in the rear. Turning westwardly, and ascending the hills towards Shira-hama, the highest summit within five miles of Simoda is reached from which the whole southern area and breadth of the peninsula of Idzu can be seen at one glance. Barren peaks rise to the view, of thickly wooded hills whose sides open into valleys, down which the wild vegetation throngs unimpeded by the culture of the fields that surround the busy hamlets at the bottom. Where the beholder stands, on the summit of the hill, there is a small wooden shrine, almost hidden in a grove of pines. The numerous pictures, flowers, copper cash, rags, and decapitated queues, found within, attest the popularity of the Zhi zo-hosats, the deity of the place. Descending the hill by its north-western slope, the largest valley of the country round is entered.

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A POLICEMAN OF YEDDO.

The river Inadzei-gama, which flows into the harbour of Simoda, passes through this, irrigating the cultivated banks, and sustaining the commerce of the various villages and towns in the interior. The hamlet of Hongo, containing about one hundred and fifty houses, is situated on the river, which has been dammed at that spot, and turns five under-shot mills for cleaning rice. This operation is performed by a very simple machine, which consists of a projecting piece of wood or stone, attached at right angles to the end of a long lever, which plays upon a horizontal axis, and is moved up and down, like a pestle working in a mortar. This rude machinery is occasionally worked by water, as at Hongo, but more frequently by a man, who steps alternately off and on the long end of the beam. The river at Hongo is navigable for flat-bottomed boats, which frequent the place for charcoal, grain, stone, and other products. The country about is beautifully diversified, and the culture of the land is carried on to

an extent that would hardly be believed by one who was not familiar with the populous countries of the East. Every hill is but a succession of terraces, rising one above the other, from the base to the summit, and green with the growth of rice, barley, wheat, and other grain. At the opening of a smaller valley, which branches off from the main one near Hongo, is a small one called Kendai zhe, from the lotus terrace monastery near by. From Hongo the valley widens more and more until it reaches Simoda, where it forms an open expanse, like an alluvial plain. Along the base of the range of hills, and up their slopes in the direction of the harbour, the numerous farm houses and abounding granaries, many of them of stone and with substantial walls of the same material, exhibit a cheerful prospect of thrift and comfort. Nor are there wanting evidence of luxuriant enjoyment in the handsome structure of the dwelling houses, with their pleasure grounds adorned with pastures of variegated flowers, artificial ponds of gold fish, and fancy dwarf shade and fruit

trees. West of Simoda, the villages are smaller, and the hills which flank them of less height. In that direction there are no villages of a shorter distance than five miles from the town of Simoda. Near this sea-side settlement toward the south-west, the inhabitants have excavated large chambers in the cliffs some hundred feet from the shore, in which they store the sea-weed, which is a favourite article for chewing, as tobacco is used with us, and whither the fishermen occasionally resort for shelter. The lower hills in every direction are covered with wood, from which large supplies of charcoal are made, which is extensively used for domestic and manufacturing purposes.

XI.—APPROACH TO YEDDO.

SOME account of the peculiar and decisive step taken by the British Embassy under Lord Elgin to obtain a personal interview with the governing powers of Japan at Yeddo or Yedo—the chief port, if not the real capital of the empire—will furnish at the same time the best description of the bay or gulf by which Yeddo is approached, and which constitutes the subject of our illustration. (See p. 186.)

The English ships got under weigh from Simoda at daylight on the morning of the 12th of August, and, with a fair wind, proceeded rapidly up the bay, passing, on their left, a mountain range about 6,000 feet in height. The shores now began to close in, and, at the Straits of Uraga, which they reached in about five hours from Simoda, they are not above ten miles apart. At this point the scenery was pretty; wooded hills rose from the water's edge, sloping gently back, here and there deeply furrowed with a charming glen, in which cottages with steep thatched roofs and overhanging eaves were snugly enconced. The western shore resembled some parts of the coast of the Isle of Wight. The town of Uraga itself is the most important looking place on the coast. It is considered a sort of barrier to Yeddo, and even country craft must stop here to give an account of themselves. Two boat-loads of two-sworded officials pushed off in haste as they steamed up, and by gesticulations and gestures of entreaty, invited them to stop; but they passed on utterly indifferent to their signals; and as they left them far behind they could still discern them tugging hopelessly after them in the vain attempt to overtake a steamer of 400 horse-power going at full speed.

They could scarcely believe their eyes, when at anchor, the same night, they observed these identical boats pull alongside, they having never relinquished the pursuit.

Meanwhile they steamed steadily on through the waters traversed for the first time by Commodore Perry's squadron a few years ago, and consequently but little surveyed. Passing the Perry and Webster islands, prettily wooded and of a picturesque form, they came within sight of the Russian squadron anchored at Kanagawa, at about mid-day. This place is situated at a distance of eighteen miles from Yeddo. It affords good anchorage about half-a-mile from the shore: it is a town of considerable importance, and has been selected as one of the new ports. Count Pontiatine, who had proceeded to Japan direct from the Gulf of Pe-che li, had arrived here about a fortnight previously, and been engaged during that period in making arrangements for his proper reception at the capital. Lord Elgin, however, instead of stopping at Kanagawa,

determined to adopt the unprecedented course of sailing straight up to the capital, believing that, if the achievement were feasible, it would not only save valuable time, but that the presence of our ships there would produce a most salutary effect upon the Government, and in all probability tend to facilitate negotiations. It was eminently fortunate that, on occasions of this sort, he had, in Captain Sherard Osborn, a commander upon whose zeal and professional skill he could always place the most perfect reliance.

The unexpected appearance of the English Embassy must have somewhat astonished their Muscovite friends, more especially as they passed on at full speed up the bay, where no western ship had ever before ventured. Up to this point the western shore, under which they had been coasting, was uniformly high and broken, with projecting promontories; now, however, it sank to a level with the waters of the bay. The soundings in Perry's chart cease just before reaching Kanasaki Point, a very long sandy spit which runs far out into the bay, and off which the Japanese have placed a beacon.

The water now became shallow and the channel somewhat intricate. They were just doubting whether the undertaking was practicable, when they saw in the distance some large square-rigged ships of a tonnage which satisfied them that their anchorage would do for them; but for a moment they felt bitterly disappointed at the discovery of European-built ships, betokening, as they supposed, the presence of some foreign flag more enterprising than their own. It was only when they approached nearer that they perceived that these western-looking craft were in reality Japanese, and observed the white flag with the red ball floating from the peak of a dapper little steamer, and marking it "Imperial."

Gradually, behind these vessels, the island forts, and then the houses of the city of Yeddo, rose into view. Gently, with two leads going, they crept up to the long-desired haven, closely followed by the *Retribution* and yacht; and, by two o'clock the same afternoon, after a most prosperous passage from Simoda, they anchored not far from the Japanese fleet, at a distance of about three miles from the shore and five from the capital of the empire.

Captain Sherard Osborn, the naval hero of this exploit, gives a short graphic description of the proceeding, as well as of the Gulf of Yeddo itself.

The Japanese authorities, we are told, were evidently determined, if official obstructiveness could stop the embassy, to leave no efforts untried to do so. Even in the open sea, between Vries Volcano and the entrance of Yeddo Gulf, two guard boats succeeded in throwing themselves in their track. At first the officer of the watch innocently believed them to be fishermen, and, dreaming of turbot and mackerel, edged towards the boats, favouring the Japanese manoeuvre. When almost upon the ship's bows, up went the little square flags, and out popped upon the deck of each boat a two-sworded official, who, steadying himself against the excessive motion by placing his legs wide apart, waved frantically for the *Furios* to stop. The officer of the watch had directions to be perfectly deaf and blind for the next five minutes. The ship gave a sheer, and went clear off the boats by a few yards; they might as well have requested the volcano behind them to cease smoking as to yell for them to stop. Stop, indeed! Why, the old ship knew as well as they did

that the wind was fair and Yeddo right a-head, and this accounts for her ineivility to Japanese guard boats, and her playful kick-up of the heels as she went through the water at a nine-knot speed. The last they saw of the two officers was that one poor man performed a somersault as his boat dived into a sea; and a somersault with two swords by his side, a queer cut hat tied on *literally* to his nose, a shirt as stiff as if cut out of paper, and very baggy trousers, must be a feat not voluntarily gone through; while the other officer, who wisely had himself supported by two boatmen, continued to wave his arms like an insane semaphore so long as they looked at him.

Poor fellows! they too knew what it was to suffer in performance of orders, and giving them their hearty sympathy, the English ships left the worthies to find their way back to their shores. By nine o'clock they were fairly entering the limits of the Gulf of Yeddo, and the refreshing gale rendered their speed little short of ten miles an hour. It was a glorious panorama past which they were rapidly sailing, and the exhilarating effects of its influence upon all, combined with a delicious climate and invigorating breeze, was visible in the glistening eyes and cheerful looks of the officers and men, who crowded to gaze upon the picture that unrolled itself before them. The scenery was neither Indian nor Chinese, and presented more of the features of a land within the temperate than of one touching the torrid zone. The lower and nearer portions of the shores of the Gulf resembled strongly some of the most picturesque spots in our own dear islands, yet we have no gulf in Britain upon such a scale as that of Yeddo. Take the fairest portions of the coast of Devonshire, and all the shores of the Isle of Wight, form with their combined beauty a gulf of forty-five miles long, and varying in width from ten to thirty. In every nook and valley, as well as along every sandy way, place pretty towns and villages, cut out, all brick and plaster, villas with Corinthian porticoes, and introduce the neatest *chalets* Switzerland ever produced—strew the bright sea with quaiat vessels and picturesque boats, and you will have the foreground of the picture. For background scatter to the eastward the finest scenery our Highlands of Scotland can afford—leave the blue and purple tints untouched, as well as the pine-tree and mountain ash. Far back, fifty miles off, on the western side of the Gulf, amidst masses of snowy clouds and streams of golden mist, let a lofty mountain range be seen, and at its centre rear a magnificent cone, the beautiful Fusi-yama, the "Matchless Mountain" of Japan, and then, perhaps, the reader can in some way picture to his mind's eye the beauties of the Gulf of Yeddo, in the loveliness of that bright day when it first gladdened the sight of the members of the British Embassy.

The refreshing gales drove the ships, like sea gulls, past the noble bluffs between Capes Sagami and Kamisaki. The shore, to which they approached within a thousand yards, was bristling with batteries and swarming with guard-boats, of which several, with officers and linguists on board, pushed off, and tried their best, by signals, to induce them to stop. They only gave themselves time to note that the promising little port of Iragua was full of native vessels, and that there shelter might be very likely found, if the anchorage in the Gulf proved insecure. Guided by the excellent map and chart of Commodore Perry, they hauled in for the western shores to avoid a dangerous

shoal, called by the Americans Saratoga Spit, and then bore away north. They sighted rapidly, one after the other, the various points and headlands mentioned by Perry, and recognised Treaty Point, near which the American treaty of March 31, 1854, was negotiated. In the bay of Kanagawa, an extremely pretty indentation upon the west coast, just beyond Treaty Bluff, they saw at anchor the Russian frigate *Eschad* and a despatch gunboat. The former they knew had on board his Excellency Count Pontiatine, the Russian Plenipotentiary, and he was doubtless busily labouring on behalf of his imperial master, amongst the treaty-bewildered Japanese. The *Furious* was in ten fathoms of water, and it seemed quite unreasonable to haul out of the high road to the capital and anchor, because other people had done so, at Kanagawa. With the sanction of Lord Elgin, the *Furious* and *Retribution* bore away for Yeddo. Mr. Howskin, the interpreter, had, whilst accompanying Mr. Harris in his last visit to Yeddo, been carried on one occasion in a small Japanese steamer from Kanagawa to the capital; but from his observations upon that occasion, he was led to believe that extensive mud-banks barred the approach to the city. Yet he suggested, what they found to have been the case, that the Japanese officers had taken the vessels by a very shallow route expressly to mislead the new-comers.

Rattling along amongst fleets of native boats of all sizes round the shallows of Beacon Point, they went off the American chart on to really unknown ground, beyond the maps of Siebold and Kumpfer, which gave them the coast line and guided them to the north-west corner of the gulf, as the site of Yeddo. On a very clear day, from Beacon Point, the southern suburb of Yeddo, named Sinagawa, may doubtless be visible, as well as the hills situated within the limits of the city itself, but the strong gale before which they were blown had caused a haze that hid all from them, except the outline of some low hills to the north-west.

Directly they were clear of the shoals, and that the land appeared to recede from them, they hauled in for it, and presently they saw four square-rigged vessels riding at anchor under the land. When they bore N.W. by compass, they steered for them. The soundings commenced to diminish steadily, but it mattered not, for were there water for those vessels there must be nearly enough for us; and, at any rate, the bottom was a nice soft unctuous mud, if they did happen to stick their keel in it. Their hopes were not destined to be disappointed, for up out of the sea, and out of the mist, rose one startling novelty after another. Huge batteries, big enough to delight the Czar Nicholas—temples—the imperial palace—Yeddo itself coming round the bay, all for the first time looked upon from the decks of a foreign man-of-war. The four square-rigged vessels proved to be Japanese men-of-war; and when we had brought them, as well as the batteries, well under command of our guns, the *Furious* and the *Retribution* anchored in twenty-four feet water, as well as the little yacht *Emperor*, that, under a press of sail and steam had been fruitlessly trying to overtake the larger vessels since they entered the gulf.

"Shade of Will Adams!" exclaimed Captain Sherard Osborn. At last the prayer of the earnest old sailor, that his countrymen might reap wealth and advantage from commercial relations with Japan, was

about to be fulfilled. Two hundred and fifty-eight years had elapsed since he and his half-wrecked ship had been nigh the very spot in which they were, and now his countrymen had come in earnest. They held the empire of the East, and had won the wealth of all the Indies; and the arms of England, and the skill of the ambassadors, had thrown down all the barriers set up by China against foreign trade or intercourse. Great Britain, in those two hundred and twenty-five years which had intervened since the cessation of commerce with Japan, had carefully paved the way to the point at which it was no longer possible to tolerate the exclusiveness of an important and wealthy empire; and an English squadron and an English Ambassador were now off the capital of Japan, the bearers, it is true, of a message of good-will, but yet to show, in a way not to be mistaken, that the hour had arrived for Japan to yield to reason, or to be prepared to suffer, as the Court of Peking had done, for its obstinacy.

XII.—LANDING AT YEDDO.

TUESDAY, the 17th of August, came in a glorious day to pay honour to the entry of the first British Ambassador to Japan since the year 1613, when the envoy of James I. was favourably received by the then reigning emperor. Captain Barker had arranged that without letting the Japanese into the secret of their proceedings, the landing should be effected in the most solemn and imposing manner, befitting the representatives of our beloved sovereign, and so thoroughly to foil the plan, accidentally discovered on the previous day, of making Lord Elgin's entry into Yeddo a hole-and-corner affair, unaccompanied by pomp and ceremony. The boats of the squadron were prepared, manned, and armed; the *Retribution* contributed her band, the ships were dressed with flags, and when all was ready, the Ambassador on board the *Lee*, accompanied by a perfect flotilla of boats, proceeded towards the batteries. The Japanese officer and Yenoske, who had been sent off to escort his Excellency to the shore, were much struck by all these preparations: they even ceased to take notes, which was a serious sign. The *Lee* threaded her way carefully towards an anchorage used by the native craft. Yenoske pointed out to Commander Graham a different route, between two of the outer batteries, where the *Lee* would certainly have run aground, but his friendly suggestion was not adopted. Within the line of batteries the *Lee* was obliged to anchor; the procession of boats now formed, the galleys of the squadron with their cutters, with the officers of their respective ships dressed in full uniform. Astern of these, followed one of the launches carrying the band; then came the barge in which was embarked the Ambassador. Another large launch followed in the rear of the barge, and the launches of the *Furious* kept at a convenient distance, upon either side, to prevent his Excellency being crowded upon by native boats. There was real "Queen's weather" to set off to the best advantage the show where the ships dressed with bright coloured flags, the boats with their gay pendants and ensigns, and laden with men and guns, had attracted a vast throng of human beings, who clustered in every open space whence a view of the procession was to be obtained. The boats crossed the shallow bank, and approached the official landing place, where the Earl of Elgin disembarked, while the

band played "God save the Queen." As for the Japanese officials, they looked as if lost in wonder and astonishment that such things should be in the capital of Tai-Nipon. The officers of the squadron remained on shore to escort the Ambassador to his palanquin, and that done, all returned to the ships. A procession was formed, and was by no means unpicturesque. In front marched a pompous official, accompanied by a man carrying a spear, the badge of authority; he was closely followed by a knot of officials in a neat costume of a coarse looking black gauze, like thick mosquito curtains. On their backs or shoulders was stamped the imperial trefail, or the private arms of the owner. Some were dressed exactly alike, others wore blue and white dresses; but every individual was evidently in a uniform befitting his rank and position. All these men, however, were probably servants, or quite subordinate officials: some carried aloft umbrellas covered with large waterproof bags, and others lacquered portmanteaus on poles over their shoulders. This was supposititious baggage.

On each side of the procession walked policemen in a sort of harlequin costume, composed of as many colours as if their dress was made from a patchwork counterpane: each of these men carried iron rods six or seven feet long, from the top of which depended a quantity of iron rings. (*See illustration*, p. 201.) Every time that this rod was brought to the ground with the jerk of authority, it emitted a loud jingle, which was heard far and wide through the crowd, and was respected by them accordingly. Behind this vanguard came the members of the Embassy, some on horseback and some in nimous; and more men in black gauze, and umbrella carriers, and variegated policemen, brought up the rear.

Upon the subject of the harlequin police at Yeddo, it is necessary to remark that the whole system of municipal government in the cities in Japan seems very perfect. There is a mayor or governor, some of whom are emissaries, and there are a certain number of deputies to assist him, and a class of officials who seem to be the intermediates between the people and those in authority, and whose business it is to receive and present petitions and to forward complaints to the governors, and plead the cause of the aggrieved memorialists. Then every street has its magistrate, who is expected to settle all disputes, to know the most minute details of the private and public affairs of every creature within his jurisdiction, as reported to him by spies; and to keep an accurate record of births, deaths and marriages. Then he is responsible for all broils and disturbances, and for the good conduct of the street generally. This functionary is also provided with deputies, and is elected by the popular voice of the inhabitants of the street. To render the task easier, the male householders are divided into small companies of four or five each, the head of which is responsible to the magistrate for all the proceedings of the members. This complete organisation is furnished with a secretary, a treasurer, a certain number of messengers, &c. Besides the regular constables, it is patrolled at night by the inhabitants themselves in parties of two or three. From all which it will show that "our street," in a Japanese city, must be a source of considerable interest and occupation to its inhabitants.

As for the crowd, it was wild with excitement, the inhabitants of every cross street and lane poured out to see them pass. The excitement of maid servants

in our own country, when the strains of martial music fall upon their ears, was nothing to it. There were mothers with small babies hanging on their shoulders, reckless of their progeny, hastening to swell the crowd; children dodging under old people's legs, and old people tottering after children, and bathers of both sexes, regardless of the fact that they had nothing on but soap, or the Japanese substitute for it, crowding the doorways. The clatter of pattens was quite remarkable, as all the women wear high wooden pattens, which are very inconvenient to run in, and as women in Japan, as in England, formed the largest proportion of the mob, the scuffling they made added to the tumult. Not that the people were the least disorderly, they laughed and stared, and ran parallel with them, till stopped by a barrier, for the Japanese are perfect in the management of crowds. In the principal street there are wooden gates about every six hundred yards, with a gatekeeper seated in a little house like a turnpike. The moment the Embassy passed, this gate was shut, and the old crowd was left behind to crawl through the bars, and watch with curious eyes the new crowd forming. All the cross streets entering the main street were shut off from it by ropes stretched across them, under or over them the people never attempted to pass.

The crowd was, to all appearance, entirely composed of the shopkeepers and lower classes. The men were decently clothed, and the women wore a sort of jacket above their skirt, which was, however, constructed upon a rather *wedgite* principle. The first impression of the fair sex which the traveller receives in a Japanese crowd, is in the highest degree unfavourable; the ghastly appearance of the faces and bosoms, thickly coated with powder, the absence of eyebrows, and the blackened teeth, produce a most painful and disagreeable effect. Were it not for this abominable custom, Japanese women would probably rank high among Eastern beauties, certainly far before Chinese.

The city of Yeddo, and its two southern suburbs, Singawa and Omagawa, curve round the bay for nearly ten miles; and subsequent comparison of the remarks made upon its extent landward, confirmed the belief that the area of Yeddo might be considered as a square, every side of which was seven miles long. Of course, the whole of this area is not closely built over; indeed, no capital has such care been taken to preserve fine open spaces, especially round the palaces of their emperor and princes, and the neighbourhood of their temples and tea-houses, both of which are the constant resorts of all classes in Yeddo. Within the limits of the city are several hills of moderate elevation, as well as gentle slopes; in all cases they were but thinly built upon, and extensive gardens, with many magnificent trees, principally adorned their sides. On a hill which rises from the heart of the city, and from a mass of densely-crowded buildings, the imperial palace is built with a crenelated wall, half hidden by green banks and shady trees, within whose limits the ruler of this kingdom is immersed for life as the sad penalty of his high position. The houses look very neat and comfortable, and are principally of wood, stone and brick being avoided as much as possible, in consequence of the frequency of earthquakes. No walls inclose the city, whose site is admirably adapted to admit of almost unlimited increase in extent, without interfering with drainage, supplies, intercommunication, or ready access to the waters of the bay, which insures to those living

upon its shores, cleanliness, sea air, and an easy highway.

A river in the Toda-gawa flows through the heart of Yeddo; they could see one fine bridge spanning it near its mouth, and there are two others farther up. Besides the Toda-gawa, some smaller streams intersect the town and suburbs.

The absence of all imposing edifices, and the general want of elevation in the ground upon which the city stands, render the view from the sea by no means imposing; but its extensive sea-front, the throng of life evident in the fleets of boats and vessels passing and repassing the batteries and guns which frowned upon them, the hum as of a multitude at hand that was borne to their ears when the breeze came off the land, all impressed them with the fact that they were at anchor off one of the largest capitals in the world.

XIII.—INTERIOR OF YEDDO.

The residence assigned to Lord Elgin, in the town of Yeddo, was a portion of a temple situated upon the outskirts of the Imperial residence, or the "Princes' Quarter." In front of it was a street which, according to Mr. Oliphant, continued for ten miles (?) as closely packed with houses, and as densely crowded with people, as it is from Hyde Park corner to Mile-end. At the back of it stretched a wide and somewhat dreary aristocratic quarter, which contained the residences of three hundred and sixty hereditary princes, each a petty sovereign in his own right, many of them with half-a-dozen town houses, and some of them able to accommodate in these ten thousand retainers. A magnificent moat, seventy to eighty yards broad, faced with a smooth green escarpment as many feet in height, above which ran a massive wall, comprised of stones Cyclopean in their dimensions, the whole crowned by a lofty palisade, surrounded the Imperial residence, which is again buried amidst groves of giant cedars. From the highest point of the fortifications in rear of the castle, a panoramic view was obtained of the vast city, with its two millions and a half of inhabitants, and an area equal to, if not greater than, that of London. The castle alone was computed to be capable of containing forty thousand inhabitants. Yeddo, says the same writer, is, without exception, one of the finest cities of the world.¹

¹ The name Yeddo, or Jeddo, signifies "The mouth or entrance of the river." It is called Tô-ô, "the Eastern Capital," to distinguish it from Miako, i.e., "the Capital." The legitimate title of the chief is said to be Kumbo (King Fang) i.e., the Duke, or Dai Singun, the great General or Commander-in-chief. The word Tyem, by which he has been introduced to us lately, signifies simply the "great officer." It is, after all, a question of names, for by whatever name the chief of Yeddo is distinguished, he is at the head of the feudal nobility, in command of the military, and secular ruler, or autocrat of the empire. The Mikado or Tew zi, i.e., "the Son of Heaven," who resides at Miako, retains at present little except the name of Emperor. He arrogates descent from Tew Zi Dai Zun, "the Son God," the founder of the empire, and as such, claims the reverence of the people. He traces his descent in an unbroken line from Zin Moos, the Divine Mirror, who established his authority 667 B.C. He is supposed to be the fountain of all honour, and from him all the great officers of state, including the Singun, now a life-receiver in the institution. The relationship of the Mikado and the Singun in present times may be compared to that of the old Merovingian Kynings, who, as descendants of the Scandinavian divinities, were regarded as sacred persons, while their power was wrested from them and exercised by the mayors of the palace.

It must be borne in mind, however, in connection with the vast space covered by the town, that, owing to the frequency of earthquakes, the houses are only of one story, and hence a smaller amount of population covers a greater extent of space than in Europe.

But the party on shore did not confine itself to exploring the city alone; excursions of ten miles into the country were made in two different directions, and but one opinion prevailed with respect to the extraordinary evidences of civilisation which met the eye in every direction. Every cottage, temple, or tea-house was surrounded by gardens laid out with exquisite taste, and the most elaborate neatness was skilfully blended with grandeur of design. The natural features of the country were admirably taken advantage of, and a long ride was certain to be rewarded by a romantic scene, where a tea-house was picturesquely perched over a waterfall, or a temple reared its carved gables amid groves of ancient cedars. The tea-house is described as a national characteristic of Japan. The traveller, wearied with the noon-day heat, need never be at a loss to find rest and refreshment; stretched upon the softest and cleanest of matting, imbibing the most delicately flavoured tea, inhaling through a short pipe the fragrant tobacco of Japan, he resigns himself to the ministrations of a bevy of fair damsels, who glide rapidly and noiselessly about, the most zealous and skilful of attendants.

The modesty of our party, however, was somewhat taken aback by seeing no small portion of the population washing themselves in tubs at the corners of streets towards evening. In Yeddo they frequent large bathing establishments, the door of which is open to the passer-by, and presents a curious spectacle, more especially as the inmates, of both sexes, ingenuously rush out to gaze at the European as he rides blushing past. We often saw two or three ladies quietly sitting in tubs in front of their doors at Yeddo itself, washing themselves with the utmost unconcern, traffic and business through the street going on past them as usual. This was a general custom, and no one thought of or would imagine any harm in it.¹

XIV.—TEA GARDENS.

A PARTY of eight or ten made a trip from Yeddo to a summer resort called Hojoe, where are botanical gardens and well-appointed tea houses amid pretty scenery. For the first four or five miles their way led them through the town along the castle moat, past the point at which they again obtained a panoramic view of the city, and on through more winding streets, which they had not before explored, and which seemed interminable. At last they got clear of the more crowded thoroughfares and found themselves tra-

¹ Such an apparent want of modesty is difficult to comprehend, and it is not reconcilable with the advanced state of civilisation of the Japanese, that is to be deduced from other facts. Modesty cannot be ranked among more conventional things; its absence is not the extinction of a prejudice: its presence is one of the distinctive characters between the human race and that of brutes. It is not on this point alone, however, that the Japanese differ from Europeans. In many of their habits and manners they present a striking antagonism to that which is accepted in Europe. To show respect, for example, we take off our hats; the Japanese remove their shoes. We get up, they sit down; for with them it is the height of impoliteness to receive a visitor standing. When going out we put on a great coat, the Japanese put on capacious trousers, as a symbol of dignity and state.

versing pleasant suburban lanes, passing the spacious palace of the most powerful prince in the empire—Kagano-kami. The outer walls of this establishment enclose an immense area of ground, and contain buildings which are said to afford accommodation to ten thousand men. The groves of lofty trees which towered above the walls gave token of the beauty of the gardens within them. Many of the streets and roads which they traversed were lined with peach and plum trees: at the period of the year when these are in full bloom, they must form a most charming and fragrant avenue.

They were filled with astonishment and delight at the exquisite taste displayed in the gardens and cottages upon the road-side. No model estate in England can produce "cottages ornées" comparable to those which adorn the suburbs of Yeddo. There is a want of that minuteness which the Chinaman glories in until he becomes grotesque. The Japanese have hit the happy medium. With an elaborate delicacy of detail, they combine the art of generalisation in design, so that the relation of the parts with the whole is maintained throughout, and the general effect is not sacrificed to minor beauties. These charming little cottages, raising their thatched roofs amid the fruit trees and creepers which threatened to smother them in their embraces, were surrounded by flower beds tastefully laid out, resplendent with brilliant hues, and approached by walks between carefully clipped hedges. Yew-trees, cut into fantastic shapes, and dwarfed trees, extending their deformed arms as if for assistance and support, are favourite garden ornaments. Here and there, at the end of a long avenue, they could discern a temple embowered amid trees; and ancient priests, in gauzy and transparent costume, with broad embroidered belts and sashes, and enormous lacquered hats, would hurry to the entrance to watch the stranger pass. The beauty of the cemeteries was in keeping with the taste displayed in everything else; here walks wound amid flowering shrubs and drooping cypresses.

The respectability of the quarter through which they were passing could always be judged by the size and character of the crowd which accompanied them. In some parts of the suburbs they were followed by a noisy mob, who pressed upon them, cheering and laughing—not, however, showing any signs of ill-will. Some of the party on the previous day, not attended by a sufficiently large body of policemen to inspire awe, passing through some of the less reputable parts of the town, had been hooted, and even pelted, the crowd calling out, "Chinamen, Chinamen, have you anything to sell?"—a circumstance for which the Commissioners never ceased apologising; while they took occasion to impress upon them the necessity, which they were always anxious to forget, of never moving about unless accompanied by a proper staff of police. Upon this occasion they were attended by twenty officials, in a black gauze uniform, who marched in front of them. As they were desirous not to lose time and the steeds were willing, some of the elder members of this party were knocked up before they got to the half-way tea-house, where they changed our escort.

As they got farther from town the cottages became more scattered, but the country did not lose its air of civilisation. Groves of tall trees overshadowed the road, apparently bordering some ornamental grounds,

for they were enclosed by palings exactly resembling those of our own parks.

The tea-house at which they stopped to rest was situated in a garden, where sparkling water gushed out of mossy grottoes and quilted mats invited to repose. Here pipes and tea were served by fair damsels, who also pressed upon their acceptance unripe pears. Beyond this tea-house they found themselves fairly in the country: they had exchanged the suburbs of London for the lanes of Devonshire.

Although the country was undulating, the road was neither too steep nor too narrow for wheeled vehicles. Sometimes it passed between high banks crowned with hedge-rows and shrubs, among which were observed the holly. With the exception of groves of trees, left doubtless for a special purpose, and which served to diversify the prospect, every acre of ground seemed cultivated. This is probably partly in consequence of a law compelling every man to cultivate his land within the year upon pain of forfeiting it. Fields of yams and egg plant, or brinjal, of beans and Indian corn, millet and onions, alternated with each other in rapid succession. At every clump of trees through which the road passed were resting-places for all classes of travellers; simple benches under the gnarled branches of some venerable oak or plane tree for humble wayfarers, and little tables with fruit and tea set out in the cool shade; or summer-houses, composed of a single hut, with the same invariable beverage, hot and ready to refresh the thirst of the weary pedestrian; or an establishment of greater pretensions, where men of rank might stay and rest.

At last they suddenly descended into a dell, where a charming village lay embosomed in a wood. It consisted of a few cottages, and a tea-house on a grand scale. At the entrance to this establishment they dismounted, much to the edification of the whole population of the village, who assembled to stare and wonder at them. They found the tea-house situated on the edge of a brawling stream, the balconies of the upper rooms overhanging the water. Hanging woods and gardens, tastefully laid out with rock-work, and yew-trees cut into quaint shapes, fringed the bank of the river to the point at which it entered the grounds in a picturesque cascade. Taking possession of a summer-house perched on a projecting point, and which commanded a charming view of the surrounding objects, they signified to a group of young ladies—who came to look at them under the pretext of waiting for orders—their desire to be furnished with some luncheon.

They were not kept long in waiting for their meal, which consisted of some excellent vegetable soup, and some rice and fish. By way of dessert they had marsh-melons, apricots, and pears; so that they had no difficulty in satisfying the cravings of hunger. They found that these gardens were a favourite resort of pleasure-parties from Yedo of the highest rank. When any grandee wishes to enjoy a domestic treat of this sort, accompanied by his wife and family, he gives a previous notice of his intention to the keeper of the tea-house, so that a dignified privacy may be secured to him. There, screened from the vulgar gaze, he and his companions give themselves up to the enjoyment which this species of recreation affords. Their wives play, dance, or sing for their benefit; in fact, so far as could be gathered, they behave very much as we do when we are working off the fag-end of the

season in pic-nics to the Star and Garter, or Hampton Court.

If any aristocratic pic-nic was going on during their visit to Hojse, they were not fortunate enough to get a glimpse of it. They did, nevertheless, explore the internal economy of the establishment. Unfortunately, it not being the custom for the guests to go into the kitchen, one of the visitors was ignominiously expelled from that department, just as he was commencing his investigations by which so large a number of guests were kept constantly supplied with every description of Japanese delicacy, and tea in rivers. He had only time to find himself encompassed by a bevy of active, bustling waitresses, and to catch sight of huge steaming cauldrons, when a strong-minded woman showed him the door with a soup-ladle. The complexions of many of these girls were quite as fair as those of our countrywomen. In waiting their manners are graceful and respectful. Almost everything is served in lacquer, and is presented in a reverential attitude. The guests sit dotted about on the mat till they have done dinner, when they lie down to smoke, sip tea, and digest.

The tea-gardens here described are among the most curious characteristics of Japan. The proprietors of these establishments bring up young girls to dance, dress, converse, and in fact, like the Hetaira of Greece, to unite all the charms of mind and graces of person to beauty of form and elegance of manners. We have seen that the Japanese do not hesitate to invite their wives to accompany them to these places consecrated to pleasure, in order to enjoy the dancing, music, and conversation of these women, degraded by their profession, but distinguished by the superiority of their education. This state of things is the more to be wondered at, as the Japanese are reputed to be as jealous as any nation on the earth's surface of the honour and reputation of their women. It is, indeed, the only country in the East where women occupy the position due to them in the social scale; and what is more, many of these courtesans marry well, others return to their families, and others again go to swell the ranks of an order which has been designated as that of the Legging nuns. Such women are in after life judged solely by their acts; nobody permits himself to remind them of their past life.

These Japanese Aspasiae also figure, according to Krenpfer, in the great annual religious processions and ceremonies called Matsuri, in which portable chapels, dedicated to local deities, splendidly gilt and varnished, and carried in processions, in which are the authorities, courtesans and ladies in palanquins, amidst a host of banners. The courtesans represent in these processions the historical expeditions of their mikados, or national heroes and demi-gods. The richness and felicity of their costumes is said to be admirable. These processions are numerous; they have all to go to the chief square to appear before the authorities, and they extemporise little theatrical entertainments, which do not last more than a-quarter of an hour. It is the same in regard to the other public rejoicings in Japan, in which the courtesans all take their part, and these are exceedingly numerous: for the Japanese hold that one of the best means to propitiate the divinities, is not to annoy them with incessant prayers, supplications, or useless lamentations, but to divert themselves in their presence, confiding themselves to their infinite goodness, and persuaded that they take pleasure in seeing people give themselves up to innocent recreations. Some

deem all prayers useless, as God knows the bottom of their hearts. Others even deem it indecent to present themselves before their deities when afflicted.

The Japanese have also barlesque processions in honour of Satan. A quarrel having once arisen whether the Archangel was black, white, red or green, the Mikado decided that there were evil spirits of all four colours; and ever since, once a year, a troop of persons marked with horns, and painted black, white, red, and green, dance through the towns to the sound of drums and other musical instruments. Among other peculiar festivals is one dedicated to the souls of the deceased, on which occasion an infinite number of little boats are delivered up to the winds and waves, bearing lamps and lanterns emblematic of the souls of the deceased, as in the Chinese Feast of Lanterns. At another festival, the high authorities and gravest persons of the empire may be seen flying kites! The meaning of this has not been clearly established. On another day, again, the whole population is to be seen busy driving the evil spirits from their habitations and those of their neighbours with parched peas and even pebbles. The Japanese have also the most magnificent commemorative hunting feasts on record. Fischer witnessed one at Nagasaki in which seven hundred performers took part. On these occasions the streets are carefully swept, and the houses are lined with flags, tapestry, or clothes. The heroic hunting processions have a very solemn character, and no noise or acclamations of any kind are permitted. From the description given by Fischer, they must be of extraordinary magnificence. Kämpfer relates, in connection with the same traditions of heroic hunting times, that a horn of extraordinary dimensions was kept at the Temple of Janus. It had served in the ancient hunts round the Mountain of Fusi-yama, but some robbers having stolen it, they let it fall into a river, and it was converted into a guardian spirit of the waters.

XV.—ROUND KANAGAWA.

This snug little bay, now exchanged for the unsafe harbour of Simoda, affords a depth of thirteen fathoms of water, a mile and a half from the shore. Within the bay are two beautiful islands, covered with a green growth of herbage and scattered groves. The coast is composed of a succession of steep cliffs of white rock, covered with a fertile soil, which produces a rich vegetation that hangs over from above, in heavy festoons of green shrubbery and trailing vines and plants, while the sea has washed the base of the cliffs here and there into caverns, where the water flows in and out. The surrounding country is beautifully watered, and on the banks of a gentle stream cluster picturesque villages, beyond which stretch out fertile fields and highly cultivated gardens; nothing can be more picturesque than the landscape upon the surrounding shores; the deep rich green of the vegetation, the innumerable thriving villages embosomed in groves of trees, at the heads of the inlets which break the uniformity of the bay, and the rivulets flowing down the green slopes of the hills and winding calmly through the meadows, combine to form a scene of beauty, abundance, and happiness, that everyone rejoices to contemplate.

A circuit embracing some five miles was the extent of the field of observation, but this gave an opportunity of seeing a good deal of the country, several of the villages, and large numbers of the people. The

early spring in that temperate latitude was now much advanced, and was warm and genial. The fields and terraced gardens were now carpeted with a fresh and tender verdure, and the trees with the full growth of renewed vegetation spread their shades of abounding foliage in the valleys, and on the hill-sides of the surrounding country. The camellias, with the immense growth of forty feet in height, which abound everywhere on the shores of the bay of Yeddo, were in full bloom, with their magnificent red-and-white blossoms, which displayed a richness and purity of colour, and a perfection of development unrivalled elsewhere.

With a party of officers we were conducted to the home of the mayor, or chief magistrate of the town. This dignitary, with great cordiality, met and welcomed us to the hospitalities of his establishment. The interior was quite unpretending, consisting of a large room, spread with soft mats, lighted with oiled paper windows, hung with rudely-executed cartoons, and furnished with the usual red-coloured benches. The wife and sister of the town-official soon entered with refreshments, and smiled a timid welcome to the guests. These women were barefooted and bare legged, and were dressed very nearly alike, in dark coloured robes, with much of the undress look of night-gowns, secured by a broad band passing round the waist. Their figures were fat and dumpy, or at any rate appeared so, in their ungainly drapery; but their faces were not wanting in expression, for which they were very much indebted to their glistening eyes, which were black as well as their hair. This latter was dressed at the top of the head, like that of the men, though not shaved in front. As their "ruby" lips parted in smiling graciously, they displayed a row of black teeth, set in horribly corroded gums. The worthy mayor had some refreshments prepared for his guests, consisting of tea, cakes, confectionary, and the never absent saki. With the latter was served a kind of hot waffle, made apparently of rice-flour. The civic dignitary himself was very active in dispensing those offerings, and was ably seconded by his wife and sister, who always remained on their knees in presence of the strangers. This awkward position of the ladies did not seem to interfere with their activity, for they kept running about very briskly with the silver saki kettle, the services of which, in consequence of the smallness of the cups, were in constant requisition. The two ladies were uncessantly courteous, and kept bowing their heads like a hobbling toy mandarin. The smiles with which they perseveringly greeted the guests, might have been better dispensed with, as every movement of their lips exposed the horrid black teeth. The mayoress was uncommonly polite, and was good-natured enough to bring in her baby, which her guests felt bound to make the most of, though its dirty face and general untidy appearance made it quite a painful effort to bestow the necessary caresses. A bit of confectionary was presented to the infant, when it was directed to bow its shaven head, which it did, with a degree of precocious politeness that called forth the greatest apparent pride and admiration on the part of its mother and all the ladies present. On preparing to depart, the chief of our party proposed the health, in a cup of saki, of the whole household, which brought into the room, from a neighbouring apartment, the mayor's mother. She was an ancient dame, and as soon as she came in, she squatted herself in one corner, and bowed her thanks for the compliments paid to the

family, of which she was the eldest member. As the Japanese officials no longer interfered with the curiosity of the people, there was a good opportunity of observing them, though hurriedly, as our party were obliged to return early to the ships. The people, in the small towns appeared to be divided into three principal classes—the officials, the traders, and labourers. The inferior people, almost without exception, seemed thriving and contented, and not overworked. There were signs of poverty, but no evidence of public beggary. The women, in common with many in various parts of over-populated Europe, were frequently seen engaged in the field labours, showing the general industry, and the necessity of keeping every hand busy in the populous empire. The lowest classes even were comfortably clad, being dressed in coarse cotton garments, of the same form, though shorter, than those of their superiors, being a loose robe just covering the hips. They were, for the most part, bare-headed, and bare-footed. The women were dressed very much like the men, although their heads were not shaved like those of the males, and their long hair was drawn up and fastened upon the top in a knot or under a pad. The costume of the upper classes and the dignitaries has been already described. In rainy weather, the Japanese wear a covering made of straw, which, being fastened together at the top, is suspended from the neck, and falls over the shoulders and person like a thatched roof.

Some of the higher classes cover their robes with an oiled paper cloak, which is impermeable to the wet. The umbrella, like that of the Chinese is almost a constant companion, and serves both to shade from the rays of the sun, and to keep off the effects of a shower. The men of all classes were exceedingly courteous, and, although inquisitive about the stranger, never became offensively intrusive. The lower people were evidently in great dread of their superiors, and were more reserved in their presence than if they had been left to their natural instincts. The rigid exclusiveness in regard to foreigners is a law merely enacted by the government from motives of policy, and not a sentiment of the Japanese people. Their habits are social among themselves, and they frequently intermingle in friendly intercourse. There is one feature in the society of Japan by which the superiority of the people to all other oriental nations is clearly manifest. Woman is recognised as a companion, and not merely treated as a slave. Her position is certainly not as elevated as in those countries under the influence of the Christian dispensation; but the mother, wife, and daughter of Japan are neither the chattels and household drudges of China, nor the purchased objects of the capricious lust of the harem of Turkey. The fact of the non-existence of polygamy is a distinctive feature, which pre-eminently characterises the Japanese as the moral and refined of all eastern nations. The absence of this degrading practice shows itself, not only in the superior character of the women, but in the natural consequence of the greater prevalence of the domestic virtues.

The Japanese women, always excepting the disgusting black teeth of those who are married, are not ill-looking. The young girls are well formed and rather pretty, and have much of that vivacity and self-reliance in manners, which come from a consciousness of dignity derived from the comparatively high regard in which they are held. In the ordinary mutual inter-

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course of friends and families, the women have their share, and rounds of visiting and tea parties are kept up as briskly in Japan as in the United States. The attitude assumed by the women, who prostrated themselves in the presence of our party, must be considered rather as a mark of their reverence for the strangers, than as an evidence of their subordination. That in the large towns and cities of Japan there is great licentiousness, it is reasonable to suppose, for such seems, unhappily, a universal law in all great communities; but it must be said to the credit of the Japanese women, that during all the time of the presence of the squadron in the Bay of Yeddo, they saw none of the usual indications of wantonness and license on the part of the female sex, in the occasional relations with the miscellaneous ships' people. While staying at Kanagawa, the Japanese officials gave the officers an opportunity of witnessing one of the celebrities of Japan, a wrestling match.¹

¹ While contemplating the substantial evidences of Japanese generosity, the attention of all was suddenly riveted upon a body of monstrous fellows who tramped down the beach like so many huge elephants. They were professional wrestlers, and formed part of the retinue of the princes, who kept them for their private amusement and for public entertainment. They were some twenty-five in number, and were men enormously tall in stature, and immense in weight of flesh. Their scant costume, which was merely a coloured cloth about the loins, adorned with fringes, and emblazoned with the armorial bearing of the prince to whom each belonged, revealed their gigantic proportions in all the bloated fulness of fat and breadth of muscle. Their proprietors, the princes, seemed proud of them, and were careful to show their points to the greatest advantage before our astonished countrymen. Some two or three of these monsters were the most famous wrestlers in Japan, and ranked as the champion Suyers and Heemans of the land. Rojzenai, the reputed bully of the capital, was one of them, and paraded himself with the conscious pride of superior immensity and strength. He was especially brought to the commodore, that he might examine his massive form. The commodore insisted that the monstrous fellow should be minutely inspected, that the hardness of his well-rendered muscles should be felt, and that the fatness of his cushioned frame should be tested by the touch. The com-mo-dore accordingly attempted to grasp his immense arm, which he found as solid as it was huge, and then passed his hand over the monstrous neck, which fell in folds of massive flesh, like the dewlap of a pig or a horse. As some surprise was naturally expressed at this wonderful exhibition of animal development, the monster himself gave a grunt expressive of his flattery and vanity. They were also so immense in flesh that they appeared to have lost distinct features, and seemed to be only twenty-five masses of fat; their eyes were barely visible through a long perspective of socket, the prominence of their noses was lost in the puffiness of their bloated cheeks, and their heads were set almost directly on their bodies, with folds of flesh where the neck and chin are usually found. Their great size, however, was more owing to the development of muscle than to the deposition of fat, for although they were evidently well-fed, they were not less well-exercised, and capable of great feats of strength. As a preliminary exhibition of the powers of these men, the princes set them to removing the sacks of rice to a convenient place on the shore for shipping. Each of these sacks weighed not less than one hundred and twenty-five pounds each, and there were only a couple of the wrestlers who did not carry each two sacks at a time. They bore the sacks on the right shoulder, lifting the first from the ground and adjusting it without help, but obtaining aid for the raising of the second. One man carried a sack suspended by his teeth, and another, taking one in his arms, turned repeated summersaults as he held it, and apparently with as much ease as if his tons of flesh had been only so much gossamer, and his head a feather. After this preliminary display, the commodore proposed that the commodore and his party should retire to the treaty-house, where they would have an opportunity of seeing the wrestlers exhibit their professional feats. The wrestlers themselves are most carefully provided for, having constantly about them a number of attendants, who were always at hand to supply them with fans, which they often required, and to assist them in dressing and

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XVI.—HARIKARI—THE HAPPY DESPATCH.

When a Japanese of distinction has incurred sentence of death for example, his sovereign or prince sends him a little sword, or, according to others, a missive on a fan. On the reception of this unwelcome present, the Japanese assumes a peculiar dress, which it is said every one has in readiness for such an event; and he then goes through the ceremony of the Harikari, or disembowelling himself, in the presence of the envoy. At the same moment a soldier, or a servant, or a friend, cuts off his head with a sword. These terrible scenes are sometimes enacted with greater ceremony in the temples. A Japanese gentleman has never been known to hesitate, whether he was guilty or not. If, after cutting himself in the lower part of the body, he has still strength sufficient to give an additional cut at his throat, he obtains thereby great celebrity.

The punishment of death is inflicted for the slightest crimes, particularly for theft. Whoever has stolen for the value of one penny has no pardon to expect. Whosoever hazards any money in gambling loses his life. Cowardice, extortion, and even sometimes the utterance of a falsehood, especially if with a view to pervert the course of justice, is punished with death.

Living under such a system of legislation, it is no wonder that the women, as well as the men, accustom themselves to contemplate death with less feeling of dread than is customary in Europe. They are said even to suffer the cruellest tortures with great coolness. It is, however, only the nobles and the military who enjoy this peculiarly Japanese privilege of ripping open their bellies. Merchants, citizens, and persons of in-

undressing. While at rest, they are ordinarily clothed in richly adorned clothes of the usual Japanese fashion; but when exercising, they were stripped naked, with the exception of the cloth about the loins. After their performance with the sacks of rice, their servitors spread upon the huge frames of the wrestlers their rich garments, and led them up to the treaty-house. A circular space of some twelve feet in diameter, had been inclosed within a ring, and the ground carefully broken up and smoothed in front of the building, while in the portico, divans covered with red cloth were arranged for the Japanese commissioners, the commodore, his officers, and his various attendants. The bands from the ships were also in attendance, and filled the intervals during the performance with occasional lively strains. As soon as the spectators had taken their seats, the naked wrestlers were brought out into the ring, and the whole number being divided into two parties, tramped heavily backward and forward, looking defiance at one another, but not engaging in any contest, as their object was merely to parade their points, to give the beholders, as it were, an opportunity to form an estimate of their comparative powers, and to make up their betting books. They soon retired behind some screens placed for the purpose, where all, with the exception of two, were again clothed in full dress, and took their position on seats in front of the spectators. The two who had been reserved out of the band, now, on the signal being given by the heralds who were seated on opposite sides, presented themselves. They came in, one after the other, with slow and deliberate steps, as became such huge animals, into the centre of the ring, then they raised themselves one against the other, at the distance of a few yards. They crouched for awhile, eyeing each other with a wary look, as if each were watching for a chance to catch his antagonist and kill him. As the spectators looked on these overgrown monsters, whose animal nature had been so carefully and successfully developed, and as he watched them glaring with brutal ferocity at each other, ready to exhibit the cruel instincts of a brutal nature, it was easy for him to lose all sense of their being human beings, and to persuade himself that he was beholding a couple of brute beasts thirsting for one another's blood. They were, in fact, like a couple of fierce bulls, whose nature they had not only acquired, but even their looks and movements. As they continued to eye each other, they stamped the ground heavily, pawing,

ferior rank, receive their punishment from the hands of an executioner.

There are no fewer than fifty different modes of performing this most horrible practice of Harikari, which are customary among these oriental stoics. Can it, in the face of such facts as these, be said that it is not desirable to make known to them by all possible means a more benign and a more humane system of religion and morality?

Oliphant describes the horrible practice of the Harikari as becoming gradually extinct; but Mr. Kimball Cornwallis relates an incident which occurred in his presence, which shows how strong a hold a custom, however abhorrent and unnatural, which has been long in force, may have over people otherwise so intelligent. He was walking on shore at Simoda, in company with the sailing master of an American ship, when, he says, the first object of note that they came to, was a spy-house of bamboo, which had been erected since their arrival, for the purpose of enabling the Japanese officials who occupied it to note everyone that left the ship, and cause him to be followed or watched by one or more of their number.

They had not passed this place of espionage more than a hundred yards, when a couple of two-sworded officials emerged from its precincts and followed them, very soon coming within speaking distance. They stopped to allow of them to come up, but they also halted. These fellows were very unpopular with the sailing master, who had an insuperable objection to being watched; the consequence was, that they turned back, and closely confronted the two, to whom they made unmistakable signs that they were not wanted, and that they would oblige by going home again, in

as it were, with impatience, and then stooping their huge bodies, they grasped handfuls of dirt, and tossed it with angry jerk over their backs, or rubbed it impatiently between their giant palms, or under their stout shoulders. They now crouched low, still keeping their eyes fixed upon each other, and watching every movement, until in an instant they both simultaneously heaved their massive forms in opposing force, body to body, with a force that might have stoned an ox; the equilibrium of their monstrous frames was hardly disturbed by the concussion, the effects of which were but barely visible in the quiver of the hanging flesh of their bodies. As they came together they had thrown their heavy arms around each other, and were now entwined in a desperate struggle, each striving with all his enormous strength to throw his adversary. Their great muscles rose with the distinct outline of the sculptured form of a colossal Hercules, their bloated countenances swelled up with gushes of blood which seemed ready to burst through the skin of their reddened faces, and their huge bodies palpitated with emotion as the struggle continued. At last one of the antagonists fell, with his immense weight, heavily upon the ground, and being declared vanquished, was assisted to his feet, and conducted from the ring. The scene was now somewhat varied by a change in the kind of contest between two succeeding wrestlers. The heralds, as before, summoned the antagonists, and one, having taken his place in the ring, assumed an attitude of defiance with one leg in advance, as if to steady himself, and his bent body, with his head lowered, placed in position as if ready to receive an attack. Immediately after, in rushed the other, following loudly like a bull, and making at once for the man in the ring, dosed, with his head lowered, and thrust for and against the head of his opponent, who bore the shock with the steadiness of a rock, although the blood streamed down his face from his bruised forehead, which had been struck in the encounter. This manoeuvre was repeated again and the same one acting always as the resisting and the other as the resisting force, and they kept up their brutal contest until their foreheads were besmeared with blood, and the flesh on their chests rose in great tumours from the repeated blows. This disgusting spectacle did not terminate until the whole twenty-five had, successively, in pairs, displayed their immense powers and savage qualities.

token of which the sailing-master took hold of one of them by the shoulders, turned his face towards the bamboo edifice, and gave him a slight push in that direction.

This mode of proceeding was not, however, relished by the heroes of the two swords, who refused to return; upon which the Yankee—an outrageous brute it must be admitted—retook his man by the shoulders, gave him another turn in the direction of the bamboo, and performed with his heavy expedition boot a violent ceremony, which is usually considered anything but flattering or agreeable throughout the rest of the world, but in Japan was an insult that might safely be averred had never been committed before, and which could alone be avenged by death. Without, therefore, making the slightest attempt at retaliation on the body of his adversary, he unsheathed his chief sword, which, beautifully burnished, flashed for an instant in the sunlight; the Yankee meanwhile extricated his revolver from its hiding place; it was needless, for at two easy strokes—two gentle slashes of that keen-edged weapon, performed in an instant, one across the other, the letter X—he had disembowelled himself, and fell, a swiftly dying man. As he reached the ground, he cast up his eyes at his adversary, and seeing him standing near, apparently with no intention of following his example, he expressed the most fearful agony, Mr. Kinahan says, he had ever beheld.

All were filled with dismay at this strange event, while the brother official surveyed them threateningly with looks of the most intense horror.

"He expects you to kill yourself in like manner, and with the same sword," said the Sandwich Islander.

The Yankee muttered out something to the effect that *he was no such fool*.

Meanwhile the distortions of the dying man were painful to look upon; the other officer motioned them away, and went down on his knees beside the wounded body, and before he rose, a few seconds afterwards, the man was dead. They were much alarmed at this tragical episode in their morning's proceedings, and visions of something worse than being indicted for manslaughter were conjured up by them with great rapidity.

These Yankees appear to have been very unceremonious with the Japanese—the most ceremonious people in the world; and an amusing instance is related by the same traveller of the tables cleverly turned upon one of these presuming gentlemen. They were, as usual, taking a stroll in Simoda, when they arrived in front of one of those comfortable-looking two-storied establishments towards the end of their ramble, from which there came sounds of pleasant music.

"Hillo!" exclaimed his companion, as if in astonishment, "music! eh?—listen! Do you hear?"

And then, as if suddenly seized with an uncontrollable attack of Yankee curiosity and inquisitiveness, and without pausing to consider of the politeness and propriety of the procedure, he at once commenced climbing up to the roof of the porch, to see, as he said, what was going on. For a moment he appeared to be looking with eager satisfaction upon the sight before him, but as quickly a cloud seemed to cross his face, and he came down with a sober, non-plussed smile, and an aspect considerably chafffallen.

"Serves me right!" said he. "I was looking in at the second floor window. Three musicians were seated on the inner side of the matted floor, in the centre of which was a large lacquer tray full of viands, of which

a middle aged Japanese and a young, highly dressed, and very pretty girl were partaking with unmistakeable relish, when—"

He paused. "Yes," said the Englishman, "go on."

"The man got up with a quiet dignity which put me to the blush, and"—

"Yes," said he again, "go on."

"Shut the window in my face."

Mr. Oliphant says, the Harikari method of suicide, the only Japanese custom with which the western world has long been familiar, has of late years assumed a somewhat modified form, and no longer consists in that unpleasant process of abdomen ripping, which must have been almost as disagreeable an operation to witness as to perform. His friend, Higo-ho-kami, presented him with a knife proper to be used under the old system—an exceedingly business-like weapon about ten inches long, sharp as a razor, and made of steel of the highest temper. Now, this knife is only used to make a slight incision, significant of the intention of the victim to put an end to himself. He has collected his wife and family to see how a hero can die; his dearest friend—he who, in our country, would have been the best man at his wedding—stands over him with a drawn sword, and, when he commences to make the aforesaid incision, the sword descends, and the head rolls at the feet of his disconsolate family.

Whether this mode of suicide is really common at the present day he could not ascertain; no instance of it came to their knowledge during their stay, and it is too serious a step to be taken, except on very weighty grounds. These may arise either from failure or neglect in a public trust, or in consequence of the commission of some private injury. In some instances it seemed to answer the purposes of a duel—it is the reduction of that practice to a logical conclusion, and terminates in the death of both parties by the hands of their friends. But more commonly it is resorted to as a means of preserving from disgrace a whole family, one member of which has in some way dishonoured his name; it is a certificate which whitewashes all the survivors. A man who fears to face his destiny in this form, when the claims of honour demand it, places his entire family without the social pale. Mr. Oliphant says, he is not aware wherein the Japanese points of honour consist, but we may assume that, where the preservation of it in the individual requires so great a sacrifice, the standard is proportionably high—far more so, probably, than would suit our views in England, where it would be an exceedingly unpopular way of solving a constitutional difficulty. A ministry would always prefer a dissolution of parliament to a dissolution of this nature. It is pleasant to go to the country, than out of it. A mere change of government, even in Japan, however, does not involve these consequences, unless the Tycoon is implicated; witness the still living Bitsu-no-kami.

Perhaps it is because the "happy despatch" is found to be an inconvenient way of settling personal or political difficulties, that another mode exists of removing a dangerous person, much more refined in its character. When a man becomes an object of distrust or suspicion to the government, either from his great influence or wealth, he is promoted to some office, generally at Minko, which he is compelled to accept, and which entails such a vast expenditure that he is inevitably ruined. Even if his means stand the first shock, one visit from the Tycoon, when he goes

to pay his respects to the Mikado, completes the work.

The slave of ceremony and traditional etiquette during life, a Japanese is not even allowed to die in peace. When death appears inevitable, the patient's clothes are removed, and their place supplied by others. These are put on topsy-turvy, the sleeves at the feet, and the lower part upwards. When dead, the body is laid out with the head to the north and the face to the west. The water with which the body is washed is warmed on a fireplace kept for that especial purpose. Another grand toilet of the dead is then gone through; the body is laid out with its head to the south, and food is proffered. A very brief time, however, is allowed to elapse before the funeral takes place, which is attended by all the relatives, male and female, in white garments.¹

XVII.—HAKODAKI.

THE spacious and beautiful Bay of Hakodaki, the safest and most accessible in the world, now an important harbour for the trade of Japan with Europe and America, lies on the northern side of the Strait of Sangau, which separates Nipon from Japo, and the town lies on the western bank of a small peninsula which forms one side of the harbour. The town stretches picturesquely for three miles along the base of a lofty promontory, with three peaks rising from 600 to 1,000 feet. These are bare at the summit, and often covered with snow; their upper slopes are scarcely clothed with underwood; but below, where the mountains begin to rise from the low land, there are groves of wide-spreading cypresses, tall forest maples, and fruit-bearing trees, the plum and the peach. A low sandy isthmus connects the peninsula with the main land. The town contains over a thousand houses, mostly on one main thoroughfare near the sea side, open

in parallel streets, hanging on the mountain-side, and greatly reminds the spectator of Gibraltar. Hakodaki belongs to the imperial fief of Matsmai, and is the largest town in Yesso, with the exception of Matsmai, from which it is thirty miles distant. An excellent road not far from the sea coast connects the two places, and a large trade is carried on with the towns and villages on either side of the Strait.

The town of Hakodaki is regularly built, with streets running at right angles, thirty or forty feet wide, carefully macadamised, with open gutters on each side to receive the drippings of the houses and the washings of the streets. The side-walks are paved and curbed, but as no wheeled carriages are found, the middle of the street is used indiscriminately in dry weather. The streets are crossed by wooden gates; and at one side there is a sentry-box for a watchman. The streets are remarkably quiet, save when droves of laden pack-horses slowly pace through the streets.

The buildings are merely of one story, with attics of varying heights. The roofs are seldom more than twenty-five feet from the ground, and slope down from the top, projecting with their eaves beyond the wall. They are supported by joists and tie-beams, and mostly covered with wooden shingles, the size of the hand. These are fastened by bamboo pegs, or kept in their places by long slips of board, on which stones are laid, as in Switzerland. The gable ends face towards the street, as in Holland, and the roof, projecting over, shelters and shades the door. The curious structure like a steam chimney, that you see on the top, is a bucket of water surrounded with straw, ready to be sprinkled on the roof in case of fire, against which numerous careful precautions may be observed: wooden cisterns arranged along the streets, and engines exactly like our own, except in the want of an air-chamber, so that the water is thrown out in jets instead of in a stream. Some of the houses are roofed with brown earthen tiles laid gutterwise; the poorer houses are thatched; the walls of the houses are of pine boards, laid on a framework admirably jointed; the workmanship of the Japanese carpenters being remarkable for its neatness and completeness. The boards in front and rear slide horizontally in grooves; the woodwork is never painted, but occasionally oiled, so that the buildings bear a mean, shed-like look, and as the weather is severe in Hakodaki, the boards mould, rot, and crack in a deplorable fashion. The floor, which is always covered with soft mats, is raised two feet above the ground, which is beaten smooth. A space is always left clear in front, and on the side. A charm of some kind, the picture of a god, a printed prayer or a paper with an important sentence, is invariably placed over the lintel. The mats are all neatly woven, and bound with cloth and stuffed with straw, to make them soft and thick. They are all of one size, three feet by six, and look as if one piece. They serve as seats and beds, with the addition of a quilt and a hard box. There is no other furniture, so that the inside of the houses, when the sun is not shining upon the gaily painted screens, has a very bare and forlorn appearance. The stork or crane is a favourite design in all decorations, as well as the winged tortoise and the dolphin. There are chairs occasionally, but they are very gimcrack, and like camp stools. Tables are rare, lacquered stands, of about a foot in height, serving the purpose. Some lacquered cups, bowls, and porcelain vessels, the invariable chopsticks, and an occasional

¹ According to some, till the year A.D. 63, but according to others, A.D. 285, the Japanese knew no other than their Kamis, or Pantheon of Sintoo—ancestral heroes deified by tradition. According to Siebold, the doctrine of Confucius, as well as that of Buddha, was introduced about A.D. 285 from the Corea; but according to others, the introduction of the doctrine of Buddha preceded that of Confucius by more than a century. The word "Kami," like our English word "Lord," may be used in a human sense or in a religious one. The Japanese also apply the term to a Supreme God as well as to their deified heroes. The priests of the Sintoo may marry; those of Buddha may not do so, and are, in consequence, if we may believe Caron, addicted to many bad practices. Siebold has treated at length upon the intricate subject of Japanese worship, under the head of "Nippon Pantheon." That portion of his work contains figures and short descriptions of the principal deities, deified governors, &c., temples, priests, ranks and names of different sects, sacred monuments, implements, and dresses belonging to the Sintoo and Buddhist religion in Japan. "Diavolo ecclesium Christi imitante?" exclaimed the courageous missionary François Xavier, on seeing how the practices of the Japanese resembled those of the Romanists in Europe; and as Huc and other missionaries have remarked of Buddhism in China and Thibet, the celibacy of the priests, the use of sacraments and confession, fasting, pilgrimages, vows, the worship of relics and saints, purgatory, the worship of images, and all the practices of Buddhism, are so tinged with the colour of Romanism, that if the Asian religion did not date 600 years B.C., one would take it as a more oriental rendering of the western form of superstition.

The daughters, real and adopted, of the priests of the mountains, a peculiar sect swelled by the ranks of the Japanese Hetaira, compose an order of beggar nuns, who appear to be alike a disgrace to the country and to any form of religion. Recent writers do not say so much upon these subjects; but old writers, like Caron and Krompholtz, who were not so particular, ascribe the crimes of some sects as the source of many abominations.

earthenware spoon, comprise the ordinary utensils used in eating. They drink their soups directly out of the bowl, as a hungry child might, after seizing with their chopsticks the pieces of fish which are generally floating on the liquid. A square hole in the centre of the room is the fire-place, and over this is constantly simmering a metal tea-kettle, over a fire of charcoal bedded in sand. Tea is handed to every visitor, in a porcelain cup with a wooden cover. It is made as with us, and in Hakodaki they add occasionally sugar. The people here suffer much from winter cold: meagre charcoal fires, and gloomy light through oiled paper, are cold and gloomy. The houses of the rich are larger, but in the same style; but the superior wealth and taste of their proprietors is shown in the handsome gardens and pleasure-grounds by which they are environed. These are tastefully planted with fruit and shade trees, with flower-beds and lawns, and flowering shrubs interspersed. There are large public fire-proof warehouses, built with great care, having walls of dried mud and cobbles, and windows sheathed with iron. The shops of Hakodaki contain a miscellaneous assortment of goods, generally such as are suited to the restricted wants of a poor population, — coarse, thick cottons, inferior silks, earthen and China ware, lacquered bowls, cups, stands and chopsticks, cheap cutlery, and ready-made clothing. Furs, leather, felted cloths, glass ware, or copper articles are rarely seen; nor are books and stationery common. The provision shops contain rice, wheat, barley, pulse, dried fish, sea-weed, salt, sugar, saki, soy, charcoal, sweet potatoes, flour, and other less necessary articles. There is no public market in the town, as neither beef, pork, nor mutton are eaten, and very little poultry. Vegetables and a preparation of beans and rice flour, of the consistency of cheese, are hawked about the streets. Temples abound and burial places, one of which we saw a tall square post, with a wheel inserted at a convenient height to be reached by the hand. On each side of the post prayers were written, addressed to Buddha, and the twisting this wheel was equivalent to saying a prayer!

The people of Hakodaki carry on a large trade with Matsmai and with the interior of Yesso. The junks engaged in its shipping trade take cargoes of dried and salted fish, prepared sea-weed (which is stored in large caves in the neighbourhood of the port), charcoal, deer-horn, timber, and other produce of Yesso; and bring back rice, sugar, tea, various grains, sweet potatoes, tobacco, cloths, silks, porcelain, lacquered ware, cutlery, and other goods. These junks are of about a hundred tons measurement, and more than a thousand of them may be seen at a time lying in the harbour of Hakodaki.

The fish obtained here consists of salmon, salmon-trout, groupers, white fish, porgies, perch, flounders, herrings, whittings, mullets. The salmon are small but of fine flavour, crabs (capital eating), clams of the genus *Yenus*, with beautifully marked shells, and the large blue mussel, are found in great abundance. Wild geese, ducks, and other game are plentiful in their season, but the pheasant is rarely seen; the curlew, plover, and snipe are met with. The fox (regarded as an evil spirit by the Japanese), wild boar, deer, and bear are commonly hunted. Cattle are only used for the plough and as beasts of burden. Horses are used for carrying and riding; they are of excellent breed, and, though small, clear-winded, spirited, and of good

bottom. The roads are wide and paved occasionally, but generally mere bridle-paths, kept in good order for horsemen, pack animals, and sedans, which are small wooden boxes carried on men's shoulders.

There are still some of the indigenous race of Ainos existing upon the island of Yesso, but they are rarely seen in the neighbourhood of Hakodaki; they are of diminutive stature, a little over five feet in height, but well proportioned and with intelligent features. Their colour is quite dark, and their hair black and coarse; it is clipped behind, but allowed to straggle in thick matted locks down in front, in a confused cluster with their long beards, which are never cut or shaven. Their legs are bare of artificial covering, but are grown over with a plentiful crop of coarse hair, which, together with the abundant growth on their heads and faces, has given them the name by which they are better known of "Hairy Kufies." Their dress is a coarse and ragged under garment reaching below the knees, over which is thrown, carelessly, a brown sack with wide sleeves, made of grass or skins. They have a wild look, and dirty, poverty-stricken aspect, and are chiefly occupied in fishing for their Japanese taskmasters. We saw and admired the coopers at work in Hakodaki, making barrels, of firkin shape, for packing the dried and salted fish. These they rapidly and skilfully hoop with plaited bamboo. Their cutlery here is not good, though their blacksmiths and metal workers are numerous and busy throughout the town. Their bellows are peculiar, being a wooden box, with air-chambers, containing valves and a piston, which is worked horizontally at one end, like a hand-pump; while the compressed air issues from the pipes at the sides.

Speaking of the Japanese ladies of the more northerly island of Yesso, Captain Whittingham says, that, just arrived from the tropics, their ruddy cheeks, red lips, and eyes bright with health, struck him most; the face and features were rather too Mongolian, their forms were full and tall, the skin fair, while small uncompressed stockingless feet, and luxuriant hair, and white and even teeth, completed the number of the charms of the unmarried. The married, as is well known, blacken their teeth, and destroy other charms most ruthlessly, which the gallant Captain imagined at first, like everybody else, proceeded from the jealousy of their lords; but subsequently hearing that a man's momentary dislike permits him to send away his wife, and that Japanese dames may vie in renown with the buried matrons of republican Rome, he was at a loss to guess a cause, until he incidentally heard that any official seeing a pretty woman married to an inferior, and wishing it, may take her to his home as an additional wife. The Captain naturally expresses his hope that neither of these cases of divorce are common, and indeed his walks in the country led him eventually to think that they are not usual, as he saw rosy blooming children rushing out of almost every cottage door.

The too ruddy cheeks of the unmarried ladies, are, it is said, generally the result of an excessive use of colouring matter, and considering the known jealousy of Japanese husbands, to whom the Draconian laws of the country give power of life for any action which is calculated to compromise a woman's reputation, such as even holding converse with a gentleman in private, or with closed doors; it is not likely that the cause of blackening the teeth is as Captain Whittingham



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imagines it, but it more likely had its origin in a provision against temptation by disfiguring the person, just as the small feet of the Chinese were, no doubt, originally intended as a provision against inconstancy by impeding locomotion. Such practices become, with the progress of time, so deeply confirmed by custom that the people themselves uphold them, without even thinking, or sometimes being aware of their original meaning.

The people in the summer season live more in the open air than at the chillier period of spring, and some religious fetes were coming to a conclusion at the time of Captain Whittingham's visit to Hakodaki, so that both causes may have combined to render them more gay, and he expresses himself sorry to add, more addicted to intoxication, which was not confined to the male sex; the tea gardens being, he suspected, the resort of the young and gay of both sexes, and, from all he heard, are quite as important a feature in the domestic manners of the Japanese as the Dutch writers represent them to be. Captain Whittingham says he never saw a black-toothed woman returning from them, which may be an accidental circumstance, although he thinks that well-known and difficultly hidden emblem of matronhood sufficient to deter the most eager votary of pleasure; this disfigurement is a sad thing for the wives and widows of Japan, perhaps worse than the black and matrimonial visages of Thessa, which the enterprising Pere Hue describes, for the latter could be made fair occasionally, and

widowhood would naturally resume its maiden complexion.

Another extraordinary summer amusement at Hakodaki was the promiscuous public bathing, of all sexes of all ages. They enter a small room, barely fifteen feet square, and only partially screened off; the remainder of the rooms, with uncurtained windows opening on the streets, and close to the other inmates of the house pursuing their mechanical avocations, and in perfect undress, perform all the operations of the bath: wrinkled age and budding girlhood alike unabashed, surrounded and pressed on by senility, early manhood, and frolicsome childhood.

Self-possession, quietness, and order reigned as paramount as in the *salons* of the most civilised people; curiosity fled quickly before the sensations such a scene naturally creates, though it led him to stand outside and watch the persons issuing and entering the small bathing house; and, without being able to pique himself on one and the least of the *fortes* of the Great Conde, that of detecting the condition of each passer-by, Captain Whittingham says he saw enough to convince him that the bathers were not confined to the lowest or dissolute classes.

Upon an excursion made into the interior of the island of Yesso from Hakodaki, Captain Whittingham described the farms as looking as if originally they had been of large extent, and had been divided as sons grew up and married, so that the houses, though each in its little property, are contiguous.

The women were seen working in the fields, which, coupled with the everywhere swarming children, may account for the sex seeming to be of two ages alone:—young, rosy, straight, and agile, with brilliant white teeth; or old, wrinkled, bent, and with teeth so blackened as to appear toothless. A very few young married women, emerging from the one class, and with blackened teeth, passing in the quickly passed middle state, looked strangely,—more so than “cheeks all bloom” surmounted by grey locks in Europe.

Occasionally a house of more pretensions, with better papered windows, with a garden, rich in curiously dwarfed trees and shrubs, with larger stocks of firewood, and more tailless cats playing about it, denoted the residence of some inferior official; and less frequently, a small Buddhist temple, embosomed in trees, would appear at a short distance from the main road.

Their first notions of the content, comparative ease, and comfort of the peasantry, were confirmed by the experience gained in several walks into the country round the bay. The round, rosy, laughing faces of the white-toothed girls, were never withdrawn from the windows as they passed, nor would they move their buxom persons far aside as they passed them in the narrow paths or wide roads; and the mothers, often of a Sarah-like age, would not refrain from the performance of their maternal duties on seeing them approach, but, followed by their young brood, would smile in ghastly guise, showing their teeth and gums, so blackened as to have the appearance of toothlessness. Boys in a state of nudity, and men robed only in long dressing-gowns, thronged the doors of the villages, saluting them with jokes, which, from the expression of their honest and merry faces, could not be uncivil.

XVIII.—GOVERNMENT AND MANNERS.

JAPAN has two emperors, the one ecclesiastical, the other secular. The first is the *Mikado*, the second, the *Tycoon*, who used to be the *Mikado*'s deputy, until one of them, *Tako-sama*, like Hugh Capet, from mayor of the palace became lieutenant-general of the armies; and the monarch *de jure* gave way to the emperor *de facto*. The *Mikado* resides at *Miako*, perpetually inclosed in his palace; the *Tycoon*, as he is called, at *Yeddo*, where he nominally commands, but virtually is controlled by a powerful body of princes. There are eight classes in Japan, four of which are privileged to wear two swords, and wear loose petticoat trousers; the other classes are medical men and government clerks, merchants and shopkeepers, retail-dealers, and artisans, sailors, fishers, peasants, and day-labourers.

A grand council of state, thirteen in number, govern in the emperor's name. They have the power of de-throning the emperor, and any resolutions of importance are submitted to his approval, which is usually granted at once. Should he disapprove, however, the matter is referred to three princes of the blood, nearest in relationship to the *Tycoon*, whose decision is final. If they do not agree with the monarch, he must immediately resign in favour of his son, or some other heir. If, however, the three princes agree with the *Tycoon*, then the member of the council who proposed the obnoxious measure must die, and those who voted with

him are sometimes requested to die also. Sometimes the whole thirteen, with their president, make use of the “Happy Despatch” to settle a political crisis. The proposal of a reform or innovation under such circumstances is very rare.

A general system of espionage¹ pervades the nation; every general officer of every degree has a spy, appointed to watch him, in the shape of a partner in his office; and every nobleman is compelled to reside one year in seven at the capital, his wife and children remaining there in the interval as a security for his good behaviour. To remedy the probable danger of these visits, every prince or nobleman holding a large fief, when he comes to court, takes care to come accompanied with “a following” of some two or three thousand attendants.

In the social life of the Japanese we see the perfection of an antique civilisation, polished by the experience of ages; as in matters of private cleanliness, so in general sanitary arrangements, the Japanese are reputed in advance of us, and as if to add the acme of perfection of town life, no wheeled carriages are tolerated, only foot-passengers, porters, sedan-chairs, and at the most an occasional horse.

The beauty and delights of the house of a Japanese noble are equally vaunted—nothing that pleases the eye or can gratify the senses is neglected; the gardens abound in flowers, the orchards are thick with fruit, the

¹ Captain Sherard Osborn has an amusing observation on this system, which he humorously compares to our own. “At *Simoda*, as at *Nagasaki*, every one seemed eternally to be taking notes of what everybody else was doing. Each Japanese had his breast-pockets full of note-paper, and a convenient writing apparatus stuck in his belt, and everything that was said, done, and even thought, was no doubt faithfully recorded. In Japan, men do not seem to converse with one another except in formal speeches; there is no interchange of thought by means of the tongue, but the pen is ever at work noting down their observations of one another. Sometimes we see men comparing their notes, and granting assent or dissent from opinions or facts recorded. At first we rather felt this as a system of espionage, but we soon became accustomed to it; and provided every man wrote down what he really saw and heard, it may be more satisfactory in the long run to have to do with a nation of Captain Cutlers, who have ‘made a note’ of everything, and so have more than their memories to trust to. The Japanese plan of putting one man in a post of trust, and placing another as a check on, is, after all, what is our red-tape system in a less disguised form. The governor of *Simoda* has a duplicate in *Yeddo*, who has to take turn-about with him in office, so that the acts of each, whilst in authority, seem as a check on the other. Then he is accompanied, wherever he goes, by one private and two public reporters, and the latter forward direct to *Yeddo* particulars of all his acts. Their reports are in their turn checked by the counter-statements of the governor and his private secretary. Now, compare this with the case of the captain of H.M.S., who requires a ton of coal or a coil of rope, of the value of perhaps twenty shillings. The captain gives a written order for the purchase to be made, and two merchants must certify that the price asked is a just one, and what is the rate of exchange—to this the governor or consul must bear witness. The captain next attests that the goods have been received and carried to public account, and this is countersigned by a lieutenant, the master, and another officer, who declare them to be fit for her Majesty's service. The vendor appends his signature as a receipt, and this has to be witnessed. Then a statement of what quantity of the same remained in the ship when the purchase was made, and why more was required, has to be signed by the captain and officer in charge of them. Lastly, these documents are forwarded to the Commander-in-chief, who signs and forwards them to the Accountant-general of the Navy. So, to guarantee the honest expenditure on behalf of the public of twenty shillings, the names of twelve witnesses are requisite, and the papers being in triplicate, six-and-thirty signatures require to be attached and lodged in office!”

ponds swarm with fish, and aviaries with bright plumaged birds. A theatre is attached to every palace.¹

The Japanese are very unlike the Chinese in one respect: they are essentially warlike and brave.² They are accustomed to the use of arms from twelve years of age. Their chief pride consists in the excellence of their arms, which are, however, about a century in arrear of those of Europe, except the temper of their swords, and the dexterity with which they can use them. Courage and justice are the two great virtues which education in Japan seeks to develop in children. They are never either threatened or struck. Hence also, naturally of a kind disposition, they are inveterate when their sense of right is injured.

Sobriety is another of the chief characteristics of the Japanese. They neither eat nor drink much. Their strongest drink is sake, or beer made of rice and honey. Soy, or Soya, which is imported to this country, is made of barley, the seed of the dolichos, and salt fermented. They do not drink either coffee or milk. Tobacco was first introduced by the Portuguese. *Shu sen*, which is the chief luxury sought for, and for which fabulous prices are said to be given, as ensuring immortality, is the root of the wild sugar-cane of Corea.

All employments, as indeed all other matters in Japan, are hereditary. Forms of government, religious institutions, manners, customs, costume, architecture, all the habits of life, are traditional, and have been the same for now nearly thirty centuries. The introduction of Buddhism, the institution of Singuns as emperors in the thirteenth century, and their subsequent usurpation of power, are but superpositions on an older form of society. Every city has its national guard, to which each street contributes a certain number of men. In a country where almost every crime is visited by capital punishment, it is death to insult a national guard. They have, however, not only their ordinary police, but also their *mitsuke*, or spies. The princes of Salsuma, who preserve a kind

of independence owing to their reputed descent from Jeycas, are said to kill every spy that is found on their territory. So perfect, however, is the police system in Japan, that it is said no criminal escapes; indeed, it would appear that they do not attempt to escape.

That the Japanese are the most intelligent and cultivated of all the Asiatic nations is generally admitted. Many of the officials and merchants can speak English and Dutch. They read European papers and periodicals. One of the nobles questioned Commodore Perry, to his great surprise, about Ericson's *cladie* ship. They have their own system of astronomy and chronology,³ as also their almanacs. They appear indeed to have astonished some of the members of Lord Elgin's mission not a little. "It is curious," writes one of these gentlemen, "that while some of their customs are what we would deem rather barbarous, and while they are ignorant of many common things—while they still rip themselves up, and shoe their horses with straw because ignorant of any other method—they have jumped to a knowledge of certain branches of science which it has taken nations in Europe hundreds of years to attain. At Nagasaki they can turn out of their yard an engine for a railway or steamer. Japanese captains and engineers command their men-of-war, of which there are steamers; they understand the electric telegraph; they make thermometers and barometers, theodolites, and, I believe, aneroids. Their spy glasses and microscopes are good and very cheap. They have a large glass manufactory, which turns out glass little inferior to our own. They have a short line of railway somewhere in the interior, given by the Americans."

So it will be in respect to defensive and offensive means. Hitherto, in pursuance of the system of seclusion, it has been forbidden to construct large ships, so that the natives should not leave their coasts; but under a new system, a new order of things will undoubtedly arise. So with their hundreds of thousands of armed men; as yet only in the military perfection of the sixteenth century, they could not stand before an adequate European force; but if once their country, or their laws, or religion, were attacked, they would soon learn to place their military system upon a par with that of those who would venture to outrage their nationality. The moral superiority would be on their side. They are brave even to contempt of life, most sensitive on the point of honour, and cruel and vindictive in their enmity. It would be a grievous error, then, in a political point of view—not to mention the immorality of such a course—for any nation, be they Russian, English, French, or American (and the latter have entertained the notion of a forcible occupation of one of the Japanese islands) to attempt to coerce so brave, so intelligent, and so patriotic a people.

¹ The houses of the nobles are built in regular order, forming wide streets, some fifty yards broad. An extensive court-yard, with trees and gardens, forms the centre of each enclosure, while around the enclosure is the house of the chief, as also those of his followers, retainers, domestic servants, and slaves.

The military disposition of the Japanese has recently received a fresh awakening like our own. The latest improvement adopted was to teach the young men to ride in European fashion for military purposes, and whilst we were in Nagasaki, a Dutch non-commissioned officer was busy teaching a number of Japanese gentlemen to ride in a riding-school constructed for the purpose. When they were perfect, they would be sent into provinces to instruct their countrymen; for although there are abundance of horses in Japan, and rather good ones too, still, with straw shoes for their hoofs, and stirrups weighing fifty pounds a-piece, and lacking saddles, it was not to be acknowledged that their cavalry is as yet far from formidable. In infantry movements, I was told that they had for some time received instructions, and that, as a militia, their force was very respectable; indeed, a Russian officer who was staying at Nagasaki, and who had seen much of Japan, spoke of the perfect military organisation of the empire in warm terms. From his description, the entire population formed one complete army, of which every town, village, and hamlet might be said to be companies or sections. The power, however, of directing these forces upon any point either for offence or defence, is vastly curbed by the independent tenor of the three hundred and sixty provinces. Each of these is the chief authority in his own state, and, like the barons of old, claims a power of life and death over his subjects, though, at the same time, acknowledging as their sovereign and chief the *Tai-koon*, and the council resident at Yedo.

² The names of the months have, like those of the French revolutionary calendar, a particular and interesting local significance. Thus, the first month is called the friendly month, being that of the new year. The second is the month of change, winter clothing being then exchanged for summer garments. The third is the budding month; the fourth, the flowering month; the fifth, the transplanting month (in allusion to rice); the sixth is the dig month; the seventh the month of letters; the eighth is the month of falling leaves; the ninth is the long month, or the month of long night; the tenth is the goddess month; the eleventh the month of frost; and the twelfth, the final or terminal month. The tenth month is so called because, according to some, the gods wait upon the Mikado that month; according to others, all the divinities leave their respective temples on a pilgrimage to Iizumo, in the north of Japan.

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THE AUSTRIAN FRIGATE, "NOVARA," OFF THE ISLAND OF ST. PAUL.



The treaty signed at Yeddo on the 26th of August, 1858, stipulated, among other things, the reciprocal right of appointing diplomatic agents at Yeddo and London; that the ports of Hakodaki (previously with Simoda opened by Commodore Perry to the Americans), Kanagawa, and Nagasaki, be opened to British subjects from July 1st, 1859; Nee-gaha, or if that is unsuitable as a harbour, some other port on the west coast of Nippon, as also Kiogo, on January 1st,

1860. In all these places British subjects may reside, may lease ground, and purchase and erect buildings, and are not to be confined within walls and gates, but are to be allowed free ingress and egress. Their excursions are to be limited within ten ri, or some twenty-five miles English. After January 1st, 1862, British subjects may reside at Yeddo; and from January 1st, 1863, at Okasaka (Osaka), for purposes of trade only.

THE ISLANDS OF THE INDIAN AND EASTERN SEAS.

I.—AN AUSTRIAN VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

THE voyage of the Austrian frigate, the *Norara*, the last ship that has made a scientific voyage of circumnavigation, affords us the means of conveying our readers to the more important of those numerous islands which skirt the great peninsula of Asia, from Japan on the one side to the Bay of Bengal on the other. It was a relief, amid the sad scenes enacted during the late war, to hear that its task of civilisation exempted it from the ordeal of international hostilities. Starting from Trieste on the 30th of April, 1857, it returned to the same port in the month of August, 1859. Constructed in the docks of Venice about ten years ago, the *Norara* is one of the finest of the ten ships of the same class that Austria possesses. She is rated for forty-four guns, but only carried thirty-two during her journey round the world; thus leaving a greater space for the necessities of a long voyage, and for the collections that might be made.

The expedition, however, organized by Archduke Maximilian, Grand Admiral of the Austrian navy, had mainly in view the object of familiarising young naval officers with the navigation of different seas, of making the Austrian flag known in countries hitherto unacquainted with it, and of giving to the professors of science and natural history the means of acquiring more extended and varied knowledge.

The conduct of the expedition was entrusted to Captain Wallerstorff Urtair, who has the reputation of being a learned and skilful seaman. He presided over the researches of the scientific commission, and the astronomical, meteorological, magnetic and geodesic labours of the naval officers. The frigate itself was under the command of Captain Baron de Pock, who had under his orders a staff of thirty officers, including three surgeons and a chaplain; the crew numbered 310 men. Among the members of the scientific commission were a geologist, two zoologists, a botanist, a preparator, an ethnologist, an economist, and a draughtsman.

The whole time the expedition was out was two years three months and twenty-eight days. Of this time, 298 days were employed in land explorations, and 561 days were passed under sail. The frigate came to anchor in twenty-five different harbours, and tra-

versed in its whole journey 51,686 geographic miles of sixty to a degree.

The first visits made were to Rio Janeiro and to the Cape of Good Hope, and on the 19th of November, 1857, they arrived at the volcanic Island of St. Paul, which, with its neighbour, Amsterdam, stand out almost isolated, midway between the Indian and Southern Oceans, and the exploration of both of which had been strongly recommended by the veteran De Humboldt. (See page 217.)

"We had scarcely anchored," M. Scherzer relates in his report made to the Geographical Society of Paris, "at about a mile and a half from the shore, than the whole population of the island, composed of two negroes and an old Frenchman with a long beard, came out to welcome us. The Frenchman, M. Viet, made an offer of his services with exquisite politeness, and placed the whole of the island at our disposal. He related to us how, in virtue of the rights of a primary occupation, the island had been in the first place the property of a French merchant, from the Island of Bourbon, or de la Réunion, M. Canin, who had ceded it to a Pole, M. Adam, his partner or colleague. The latter had purchased some unfortunate negroes of the too infamous coast of Mozambique, had obliged them to construct habitations for them and for themselves, to blow up whole masses of rock, in order to give a greater security to the landing, and to cultivate a few roots of potatoes and cabbage. About ten years ago, the possession of the island was made over to one M. Otovan, employed in the Commissariat of the Isle de la Réunion. Twice a year this new sovereign of the island despatches a sloop of about forty tons, to fish in the productive waters of St. Paul the chelodactylus, erroneously designated as the sea-cod; at fifty centimes (five pence) per fish, each of these expeditions gives him a return of 25,000 francs. The three inhabitants of the island watch over these fisheries, take care of the storehouse, and rear a few roots of potatoes, which they exchange with the whalers for rice, tobacco, biscuits, and salt meat."

The Island of St. Paul is, in reality, the summit of a crater, which rises from the depths of the ocean to some 200 yards above the level of the waters. It is only approachable on the south-west side, where the walls of the crater being broken down, a magnificent oval-shaped opening presents itself, upwards of a hun-

dred yards in width, and on both sides of which are ten long bars, that attach themselves to the flanks of the mountain. The internal sides of the crater are clothed with verdure, and present a ravishing spectacle to the eye.

The magnetic, astronomical, and meteorological observations were installed at this interesting station, and those who were not addicted to the pursuit of mathematical sciences, occupied themselves with mineralogical, botanical, and zoological researches. Some zealous philanthropists sowed seeds brought from Europe, in the hopes of seeing them germinate during the stay of the expedition. But strong gales of wind and persistent rain came on, and cooled the ardour of all parties extremely. Luckily that they found in the hut of the only civilised resident in the island, a collection of books, made, we are told, with considerable taste. A number of penguins also came to pay them a visit. Stumbling along like invalids, with their legs of wood, they intruded into the huts, heavy, awkward, and stupid, they shook their small, undeveloped wings, and opened their eyes and bills as far as it was in their power, to express their surprise at meeting with strangers in such a place. These poor palmipeds live by myriads upon the island of St. Paul. They have established for themselves there an immense city, to which in the evening, on returning from fishing, they ascend in long files by a zig-zag pathway. The noise they make in the depth of night is deafening.

Two thermal springs were found issuing from the sides of the crater nearly at the level of the sea. Their temperature was 96 centigrade. Some of the party amused themselves with boiling fish in these fountains, still attached to the hook by which they had been caught only a few yards off. St. Paul, the reporter says, might be made an excellent station for ships which, on their way to and from the Cape, China, India, or Australia, might be in want of repairs. It is now a dependence of the Isle of France.

On the 6th of December, 1857, the *Noëra* sailed from St. Paul, leaving a present of a box of tools to M. Viet. On the 7th it was with difficulty that the long boat effected a landing on the Island of Amsterdam. "We saw," says the reporter, with amusing simplicity, "some turf, some reeds, and some arborescent plants, but the wind obliged us to quit the place by midnight, and to make the best of our way to Ceylon."

II.—CEYLON.

THE Austrian expeditionists described themselves as casting anchor at Point de Galle, to which so unenviable a notoriety has lately attached itself from the loss of the *Malabar*; and they speak of it as "a point of little importance, consisting of a pettah or village of dark aborigines, a fort, and an European quarter, the white houses in which, the clean streets, and the shady avenues, present an agreeable aspect."

Buddhism, which we are told seems to recoil before Muhammadanism in the far east, is still in full prosperity in Ceylon. This island is, so to say, the Rome of the worshippers of Sakya Muni. The temples and chapels devoted to that divinity are, as a natural consequence, to be counted by thousands. The Singhalese priests enjoy considerable political and religious authority. They persist in ignoring every word of English origin: it is their method of protesting against the conquering heretics of the Holy Island. In other

respects they are very polite to Europeans, and appear to be solely occupied with their religious duties.

Scarcely had the learned travellers disembarked, than they directed their steps to the great temple of Daddella Panzela, where resides the Great Priest of Ceylon, surrounded by his lamadama. They had the honour of being presented to the Singhalese Pontiff. He is described as then an old man, some seventy years of age, and as rejoicing in the name of Namalanga Sirisumana Mahadama Radgimrong Gunatchari Nakkunangi. He informed the Austrians that he had long resided in the country of Siam, and that the emperor of that country had only recently sent him a parcel of honour. He then condescended to inquire their names, their country, and the object of their journey; the replies to which he had duly reported by a secretary who wrote with a goose-quill on paper, probably reserved for profane purposes, for in another part of the temple they observed a student transcribing some of the sacred writings upon a leaf of talpat.

The next excursion made was from Galle to Colombo. The expeditionists had no reason to complain of the first portion of their journey to Bentotte, the so-called caravanserai, and which place is described as resembling the stations on "our railways," and as having been constructed at the expense of government. Every accommodation, and excellent food, were to be obtained at prices marked on a tariff. But matters did not proceed so cheerily afterwards. The driver got so drunk at Bentotte, as to be no longer capable of preserving his equilibrium. A policeman was accordingly applied to to supply a new one, but he either could not or would not accede to their demands; they were obliged, therefore, to put up with their truly Anglican conveyer, who soon fell under the wheels, but, luckily, without receiving any serious injuries. The horse took advantage of the mishap to refuse to go any further. It is the custom, we are told, in that spirit of generalisation which is too often affected by travellers, when they have any one case upon which to ground their conclusions, to attach to the carriages of travellers, whatever may be their weight, a single, meagre, thin, piteous-looking horse; further, they only change every ten or fifteen kilometres (seven to ten miles), so, to make the animal move, they are obliged to have recourse to an executioner's expedients. His ears are twisted with cords, and a stick is pushed under his tail, and as soon as the poor beast, exasperated, breaks into a trot, the drivers begin to swear, scream, and whip, to keep up the excitement. It really did not require to go to Ceylon to see this; but, in a land so devotedly given up to the belief of transmigration, better things might have been expected.

It was not without trouble that our travellers reached a Roman Catholic mission, where they obtained a new horse and a new coachman, who drove them to a second mission. Father Miliani insisted upon their acceptance of a cup of coffee, and promised them a breakfast on their return from Colombo. It was dark ere the journey was resumed, and happily the road was lit up here and there by the natives who wended their way home with torches of palm wood, which threw out vivid sparks and spread a delightful fragrance around. It was midnight when they reached Colombo.

Colombo, like all other Indian cities, is composed of two quarters. The white town, with its forts, where the European population, which also has the

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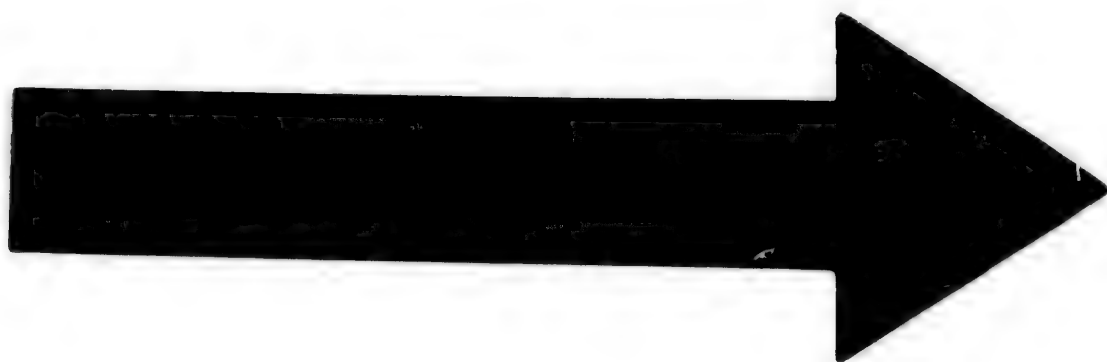
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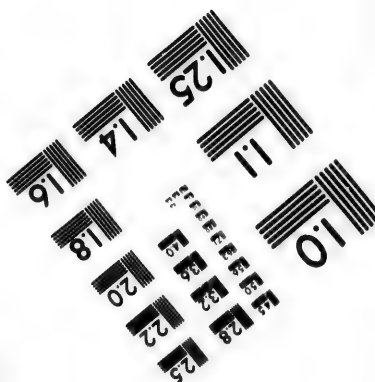
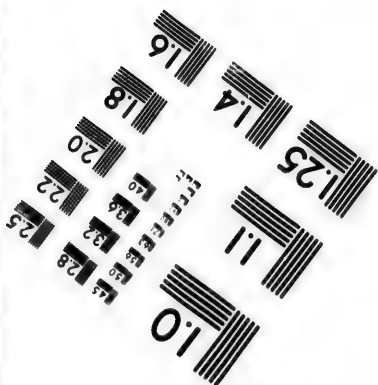
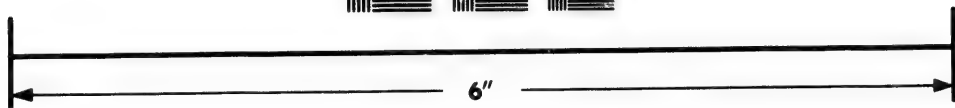
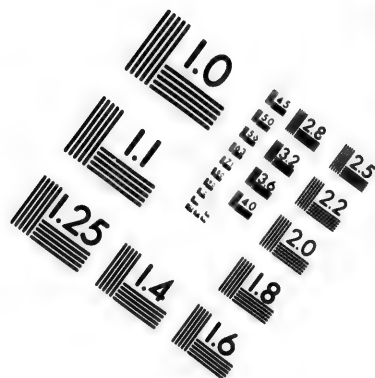
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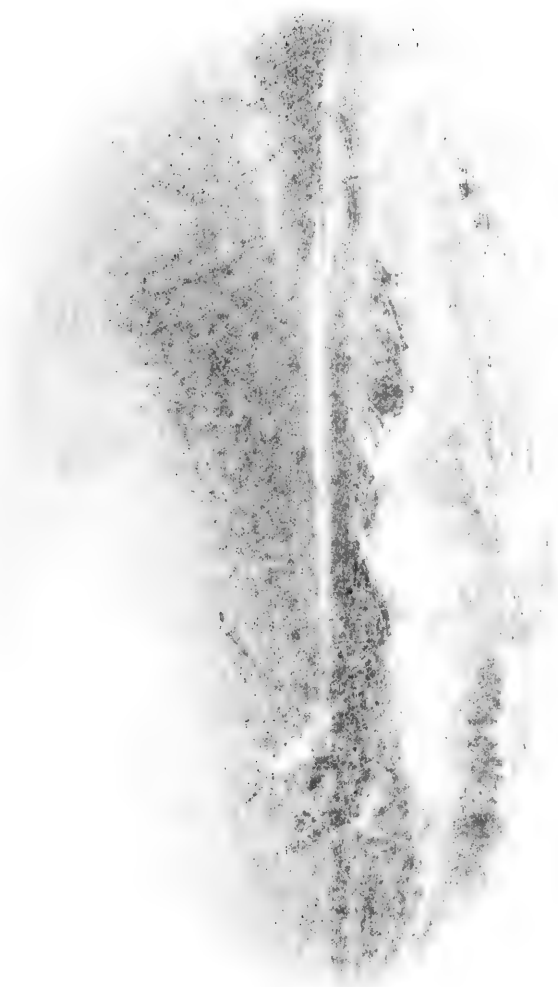


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right to keep open shop therein, concentrates itself; and the black town, into which the English go very rarely, but which is incontestably the most active and the most industrious of the two.

Colombo, a city of 31,000 inhabitants, capital of Ceylon, and seat of the political government, is charged with not having left agreeable reminiscences. The so-called white town is described as being very gray and very dirty, and as being in a manifest state of decline, which may be attributed to the fact that its harbour is only accessible during the north west monsoon. Hence trade is leaving it, while it increases at Point de Galle, whose port, said to be accessible at all times, is already the rendezvous of several lines of steamers. But, upon this point, opinion differs widely.

One agreeable surprise presented itself; it was a board intimating that an "ice shop" existed in Colombo. The ice came from the United States. Blocks transmitted across the Atlantic and the Indian Ocean are much cheaper in Ceylon than such as are brought from the mountains of India. North America, and especially Boston, supplies Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta abundantly with this delicious refreshment, by regular convoys arriving every fortnight. The trade, which is of recent origin, appears to return good profits.

The inspector of the pearl fisheries informed the expeditionists, that the fourteen fisheries which formerly brought in from 1,000,000 to 1,800,000 franes had been ruined by a greedy and ignorant system of working, and finally abandoned in 1838. This branch of industry was however, reopened in 1855, and it produces as much as 250,000 franes to the revenue in certain months of the year.¹

¹ The more important Pearl Fishery is now carried on at Aripoo, and is thus described by an eye-witness:—The plain was dotted with tents, curious in shape and colour, and "cajan" huts of every possible size, for the accommodation of the temporary visitors. In the stead of lay vessels of all kinds, from the small schooner used by the superintendent as his flagship, to the various strangely-shaped native boats, with their clumsy outriggers and broad brown sails, fragile-looking little canoes and catamarans, making rapid voyages between them and the shore. All the details of the fishery are carried on at Silavatore, two miles down the coast, the seaboard for a considerable distance being raised several feet in height by the accumulations of oyster-shells for ages past. The boats used by the divers, 178 in number, were drawn up in two squadrons, opposite the Government buildings. One squadron is told off for each day's fishing, and gets under weigh at midnight, when a signal gun is fired, a breeze generally springing up at that time enabling them to reach the pearl banks, twelve miles from the shore, by daylight. The boats are all numbered, and anchor in a line, when diving commences immediately. Each boat has five "sinking stones," and two divers are told off at each stone, which weighs about forty pounds. They do not dive alternately, as too much time would be lost by changing, but when one man is tired the other takes his place. They discard all accessories for closing the ears and nostrils, and the diver descends by placing his feet upon the "sinking stone," to which a rope is attached. His movements are watched by his comrade, who draws up the stone the moment the diver reaches the bottom, with the net or basket in which the oysters are deposited, the diver himself facilitating his own ascent by the same means. After holding on to an oar, or floating for a minute or so, to recover his wind, he is ready for another plunge. Most of the divers are Tamils, and far from being of miserable appearance, are mostly stout, healthy men. Accidents from sharks are of very rare occurrence, contrary to our preconceived notions on the subject, only one authenticated fatal case having occurred since Ceylon came into our possession. Ridiculous tales have been told and believed respecting the length of time divers remain under water, some giving the average as two minutes, others asserting that as much as seven minutes' submergence has been achieved. The

The Austrian consul, Mr. Wilson, conducted the members of the expedition to what were justly designated "magnificent plantations" of cinnamon laurels. Every year cargoes of this precious vegetable are exported to the value of twenty millions of franes; it is a real monopoly, which nature has made a present

unto, most ever accomplished by the present less amphibious race is eighty-five seconds, fifty seconds being the ordinary duration of a dive. So large a number of divers are at work at once, that they must trust to chance for filling their nets in the muddy water; all kinds of curious marine animals—sea slugs, black, grey, and little us, strange polypi, and beautiful shells—all coming up in company with the legitimate pearl oyster. As many as sixty-five of these have been brought up at one haul, but the average number seldom exceeds fifteen or twenty. Properly speaking it is not an oyster at all, but a member of the mussel family, its correct designation being the *Meleagrina margaritifera*. The shells are of a reddish brown colour, and have deeper and more clearly defined hinges than the common oyster, which to unscientific eyes it greatly resembles. It possesses a curious kind of sucker, or leg, by means of which it can accomplish a slow progress over the bottom of the sea, a bluish green tassel (*byssus*) enabling it to attach itself to any object that takes its fancy. The "by-ss" is broken off and left behind when the oyster moves on, it having the power of reproducing it when again desirous of remaining stationary. They are, however, generally found loose by the divers, in which case they are easily transferred to the nets. According to the natives, its most formidable enemy is a fish whom nature has provided with a sort of gimlet on its nose, with which it bores through the shell, sucking out its juicy contents through the hole. They are also said to fall victims to a kind of roach, five or six inches in length, which devours the oyster, shell and all. They may do some damage among the very young ones, but a full-grown, hard-shelled pearl oyster, probably proves as lasting a meal to a roach, as a luck with fine antlers to a boar constrictor. The divers work steadily for about six hours, but at midnight they have nearly had enough of it. A gun is fired as a signal for the fishing to cease. A final and simultaneous plunge is made by the divers, and the little flotilla gets under weigh for the beach, each boat, as it arrives, delivering its precious freight at the government "Rotto," or receiving yard, a large, open, palisaded inclosure, with a sentry at each gate. A government official superintends the division of the whole into four equal lots, one of which is the remuneration to which the divers are entitled, and for this they provide boats and bait men. This share is usually at once sold by them at retail prices, outside the gates, higher prices being obtained for them than those fetched at the government sale, where only thousands are talked about. These sales take place on the day following the fishery, in a large "cajan" building, with open sides, round which crowd the speculators of all classes, castes, and hues. Singhalese but seldom venture in these undertakings, preferring to invest such savings as they make in land. By far the greatest proportion are natives of the south continent of India, where the spirit of speculation seems equally well developed in the wealthy Chetty merchant, the possessor of thousands, and in the common cooly, who will expend his hardly-earned hire in three or four of the much-coveted bivalves. It is difficult to distinguish rich from poor among these swartthy gentry, the richest seldom wearing any clothes beyond a linen cloth round the head and another round the loins, though a large amount of wealth is of en concealed in the dirty folds of the latter. A pair of wooden sandals, and a girdle on umbrella complete the costume, which, if not elegant, is certainly not expensive. The eager, restless countenances of all are alike stamped with anxiety, the *auri sacra fames* appearing to blunt all other feelings. The oysters are sold by auction, in lots of not less than one thousand, a purchaser to that extent having the option of taking as many as thirty thousand, if he likes the price. At the previous fisheries of 1857-58, the prices were low, £1 14s. per thousand being the average; but the profits then made were enormous, and it is well-known, that on this occasion £4 8s. per 1000 was the price freely offered at the first day's sale. The best criterion of the success of the speculators was the steady rise in prices; at one time several hundred thousands were sold at £8 6s., and up to the end of the fishery, £5 6s. and £7 were readily given. At a sale at which we were present, over 400,000 oysters were disposed of, and paid for in ready money. The oysters are immediately removed by their purchasers to their own private yards, where, if time can be given,

of to the island of Ceylon. Thence they visited a manufactory of cocoa-nut oil. They also saw in the store-house "real hulls" of cowries, shells collected at the Maldivé Islands, and deposited at Ceylon on their way to London, whence they are transmitted into the interior of Africa as current coin in exchange for gold dust, palm oil, and, still more especially, alas! for negroes and negroesses. A ton of these shells is worth, at Ceylon, about 1,800 francs, and the living flesh of negroes is exchanged against an equal weight of shells!

Here our travellers were also introduced to the luxury of the punka, which in the night-time they tell us refresh the slumbers of somnolent bankers, and even gild their golden dreams.

On their way back from Colombo to Point de Galle, Father Miliani, true to his promise, awaited the appearance of the expeditionists at Cultura, in an elegant carriage, to convey them to the presbytery of St. Sebastian. On their way thither, the natives whom they met are described as throwing themselves down full length, and waiting, their faces veiled, for the blessing of their pastor. The reverend father, who with one hand held the reins of his "break," distributed his benedictions half with his hand and the other half with his whip! Just as they were reaching the church, two Singalese obstructed their way, one of them begged the father to accompany him to his dying wife, the other already held the sacred vessels used in such sad circumstances, and which he had brought with him from the presbytery. M. Miliani surprised, handed over the reins to Commodore Wullerstorff, and excusing himself with the most perfect politeness, disappeared in the forest that bordered the road. He was not long, however, in coming back, when his smiling countenance showed that the case was not so bad as had been imagined. The fact is that, at the least indications of

sickness, the natives have the sacraments administered to them at once, from religious prudence and from too ready confidence in the virtues of the holy oil in curing their physical ailments.

A sharp canter, in which they were followed by a tall native, who kept up with them at full speed to obtain a "supplement of benediction," brought them to the village, when the whole congregation of the faithful were in attendance to conduct them across a grove of palms to the presbytery, the columns of which were decorated with garlands, with green boughs, tropical flowers, and admirable baskets of fruits, above which charmingly variegated birds, artistically cut by the Singalese out of cocoa nut leaves, seemed to fly. Over the doorway was an anchor emblem of faith, and words taken from the Epistle of St. Paul: "My hope has not deceived me," were to be read in green letters. This was a delicate allusion to the promise made by the commodore to accept the entertainment proffered by the reverend father on his return from Colombo. A long table had been laid in the interior, and it actually groaned beneath the weight of viands. Arm-chairs were disposed at distances, and the floor was covered with the bright yet delicate leaves of the ficus religiosa. As soon as M. Wullerstorff had taken his place, some hundred parishioners arranged themselves in groups, and executed national dances to the sound of drums and fifes. The repast would have met with the approbation of guests most difficult to please even in Europe.

The parish of Saint Sebastian boasts, we are told, of about 9,000 convents; it is one of the most important of the fifty stations of the diocese of Colombo, whose bishop is Monseigneur Brava. The Commodore left a goodly present for the Church of Father Miliani, and

they are left till all the animal matter has decomposed and disappeared. Some considerable time must necessarily elapse before all this is accomplished, even in a tropical country; and in most cases, therefore, the pearls are obtained from the oysters by washing, a process which takes place when they are in an advanced stage of decomposition. It is conducted upon the same principle as that employed in gold found in the sand or alluvial deposits. They are removed into large tubs, or canoes hewn from a solid log, the shells are picked out, care being taken to preserve those to which pearls are found adhering. Water is then freely applied, the loathsome mass being well stirred up by hand till the pearls are freed from all adhesive matter, and precipitated to the bottom, where, after the liquid has been poured off, they are disclosed to the excited, anxious gaze of their proprietor. A more disgusting spectacle can hardly be conceived, than that of a crowd of women and children employed upon this loathsome work; nor can human nature be viewed in a much more repulsive aspect than that of an old coloured woman, almost destitute of clothing, her hair tangled and dishevelled, her eyes gleaming with enmity, and her skinny arms half buried in a hideous mass of corruption that would appal an analytical chemist. Pecuilation is rife among the people thus employed, swallowing the pearls being the most approved method of appropriating them, notwithstanding the horrible odour and appearance of the mass from which they are extracted. Punishment, however, flows swiftly upon detection, the suspected party being at once dosed with a powerful emetic, no regard being paid to either sex, age, or constitution, a trust-worthy friend of the proprietor watching the result. The owners of large stocks of oysters generally erect their temporary domiciles close by, or in the yards in which they are stored, apparently unconscious of the poisonous stench generated by the decaying heaps; sufficiently poisonous, one would imagine, to produce a plague every fishery. Trading in pearls seems to be a distinct business with these people, and is not combined with dealing in any other description of goods. The merchant usually carries most of his stock about with him, secreted in the folds of his garment, together with his "appanage," consisting of a square

dark blue cloth, marked out into divisions, a pair of scales and weights, and a series of small brass saucers, perforated with holes of different sizes; numerous being large enough to admit the passage of a pearl the size of a pea, while the smallest is only calculated to allow the dust to escape. Through these the pearls are sifted, those remaining in each saucer being placed upon its appropriate division on the cloth, a rough measure then being thus speedily arrived at. It is not easy to value them correctly, the distinctions made being so many, and so nice. There are altogether twelve classes, in none of which is the actual weight taken into consideration. No. 1 is called *Ani*, comprising those to which Pliny first applied the term "unio," in which all the highest perfections of lustre and sphericity are centred; No. 2, *Anathari*, are such as fall a little in one point, either in lustre or sphericity; No. 3, *Sanadyam*; No. 4, *Kayral*, such as fail in both; No. 5, *Massagu*, or confusion; No. 6, *Vaduv*, beauty; No. 7, *Medangu*, bent or "folded" pearls; No. 8, *Kurwal*, double pearls; No. 9, *Kalippu*, signifying "abundance;" No. 10, *Pasal*; No. 11, *Kural*, "mis-shapen;" these find a ready sale in India, all kinds and shapes being indiscriminately used to adorn the roughly-made breast-plates of gold worn by women of high caste; No. 12, *Thool*, literally "powder;" these are all easily disposed of in India, where they are made into "Chunnam," a refined kind of lime for great ladies to chew with their betel. Mysterious whispers of lucky ventures pervade the camp. You are told of a common cooly having made his fortune for life by the fortunate expenditure of a rupee, and we were shown one fine pearl worth seven or eight pounds, the result of a sixpenny speculation by a small brown girl. The pearls are not often very large. In 1860 the oysters sold at the unprecedented price of £16 per 1,000, for an extraordinary reason—the mutinies in India. An enormous amount of jewellery was "looted" by the British soldiery, nearly the whole of which fell into the hands of the well-affected nobility. Now that matters have settled down, the ladies of Oude, who were the principal losers, are anxious for a fresh assortment, the demand greatly exceeds the supply, and the prices of pearls are exactly double what they were last year.

for the servants, after which they got into their carriage, accompanied as far as the next station by their host, by a band of musicians, drumming, blowing, and whistling, as also by a band of parishioners, black and almost naked figures, with long flat hair falling below the elbows, shouting, gesticulating, and dancing; it was evidently an extraordinary festival with them. These poor Singhalese, astonished at so magnificent a reception, designated the Commodore as "King of the Sea."

Ceylon has been celebrated throughout all ages for its pearls and its elephants. We have already given an account of the Pearl Fishery, and we will now proceed to the latter.

The elephant, the lord paramount of the Ceylon forests, is to be met with in almost every district of that great island, in the confines of the woods, in whose depths he finds concealment and shade during the hours when the sun is high, and from which he emerges only at twilight to wend his way towards the rivers and tanks, where he luxuriates till dawn, when he again seeks the retirement of the deep forests. With the exception indeed of the narrow but densely inhabited belt of cultivated land, which extends along the sea-shore of the island from Chilaw on the western coast, to Tangalle on the east, there is no part of Ceylon in which elephants may not be said to abound; even close to the environs of the most populous localities of the interior. They frequent both the open plains and the deep forests, and their foot-steps are to be seen wherever food and shade, vegetation and water allure them, alike on the summits of the loftiest mountains and on the borders of the tanks and low-land streams. (See page 225.)

From time immemorial the natives have been taught to capture and tame them, and the export of elephants from Ceylon to India has been going on without interruption from the period of the first Punic war (Ælian, de Nat. Animal, lib. xvi. c. 18; Cosmos Indicus, pl. p. 128). In later times all elephants were the property of the Kandyan Crown, and their capture or slaughter, without the royal permission, was classed amongst the gravest offences in the Kandyan code.

In recent years there is reason to believe that their numbers have become considerably reduced. They have entirely disappeared from districts in which they were formerly numerous; smaller herds have been taken in the periodical captures for the public service, and hunters returning from the chase report them to be more scarce. In consequence of this diminution the peasantry in some parts of the island have even suspended the ancient practice of keeping watchers and fires by night to drive away the elephants from their growing crops. The opening of roads and the clearing the mountain forests of Kandy for the cultivation of coffee have forced the animals to retire to the low country, where again they have been followed by large parties of European sportsmen; and the Singhalese themselves, being more freely provided with arms than in former times, have assisted in swelling the annual slaughter.

Had the motive which incites to the destruction of the elephant in Africa and India prevailed in Ceylon, and had the elephants there been provided with tusks, they would long since have been annihilated for the sake of their ivory. But it is a curious fact that, whilst in Africa both sexes have tusks, with some slight disproportion in the size of those of the females,

and whilst in India the females are provided with them, though of much less dimensions than the males, not one elephant in a hundred is found with tusks in Ceylon, and the few that possess them are exclusively males.

Sir James Emerson Tennant had, during his stay at Kandy, twice the opportunity of witnessing the operation, on a grand scale, of capturing wild elephants, intended to be trained for the public service; and the same able administrator and distinguished author succeeded in the course of his frequent journeys through the interior of the island, in collecting so many particulars relative to the habits of these interesting animals in a state of nature, as has enabled him not only to add to the information previously possessed, but to correct many fallacies popularly received regarding their instincts and disposition.¹

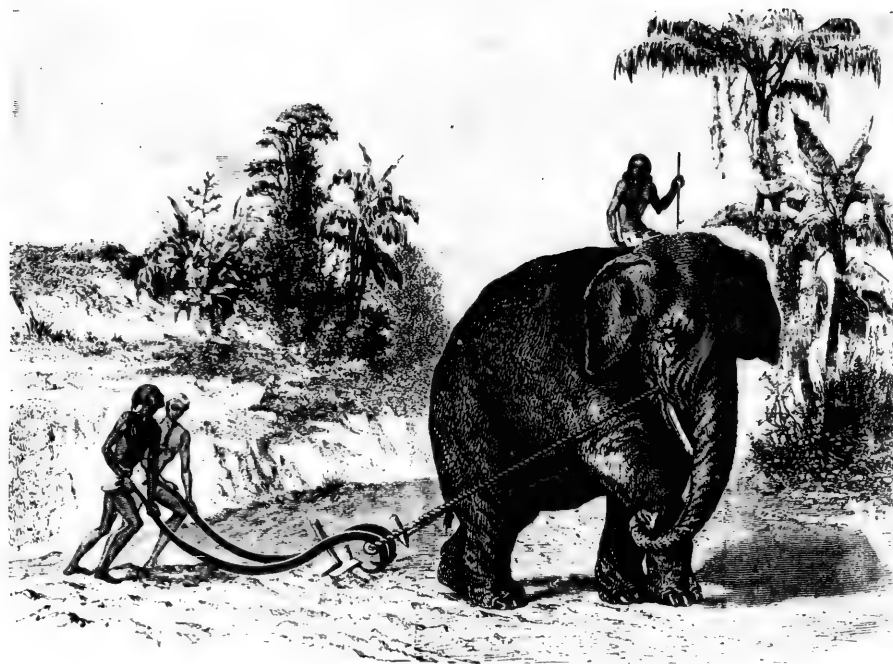
The very etymology of the name elephant is unknown, and therefore, as may be imagined, the matter of much learned and ingenious dispute; one party believing it derived from the Sanscrit *Ainavanta*, Son of the Ocean, another from the Arabic *Al fil Hindi*, *Bos Indicus*; and a third again from the Hebrew *Eleph Hindi*, also Indian Ox. A very erroneous fallacy handed by Ælian, Pliny, Shaw, Sir W. Jardine, and other naturalists, is corrected at the outset by Sir J. E. Tennant. Elephants, he says, do not shed their tusks after losing their first pair, or, as they are called, the "milk tusks;" the second pair acquire their full size and become the "permanent tusks," which are never shed. Again, it is a mistake to suppose that the tusks are defensive organs. So harmless and peaceful is the life of the elephant, that nature appears to have left them unprovided with any weapon of offence; their tusk being too delicate an organ to be rudely employed in a conflict with other animals.²

Towards man elephants evince shyness, arising from their love of solitude and dislike of intrusion; any alarm they exhibit at his appearance may be reasonably traced to the slaughter which has reduced their numbers; and as some evidence of this, it has always been observed that an elephant exhibits greater impatience of a white man than of a native. Were his instincts to carry him further, or were he influenced by any feeling of animosity or hostility, it must be apparent that, as against the prodigious numbers that inhabit the forests of Ceylon, man would wage an unequal contest, and that of the two one or other must long since have been reduced to a helpless minority.

The alleged antipathies of the elephant to all quadrupeds, especially swine and dogs, and the absurd statement that he is alarmed if a hare start from his form, are in a great degree, if not entirely, imaginary. "The habits of the elephant," observes Sir James, "are essentially harmless; his wants lead to no rivalry with other animals, and the food to which he is most attached is found in such abundance that he obtains it without

¹ Ceylon: An Account of the Island, Physical, Historical, and Topographical, with Notices of its Natural History, Antiquities, and Productions, by Sir James Emerson Tennant, K. G. S., LL.D., &c.

² The annual importation of ivory into Great Britain alone for the last few years has been about one million pounds, which, taking the average weight of a tusk at sixty pounds, would require the slaughter of 8,333 male elephants. But Mr. MeLeod tells us (in *Travels in East Africa*, vol. ii. p. 275) that almost the whole of the ivory-trade of East Africa, the most productive of all, is now in the hands of the Americans. The number of elephants annually destroyed cannot, therefore, be under 20,000.



WORKING ELEPHANT IN CEYLON.

an effort. In the quiet solitudes of Ceylon, elephants may constantly be seen browsing peacefully in the immediate vicinity of, and in close contact with, other animals. I have seen groups of deer and wild buffaloes reclining in the sandy bed of a river in the dry season, and elephants plucking the branches close beside them. They show no impatience in the company of the elk, the bear, and the wild hog; and on the other hand I have never discovered an instance in which these animals have evinced any apprehension of them."

The elephant's natural timidity, however, is such, that he becomes alarmed on the appearance in the jungle of any animal—such as a horse, and especially if mounted. When enraged an elephant will not hesitate to charge a rider on horseback; but it is against the man, not against the horse, that his fury is directed; and no instance has been ever known of his waronly assailing a horse. A horse which belonged to the celebrated elephant-slayer, Major Rogers, had run away from his groom, and was found some considerable time afterwards grazing quietly with a herd of elephants. On the whole, it may be said that the elephant lives on terms of amity with every quadruped in the forest, that he neither regards them as his foes nor provokes their hostility by his acts; and that, with the exception of man, his greatest enemy is a fly—the tremendous tsetse, or elephant fly.

The elephant does not use his tusks in fighting—but its foot is its chief weapon, the

pressure of the foot being sufficient to crush any minor assailant, after being prostrated by means of his trunk. A peculiar formation in the knee-joint in the hind leg, enabling him to swing his hind feet close to the ground, also assists him in tossing the body alternately from foot to foot, till he deprives it of life. A sportsman who had undergone this operation, having been seized by a wounded elephant, but rescued from his fury, was thus flung back and forward between the hind and fore feet of the animal, which ineffectually attempted to trample him at each concussion, but abandoned him without inflicting serious injury.

In captivity, however, after a due course of training, the elephant discovers a new use for his tusks, when employed in moving stones and piling timber—so much so that a powerful one will raise and carry on them a log of half a ton weight, or more. Sir J. E. Tennant relates the following anecdote, as at once illustrative of this faculty, as also of the sagacity of the animal:

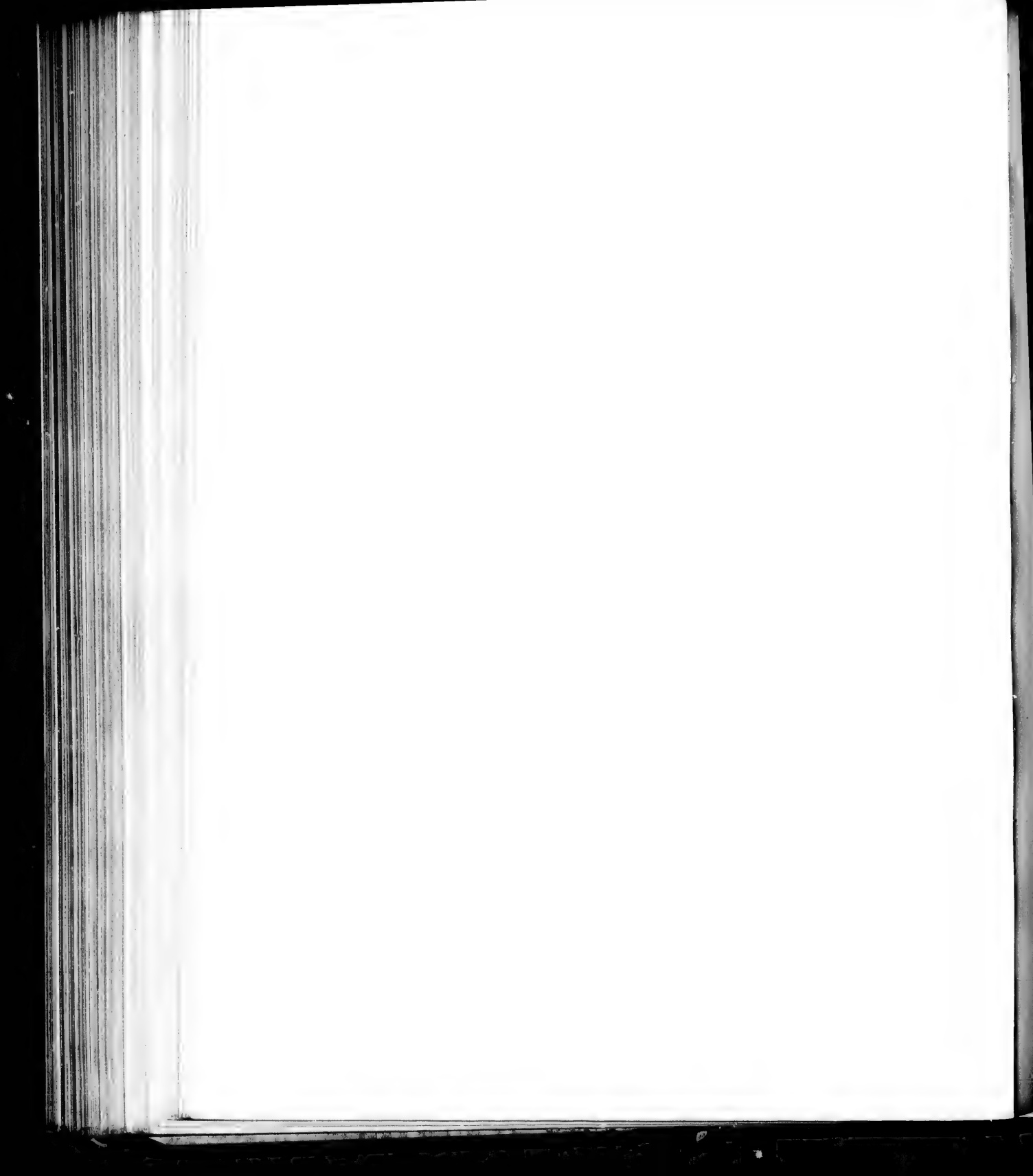
"One evening, whilst riding in the vicinity of Kandy, my horse evinced some excitement at a noise which approached us in the thick jungle, and which consisted of a repetition of the ejaculation 'Urmph! urmph!' in a hoarse and dissatisfied tone. A turn in the forest explained the mystery, by bringing me face to face with a tame elephant, unaccompanied by any attendant; he was labouring painfully to carry a heavy beam of timber, which he balanced across his tusks, but the pathway being narrow he was forced to bend his head to one side to permit it to pass edgewise; and the exertion

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A FOREST IN CEYLON.



and inconvenience combined led him to utter the dissatisfied sounds which disturbed the composure of my horse. On seeing us halt, the elephant raised his head, reconnoitred us for a moment, then flung down the timber and forced himself backwards among the brushwood, so as to leave a passage, of which he expected us to avail ourselves. My horse still hesitated; the elephant observed it, and impatiently thrust himself still deeper into the jungle, repeating his cry of 'Urnph;' but in a voice evidently meant to encourage us to come on. Still the horse trembled, and, anxious to observe the instinct of the two sagacious creatures, I forbore any interference: again the elephant wedged himself further in among the trees, and waited impatiently for us to pass him, and after the horse had done so, timidly and tremblingly, I saw the wise creature stoop and take up his heavy burthen, trim and balance it on his tusks, and resume his route, hoarsely snorting, as before, his discontented remonstrance."

So conversant are the natives with the structure and "points" of the elephant, that they divide them readily into castes, and describe with particularity their distinctive excellencies and defects. Elephants in Ceylon are occasionally spotted, but rarely of that morbid flesh colour which has been honoured by the name of "white." A white elephant is mentioned in the *Mahavamsa* as forming part of the retinue attached to the temple of the Tooth at Anurajapooma, in the fifth century before Christ; but it commanded no religious veneration, and like those of the kings of Siam, it was tended merely as an emblem of royalty; the sovereign of Ceylon being not inappropriately addressed as the "Lord of Elephants."

The favourite resort of the Ceylon elephant is the mountain top, and not the sultry valleys. In Uvah, where the elevated plains are often crisp with the morning frost, and on Pedro-talla-galla, at the height of upwards of 8,000 feet, they are found in herds; whilst the hunter may search for them without success in the jungles of the low country. Their sight is limited, but the sense of smell is acute. The sense of hearing is also very delicate, and they have a variety of noises or calls, by means of which they communicate with one another upon all emergencies. They do not, in Ceylon, attain a height of above nine feet, and the ordinary herds do not average more than eight. A herd is a family, not a group of elephants, whom accident or attachment may have induced to associate together. The numbers of these herds fluctuate very slightly, and hunters in pursuit of them, who may chance to have shot one or more, always reckon with certainty the precise number of those remaining. One member of a herd, generally the largest and most powerful, is by common consent implicitly followed as a leader.

As the shooting of an elephant, whatever enlurance and adroitness the sport may display in other respects, requires the smallest possible skill as a marksman, the numbers which are annually slain in this way may be regarded as evidence of the multitudes abounding in those parts of Ceylon to which they resort. One officer, Major Rogers, who was himself ultimately killed by lightning, killed upwards of 1200, and he bought his successive steps in the army, from a subaltern to a major, with the value of the ivory obtained from these encounters; another, Captain Gallway, has the credit of slaying more than half that number; Major Skinner,

now the commissioner of roads, almost as many, and less persevering aspirants follow at humbler distances.

But notwithstanding this prodigious destruction, a reward of a few shillings per head offered by the Government for taking elephants was claimed for 3,500 destroyed in part of the northern province alone, in less than three years prior to 1848; and between 1851 and 1856, a similar reward was paid for 2,000 in the southern province.

Although there is little opportunity for the display of marksmanship in an elephant battue, there is one feature in the sport, as conducted in Ceylon, which contrasts favourably with the slaughter-house details chronicled with almost too great minuteness in some recent accounts of elephant shooting in South Africa. The practice in Ceylon is to aim invariably at the head, and the sportsman finds his safety to consist in boldly facing the animal, advancing to within fifteen paces, and lodging a bullet either in the temple, or in the hollow over the eye, or in a well-known spot immediately above the trunk, where the weaker structure of the skull affords an easy access to the brain. The region of the ear is also a fatal spot, and often resorted to, the places mentioned in the front of the head being only accessible when the animal is "charging." Generally speaking, a single ball, planted in the forehead, ends the existence of the noble creature instantaneously, and expert sportsmen have been known to kill, right and left, one with each barrel; but occasionally an elephant will not fall before several shots have been lodged in his head.

When free in his native woods, it is to be remarked the elephant evinces rather simplicity than sagacity, and its intelligence seldom exhibits itself in cunning. The rich profusion in which nature has supplied his food, and anticipated his every want, has made him independent of those devices by which carnivorous animals provide for their subsistence; and, from the absence of all rivalry between himself and the other denizens of the plains, he is never required to resort to artifice for self-protection. For these reasons, in his tranquil harmless life, he may appear to casual observers to exhibit even less than ordinary ability; but when danger and apprehension call for the exertion of his powers, those who have witnessed their display are seldom inclined to undervalue his sagacity.

An instance is related in which a recently captured elephant was either rendered senseless from fear, or, as the native attendants asserted *feigned death*, in order to regain his freedom. It was led from the corral, as usual, between two tame ones, and had already proceeded far on its way towards its destination, when night closing in, and the torches being lighted, it hesitated to go on, and finally sunk to the ground apparently lifeless. The fastenings were ordered to be removed from the legs, and when all attempts to raise it had failed, so convinced were all that it was dead, that the ropes were collected and the carcass abandoned. They had scarcely, however, taken their departure and proceeded a few yards, when, to their astonishment, the elephant rose with the utmost alacrity and fled towards the jungle, screaming at the top of its voice, its cries being audible long after it had disappeared in the shades of the forest.

Most sportsmen have, with the intent of exalting their own prowess, misrepresented this most harmless animal—except when a "rogue," or a female deprived

of her young, or terrified and irritated, and which Mr. Gordon Cumming has described—as weeping large tears from the torture inflicted by showers of bullets, tearing up its flesh and penetrating to its vitals, as “savage, wary, and revengeful.” Sir J. E. Tennant has eloquently indicated the true character of these maligned quadrupeds. Their demeanour, he says, when undisturbed, is indicative of gentleness and timidity. A few are generally browsing listlessly on the trees and plants in their reach, others fanning themselves with leafy branches, and a few are asleep; whilst the young are playing among the herd, the emblems of innocence, as the older ones are of peacefulness and gravity.¹

The Working Elephant of Ceylon, which forms the subject of our illustration at page 224 was sketched from the life in the mountain district of Nuerra-Elia, 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, by Count Emanuel Andiasy, a Hungarian nobleman, who saw it at work, ploughing, and thus describes it. “The sun was going down and we could perceive in the plains the natives urging on their oxen, fatigued with the labour of the day. I dismounted, the better to examine the scene, and sketched it off in my album. Clumps of earth, covered with grass, were turned over, and the animal went so fast that the woolly-headed Malabar who guided him could scarcely hold him in. Two men were holding the plough, and they had quite enough to do to keep it from leaping out of the furrow.” The Count adds a remark worthy of more particular attention. “I am astonished,” he says, “that emigrants from Germany and Ireland should go to America and the Cape of Good Hope, whilst Nuerra-Elia, with its pure atmosphere and its favoured soil, a country that would hold the half of Ireland, presents a place for colonisation, and so extremely fertile and so much more agreeable.”

The reader will now be better able to appreciate the following sparkling account of elephant shooting in Ceylon, which we borrow from a continental source. The narrator is a certain Count Horace, to whose birthly parentage we would as willingly bear testament as to his veracity.

“I have been three months in Ceylon,” says the

¹ One of these elephant-shooting stories, told by a writer in “Fraser’s Magazine,” for December, 1860, is of a character to induce reflection in the humane. “After having tracked up the herd of elephants for some miles through the forest, we heard the welcome sound of a deep roar, apparently about a quarter of a mile distant, and hurrying up, we found a small herd of five, all standing close together. The largest speedily answered to an appeal from the big rifle by sinking on its knees in the placid sleep of death. A second was soon placed in a similar position after a sharp chase, but the remainder dashed into so impracticable a clump of thick ‘wait a bit’ thorns, that it was impossible to follow them further, and we therefore retraced our steps to secure the tails of those we had killed. By the side of both we found a very little elephant; one had only been born a few hours. Poor little beasts! It was painful to listen to their prolonged roaring. They were hideous little creatures, with bloodshot eyes, and rather a malignant expression of countenance. Their trunks were quite out of proportion to their bodies, being not more than a foot and a half in length, and tapering almost to a point. We tied them up with ‘jungle grass’ (*Banksia scandens*), a tough, strong creeper, and tried to bring them both into camp, but the youngest soon gave in, and, as it would have died of starvation had we left it to itself, we thought it more merciful to put an end to its existence. The other gave us no trouble at all, beyond occasionally charging the gun bearers. It trotted briskly along, and provided the tip of its trunk was above water, did not mind crossing some rather deep streams which lay between us and camp, twelve miles distant. Its arrival there created considerable excitement among the servants and coolies, under whose care it soon became reconciled to its change of life.”

Count, “lodged in the Mansion House. I was reclining one morning in my bed, contemplating that splendid sea into which the Ganges pours its waters, when a friend of mine—a nephew or pupil, I am not quite sure which, of Sir Robert Peel—came into my room.

“What good wind brings you here this morning, Sir William?” I asked.

“You are a sportsman! Will you join us to-morrow in an elephant hunt?”

“An elephant hunt! How long would it last?”

“Seven or eight days. Have you any arms?”

“Oh yes; I have my rifle.”

“That won’t do. You must have three double-barrelled rifles, or I won’t answer for your life.”

“But, my dear friend, what shall I do with such an arsenal?”

“Oh, don’t trouble yourself about that; the attendants will see to your arms. I will provide what is necessary for you.”

The sun, I must tell you, is awfully punctual in Ceylon. It always gets up at six, and goes to bed at six the whole year round. It comes and goes out like a flash of lightning. I was ready and mounted whilst it was still dark. At Sir William’s I found four or five of the party already assembled; others were to join us on the way. Our route lay along the banks of a splendid river, wide as the Seine at Rouen. The road was shaded with the most varied and magnificent vegetation. Crossing a bridge, we were joined by four more sportsmen. We were thus eleven in all, and as each had three or four attendants, the whole party amounted to some fifty persons.

One attendant walked at the head of each horse, another in the rear. The first was to hold the horse, the latter to keep off the flies. They did not use the fan for themselves—the natives are never hot.

Our first station was a temple of Buddha—a very holy spot, as it contained one of the tusks of the sacred elephant. This relic is so much more precious, as the Ceylonese elephants have no tusks. The tooth of the same animal was buried ten leagues deep in the ground beneath a neighbouring cupola, which exactly resembled half an egg.

The further off we left the town, the less populated was the country; at the same time, living things became more numerous. Every now and then gigantic lizards were seen by the roadside, lifting up their flat heads or fore feet, and pushing forth a tongue six inches in length. Snakes were also seen gliding in the grass.

On the same afternoon we arrived at Potsaye, where we dined and slept, starting early next morning on the road to Nuerra-Elia. The road had now become so narrow through plantations, that only one horseman could proceed at a time, and beyond the plantations we came to jungle interspersed with rocks. There we first met with monkeys. I shot one, and never did I regret a thing more. I have killed two or three adversaries in duels, but I never felt what I did in contemplating the agony of that caricature of a man called a monkey.

Shortly afterwards we arrived at a coffee plantation, in the centre of which was a habitation. Sir William clapped his hands, and an attendant made his appearance.

“Whose house is this?” inquired Sir William.

“Sir Andrew’s,” was the reply.

“Is he at home?”

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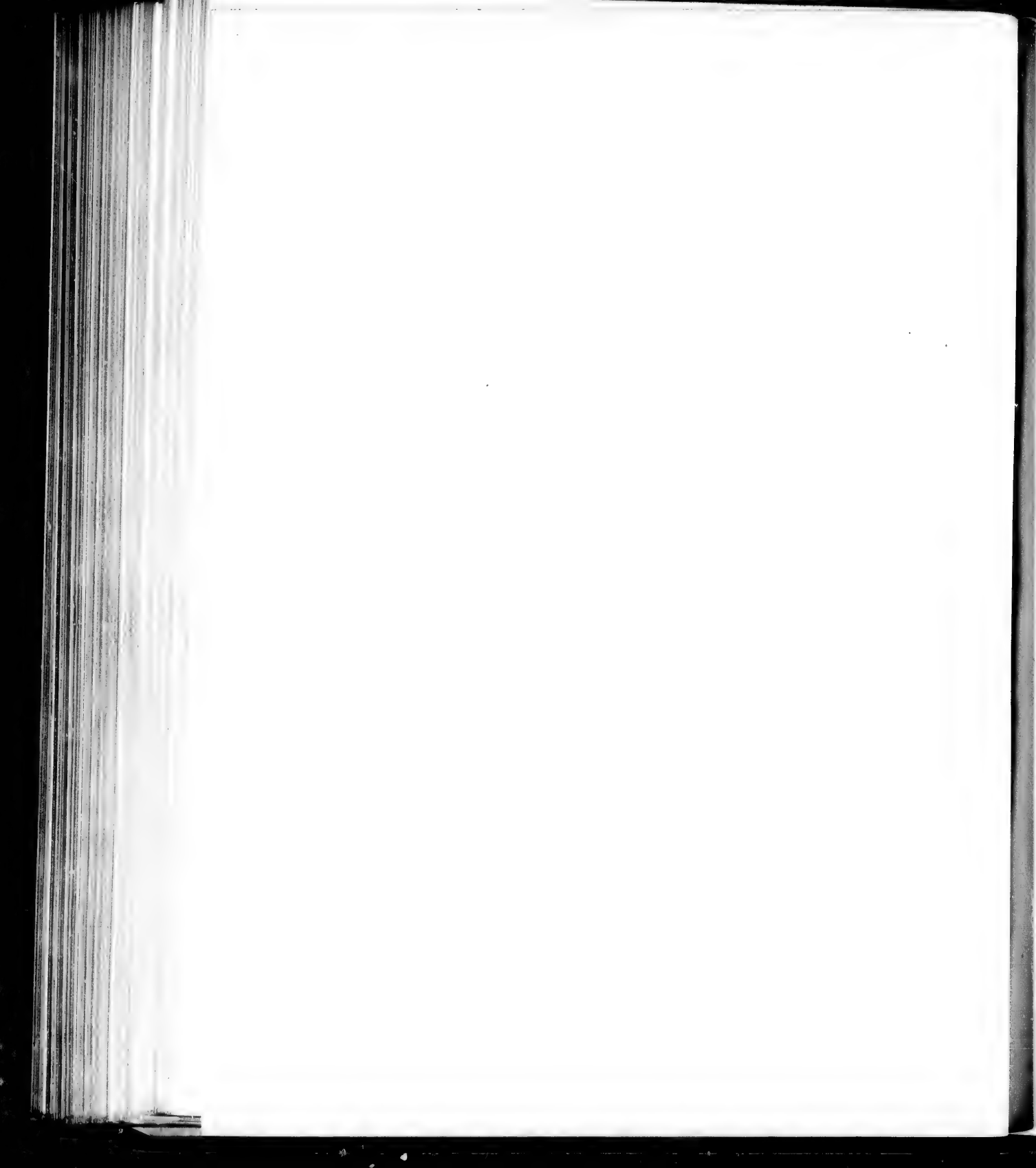
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See Chapter IV.

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In answer to the announcement that the host was absent, Sir William contented himself with ordering a repast for fifty, and we took up our quarters there till the Wednesday. In this way hospitality is practised in Ceylon.

The next day we breakfasted at Nuera-Elia, and ascending amidst rock and jungle, reached Elephant's Plain the same evening. Unluckily a storm came on, and we had to take refuge in a wayside hut, with nothing but a few biscuits for supper.

This time Count Horace regretted he had not kept the monkey. It was young, and might have been tender. Jupiter Tonans kept walking about all night at about twenty feet distance over their heads, and no one got even a wink of sleep.

Next morning it was resolved to commence sport in earnest. It was no longer a matter of amusement: it was a question of absolute necessity. The dogs were let loose, the attendants dispersed over the jungle, and the gunners followed close upon their tracks.

Scarcely five minutes had elapsed ere the dogs gave tongue, but without stirring from the spot. Whatever it was it did not leave its lair.

I hastened to the spot where the dogs were congregated, making a fearful noise.

"Take care," shouted Sir William, "It is a tiger!"

I must acknowledge that the information nailed me to the spot. I had often heard tigers talked about, and always in the most unfavourable manner. But I heard at the same time my companions advancing on all sides, and cutting their way through the jungle with their hunting knives. I knew that I was nearest to the animal, and I did not like being superseded. A heavy perspiration bedewed my forehead, so I repeated the words of Henry IV.

"Ah, carcass, you tremble! Well, I will give you something to tremble for."

So saying, I rushed forward, and in a step or two stood face to face with the wild beast. The tiger made a movement, as if to receive me after his own fashion. Luckily two great dogs held it back, one by the throat, the other by the ear; three or four more dogs had hold of it behind. Others kept barking at the distance of a few paces.

The head of the animal, drawn on one side by the dogs, still sought to turn towards me, as if instinct told its owner that the greatest danger lay in that quarter. The tiger's yellow eyes shone with the lustre of carbuncles, and a furious foam bathed its open mouth, exposing in the rear two rows of formidable looking white and sharp teeth. I began by fixing the animal. I knew that so long as a man has the courage to meet the eyes, be it of a lion, tiger or panther, he influences it. But let the look waver, and he is lost.

The voices of my companions were getting nearer and nearer. There was no time for hesitation, unless I chose to be lost. So taking my hunting-knife in hand, I went straight up to the tiger, without ever quitting its eye, and then with the tranquillity which characterises me when I have once made up my mind, I plunged my knife up to the hilt immediately behind the shoulder-blade.

The animal made such a violent plunge that it drew the weapon out of my hand.

I leaped aside.

Once more the tiger made an effort to bound, but the dogs still held it fast. It then rolled over, and

in a moment was covered with the dogs, who, at this signal of its agony simultaneously rushed in on all sides.

At this crisis Sir William came up. Lashing away at what appeared to be a pyramid of dog's tails, he soon cleared a way to the tiger.

"Whose is the knife?" he exclaimed, dragging it forth from the wound.

"Mine," I answered.

"Bravo, for a beginning."

"Excuse the faults of the author," I ventured to remark, as I wiped my knife with my pocket-handkerchief and replaced it in its scabbard.

All this was done with a simplicity which earned for me the unanimous praises of all present. Hungry as we were, we could not eat a tiger, so barely five minutes had elapsed after its death when we were once more in the jungle. Another five minutes and the dogs gave tongue again; but this time the noise moved away rapidly.

"A stag, gentlemen," exclaimed Sir William, "our dogs have found us a breakfast. Get ready the jacks and the gridirons; there will be enough for everybody."

Suddenly the noise ceased.

"Good," continued Sir William; "the animal is run down. Ah! they are splendid dogs, my dear Horace; I believe they would fetch up a hippopotamus from the bottom of the Ganges. Let us to the beast, gentlemen—to the game."

This time Sir William arrived first, and when we got up he was wiping his hunting knife. A gigantic stag lay at his feet, breathing its last. Sportsmen and attendants alike shouted with joy. There was, truly, as he said, enough for everybody. The attendants set to work at once, digging holes, lighting fires, and extemporising spits of iron wood. These were placed on poles, stuck crosswise in the ground, and two attendants turned them round, one at each end. Notwithstanding their indifference to heat, they had to be changed every five minutes. As to the offal, it was put into another hole and covered with live embers, and these again with dry wood.

In less than an hour we were at work, and wine, rice, and biscuits, made the complement of one of the most delicious meals I ever partook of.

Our repast finished, we mounted our horses and took the direction of Binteund. It is between Binteund and Badula that most elephants are met with. At less than a mile distance from where we had lunched the road makes a bend. At this turning our horses began to exhibit symptoms of anxiety. As to the one I rode, it got obstinate, and neither spur nor whip could get it to take a step farther.

"It scents an elephant," said my horsekeeper, taking it by the bridle, while I jumped down, and rifle in hand, turned the corner. My keeper was in the right, for not a hundred paces off I saw an elephant. It was attached to a great iron roller, which it was dragging after it in order to level the road. At a little distance there was another, with its keeper, employed in piling stones for a parapet. It is needless to say that although such mistakes have occurred, roadster elephants and mason elephants were not considered to be legitimate game, so we continued our way to Binteund.

Arrived at Binteund we had to leave our horses and to cut our way through the jungle. This was in pursuit of elephants whose traces had been discovered

by the natives some days previously. Progress was very laborious; there were nearly two leagues of jungle to cut one's way through. At length we arrived, almost breathless, at a small, round space, about twice as large as the Corn Hall in Paris, which had only been recently left by the elephants. Everything was trodden down by the bulky weight of the animals, who had made litter of the trunks of trees.

There were two side pathways in the jungle; the herd, separated into two bands, had gone off in different directions.

We stopped short; we had arrived.

Sir William, who was more familiar with elephant hunting than any of us, imparted his final instructions. These directions were more particularly addressed to some as novices in the art. I listened to him with a pulsation in my ears, which told me very plainly that my blood was not in its ordinary condition.

I must acknowledge that I had been terrified on contemplating the evidences of destruction around me, and I could not help asking myself why a man—a mere pigmy, whose footsteps only bend the grass, which raises itself up again when he has passed—should come and attack monsters that crush forests under their feet and tread down trees never to rise again.

Sir William had slain six or seven hundred elephants. He had kept a record up to five hundred; beyond that he had given up enumerating his victims. He had never met with but one accident, when, having fired at a young one, the mother had rushed at him before he could get another rifle from a runaway attendant, and had taken him up, in its trunk, only throwing him away to resist the accumulated aid that had come up. He had been a month laid up, and was upwards of two before he could take a full breath.

Well, Sir William's instructions were, that we were not to shoot at elephants with tusks; they are kings; not at white elephants; they are holy. Nor was it safe to shoot young elephants, as the mother would charge the party. As to shooting the remainder, there was only one vulnerable point, and that was in the centre of the forehead, where there is a depression in the skull about the diameter of a man's hat. If fairly hit, the animal would be killed at once; if not, it would single out its assailant from a hundred, and charge him. The point was, then, to await the animal till it was within a few paces, then step hastily on one side, and fire; and another ball in the ear. According to Sir William, this was the most common place proceeding unscathed. I inwardly resolved to surprise my companions by doing some feat that went beyond the instructions.

It was time to make up my mind, for the attendants were shouting out that the elephants were coming back to us. Soon we heard what appeared to be the sound of a hurricane, and we felt the earth quake under our feet.

About twenty elephants were coming along one of the tunnels; three, a male, a female, and a young one, separated a little from the rest. I shouted out to Sir William in English, "I leave the troop to you and your friends. All I ask is, that I shall have these three."

¹ Sir James Emerson Tennant says, "Not one elephant in a hundred is found with tusks in Ceylon, and the few that possess them are exclusively males. Nearly all, however, have those curved processes, which are called *tushes*, about ten or twelve inches in length, and one or two in diameter.

Then calling to my attendants to come along with the spare rifles, I rushed before the elephants; I could have sought shelter behind a tree, but I disdained to avail myself of such aid, and took up my place in the middle of the path. As to my attendants, they changed colour like cameloons. From black they gradually became gray; only one seemed resolute.

"Let those who are frightened go away," I said; and I told the more courageous one to take a rifle in each hand and to stand by me. The others disappeared in the jungle.

I had my eye fixed upon the colossuses; they appeared to me to be real mastodons. When they were not more than thirty paces from us, I took aim at the young one; it was trotting along between its mammy and its dad.

I pulled the trigger, and she just staggered as if drunk, and then fell like a heavy inert mass. The mother uttered a fearful cry—a parent's cry—at once grievous and threatening, and then stopped to lift up her offspring.

The father rushed at me at once.

When he was within six paces, I planted a ball in his forehead.

Carried away by his impetuosity, he went on beyond me—I had stepped on one side, and while doing so had got another rifle. The colossus attempted to return upon his steps, but in doing so he stumbled. Soon his hind legs followed the example of his fore limbs; then uttering a deep moan that faded off into a sigh, he fell dead!

At this cry of agony, the female, abandoning her young one, turned towards me.

It occurred to me not to take advantage of her having her head in front, as she came down upon me. I waited till the animal was only two paces off, then jumping a little on one side, I placed my rifle close to her ear, and fired off both barrels at once.

Half of the beast's head went in by the same hole as the discharge. Powder, balls, and paper showed the way.

"Well!" I exclaimed, "let every one do as much: three elephants in four shots. *C'est joli!*"

And taking my seat on the young one, which was about the size of a horse, I took out my *tinder box* and lighted a cigar."

III.—NIKOBAR ISLANDS.

LEAVING Ceylon for Madras, the expedition stayed at the latter place from the 30th day of January, 1858, till the 10th of February, visiting among other things the seven monolith temples at Vallora; on the 10th the frigate sailed for the Nikobar islands.

There are few islands less known than those which compose the so-called Archipelago of Nikobar, or Nicobar, south of the Andaman islands, in the Bay of Bengal. Hamilton, in his account of the East Indies, described the north-most cluster called the Carnicobars (Kar Nikobar), as low, and by their vicinity to the Andamans, who are their great enemies, as but thinly inhabited. The middle cluster are fine champagne ground, and all but one well inhabited. They are called, he says, the Somerera Islands, because on the south end of the largest island is a hill that resembles the top of an umbrella or somerera, (sombbrero, a hat, or sombrerera, a hat-case.) About six leagues to the southward of Somerera Island lies Tallang-jang (Tillang-hong), the uninhabited island, where one Captain Owen

lost his ship, in A.D. 1708, but the men were all saved, and finding no inhabitants, they made fires in the night, and the next day there came five or six canoes from Ning and Goury (Guri), two fine islands that lie about four leagues to the westward of the desert island, and very courteously carried the shipwrecked men to their islands, with what little things they had saved of their apparel and other necessities.

The captain had saved a broken knife about four inches long in the blade, and he having laid it carelessly by, one of the natives made bold to take it, but did not offer to hide it. The captain, seeing his knife in the poor native's hand, took it from him, and bestowed some kicks and blows on him for his ill manners, which was very ill taken, for all in general showed they were dissatisfied with this action; and the shipwrecked men could observe contentions arising between them who had befriended them in bringing them to their island, and others who were not concerned in it. However, next day, as the captain was sitting under a tree at dinner, there came about a dozen of natives to wards him, and saluted him on every side with a shower of darts made of heavy hard wood, with their points hardened in the fire, and so he expired in a moment. How far they had a mind to pursue their resentment is not known, as their benefactors saved the rest, and kept guard over them till next day, when they presented them with two canoes, and putting in them some water in pots, cocoa nuts, and dry fish, they intimated to them that they were to go, which order they were not loth in obeying. Being sixteen in company, they divided equally, and steered their course for Joncey loan, (Sambilong), but on the way one of the boats swamped, and her crew were drowned, the other boat's crew ultimately reached Matchulipatun.

Ning and Goury are described by the same authority as being two fine smooth islands, well inhabited, and plentifully furnished with several sorts of good fish, hogs, and poultry, but there are no horses, cows, sheep, or goats, nor wild beasts of any sort but monkeys. The natives have neither rice nor pulse, but the kernel of coco-nuts, yams, and potatoes, constitute their chief food. The people of Somerera were described as being courteous and commercial, while those of the southern cluster, in which the country is more mountainous, were said to be more uncivil and surly, and less communicative than those to the northward.

The Nikobar Islands have been described in geographical works of much later date as consisting of about eleven islands of moderate size, amongst which the largest is Sambilong; but the two most visited by Europeans are called Kar Nikobar and Nankauri, besides a multitude of very small ones as yet without any distinct appellation, that is to say, whose names were not known. The occupation of the men was said to consist chiefly in building and repairing their huts (probably because some had been seen so occupied), and fishing and trading to the neighbouring islands. The women were described as cooking and cultivating the ground. The same uncertainty existed with regard to the religion of the natives as with regard to their occupations, some asserting that the inhabitants do not follow any of the systems of religion prevalent in the neighbouring continent; others, that they are simply Malays, with a residue of an aboriginal Australasian population dwelling in the interior of Great Nikobar.

Amidst all these conflicting statements, certain phy-

sical facts had been proximatively eliminated, and among these were, that Nankauri and Kanorta are separated by a strait called St. George's, which forms one of the safest harbours in India, and in which ships of all sizes may ride with the greatest security, sheltered from all winds. The islands were also known to be hilly, and some of the hills to attain a considerable elevation. The valleys and sides of the hills were also known to be covered with cocoa and areca palms, and that so densely, that it was said the sunbeams could not penetrate through their foliage; add to which, these are also in places so thickly interwoven with rattans and bush rope, that they appear spun together, and render these woods dark, impervious, and unhealthy. The fruit and leaves, falling down, rot below, and contribute to render these woods absolutely pestilential to an European constitution.

Only a few tracts along the coast are cultivated, yet the soil is said to be very fertile and capable of producing all the fruits and vegetables of intertropical countries. The islands already abound in papaya, bananas, limes, tamarinds, betel nuts, and the melli, a species of bread fruit. The mangosteen and pineapple grow, like the cocoa, wild in the woods, and their fruits are described by Colebrooke as delicious. The woods are also said to contain much timber, admirably suited for building and repairing ships.¹

¹ M. De la Geronière thus describes one of these tropical forests: A virgin forest in the tropics, and especially in the Philippines, is very different from our European forests. The noise of a torrent roused me from my meditations, and I beheld before me nature's most gigantic productions. There was the immense *habiti*, an extraordinary fig-tree, found in the sombre and mysterious forest of the Philippines. I stood still to admire this enormous tree, which springs from a seed resembling that of the ordinary fig; its wood is white and spongy; in a few years it attains a prodigious size. Nature, who has foreseen everything, who suits the young leaf to leave its wood upon its bushes (by the way-side, that the fluid need may gather it and form its nest, has displayed her utmost genius in rearing the fig-tree of the Philippines. The branches of this tree generally spring out horizontally from its trunk, and then, forming a right angle, rise perpendicularly. But, as already mentioned, the tree is spongy and snaps easily, and when the branch is weak there, where it forms an angle, it would inevitably break if a fibre, which the Indians call *drop of cedar*, did not issue from the tree, take root in the earth, and increasing simultaneously with the branches, afford the latter a living prop. Around the tree there also extend, at a great height from the ground, natural supports, which converge to the middle of the trunk. Everything has been foreseen by the Great Architect of the universe. The aspect of the *habiti* is indescribably picturesque. Within the space, some hundred paces in diameter, which these gigantic fig-trees occupy, one finds groaves, residences, apartments, often furnished with natural seats formed by the roots. No species of vegetation is more varied and extraordinary. The tree frequently grows upon where there is not an inch of earth, its long roots struggle over the rock, wind round its angles, and plunge into the adjacent stream. This masterpiece of nature is very common in the Philippine forests.

The bamboo, of the graminaceous tribe, grows in thick tufts in the woods, on the banks of the river, and wherever it finds a damp soil. In the Philippines they reckon twenty-five or thirty kinds, very distinct in form and size. There are some of the diameter of a man's body; the hollow of which is very large. This kind is used particularly for the construction of cabins, and for vessels wherein to fetch and keep water. The fibres are made into baskets, hats, and all manner of things for which wicker-work is used in Europe; from which are also made ropes and cables of great strength. Another bamboo, of smaller dimensions, also hollow, and covered with a natural varnish, almost as hard as steel, serves, like the larger one, for the building of huts; cut to a point on an edge, it is used by the Indians for lances, arrows, and flames. A third kind, much more solid, and of the thickness of a man's arm, is more particularly used for those parts of the cabins which require great solidity, such as the roof. The fourth sort, smaller and

(See p. 240.) In such a country snakes and alligators, as might naturally be expected, are numerous. The sea also abounds with exquisite fish, shell-fish, and turtle. The number and variety of shell-fish is said to be so great, that the most beautiful conchological collections might be made with very little trouble. Ambergis and the edible bird's-nest are common, and the Chinese and Malays visit the islands to procure them.

The inhabitants are of a copper colour, with small eyes, flat noses, large mouths, thick lips, and teeth

without any hollow, is used for railings and palisades round cultivated lands. The other kinds are made less use of; but, nevertheless, they are turned to account. To preserve the plant and render it annually productive, the shoots are cut off at a height of above ten feet from the ground. In that state, they look like a group of organ pipes, and are surrounded with branches and thorns. At the beginning of the rainy season, there rise out of each of these clusters, like gigantic asparagus, and as if by enchantment, a quantity of big bamboos. In a month they are from fifty to sixty feet high; and in a certain time afterwards they have acquired sufficient solidity to be used for the various purposes for which they are applicable. The cocoa-tree, of the palm family, grows for seven years before it yields fruit. Those seven years elapsed, it yields, for upwards of a century, the same unvarying crop—namely, a score of big nuts every month. Never does this crop fail; and one constantly sees, upon the same tree, blossoms and fruit of every size. The coconut is, as well known, excellent nourishment; a great quantity of oil is also abstracted from it. The shell is made into cups; the fibrous envelope into cords and cables for ships, and even into a coarse material for clothing. The leaves are used to thatch cabins, and for baskets and brouses. From the cocoa there is also extracted the drink called cocoa wine. It is a most intoxicating liquid, and is used by the Indians at their feasts. To obtain this wine whole forests of cocoa trees are doomed to yield sap instead of fruit. By means of long bamboos, a communication is established between the summits of the trees. These bamboos serve as paths to the Indians, who every morning, bearing large jars, go to gather in the liquor. This is a difficult and dangerous occupation—an aerial promenade at sixty or eighty feet from the ground. The juice from which the spirit is manufactured is obtained from the bud, which, if left to itself, would become a blossom. As soon as one of these buds is about to burst, an Indian ties a string tightly round it at a short distance from its extremity; then he cuts off all that part of the bud that projects from the ligature; from this cutting, or from the pores which it discloses, there continually flows a sweet liquid, pleasant to the taste so long as it has not fermented. When it passes into a fermentation, it is taken to the distillery to be converted into a spirituous liquor, known in that country as cocoa wine. Finally, the shell of the nut, burnt, yields a fine black colouring matter, which the Indians use to dye straw hats. The banana is a herbaceous plant, without any ligneous quality. The stem of each plant is formed of leaves placed one over the other. This stem rises usually to a height of twelve or fifteen feet from the ground, and then spreads out into broad leaves, not less than five or six feet long. It is from the midst of these leaves that the flower springs, and is followed by what is called a *régime*, by which word is to be understood a hundred large bananas growing on one stalk, forming a long cluster, which bends towards the earth. Before the fruit has reached maturity the *régime* is cut, and the bananas are used for food accordingly as they ripen. The part of the plant which is in the ground is a sort of great stump, whence rise, in succession, about thirty shoots. Each shoot must furnish but one cluster; then it is cut near the ground; and as the shoots which grow from the same root have different ages, they are found in all stages of fructification, so that every month or fortnight, and in all seasons, a cluster or two may be gathered from the same plant. It is also from a kind of banana, but whose fruit is not edible, that is obtained the vegetable silk, or *abaca*, used for the manufacture of clothing material, and cordage. This filament is found in the trunk of the plant, which, as I have already mentioned, is formed of leaves growing one over the other. These are divided into long stripes, and placed for a few hours in the sun, then they are pulled sharply over a dull iron blade; the parenchyma, or fleshy part of the leaf, is retained by the blade, and the fibre separates from it; then comes another brief exposure to the sun, and the goods are ready for the market.

black from chewing betel. They are well-proportioned, rather short than tall, with large ears. They have strong black hair, the men have little or no beard, and shave their eyebrows, but never cut their nails. The hinder part of the head is compressed at birth. The men's clothing is a bit of string round their middle, and about a foot and a half of cloth six inches broad tucked before and behind within that girth. The women have a petticoat from the navel to the knee, and their hair close shaved, but the men have the hair left on the upper part of the head, and below the crown, but cut so short that it hardly comes to the ears. They erect their houses along the shore upon piles, to the height of six or eight feet above the ground, and sometimes so near to the margin of the water as to admit the tide to flow under them.

The Danes twice founded establishments on these islands in 1678 and in 1756, but were said to have abandoned them, owing to the unhealthiness of the climate. So also the Moravians, a body of Christians exemplary for zeal and perseverance, and the Lutherans, established missions there; but according to some, as they did not succeed in the conversion of the natives, they returned to Tranquebar; according to others, missionary after missionary falling a victim to the climate, they, after enduring many privations, relinquished the un-lertaking.

The Austrian expedition in the *Novara* made a careful exploration of these interesting islands, which lasted upwards of a month. The frigate anchored off the most northerly island of Kar-Nikolar on the 23rd of February, 1858. A party landed and advanced into the interior. They were soon hailed by a battalion, as they describe it, of about fifty natives, who came forth to meet them, armed with long cutlasses without handles, javelins, and stout sticks. "Good friends! good friends!" they exclaimed, upon encountering their visitors.

Being assured as to the pacific intentions of the latter, the chiefs, who called themselves captains, and decorated themselves with European names, as Captain Nelson, Captain Byron, Captain Wellington, Doctor Crisp, and others, handed over their arms to their followers, and held forth their oily and dirty hands, the grasp of which it was not deemed politic to refuse. Each of them then produced a certificate delivered to him by different captains of merchant ships, testifying to his loyalty in the matter of dealing in cocoa-nuts. Several of these certificates contained also useful advice to new comers, such as "If you wish to remain friends with the savages, neither steal their pigs nor their wives."

The generality of these certificates bore the price current of cocoa-nuts in European manufactures. Thus, one sword-blade obtained 300 nuts, as much as a sack of rice; a soup-spoon, 150, and a kerchief, 100. Every rag had its price. Bread, tools, pepper, and various drugs—among others, castor-oil, camphor and salts—are in great demand, but not so much so as clothes and felt hats. Not an old coat in rags that is not bought up with enthusiasm, and the most worn-out old wide-awake will obtain 2,500 nuts, as much as a double-barrelled gun, a barrel of rum, or a piece of calico twenty yards in length, and which they use to bury their dead. Assuredly any speculator who would send a cargo of felt hats to Nikolar would realise large profits. It is supposed that, seeing most of the captains of merchantmen provided with hats of this



INTERIOR OF A HUT IN THE ISLAND OF KAR-NIKOBAR.

description, the islanders imagined that such were the marks of their rank, as a crown is that of royalty, and that the wide-awake made the captain.

A certain Captain Dixon presented a certificate, of which he was not a little proud. It recorded that, notwithstanding his dirty appearance, Captain Dixon was a man to be trusted. He was, however, a very fine man, as naked as the hand; his complexion bronzed, his hair shining, long, and floating, and held by a diadem of bark. Amongst his companions, one wore a simple shirt, the other a blouse, another a pair of well worn boots, and here and there a pair of trousers were to be seen. All put together, however, they could barely have supplied one complete dress. Many of these islanders only wore the narrow waist-band which fell down in a queue. Their general appearance would not have been displeasing, had it not been for their great open mouths, and their black and carious teeth. Sometimes teeth and gums had alike disappeared, to give place to a diseased shapeless mass between a pair of swollen and inflamed lips. They have, besides, the bad habit of lengthening their ears by boring holes in them, into which they insert their pipes, cigars, and other objects, or even bits of wood decorated with pieces of copper or silver; one, to whom a small bottle had been presented, at once adixed it to his ear as an ornament.

Captain Dixon and his friends were invited on board the *Norara*, and assured that no harm would

be done to them, and that they were good friends. "Not only friends," exclaimed the captain, "not only good friends, but good brothers—father, mother—all brethren!" an explosion of fraternity which the narrator says absolutely stunned him, coming from this poor oily and naked savage. It is true that the captain did not forget to inquire if, being on board, he should be treated to food, drink, and tobacco. Everything on board excited their admiration, but nothing more so than the big guns from Marienzell, "our holy place of grace and pilgrimage." When these simple savages were questioned as to what punishments they inflicted upon evil-doers, they at once answered, "We are not wicked, we are all good. But they are very wicked people in your country, or why should you want those great guns?" Admirable philosophy in a so-called savage.

Apart from the ravages which the abuse of betel causes in their mouths, the inhabitants of Nikobar are well-made and healthy. There were only two pathological cases met with among them; one of a man with a paralysed arm, the other of a little man, fat and short, with imperfectly developed fingers, which had earned to him the nick-name Kinta-Kunti. When the natives were asked who took care of poor Kinta-Kunti, "I do! we do! all of us do!" exclaimed Captain Charley, with an expression of surprise at such a question being asked. Captain Charley was a little thin man, whose whole dress consisted of a cap.

It appears that these Nikobarians have preserved an ill feeling towards the Danes. "The Danes are bad people!" they exclaimed, their eyes lighting up, "They wished to take our island! If we wished to take your island, we should be wicked people!" Another bit of philosophy unknown in the old world.

The Austrians were invited by Captain John to visit his domicile, raised upon a dozen piles and covered with palm leaves. The ascent was by a ladder of bamboos. The hut was nearly empty; two or three boxes were to be seen in a corner which contained all the captain's riches. There were also a few javelins hanging on the walls and ceiling, and a broken-down chair to offer to his visitors. As to the captain himself, he took his seat on a plank attached by ropes to the roof, and whence he gravely swung himself to and fro, deeply imbued with a sense of his own political importance.

A roast pig had been purchased for the sum of two florins from the fat Doctor Crisp, but none of the women or the children appeared to grace the repast. "They are fled to the forest," they said, in reply to inquiries made as to their absence, "We do not know where, and as long as you remain they will continue hidden there, even if they have to die of hunger." These poor people, taught by sad experience, were using precautions against the expeditionists. "In the relations of Europeans with savages," says the narrator, "it is seldom that the latter are in the wrong."

It may be affirmed that the Nikobarians have a natural sentiment of morality and justice, which is lightly developed in their character; they are hospitable, kind, and appear to be neither envious nor jealous. If their social ideal is less elevated than ours, it is still not without value. At all events, their practice is not, as too frequently happens among ourselves, in an inverse ratio to their theory. Protestant and Catholic missionaries, the Austrians tell us, have not as yet met with the slightest success among these insulars, who have received them kindly, have looked upon them with curiosity, have listened to them without understanding them, and do not to the present day know what they came to do. But Captain John brought forth a little English bible, and said to them with a certain pride, "Here is Jesus Christ. When I am ill, I put it under my head, and I am healed!"

Thirteen villages were described by name as existing in the island of Kar Nikobar, altogether comprising some hundred huts, with a population of from eight to nine hundred inhabitants.

The cocoa-nut is the chief mercantile produce of the island, but sugar cane, tobacco, cotton and rice could be successfully cultivated. The quantity of nuts exported annually, of which the greater portion go to Pulo Penang, is estimated at four to five millions of frames. The cocoa-nut tree, which attains a height of from 60 to 100 feet, and a diameter of two feet, is crowned by a roof of leaves always green and playing gracefully over the head. Who does not know the thousand useful purposes to which this precious tree is put to! its leaves, its roots, its trunk, its sap, its water, its oil, its wine, its milk, and its very fibres, all conduce to the comforts and happiness of millions of the human family.

The greatest festival celebrated by the Nikobarians lasts fifteen days, and is held on the occasion of the opening of the rainy season, when the south-west monsoon begins to blow. They also celebrate another

festival in the dry season, by a grotesque race. Wild boars are let loose in an enclosed space, the young men armed with sticks and javelins rush to the assault, with loud shouts and in the presence of their fair ones their rivals, and the assembled people; they pierce and hit the hogs, which defend themselves often very vigorously, inflicting more than one wound, but which, after an inevitable struggle, are killed, roasted, and eaten.

Upon the occasion of the festival of the dead, the Nikobarians exhume the bodies of their relatives and friends, which have been a year under ground, carry them into a hut, and gather round them groaning and weeping. A lighted cigar is placed in the mouth of each skeleton, picturing no doubt the human breath. The skulls are afterwards buried in the cemetery, or Kuakappa, but the bones are cast away in the forest, or into the sea. A few cocoa nut trees are cut down at the same time, which are thrown away with the bodies, and cocoa-nuts are put in places where they are likely to give birth to new trees.

The natives of Nikobar dance, but with little animation, and their songs are so many lamentations. Their figures, the Austrian ethnologist said, are so elegiac, that the idea was involuntarily forced upon him that they were the remnants of a primitive autochthonic race, perhaps anterior to ours, which feels that it has no longer a place in the actual series of human beings, and that nothing remains for it but to die out!

On the 28th of February the frigate left Kar Nikobar, for Battelmuve, an inhabited island twenty-one miles distant, where the geographers wished to make some observations. On the 6th of March it anchored in the commodious but unhealthy port of Mankauri, well known to the religious world for the number of German and Danish, Moravian and Lutheran missionaries who came there to perish.

The village of Itoe was first visited. All the inhabitants had fled away, and only left a few famished dogs behind them. Piles were seen raised above the water in front of the huts and to which branches were attached, to drive away evil spirits. In the village were also found a great number of small figures of wood, coarsely and grotesquely carved and attached to the walls and roofs of the houses. These were intended to represent Iwis, that is to say, bad spirits, tied up by the leg, just as in olden times scoldolds and gibbets were erected at gateways, to deter malefactors. Nevertheless, as if to propitiate these Iwis at the same time, certain cantables, including tobacco, leaves and betel-nuts, were attached for their use to different parts of the hut, and especially to the bamboo ladder.

The cemetery of Itoe, as well as that of Kamurta, is stuck all over with piles or poles, to which the hatchet, file, knife and other property of the defunct are attached. Coarsely carved figures, daubed in red and black, with white, red, and blue ribbons, or simply long palm leaves floating in the breeze, are likewise attached to the top of these poles, to drive away the evil spirits.

The hills of Mughata and the villages of Ennang, Calaba, and Kumat, where the missionaries founded establishments, were also visited. Scarcely a trace of the passage of the latter is now to be found. The valley in which eleven *Herrnhuters* perished one after another, is once more transformed into a gloomy and majestic forest.

Notwithstanding the proximity of their islands, the inhabitants of Kar Nikobar, of Ennang, and of Malacca, do not speak the same language. They give

even to the most common objects different names. The imperfection of their language is a good deal to be attributed to the deformity of their mouths; it is rather stammered than spoken.

The frigate set sail on the 11th for Katchal, Nankauri, and Kamouri; but having no steam-power the expeditionists were unable to effect a landing. On the 17th they fetched the Meroe Islands, and then Treis and Track, and the long mountainous chain of Little Nikobar and of Pulo Milu, which latter small island they were enabled to explore. They describe it as of exceeding beauty, and clothed with an admirable vegetation. The pandanus, which imparts to the forests of southern Asia so different an aspect to those of South America, is seen here in all its perfection. A Swedish naturalist, of the name of Rink, had preceded the Austrians here, and had employed forty Chinese workmen to open pathways in various directions. The funeral poles, bearing the floating images to drive away the wicked Iwis, were also seen at this island. The persons who raise these trophies are called Maluems, or devil extirpators. At the same time that they thus abuse a superstitious dread of evil spirits, they completely subject the minds of the people, just as their colleagues, the achites of Guatemala, the medicine men of the North American Indians, and the rain-makers of the Kafirs do.

The ethnologist of the expedition succeeded, after many presents of tobacco, glass-beads, and admittedly bad knives, in getting three natives to sell him a skeleton. Trembling all the way, they led him to a secluded part of the forest, where lay the body of a young man; but the moment they saw the savant at work with a knife, they fled away as fast as their legs could carry them. Possibly the ethnologist says that they thought the cranium would atone itself for their treachery.

The 19th of March the frigate traversed the canal of Saint George's, coasted the island of Musial, and touched the next day at the charming little island of Kondua, where they admired the splendid vegetation and imposing forests. They met here with some natives, who were sufficiently affable to allow themselves to be weighed and to have their hair clipped—an operation which, as it lasted not less than twenty minutes, was not a little fatiguing, both to the operator and to the patient.

The ethnologist, in order to study the remedial means in use in the country, pretended that he had severe rheumatic pains in his left shoulder, and engaged a native doctor to undertake the cure. The Nikobarian Esculapian accordingly took hold of the afflicted arm, pinched it, pressed it up and down, blew upon it, all the time dancing and shouting, to drive away the evil spirit that haunted the member; and at last he arrived, with expressive gestures, at his grand climax, which was to make it exude from the extremity of the fingers. So little satisfied, however, was the doctor with his performance, that when he had received his five sons (2*½* *l*) as a gratuity, he took himself off as fast as his limbs would carry him.

IV.—THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS.

THE terror which struck the mutinous Sepoy regiments of our Indian army, when they learnt their sentence was one of transportation to the Andaman Islands, in the Bay of Bengal, can only be understood

by those who are aware that the natives of these islands are a totally distinct race from either the Hindhus of the continent, or the Malays of the coast; in fact, that they are negroes of a type similar to those inhabiting the Feejee, or Fiji Islands, transported thither over the Indian Ocean by some accident of the sea, such, perhaps, as wafted civilisation to Mexico from Japan, and to Peru from Mexico; that they live in forests, uncivilised, barbarous, vindictive, and as ignorant as wild beasts, and that for centuries, according to all reports of eastern and Muhammadan travellers, they have enjoyed the reputation—unfairly, as there is now reason to presume—of being anthropophagi, or eaters of human flesh. This singular race of people are almost analogous, in the scale of humanity, with the Bosjesman, or Bushmen of South Africa—men, who in their habits of living, are but a few removes from the monkeys, or rather may be said, almost without exaggeration, to have rather the disadvantage of these animals in appearance, with a quality of intellect scarcely expanded above idiocy and a language of gutturals scarcely exceeding in range the grunt of hogs, the harsh scream of the jackal, or the whistling of birds. They are degenerated from the Papuan type, seldom exceed five feet in height, have heads of a large size, short necks and high shoulders, woolly hair, protuberant stomachs, and weak, bony legs. They go entirely naked, only rubbing their bodies with yellow clay, and reddening their heads and faces with red ochre. Their only weapons or implements are bows and arrows (of elegant shape), a kind of barpoon-headed rod of hard wood for spearing fish, an adze-head of sharp stone fastened to a handle by a cord made of strong vegetable fibre. They subsist on fish, which abound generally on the coast, but in time of scarcity they devour rats, lizards, and vermin of every description.

Some writers would refer the well-known and too sadly authenticated ferocity and blood-thirstiness of the Andamanians simply to a courageous love of independence. They do not in any case, says the traveller quoted, appreciate being appointed jailors to an invading people. But alas! it is not only the English they slay. Not many years ago, a mild, inoffensive Austrian naturalist (Dr. Heller) fell a victim to their treachery while quietly botanising in these inhospitable islands.

The largest of these Andaman Islands, known as the Grand Andaman, is somewhat incorrectly designated as a single island, 140 miles long by 20 broad; it is in reality divided by as many channels into three separate islands. A picturesque mountain, known to the English as Saddle-Peak, and which attains an elevation of 2,400 feet, is the main feature of this island, and is seen at a great distance. It seems to be of volcanic origin, and it is even said that there are volcanoes in activity in the islands.

The southern island, which is known as Little Andaman, is only about 28 miles long by 17 in width. Having no running streams of fresh water, it has never attracted so much attention as the northerly island.

Like all other islands in the Indian Ocean, the Andaman Islands are clothed with a luxuriant vegetation. Among other kinds of vegetable wood are ebony, red saunders wood, or sanguis draconis of druggists (*Pterocarpus Dahlbergoides*), bamboo, rattan canes, and other congeners, which impart a peculiarly graceful appearance to the forests that line the coasts.

These forests are tenanted by but few birds of bril

liant plumage. The native pigeon, is, however, remarkable for its exquisite beauty; and with the exception of the stag and the wild boar, there is, as in the Nikobar Islands, a complete absence of quadrupeds. That which renders the Andamans precious in the eyes of the student of Cuvier, are the numbers of pretty Salangane swallows (*Hirundo esculenta*), ever flitting about the rocky coasts, and which construct in the caves the much-coveted nests so essential to Chinese epicureanism.

A little more than two years ago, a half military and half-scientific mission was despatched from Bengal to explore the Andaman Islands, with the view to forming a convict settlement there. The mission was presided over by Dr. Mouat, and was accompanied, among others by M. Mallitte, a French photographic artist, to whom we are indebted for the account of the proceedings of the expedition, as also for the sketches which illustrate it.

The mission embarked from Calcutta on the 23rd of November, 1857, in the steamer, *Plato*, a vessel of 400 tons, commanded by Captain Baker; and, after some delay off the coast of Burmah, reached Port Cornwallis, in the north of Grand Andaman, on the 11th of December.

A preliminary reconnaissance of the country was effected without any opposition on the part of the inhabitants. In every direction the same exuberance of vegetation was met with—virgin forests covered the land. On the 12th, the steamer left Port Cornwallis for another station, where traces of the natives appeared, and they themselves were soon made out; but, notwithstanding the signs of friendship made, and the placing of presents within their reach, they could not be induced to communicate with the visitors, and they hailed their re-embarkation with tumultuous shouts of defiance. On the 14th, another point was recognised, for there was no water, when the natives would not communicate. This system was persevered in for five or six days, during which various landing places were explored, various descents were made, a little shooting was carried on, and some sharp collisions with the Andamans took place.

It was not till the 21st that a place was found adapted for the establishment of a convict colony. The festivities of Christmas Day had been gaily celebrated, and the next day the exploration of the coast was continued, when, on attempting to double the extremity of the tripartite Grand Andaman, the *Plato*, being in a channel between the mainland and an island not wider than the Seine at Paris, the Andamans made their appearance armed, and in their war canoes, and it once made for the steamer. (See p. 256).

Doctor Mouat, accompanied by Dr. Playfair, Lieut. Heathcote, and M. Mallitte, with twelve men well armed, took to one boat. Mr. Topgrave and the surgeon on the *Plato*, with eight men, manned another. The movement of the whites was carefully scanned by the natives. Crowding seven long canoes, they took the direction from South Reef Island towards Interview Island. The English did not hesitate, they secreted their arms and followed up the savages closely. No end of trifles had been got together as presents to conciliate, and handkerchiefs were waved in sign of friendship, but notwithstanding these demonstrations, the Andamans assumed a more and more hostile attitude, and a shower of arrows began to rain upon the boats occupied by the whites. The latter were

thus obliged to have recourse to their arms, and several savages were killed or wounded in this deplorable conflict, and one of the aggressive warriors fell into the hands of the English.

The combat did not pass over without disagreeable consequences to the whites: one of the English officers was struck by an arrow, a sailor was wounded, and M. Mallitte was somehow or other hit by a stray ball. The contest was, however, of brief duration, the Andamans soon gave way, and the channel was left open to the English. The latter, however, did not, after this untoward occurrence, persevere with their researches; but they took their way back, with their prisoner, to Calcutta.

The result of their explorations, as communicated to us by M. Mallitte is, that the Andamans are among the most savage and uncivilised races of the Indian ocean. Their habitations are of the most rudimentary character. Four stakes, covered with a roof of palm-leaves, is all that is necessary to constitute a mansion for an Andaman family, and in such a mild climate so primitive a construction is really all that is wanted. The number appears, however, from the photograph, to increase probably with the number of the family. Their huts are open to every breeze, and they are internally decorated with bones of wild boars, shells, or turtle, and great fish, tied together in festoons. No indication of the pretended cannibalism of the inhabitants was met with; all the researches made upon this point were in vain, and no human bone came to testify to a horrible custom, too often a reproach against the dark races of Oceania. As far as the Andamans are concerned, it is quite sufficient to be without the fraternity of men, and murderers of all who are not of themselves, whether thrown by the tempest on their coasts, peacefully exploring the resources of the land, or desirous of opening it to intercourse and commerce, without adding to such savage barbarity the loathsome crime of anthropophagy. Such a practice is not, indeed, consistent with the climate.

The origin of this race of people, so different in their appearance and state of civilisation from any of the races on the continent, or the neighbouring islands, whose determined hostility to Europeans, and disinclination to intercourse with strangers, amounts to a passion, has been a subject for much speculation. It has been generally admitted that the people to whom they bear the greatest resemblance in their persons and dispositions are the mop-headed Papuans of New Guinea; but how they should have found their way to so great a distance in their frail canoes, it is difficult to imagine. M. Mallitte adds his testimony to this fact, that the Andamans belong to the dark race which is variously known under the names of Papuans, Alfurus, Endamenes, or Andamans, Aetas, or Negritos; they are indeed of a palpable black. In height they seldom exceed five feet, their heads are large and sunk in the shoulders, their hair is woolly as with their African congeners, and the abdomen is protuberant at the expense of the lower limbs, which are spare, among the generality of individuals. They live in a state of perfect nudity, unless we may consider as a kind of clothing the plastering their bodies with yellow ochre and clay, a practice rendered positively necessary as a protection against the attacks of insects, which swarm in the air and would otherwise be a constant torment to them. This plastering themselves with yellow, and the custom of painting their faces and woolly heads

with red ochre, does not tend to improve their naturally hideous appearance. The population of the Great Andaman, it is conjectured, does not exceed 2,500 persons, and they unite in small societies, that move about from one part of the coast to another in search of food.

All the formulae of the most contemptuous disdain, says M. Mallitte, have been exhausted with regard to these savages. We find them ourselves to be much less hideous than many Australians. Is it quite true also that the Andamans are "among the lowest in the scale of humanity?" Have not the Burmese, who go to cut wood in their island, and to obtain edible nests, exaggerated the cruelty of these insulars? The prisoner who was taken to Calcutta, where he died of consumption, did not exhibit any ferocity; but he was always grieving and pining for his native country. Thanks to this poor savage, the certainty was acquired that the language of the Andamans had no affinity with that spoken at Tenasserim, no more than it had with the idiom in use at the Nikobar Islands.

In order to better comprehend the first origin of these people, who seem as it were cast away upon the Indian Ocean, it would perhaps require to study better than has hitherto been done the barbarous idioms of the Island of Waigiu in the centre of New Guinea, or even (corrupted as they are) more of the black Papuans who wander on the shore of Dorey, and of whose language the naturalist Lesson obtained a vocabulary, undoubtedly very limited, but still most precious to ethnographers. It is not a little remarkable that these negroes of the ocean, who from their persistent hostility to Europeans have been looked upon by so many travellers as next to brutes in point of intelligence, and as disinherited of almost all the prerogatives of the human race, have a system of enunciation more complete than that of some savages of America and of Polynesia, and who form considerable tribes, to whom it is customary to grant a reputation for a certain amount of civilisation.

An examination, which was effected by force of arms, of some of the habitations of the Andamans, spread along the shores of the great island, afforded a few ethnological facts regarding these people which we were not previously in possession of. It was ascertained, for example, that their weapons of war and for hunting and fishing, were manufactured with rare skill. The bows of the Andamans are made of a kind of iron wood, which presents a great resistance, and, at the same time, assumes a most graceful form; their arrows, which they direct with no small effect, are four feet in length, and are of three kinds, made out of very hard wood; they are all armed with very fine points, some are simple, others barbed, and the third description has a moveable harpoon—no doubt used for fishing. The oars, or pagays, which the Andamans ply with dexterity, are short and coloured red, but the hatchets with which they construct their canoes are coarse instruments, consisting of a more or less rounded and sharp stone, fastened to a handle by cords of vegetable fibres.

The Andamans are not an agricultural people, they are true ichthyophagists. The sea that bathes their islands abounds in excellent fish; soles, mullet, and oysters constitute their chief alimentary resources. But sometimes, in bad weather, fish fails them, and they then devour the lizards, rats, and mice that abound in their woods; some also say, snakes. A little more

industry would enable them to find an abundant vegetable food in their woods. Hamilton, in his *East Indian Gazetteer*, says, on the authority of Syme, that the bread-fruit tree exists there, and the same authority declares that there are quicksilver mines in the interior. Others declare that the fruit of the mangrove is almost the only vegetable substance in the islands that is fit for food. Cocoa nut trees, which are so plentiful and so prolific both on the continent and in the neighbouring Nikobar Islands, are said never to have been planted in the Andaman Islands. The palm figured in M. Mallitte's beautiful photograph, and ascended by means of a remarkably ingenious bamboo or rattan ladder, is the *Latania*, or Bourbon palm, called *latanier* by the French. (See p. 241.)

It is not a little remarkable, that notwithstanding the ill-feeling engendered by the natives of the Andaman Islands with the English, by their overt hostility and their murderous propensities, and which have, no doubt, given origin to some degree of acerbity in speaking of them which has been commented upon by more dispassionate foreigners, that the original charge of cannibalism did not come from the English, but actually dates far back before the Cape of Good Hope was doubled by Vasco de Gama, and any European had navigated the Indian Ocean. When the Muhammadan travellers of the time of the Khalifat, and of whose travels Renaudot has given an account, describe the Indian Ocean, they make particular mention of the Ramni Islands, inhabited by cannibals, and which separate the Sea of Herkend from that of Chelact; they also mention others which they call Najabalus, and then they come to the Andamans, and we must judge by the exaggeration which they permit to themselves in their physical description of these unfortunate races, of the little faith that can be put in their statements. The people who inhabit the coast, they say, eat raw human flesh. They are black, have woolly hair, eyes and face frightful, feet very large, and a cubit in length, and are quite naked. "They have no boats, and, if they had any, they would not eat all the peasants whom they could catch." We suppose the last paragraph is an oversight of Renaudot's, and that he meant, they would eat all they could catch.

¹ The original, as given in the English translation from the Abbé Renaudot by Harris, and inserted in Pinkerton's collection, is as follows:—

These islands (Islands of Ramni), separate the sea of Herkend from the sea of Chelact, and beyond them are others called Najabalus, which are pretty well peopled; but the men and women there go naked. When shipping is amongst their islands, the inhabitants come off to embarkations and bring with them the coconuts and cocoa-nuts, which they truck for iron; for they want no clothing, being free from the inconveniences either of heat or cold. Beyond these two islands lies the Andaman Sea. The people on this coast eat human flesh quite raw; their complexion is black, their hair frizzed, their countenances and eyes frightful, their feet are very large and almost a cubit in length, and they go quite naked. They have no sort of barks, or other vessels; if they had, they would seize and devour all the passengers they could lay hands on. When ships have been kept back by contrary winds, they are often in these seas obliged to drop anchor on this barbarous coast for the sake of water, when they have expended their stock; and upon these occasions they commonly lose some of their men. Beyond this there is a mountainous and yet inhabited island, where, it is said, there are mines of silver; but, as it does not lie in the usual track of shipping, many have sought for it in vain, though remarkable for a very lofty mountain, which is called Kathend. It once so happened, that a ship sailing in these latitudes had sight of the mountain, and shaped her course for it, and

It is to be clearly seen from this curious passage, that, in the time of Harun-al-Raschid, the sultan of the marvellous legends, the ferocious Angamans, with feet a cubit in length, must have infested the coast of Malacca, whence they have since been expelled to the islands which now bear their name. Unfortunately for those who might entertain ideas of instituting a limited liability company for working the Andaman quicksilver mines, it would appear that the same Arabian narratives of travel, of which Sinbad is only an episode, speak also of an island in the bosom of which is the mountain of Kathenaf—possibly the same as Saddle-peak—and from which the firing of the woods causes streams of pure silver to flow! It would seem as if this Saracenic traveller's tale had been the basis for the legend of mines of quicksilver, but, as Sir James Emerson Tennant has justly remarked in his work on Ceylon, we ought not to be too hasty in casting ridicule upon these narratives of travel that anticipated those of Europeans. In a geographical point of view, they possess great value, and if sometimes they contain statements which appear marvellous, the mystery is often explained away by a more minute and careful inquiry.

A settlement was attempted by the English in 1791, on the south part of the largest island, which settlement was, two years afterwards, removed to Port Cornwallis, near the northern end. One object for making this establishment was, the possession of a commodious harbour on the east side of the Bay of Bengal, which might be a place of shelter during the prevalence of the north-east monsoon. The place was abandoned in 1796, in consequence of its proving extremely prejudicial to the health of the settlers. It is probable that this disadvantage might have been remedied by clearing the adjacent district, which consists of lofty hills covered with trees and jungle.

In 1814, when Port Cornwallis was visited by an English ship, very few vestiges remained of this British settlement. Subsequently, in April, 1824, the British force, under Sir Archibald Campbell, despatched against the Burmese, assembled in the harbour, where some of the ships remained about a month; but it was not found possible on that occasion, more than on any other, to establish any intercourse with the natives, who omitted no opportunity of discharging their arrows at all the Europeans who came within their reach.

The Little Andaman was visited in November, 1825, by the *Eurcl Kellie* transport, for the purpose of procuring water for the troops which she was conveying to Rangoon, when the inhabitants showed an equally fierce disposition, and endeavoured, as nearly as possible, to obstruct our people while filling their water-casks. This small island does not possess any harbour, but has tolerable anchorage near the shore.

The Andamans had a yearly custom of visiting the Nikobar islands with a great number of small prahus, and killing or taking prisoners as many of the poor Nikobarians as they could overcome. The Nikobarians at last joined their forces, and gave the cannibals battle,

falling in with the land, sent a boat on shore with hands to cut wood; the men kindled a fire and saw silver run from it, which plainly indicated there was a mine of this metal in the place; they shipped therefore as much of the earth or ore, as they thought fit, but, as they were proceeding on their voyage, they met with such a storm, that to lighten their ship, they were under the necessity of throwing all their ore overboard. Since that time the mountain has been carefully sought, but it has never since been found

when they met with them, and one time defeated them, and gave no quarter to the Andamans.

Captain Hamilton saw a native of the Andaman Islands at Atchin in 1694. This man was about forty years of age. When a boy ten or twelve years of age, he accompanied his father in the wars, and was taken prisoner; and his youth recommending him to mercy, they saved his life, and made him a slave. After he had continued so three or four years, he was carried to Atchin, to be sold for cloth, knives, and tobacco, which are the commodities most wanting among the Nikobars. The Atchiners being Muhammadans, this boy's patron bred him up in that religion, and some years after, his master dying, gave him his freedom. He, having a great desire to see his native country, took a prahu; and the months of December, January, and February being fair weather, and the sea smooth, he ventured to the sea, in order to go to his own country, from the islands of Gornus and Gullobey, which lie near Atchin. Here the southernmost of the Nikobars may be seen, and so one island may be seen from another, from the southernmost of these to Little Andaman, which is the southernmost of the Andamans, that are distant from Atchin about one hundred leagues. Arriving among his relations, he was made welcome, with great demonstrations of joy to see him alive whom they expected to have long been dead.

Having retained his native language, he gave them an account of his adventures; and as the Andamans have no notions of a deity, he acquainted them with the knowledge he had of a God, and would have persuaded his countrymen to learn of him the way to adore God, and so obey his laws; but he could make no converts. When he had stayed a month or two, he took leave to be gone again, which they permitted, on condition that he would return. He brought along with him four or five hundred (Muhammadan) weight of quicksilver, and he said that some of the Andaman islands abound in that commodity. He had made several trips thither, and always brought some quicksilver along with him. Some fakirs would have accompanied him in his voyages, but he would not suffer them, because, he said, he could not engage for their safety among his countrymen.¹

The native, whose photograph appears at p. 256, was captured by an English expedition, carried off to Calcutta, and died there of consumption. He was always sad and melancholy—like a wild beast in a den—not fierce, but gloomy and silent—and finally moped himself to death. The British penal settlement which now exists in the Andaman Islands, can hardly be said to flourish; indeed, the object of striking terror in the minds of the mutinous soldiery having been accomplished, it will most probably soon be given up as

¹ It does not appear from the notice given by Captain Alexander Hamilton, in his account of the East Indies, that the Arabian story of a mountain from whence molten silver flowed, is what really gave origin to the story of quicksilver mines existing in the interior of the Andaman island, but rather Captain Hamilton's own statement, when he says he knew one Ferguson, who commanded a ship from Fort St. George, bound from Malacca to Bengal, in company with another ship, going too near one of the Andaman islands, was driven, by the force of a strong current, on some rocks, and the ship was lost. The other ship was driven through a channel between two of the same islands, and was not able to assist the shipwrecked crew, but neither Ferguson nor any of his people were ever more heard of, which gave ground to conjecture that they were all devoured by those savage cannibals.

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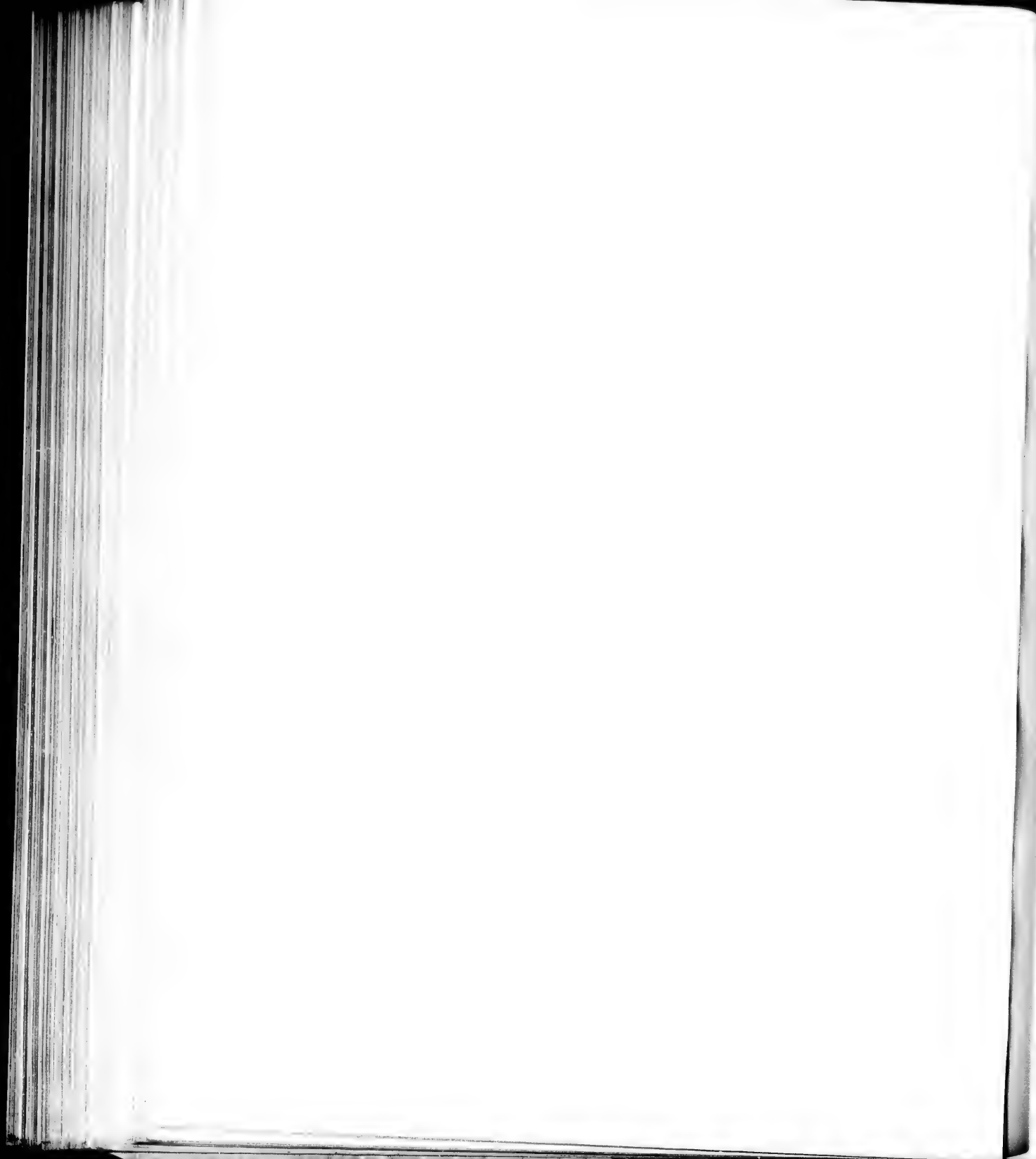
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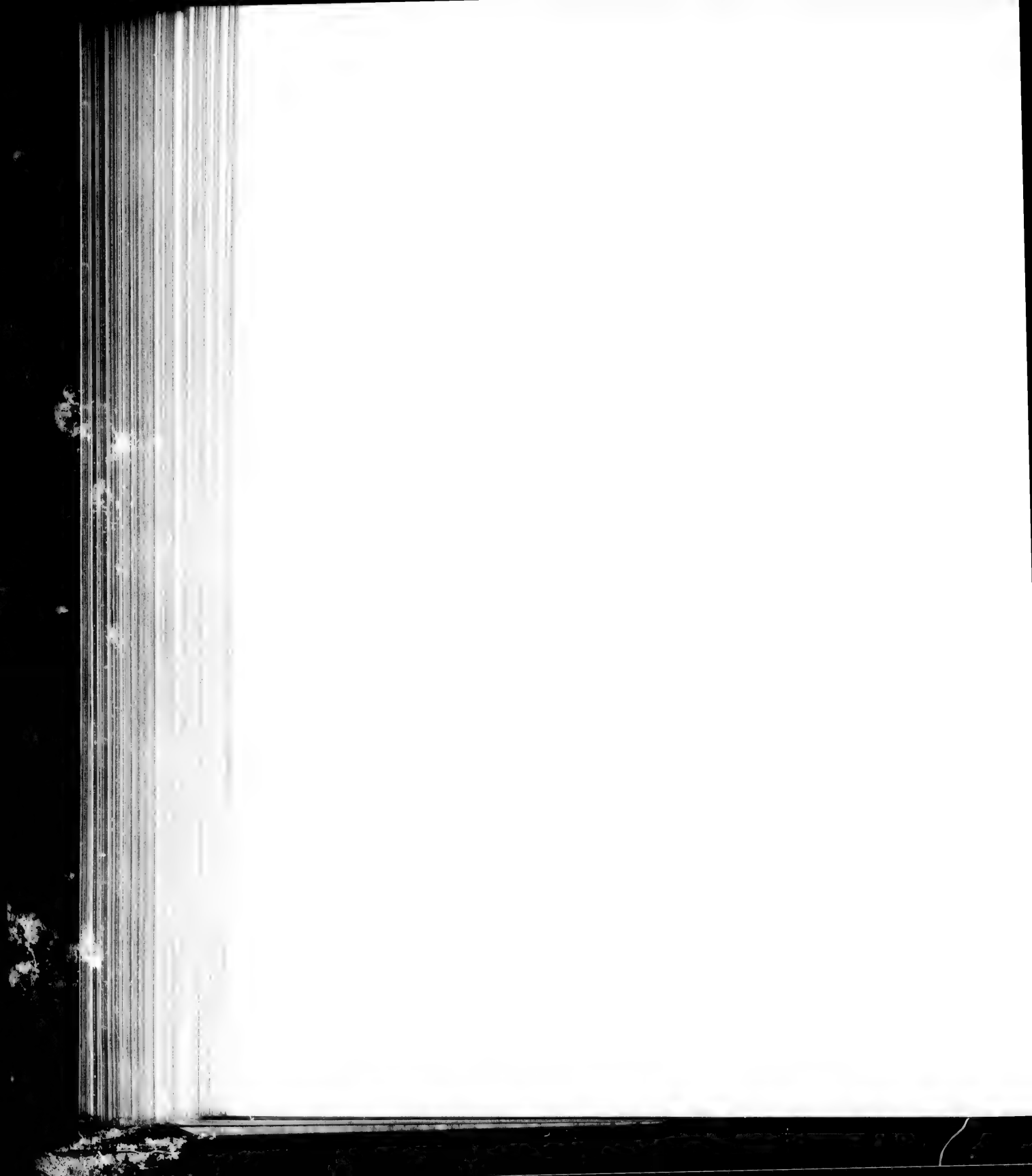


VIRGIN FOREST IN KAR-NIKOBAR (INDIAN OCEAN).





PALM TREE IN GREAT ANDAMAN.



an experiment at once cruel and useless. To expect to reclaim savages by associating them with those whom civilised society has thrown out from itself, is like an attempt to bring up an infant child by feeding it with poison.

V.—SINGAPORE.

FROM the Nikobar Islands the Austrian expedition made the best of its way to Singapore, where they were entertained at the "magnificent hotel," "Esperanza," at a cost of $3\frac{1}{2}$ Spanish dollars, or 19 francs per diem.

"Singapore," said our Austrians, "is a free port in the full acceptance of the word, open to the flags of all nations, without any distinction, and its houses of commerce belong to merchants who profess the most various religions. This unlimited liberty has impressed a prodigious activity upon the city, and gives to it the character rather of an American colony than of a town in Asia."

Liberty of press is also as extended as can be possibly desired, and intellectual development is consequently very rapid. The two principal journals would be creditable in Europe; one is an hebdomadal journal, the *Singapore Free Press*; the other is an excellent monthly review, the *Journal of the Indian Archipelago*.

In his character of ethnologist, M. Scherzer was permitted to visit the penitentiary colonies, in which are some 2,000 convicts, men and women, transported from all parts of British India. Captain McNair, the governor, made a great number of these convicts, arranged according to their nationality, defile before the Austrian *savant*, and it was, he says, with the liveliest interest, that he passed in review the muscular bodies and energetic figures of Chinese, Malaysians, Hindus, Lascars, and half-castes, people of all colours and description of hair. In the interior of the prison, they are separated according to the category of their crimes; and thus one traverses the division of thieves, of murderers, of pirates, &c.; a system of distribution which is particularly interesting to a phrenologist. The governor and the gaoler are Europeans appointed by the Government, but almost all the assistants are convicts promoted for good behaviour. "In such a visit, necessarily superficial," says M. Scherzer, "the prison of Singapore appeared to me like a city, the hygienic or sanitary conditions of which are excellent, where dwells an active, industrious, energetic population, subjected to habits of order and regularity, administered by a strong and deeply respected authority, and offering all those guarantees, which are, as yet, only sought for elsewhere."

The port of Singapore is a great resort for ships of all nations. Vessels from China, Siam, Malacca, Sumatra, and the various commercial countries of Europe and America, are to be seen anchored together at the same time, and to Singapore the products of all parts of the earth are brought for reciprocal exchange. Commerce being actively conducted flourishes there beyond the most sanguine anticipations of those enlightened and enterprising men who but a few years ago established Singapore as a free port. The resources of Singapore itself are scant, but its trade embraces China, India, and the Archipelago of the Eastern Seas, Australia, Europe and America. The junks come down from the China Seas with the north-

east monsoon, and remain in port retailing their cargoes of silks, teas, and other products, until the south-west monsoon is fairly set in, when they return to prepare for another voyage, and thus keep up a succession of periodical trading visits. They bring large numbers of enterprising Chinese emigrants, together with abundant supplies of dollars, teas, silk, chinaware, citrons, cassia, nankeens, gold thread, and the thousand nicknackeries for which Chinese ingenuity is famous. The town of Singapore is built upon an island, separated from the Malay Peninsula by a narrow and scarcely navigable strait. It was, in ancient days, the capital of the kingdom of Molucca. The old city was built in the twelfth century, and conquered by a chief from Java, who transferred the royal residence to Molucca. The place became a haunt for pirates, whose spirit still haunts the place in the native models of the fine sailing Malay prows. The English finally put down the nuisance by taking possession of the town, by arrangement with the nominal Rajah, in 1819. The imports and exports about balance each other, and are each about four millions annually; as against a million and a quarter in 1825-26. Huge warehouses and storehouses border the harbour and the quays, the principal merchants occupying commodious and tasteful residences fronting the bay, in striking contrast with the frail tenements of the Malays and the filthy domiciles of the Chinese, who number nearly 60,000 as against about 500 Europeans. The other inhabitants, to the extent of 20,000, are made up of Jews, Arabs, Malays, and natives of the neighbouring countries; these constitute the shopkeeping and middle classes; the Chinese, who are everywhere, the wandering and hardworking Irish of the Eastern Seas, acting as the artisans, fishermen, labourers, and small dealers of the place. All religions are represented and have their place of worship. The Chinese lets grow his tail, and smokes his opium, and burns incense to Joss; the Arab sports his turban, invokes the name of the prophet, and prostrates himself within the mosque, while the European shaves his beard, drinks London porter, and takes his seat in the church pew. There are Chinese temples, Muhammadan mosques, and Christian churches.

The rides about the city are most delightful, and the bamboo and the rattan fence fill the eye with beauty. As a stopping place, and supply for coal, Singapore is of great importance to the English mail-steamer. The wealthy and enterprising Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company have erected at New Harbour, about two and a half miles from the town, a magnificent depot, comprising piers, wharves, coalsheds, (containing a supply of 20,000 tons), store-houses and other buildings, such as would do credit to any colonial establishment. Singapore is in the course of the regular mail route between India, China, Australia, and Europe, and is the centre of a constant postal communication, by means of the English and one or more Dutch steamers, with Hong Kong, Penang, Batavia, Shanghai, Calcutta, Madras, Bengal, Bombay, Ceylon, the Mauritius, Cape of Good Hope, and by the Red Sea with Europe or America. Free trade has done all this within forty years; for in 1818 Singapore was but a point for pirates, and contained less than 200 half-savage and half-starved Malay inhabitants within ruined walls.

In a military and geographical point of view, Singapore is of great importance to England. By means of

it, and with an effective naval force, the entrance to the Chinese Seas may at any time be commanded. Its position is vastly advantageous in a commercial point of view, it being now regarded as the *entrepôt* for the neighbouring kingdoms of Sumatra, Borneo, Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin-China.

After a residence of a week at Singapore—where the members of the expedition were hospitably entertained by the wealthy Chinese merchant, Whampa, whose son studied at Edinburgh, his tail tucked up under his hat—the *Novara* sailed for Java, the paradise of the Malays.

VI.—AN EXCURSION IN JAVA.

THEIR week's stay at Singapore, had rendered the Austrian exploratory expedition—from the report of one of whose members we derive the following account of the most recently published visit to Java—fully prepared to enjoy the Paradise of the Malays, as that glorious island is designated, in the Eastern Ocean.

On the 5th of May they cast anchor in the harbour of Batavia.

From the port to the town is a tedious hour and a half transport by canal; it really seems as if the Dutch had built their city so far from the sea expressly for the purpose of having a canal transit to remind them of their own country.

Batavia is very far from presenting scenes of commercial activity such as are witnessed at the recently opened port of Singapore, and that notwithstanding its long establishment, its importance, and its exceptional position, which ought to have assured its pre-eminence. I only saw there, says our expeditionist, sixty-five European vessels, and one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty luggers, manned by Chinese and Malays. The cause of this inferiority is owing, in the first place, to the exorbitant protection that Batavia enjoys. In the second, to the means of transport being too costly. The little boat that took us from the ship to the port charged about eight shillings English money, and the carriage to Molenvliet or Weltvreden three



VOLCANO IN JAVA.

and a half florins, or about six shillings. Further, it is absolutely necessary to transport all incumbrances, boxes, trunks, and portmanteaus to the town; there is no one to take charge of them at the port, neither workmen or merchants or merchandize.

With its 86,500 inhabitants (8,370 Europeans, 800 Hindhus and Arabs, 18,400 Chinese, and the rest Javanese) Batavia covers a superficies equal to that of Paris of 1852; its houses are far apart from one another, and, often surrounded by gardens, fields, meadows, and even parks. The old town, built upon a marshy and unhealthy spot, which obtained for it the epithet of the Great Cemetery, is no longer inhabited by Europeans. Its handsome buildings and its vast hotels are transformed into offices, magazines, and counting-houses, which are abandoned before evening sets in, when business men hurry away to Weltvreden, which has sprung up within the last ten years to be a charming town.

Mr. Pahud, governor of this island, instructed one of his aid-de-camps to accompany us to the different

regencies; Dr. Bleeker, one of the most distinguished naturalists of Java, also proffered his services. An itinerary was arranged, so that we should see the most in the smallest possible space of time, and messengers were dispatched to announce our approach, and prepare our repast and lodgings.

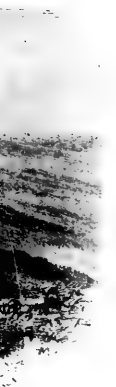
On the 13th of May, three carriages transported the whole company from the metropolis to Buitenzorg (Sans-Souci), the residence of the Governor-General. We had travelled 67 kilometres in three hours and a half, every half-hour we changed horses, which never broke from a gallop. Never did horses travel so fast, even in Hungary. Human labour, that is to say the labour of slaves, cost so little in Java, that instead of providing the wheel, with drags, a dozen poor wretches are employed at the steep descents to catch hold of the wheels with ropes and hold them back.

Buitenzorg boasts of one of the most beautiful botanic gardens in the world; its arrangement should serve as a model to our gardens of plants; each family being cultivated with all its species in a special square.

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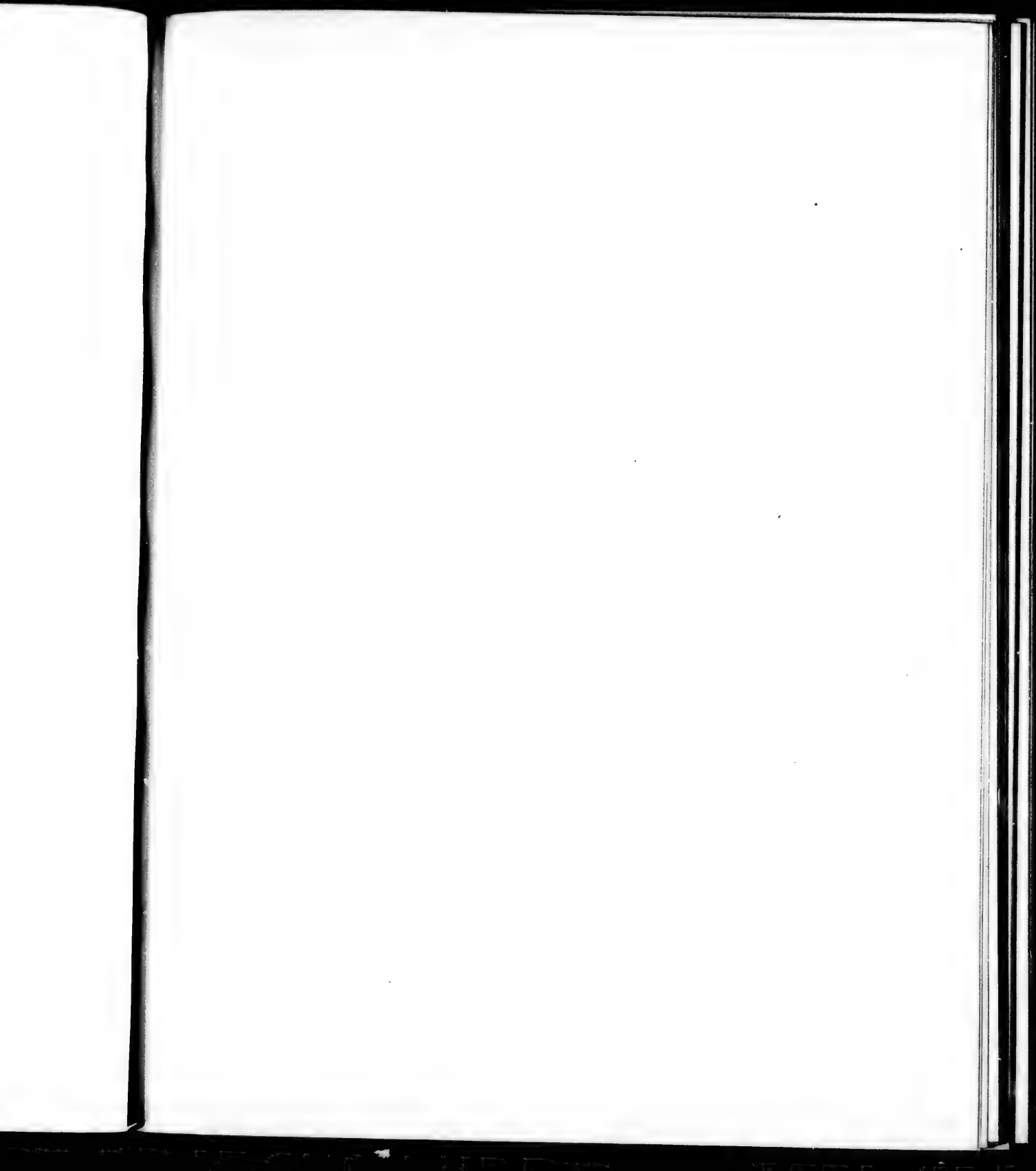
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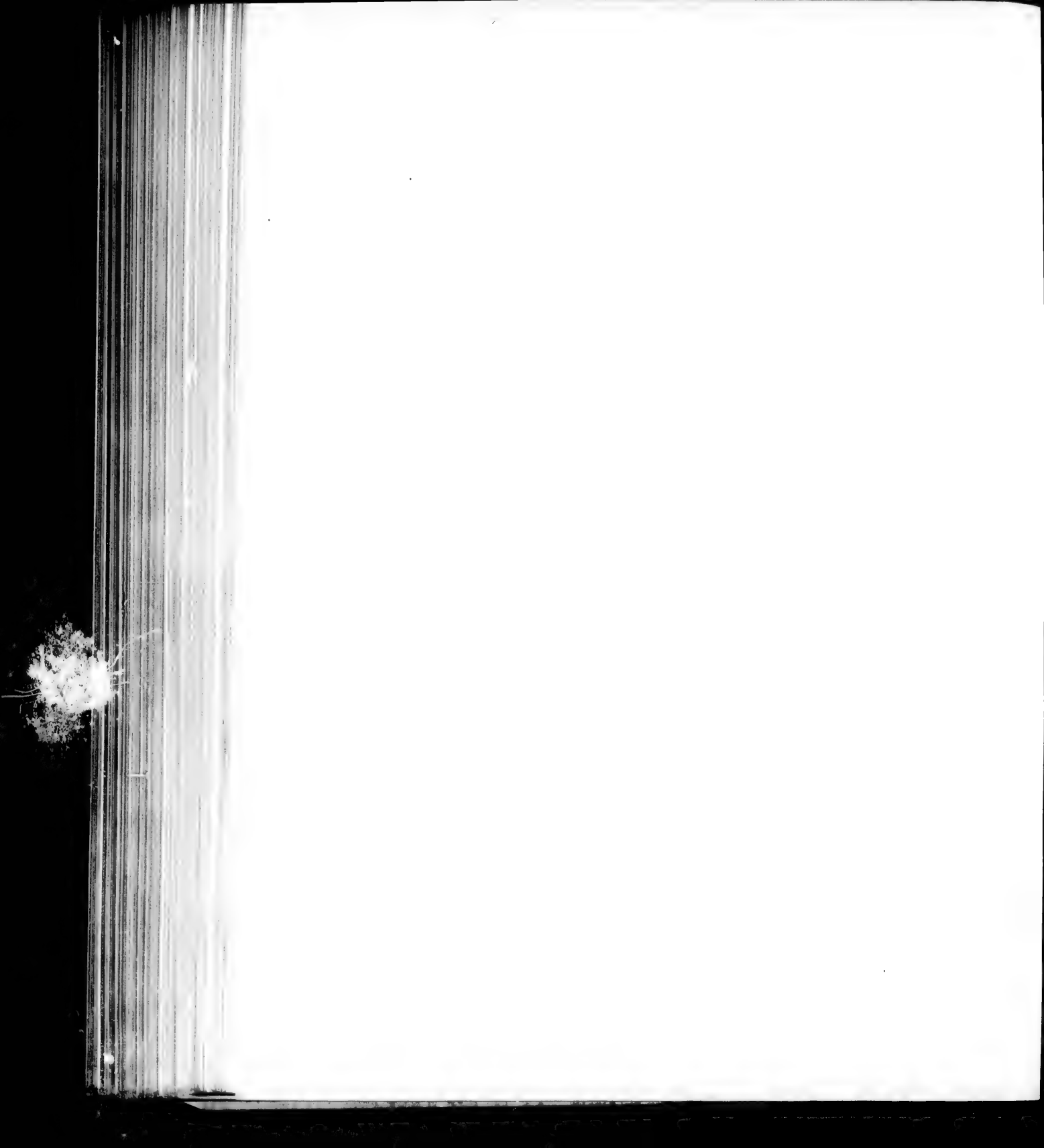
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Quintana Roo at Pochi





At Sans Souci I was introduced to a young negro, Akusi Boachi, son of a prince of Kumasi, capital of the Ashantis, on the golden coast. A Dutchman, wishing to prove to his countrymen that negroes are capable of a development equal to that of the white race, induced the parents of Akusi, who was at that time nine years of age, to entrust this child and his brother to him, in order that he might give them an European education.

The experiment succeeded admirably. Akusi learned successfully Dutch, English, French, and German; he studied mineralogy at Freyberg, in Saxony, under the direction of the celebrated Bernhard Cotta. He also became a Christian. His brother returned to the Gold Coast, where he hoped to introduce some elements of civilisation; but he was assassinated as guilty of revolutionary tendencies; the books that he had brought from Europe were looked upon as evil spells, and he brought about a final crisis in the passions of the retrograde party by the introduction of a machine for weaving.

The Dutch government appointed Akusi mining engineer in Java.

We were also introduced to a native artist, Raden Saleh, whose turn for painting had developed itself at a very early age. Government sent him to study in Europe, where he remained twenty-three years. Since his return to Batavia, he received an annual pension of 12,000 francs, with the only obligation of painting from time to time a picture for the King of Holland. He is a landscape painter, and has much merit; but he has not overcome all the difficulties of his art, and he much regrets his absence from Dresden and Paris.

We visited Pondok Jedeh, Gadok, Tipanat, Megan-dong (or the mountains in the clouds), which attain an elevation of high 5,000 feet above the sea. The authorities had us conducted from village to village, and ten to twenty horsemen rode behind our carriage, dressed in their best uniforms, with paper shakos; upwards of forty slaves or servants preceded us at each station. The natives, and even the native functionaries, either knelt or prostrated themselves as we went by. At Tjian Javar, a native chief followed our carriage on horseback, in a pouring rain; he wore a rich uniform, and rejoiced in the name or title of Coehen-Rangga-Patma-Nagara.

In the hopes of deriving enormous profit from this speculation, government has had a large number of cinchona trees planted at Tipoda, and they have prospered well. Several of these trees have already given perfectly ripe seeds. But it has not been determined yet if the chemical elements of the bark possess all the virtues of those of the Peruvian tree. This is a question of the utmost importance to the island, and to all these unwholesome tropical countries.

Beyond Tipoda, we passed several Pasangrahams, or places of refuge for travellers when overtaken by a storm. A narrow pathway, slightly railed off, conducted us to a ravine, out of which burning vapours issued forth. They came from a boiling fountain and rose up some hundred feet.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we attained the summit of Pondok-Pangerango. The thermometer marked only 8½ degrees. We had left the great mass of vegetation for some time previously behind us—the great trees, with their huge branches, the dense dome of leaves, the dark cover of gigantic ferns, crassulated plants, arborescent herbs, trunks and

branches decomposing, long climbing plants (*lianas*) twisting like serpents round the trees, or suspended in the air like hammocks of foliage, full of birds' nests. Gradually the copses and underwood, with branches covered with long dependent mosses of a silvery green, gave way in their turn to mere isolated clumps of low cover, and then again to a few stunted shrubs, whose trunks and branches crawled along the rocky surfaces, or writhed themselves into the crevices in order the better to shelter themselves from the wind and cold, and enjoy the heat derived from the soil. Beyond the line of these stunted shrubs were a coarse, short grass on the southern slope, and then nothing but sterile and naked rock, bathed in a moist fog, which gradually became so dense as to prevent us seeing one another at a distance of a hundred paces. We were approaching the summit.

It was with no small pleasure that we were enabled to obtain shelter at this elevation in two wooden huts, where a goodly fire had been lighted for us, and a repast made ready.

The next morning at five o'clock we were a-foot anxiously examining the state of the weather. At seven the clouds broke a little, and we could perceive the crater of Gedeh in front of us. (See p. 244.) It was upwards of a mile long, with its flanks broken into precipices from six to seven hundred feet high, and seemed to be so near that we fancied that we could throw a stone from the Pangerango into its burning crater. Unluckily, the weather remained unfavourable, and we could only guess at the magnificent scene which the dense veil of fog hid from us below.

I separated here from the rest of the expedition, and went with a companion to Bandong, where I arrived at midnight. I was conducted to the house of the regent, Radhen Dellhipati-wira-natu-Kusuma, who gave us a splendid reception, combined with the most perfect European comfort; one would have hesitated in believing one's self the host of a Javanese lord, had it not been for the oriental costumes and the number of slaves who crept on their bellies to offer us pipes and betel.

The next day the geologist, Junghuhn, inspector of the plantations of cinchona, and who had a salary of 13,200 florins a year, was civil enough to shew us the great mart where the planters of the Regency had to deliver up their coffee, as also their other produce, to government, which sells it back again at whatever price it chooses to name.

The Regency of Bandong produces annually 100,000 quintals of coffee, that of Preang 200,000, and the whole island about one million of quintals.

Government pays to the producers of Bandong 2fl. 80c. the quintal deposited at the mart; but at Batavia it pays rather more than 7 florins. The same coffee is sold at 23 to 24 florins to the Dutch company Matschapie, which, in its turn, has the monopoly of exportation, and in consequence, of purchasing this commodity for the great market of Europe. Monopoly upon monopoly! Sacrifice of numbers for the benefit of a few! The advantage of one or two individuals obtained at the penalty of millions! Unjust policy and inextricable confusion!

From Lembang to Tjanger, where we rejoined the expedition, we traversed 128 kilometres in six hours, always galloping, whether in ascents or descents. At such a rate it was an easy matter to arrive before night set in at the New Year's festival, given by the regent

of the province. An immense concourse of people filled the approaches and the court-yard of the palace. The nearest relatives of the dignitary had been installed beneath the covered verandah, or gallery, in front of the mansion. To see the demonstrations of servile humility which they were so prodigal of to his Excellency, we should never have guessed that they belonged to the same family. The Europeans, specially invited, alone entered the saloons; the only Japanese present was Madame the Regent,—a short, black, and fat body. Black masses huddled around us; they were slaves presenting snuff-boxes, betel, and refreshments to those present, dragging their way on all fours; these humiliations inflicted upon humanity affected us in a very disagreeable manner. (Slavery, it is to be observed, was abolished in Java since the 1st of October last, after a frightful sacrifice of Europeans had taken place.) Conversation was carried on with difficulty, for an incessant and stupefying noise was kept up with the gamelong, or orchestra of bells. Dayaderes very scantily clothed, and excessively ugly, executed sentimental and religious dances of a most tedious description. Stiff, slow, and thin, these damsels jumped like forks, with motions as graceful as those of the old semaphores or telegraphs. The governor was kind enough to explain to us that the dance was meant to represent the touching history of four sisters, who, lost in a forest, implored from the Divinity the return of their mother. This was followed by another choregraphic entertainment—a dance of eight warriors, accompanied by the perpetual gamelong.

The same delectable music delighted the ears of those who were without in the court-yard. Hideous masks, on foot and on horseback, circulated there, amidst the crowd. A mussulman priest was also howling fearfully as he danced on hot ashes, near to a mass of burning wood; others jumped in, their feet closed, and danced away frantically. At last the priest himself joined them, and the shouts and gesticulations became furious. This representation had probably some signification of religious expiation, at least it would have been deemed as such in ancient mysteries. We afterwards witnessed conjuring tricks, only calculated to make the hair of one's head stand on an end. Young men carrying tufts, armed with exceedingly sharp lances, pretended to stab themselves in the forehead, eyes, cheeks, breast, and lower part of the body. They turned in a circle, and the body inclined forwards, uttering frightful yells, with movements that grew more and more savage and convulsive, and there was no respite till they fell in a corner exhausted and bloody. And then the infernal gamelong began again.

An infinity of squibs and rockets were let off, besides numbers of St. Catherine wheels; but the chief fire-work was a frightful serpent of fire, upwards of twenty feet in length, which was moved about by invisible hands, the undulations and even the hissing of the reptile being imitated with terrible precision. At last the gamelong ceased its stunning noise.

Next day we returned to the governor's house at Buitenzorg. M. Pahud lives a very retired life, conversing with few persons, save his aide-de-camp and his daughter, whose husband had a short time previously been assassinated by some Malays, before his eyes. This sincere mourning contrasted painfully with an official etiquette, the stiffness and minutiae of which can only be compared with those of the coast of Spain in the last ages. What good purpose does it serve?

We employed several days in taking the measurements of a great number of individuals in the barracks, prisons, and hospitals. A present was also made to us of fifty-four crania belonging to the most diverse races.

Our illustrations represent a native village in the interior of Java (See p. 214), and one of the numerous volcanoes of the island. (See p. 244.) These number forty-five, of which twenty to twenty three are in activity, and are described in Humboldt's "Cosmos."

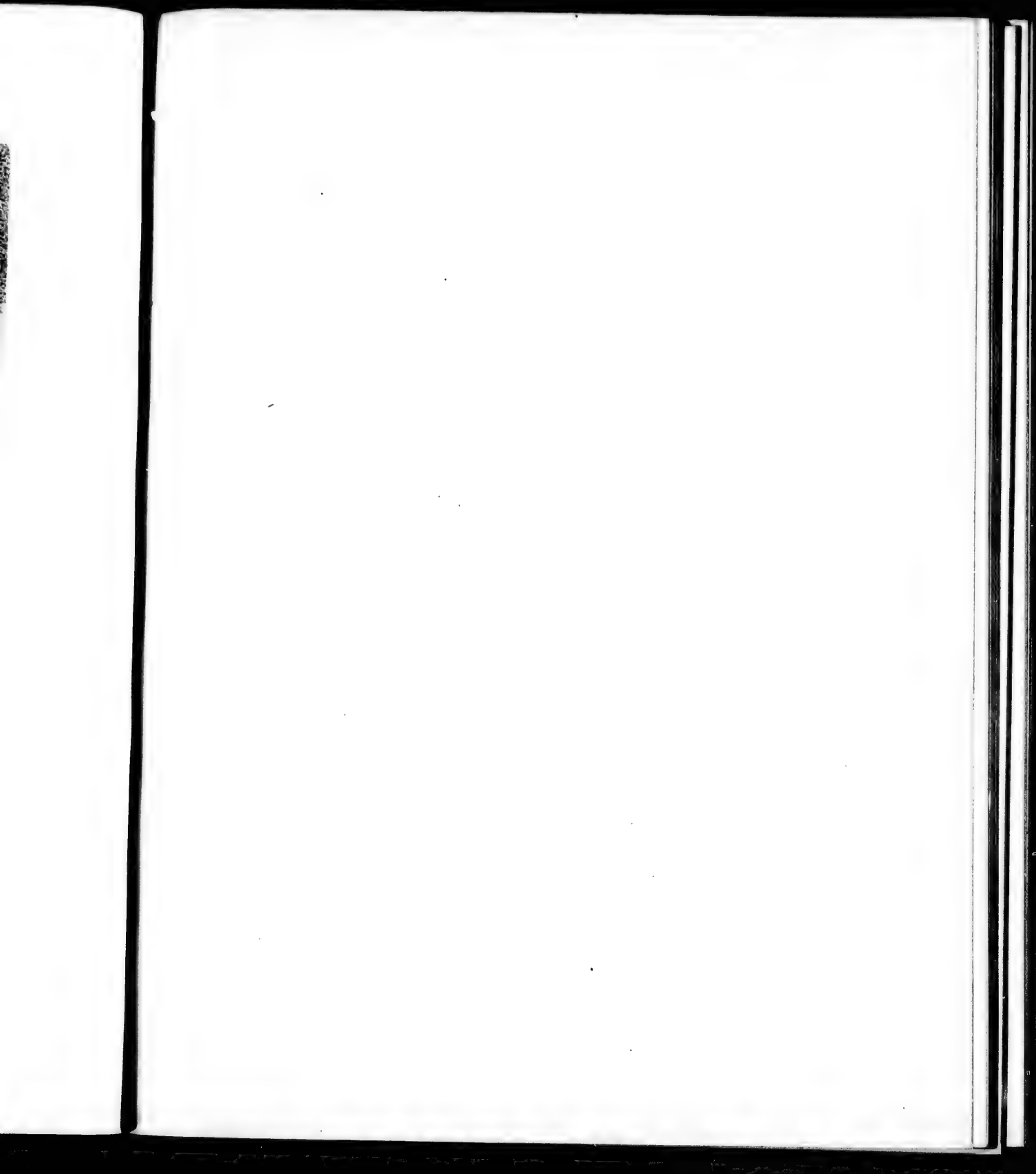
Thus far in Java we have travelled with the grave dull Austrians; but let us take Java in another view, that of the Young Merchant Abroad, who opens his eyes as we make Java Head, and ship after ship heaves in sight homeward bound, particularly from China. The higher land can be seen at a great distance, when on the point of Prince Edward's Island, and at Croketon. The foliage, the heat of the sun's perpendicular rays, and the very air breathes the spicy fragrance of the tropics. We have passed Anjer, the corner and grand toll-gate of the Straits of Sunda, early in the morning, and here the light-house, the little township, the port, and the monster banyan tree, could be plainly seen with the glass, as, with the wind freshening up, we passed proudly along the Straits of Sunda at too rapid a pace for the Javanese boatmen, who shoot out from the land all along the shore to supply you with fruit and provisions. The coast scenery makes a beautiful picture—the towering foliage and patches of cultivation, clear to the mountain top, and the half-manned *prohus* or fishing smacks, with their bamboo masts and leather sails, dotting the water in the distance, as we passed island after island, and buoy after buoy, keep the fancy alive. The anchor dropped, and the guard ship answered, we quickly pull ashore, and jump into a hooded phaeton, drawn by little wretched horses, and pass along the canal side, by which are stored warehouses, all white and covered with tiles, with trees all planted along, which shaded us beautifully. The merchants' offices and counting-houses are as large as the reception room of an American hotel, and the warehouses are so connected that the merchants can walk from one to the other along the verandah, on the second story, without the trouble of going below; the floors are covered with matting, and the windows and doors are thrown open for the current of air to circulate on all sides, and at midday the desks of the principals are fanned with a machine, the motive power of which is a little Malay urchin behind the door. At the several desks you see Europeans; but all the natives of the East are represented: a long-tailed Chinaman with a very white moustache officiating as cashier; a Malay book-keeper, an Arab salesman, a half-caste writer, and a dozen and a half subs. of all nations, cooped about in every direction, with as little clothing as possible about their bronze-looking limbs. The warehouses run from street to street, the floors of which are brick, and for such a climate the building is quite cool. Tobacco in large casks, arrack (not the poisoned liquor of British India) in pipes, sugar in bags, and matted casks of coffee and rice, spices, indigo, rattan and dye-woods, and imports consisting of every article that can be sold or bartered. Most business is done through agents or brokers, many of them natives; and the stranger would think the merchant led a most indolent life, surrounded as he is with such a *troupe* of retainers to bring him his hat, brush off a fly, fan him in mid-day, and in short do

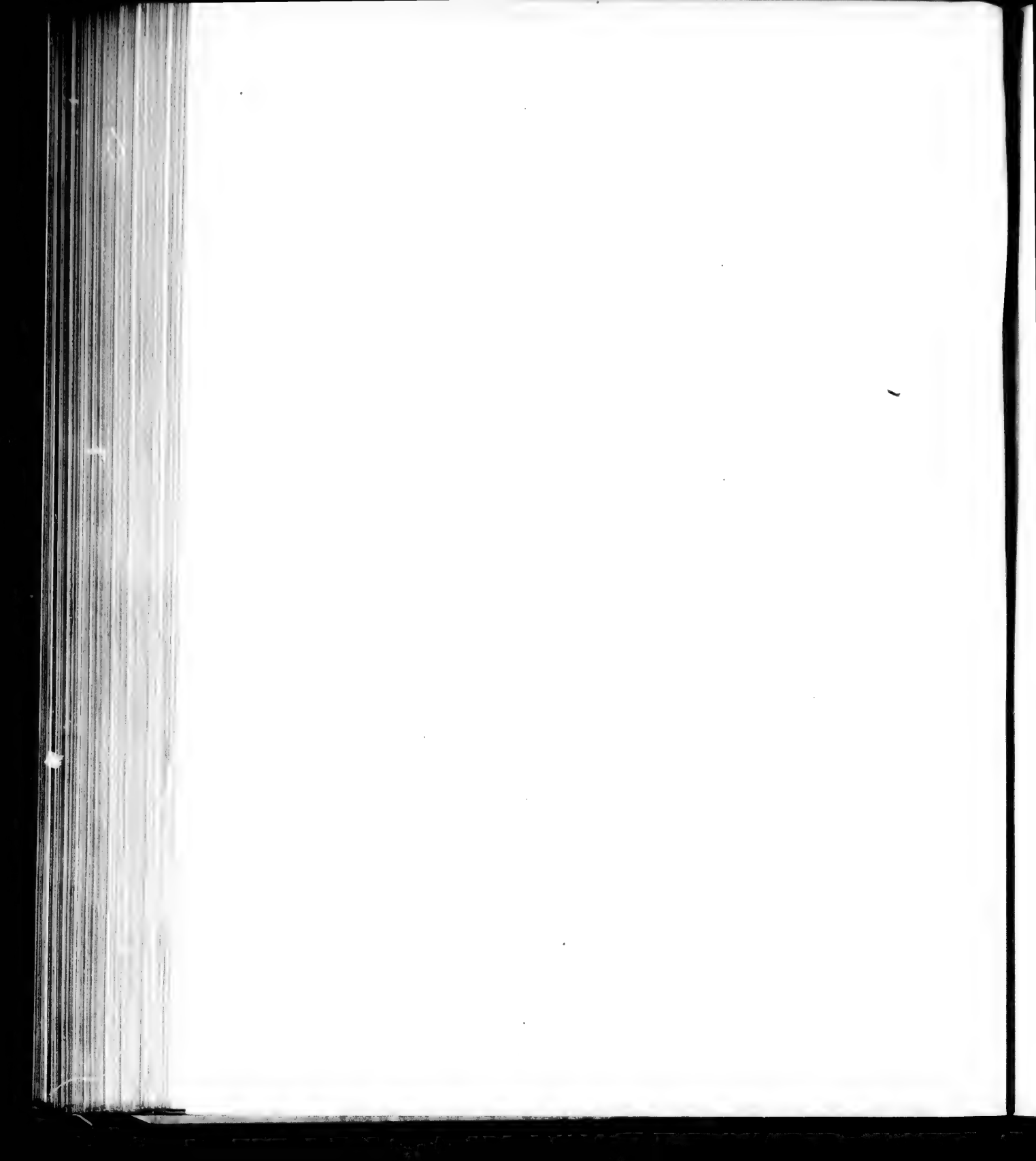
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almost everything but talk and write. Every transaction is done by sending notes from one office to the other; and as you notice what is going on, you cannot but be amused to see "chit" after "chit" brought in and sent off, touching charters, sales, purchases, &c. Every merchant must learn the Malay language, for it is the *lingua franca* of the Indian seas; and he must also be well up in the English, French and Dutch. No Dutchman can command a ship unless he can speak English and French. You go through one warehouse—you see the whole—and so it is with the private residences. The merchants all dress in white, and sometimes two or three times a day. Our hotel is in the country, where all the Europeans live, about four or five miles out of town. Every European rides, merchant and clerk, sea captain and sailor; all are provided with a phaeton and two ponies, a driver (a swarthy fellow, with a handkerchief round his loins as his only livery), and a boy behind equally well accoutred. Beautiful trees line the roadside, along which are the spacious two-storied, red tiled and white-walled residences of the merchant. Our hotel is like a caravanserai, with its two-row long wings of stabling for a hundred horses and out buildings for servants, of whom from seventy to one hundred throng each hotel; large shade trees, a species of banyan and cocoa-nut, under which are wooden seats, spread their shadow over the ground in front, while the rear enclosure is filled with flowers and different kinds of fruit. All day long we seem to be eating and drinking; a cup of tea, toast, coffee, and tiffin, always coming up, just as you feel to want them. Fruits of delicious flavour, but of unknown kinds, load the table, and a servant is always near to help you. Your coffee is brought to your bedside, your tea to the verandah; your dress at night and morning is of the easiest—a loose gown, like a pair of trousers, and a robe like a ladies' night-dress (as you may sometimes see them hanging over a clothes line). The women are equally easy in their attire, and the Malay girls seem to be always in a bathing dress. The "Java Hotel Regulations" read as follows:— "From 4½ till 8 o'clock in the morning, tea and coffee. At 8 o'clock in the morning, breakfast. At 12, noon, rice, curry, &c. At 3 p.m., tea. At 6½ p.m., dinner. At 8 p.m., tea. At 9 p.m., grog. Hotel closes at 11½." All this with lodging, for 4s. 6d. per diem. Champagne, Burgundy, Hock, Madeira, Port, and Sherry, being 4s. 6d. per bottle, and Allsopp's Pale Ale a shilling the bottle. You hire a post carriage, a square, horse-looking box, with four ponies and a Malay coachman, with a hat like a punch-bowl, with rope traces and harness, and two postboys to ride behind, and away you go to view the country, at a wild gallop, with mighty noise, the driver cracking his whip, the postboys now yelling, now jumping off and running alongside the horses, over a level country, and a noble road that extends right across Java, through rice plantations in every stage of cultivation, covering square miles; past vast numbers of natives staggering under heavy loads, and carts drawn by ponies without a bridle, and buffaloes with a bamboo yoke, bringing in the produce; the distance being ornamented with native villages (See p. 214), towering mountains seen at the distance of a hundred miles, covered almost to the summit with teak-wood forests; long plains, the water passing from field to field with the utmost regularity, and rivers and cocoa-nut groves, deep ravines, and irregular fields. At one place we see a Javanese

marriage; the grown people are sitting on one side, and about a hundred little brown cupids, bare-backed and painted, on the other. Round an old box sits the band, with their instruments of different metals and skins—a hideous discord—while a child of six years, dressed as an old woman, with long hair and horrid mask, was walking with a tragical air, and gesticulating in a very grave manner up and down the platform, to the great delight of the children. The sublimity of nature in the interior of Java defies description. You see massive ruins of past ages, and burial places of native chiefs or Hindu princes, and immense native temples, and pass through monster estates of rice, of sugar, and of coffee; you smell the odour of the spices, and admire the beauty of the nutmeg and the pepper; the singing of Java birds, and chirping of insects and lizards, as you ride through the forest; the cocoa groves, the cotton and bread fruit trees; the banyan with its branches taking root again to support the parent tree; the mangrove groves; the rattan winding itself about the teak-wood trees; the bamboo feathering up above the rest; the simplicity of the native girls as they bathe as innocently before you as you stand upon the river's brink, noting the plunging, singing, laughing, and swimming about—now below the water and now above; the frightful looks of some of the older men and women, whose shocking custom of chewing the betel nut, mixed with pepper plant and tobacco, gives their lips an unnatural red, and blackens their teeth till they resemble charcoal; the monkey-like appearance of the babes and children, and the monkey themselves; the immense herd of native deer; the wild hog; the tiger and the rhinoceros; the cassowary, a huge black bird, not unlike, except in colour, the emu of Australia—when you have seen all these wonders of this wonderful country in a three hours' ride, you will come to a conclusion that personal observation will teach you more in one day than you can learn from books in an age. The whole population of Java is eleven millions, that of the Europeans eight thousand. The army, mostly native troops, is 12,000. There is a governor-general, who stays five years in office, a vice president, three councillors, a finance minister, a secretary of foreign affairs, director of the interior, a manager of public works, a director-general of the towns, and a rear-admiral, who commands a fleet of steam-ships carrying from ten to two guns each, with several steamers, one frigate of 60 guns, three frigates of 44 guns each, two of 28 guns each, one of 22 guns, two of 18 guns, and two of 12, under canvas, all manned by 3,800 sailors.

The restoration of Java to the Dutch by the English government in 1806, has always been considered a great mistake, especially since the effects of recent drainage and improvements have shown that the much dreaded unhealthiness of the climate depended solely on care and industry for its sure removal.

VII.—THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

To return to the *Novara*, her scientific crew proceeded from Java to Luzon (pronounced Luthon), the principal of the Philippine islands. Of this island, Manila is the capital, and also the name of the neighbouring district. Luzon is the largest and most northerly of all the Philippine group, approaching, at its north-western extremity, to within 400 miles of the south-east coast of China. It has an area of 50,405 square

miles. In shape and size it somewhat resembles a bent arm, which measured along the bend, is more than 550 miles in length. The shores of Luzon are for the most part rocky, but indented by several good harbours, besides the magnificent "Bahía de Manila," which is one of the largest and finest basins in the world. The general character of the country is mountainous, but the reverse in the immediate vicinity of Manila. The country is not so hot as might be expected, being well watered by lakes and rivers, and the periodical rains which water the plains. The climate is strictly tropical; the wet season commences about June, is at its height between August and September, and over by the latter end of November, after which, there are generally two or three months of very delightful weather, with the thermometer as low as 60°, but the greatest heats are during April and May, when it not unfrequently rises to 94° and upwards. These islands are subject to earthquakes and hurricanes—the principal of the group being within the range of typhoons, and there are several volcanoes in action on them. In 1617, a mountain was levelled, and, in 1645, a large part of the city of Manila was destroyed by an earthquake, on which occasion, 50,000 persons are said to have perished. The climate, however, for a tropical one, is considered, on the whole, very healthy, if not temperate, and Europeans may and do reside there many years without suffering in constitution.¹

Luzon lies so happily between the main regions of the East and West, that it is considered to be the best situation in the world for a foreign traffic, and when the Spaniards had the trade in silver from New Spain, Peru, and Mexico—it was just off here that Commodore Anson caught the "Acapulco" galleon, with two nations on board: their interchange with Cavité, Golconda, and the Spice Islands, must have been exceedingly profitable. Manila is the seat of government, the Viceroy enjoying the local rank of Captain General. The forces under his command, including native regular infantry, Spanish artillery, and a few cavalry, number about 10,000 men, besides a large body of irregulars.

Twelve miles from the port of Cavité, up the river Pasig, is the city of Manila, for conveyance to which extraordinary carriages are ready, with wonderfully "got up" caricature postillions, in shining black

leggings, tight shorts, rather smart jackets, white cords, and hatbands, black and shining, await the traveller. The city itself, with its gray walls, large cloisters, and large churches of clumsy architecture, resembles a "mission" rather than a commercial city. Where we had counted sixty merchant ships at Batavia and 165 at Singapore, we found only sixteen at the port of Manila. Commerce, under Spanish management, has no freedom: its only privileges are monopolies. The churches are lofty, but the houses of the people are huts and cabins, and even in the one grand quarter, "L'Eclosa," the dwellings of the great abut on dirty lanes and infected dens of poverty and vice. Near the centre of the town, however, is a large square, railed in and laid out as a garden, forming an agreeable promenade in front of the Governor's house, and on which, as well as on the Cabrada—a fine broad carriage drive, running two thirds round the city walls—a military band performs for the delectation of the people of fashion, who promenade there in the evenings. The population, as they appear in the streets, present a curious aspect. Priests of every order, black, white and gray; galley slaves chained together, two by two, carrying water; ladies elegantly dressed in silken robes and mantillas of black lace, with dark flashing eyes, and long black hair, in which are entwined scarlet flowers with bright green leaves. Creole girls, with that grand air of luxurious indolence, their arched eyebrows, a glance that transfixes you, their well-poised heads, their white shoulders, their lovely faces half hidden at intervals by their elegantly managed fans. Then came the Tagal natives and the Chinè, and the little negroes, who sell fruit and flowers of surpassingly brilliant hues. Among these flits the Manila dandy, with towering chimney pot hat, and stuffy starched shirt, almost covering his front, almost to his knees. Long ear rings hanging down his olive brown cheeks—a cigar is between the thumb and finger of his right hand. Then hardy Indians, dressed in light shirts of native manufacture, and trousers unenclosed up to the knees, complete the groups; the shirt being, universally, as in Russia, by the peasants, worn outside the breeches—open at the neck, and without tie. Sometimes, a cotton handkerchief, is worn round the head, but generally a scatty straw, or a tall black felt hat, or a showy pointed hat, *à la* Japan, in the form of a washing basin. Then, too, you seldom see a Manila Indian without a game cock, either carried on his arm, hand, shoulder, or head. Thus he walks, always smoothing the bird's plumage, and exchanging endearments. This in the streets, in the fields—everywhere. Often, when two of these gentlemen have exchanged their compliments of the morning, you will see them squat down, and allow their respective birds, who, in the meantime, have been bristling into warlike ardour, to take a few quiet pecks at each other, which seems to refresh them amazingly. Then, without further comment, each master goes his way, and each cock resumes a peaceful attitude. Every village in Luzon has, at least, one cock-pit, and in Manila there are several. In Manila, every day is a saint's day—the more important being marked with a cross in the Government Gazette to denote them as holidays. The Mestizos, or Creole girls, when dressed in "saya," or native costume, in doors wear no stockings, and their feet are inserted into the very tiniest embroidered slippers imaginable; but as the slipper has nothing to keep it on at the heel, the little toe is always outside the other end of it.

¹ "The produce of agriculture in the Philippines," says M. de la Guérinière, speaking of his own plantation at Jala Jelu, near Sooline, "is such as no other country yields. The earth teems with vegetable wealth; every kind of colonial produce springs up in extraordinary abundance. Not infrequently, the harvest is in the proportion of eighty to one, and, in many plantations, two such crops are gathered in one year. The richness and great extent of the pastures affords facilities for rearing a number of cattle, which cost literally nothing but the trifling wages of a few shepherds. On my property I had three herds; one of three thousand oxen, another of eight hundred buffaloes, a third of six hundred horses. When the rice harvest had been got in, all these beasts were driven from the mountains into a large plain, not far from my house. The sight was a fine one, especially for the proprietor. At night they were driven into large enclosures near the village, and next day the oxen that were fit for the slaughter-house, the horses of an age to be broken, the buffaloes strong enough to be employed at the plough, were selected, and the cattle went back to the plain until nightfall; this process is repeated every day for a fortnight, after which the herd returned to the mountains until the same period of the following year, distributing itself in small troops over its accustomed pasturage, and requiring no care beyond an occasional visit from the Indian keepers."

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THE ENCHANTED LAKE IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.



gripping it in such a manner, as to hinder it from falling off altogether, and very rarely, even, in the most fast and furious dancing, does this occur.

Talking of dancing, any stranger, of the same rank, is admitted to any one's ball, or "bayle," on presentation of his card. A small primitive harp is the instrument of the country. There are few houses without one, even amongst the Indians. Though the guitar is a great deal in use, the ladies, in particular, greatly excel on the harp. But these are not matters for our grave Austrian friends of the *Novara* to notice, or their German professors, who accompany them, to enter into. Let us on, therefore, to statistics of trade. A young traveller says, the principal manufactory at Manilla is of cigars and cheroots.¹ The principal districts in which the tobacco is cultivated are Cargoyen and Bisoyu, in the north of Luzon; they produced about 18,000 tons, of which 8,000 are sent to Spain, in leaf merely, and 10,000 sold by auction at Manilla. 4,000 persons are employed at the works of Cavité, and at Malabar 5,000; add to them 2,000 persons employed in various

¹ In the course of my travels one afternoon says a traveller, I observed an immense concourse of Indian girls coming out of what appeared to be a church, and thinking it a good opportunity to make myself acquainted with the leading features of native beauty, I crossed over and scrutinized them, in a sufficiently marked manner to afford them some amusement; no doubt by a few jokes in the native language, and at my expense. For ten minutes the stream of native beauty rolled by without the least signs of cessation, and I began to feel myself in the position of the countryman, who was found waiting at noonday in Cheapside until the "crowd had passed," with this reflection, therefore, I moved on. Returning home, I asked what saint's day or other holiday it was. For some little time my friends were puzzled by the inquiry, but at last the fact shone out in a joke at my expense, that promised to be as endless as the stream of beauty itself. In a word, I had been standing in the rear of a cheroot manufactory, or "Fabrica de Tabaco," as it is called, and the young ladies who had attracted my curiosity, instead of coming out of the church of "Benondo," which stands in the rear of the "Fabrica," were girls leaving the latter establishment after their day's employment of cheroot and cigar making. I afterwards went over the place, which is worth visiting once a few people go oftener, I believe, for pleasure. It consists of a number of large apartments, in which, at the time of my visit, seven thousand girls, from about fourteen or fifteen years old or upwards, were employed in converting leaf tobacco into the manufactured forms above mentioned. The whole process was effected by their delicate fingers, aided by a stone hammer to beat the leaf out, and a slight dab of some sticky compound to keep it together when rolled into shape. At each table I observed a lady of more mature age and greater experience in the craft than the rest, whose business it was to keep order, and give instructions to beginners. They are paid, I believe, according to the quantity and quality of their work.

As a general rule, the figures of these Indian girls are more to be admired than their faces; one great defect being the smallness of the nose, and another, the red tinge of their teeth, produced by the habit of chewing the betel nut. Their eyes and hair, especially the latter, are good, and amongst so many, there are not a few that might be pronounced pretty; yet, notwithstanding the spell-binding attraction to an unfortunate bachelor, on finding himself in the midst of seven thousand of these sirens, I must confess, what, with the constant rap-ti-tap of their stone hammers, the closeness of the rooms, and a few other addenda arising from want of cleanliness generally, I was heartily thankful on finding myself once more in the "world outside," and from what I heard of the visits of other strangers, the feeling was not at all confined to my particular tastes. There are several establishments of this kind in different parts of the island, but none on so extensive a scale as the one at Manilla. The tobacco trade is a government monopoly, and it is a singular fact, one indeed, which at first sight, might appear incredible—that, great as the annual export of manufactured tobacco undoubtedly is, the amount consumed in "Luzon" itself, is at least six times as much.

methods of preparing and rolling the leaf, and lastly, those engaged in its cultivation, and we shall arrive at a total of 19,000 men and women; the produce of whose labour is from eleven to twelve millions of cigars yearly.

VIII.—THE ENCHANTED LAKE.

FROM Manilla, the Austrian party proceeded, first to the Peninsula of Jala-Jala, where they saw M. Vidie in quiet possession of M. de la Gironiere's world-famous estate, and working profitably 1,000 acres out of 10,000, of which it consists. Hence they wended their way to La Laguna Encantada, or the so called Enchanted Lake, in the Island of Luzon. This enchanted lake, one of the world-famed wonders of the eastern seas, is a little lagoon in the islet of Socolue, in Luzon, and it is separated from the greater lake of Bai, by a very narrow mountainous crest. "Every one," says the historiographer of the Austrian expedition of the *Novara* "cannot reach it, by simply wishing to do so."

The approach is obstructed by bluff rocks, and, still further, not only by an impenetrable mass of trunks, roots, climbing plants, ferns, cuneis, and thorny bushes, but also by a moving, perfidious soil. The lake is a circular basin; no doubt formed by the subsidence of a crater, for it is surrounded by walls of lava.

Like many other enchantments, it is very dangerous. Its fine waters serve as a place of refuge for innumerable alligators that are very ferocious, so much so that the navigation is not attempted save on large trunks of trees well lashed together. Slighter canoes would be infallibly tumbled over. Apparently the weather was too bad on the day of our visit to this Eden of the Philippines, even for the crocodiles, for we did not perceive any of these monsters; and if our artist has figured one, it is that he has not been able to resist his imagination. Truth to say, we had not with us a single dog to rouse the monsters by its barking, still less to practise the barbarous caprice of throwing one of these poor domestic animals into the water in order to enjoy the spectacle of the furious greediness of the alligators. We saw with surprise flying dogs or foxes (*Pteropi*) playing over the lake, uttering strange cries, and taking refuge by thousands in the trees, where they suspended themselves in enormous bunches to the branches.

At the time when the members of Lord Elgin's embassy were at Manilla, they were one night, instead of dancing fandangoes, snugly ensconced at the bottom of a canoe, upon the river Pasig, lulled to sleep by the measured stroke of the boatmen's paddles, as they forced the little craft rapidly up stream from Cavité, a town of 15,000 inhabitants. Daylight found them in the Lago de Bai, under the lee of the island of Talim. Its high volcanic hills were wooded to the summit, and indented with charming little bays, fringed with drooping bamboos. The lake is somewhat in the shape of a horse's hoof; a peninsula at the end of which is the Island of Talim, forming the frog. From thence they stretched across to the southern shore, the high and precipitous mountains of which looked comparatively near, but to the westward the waters of the lake formed the horizon. The Lago de Bai is the largest sheet of fresh water as yet discovered in the Eastern Archipelago, being twenty-eight miles in length by twenty-two in breadth.

Their destination, which they reached in time for a late breakfast, is celebrated for some thermal springs, which, bubbling out of the ground almost at the water's edge, enable the weary traveller to refresh himself with a warm bath, though, as the temperature is sufficiently high to boil an egg in four minutes, he had better not make rash experiments. In consequence of these springs, which at one time enjoyed some celebrity, the village is called *Les Bains*. It consists only of a few Indian huts, in one of which, elevated on piles, and surrounded by a crowd of admiring natives, the party restored exhausted nature, preparatory to a trip to the Island of Socolme. Fortunately, the historiographer of the embassy, Mr. Oliphant, says he had not seen the narrative of that amusing, but most audacious romancer, La Gironière, the accuracy of which may be judged of from the fact, that he estimates the lake of Socolme as having an elevation of 1,500 feet above the Lago de Bai, when fifteen feet is really the outside; and says it "does not receive the rays of the sun except when that luminary is at its zenith;" whereas, the banks in many parts being not above twenty feet high, and in one place about 200, the lake moreover being at least two miles round, it rejoices to a very equitable extent in the blessed rays of that "luminary." It is to be hoped, for the sake of La Gironière's credit as a sportsman, that he displayed as much courage with his rifle as he certainly has with his pen.

They paddled round the margin of the lake, "enchanted," they say, with its loveliness, sheltering themselves from the noon-day sun under the luxuriant vegetation which clothes its banks, and droops into the water. Thousands of flying foxes had chosen for their retreat these leafy shades; their unsightly bodies were concealed by their expansive wings, as, clinging by their feet, they hung in dark festoons from the projecting branches. Disturbed by their approach, they dapped away over the lake, and they soon awoke its silent echoes with the report of their guns, tumbling two or three of these monstrous bats heavily into the water. If the alligators existed at all, they evidently had not recovered from the panic which must have been created by La Gironière's visit. Not one ventured to show the tip of his nose above the water.

They were loth to leave this fairy like scene; and, looking back upon it, as they dragged their canvas over the narrow strip of land, were reminded rather of a diamond set in emeralds, than of the crater of an extinct volcano. As it was, the attractions of the Island of Socolme had induced them to linger too long, for it was late ere they started on their return voyage, a gale of wind having sprung up in the mean time, and it was not till after a long night of discomforts and dangers that they reached their destination.

It is but fair to give the much belied *De la Gironière* the advantage of another witness, Captain Henry T. Ellis, R.N., who thus describes his own visit:—"On descending to its sombre banks, the words of Moore's song, commencing, 'On that lake whose gloomy shore,' are vividly brought to your mind; all is so dark, cold, and still, that it might well be compared to the 'valley of the shadow of death.' Its area, nearly comprises a space between two and three miles in circumference; its sides, equally steep above and below the surface, give on one hand very deep water close to the edge, and on the other abrupt, thickly wooded masses, too steep and overhanging, as even at

noonday partially intercept the sun's rays, and cast over the water's surface a dead leaden hue, and cold mystery bearing effect sufficiently suggestive of its name. With the exception of the narrow belt between it and the Lake of Bay, the hills all round rise to the height of at least 1,500 feet, or rather, when you are on the shores of the Socolme, you have the impression of being sunk that far below them, much in the same way as you would when down a well; and I believe it is an ascertained fact that its level is actually below that of the neighbouring great Lake of Bay, with which, of course, if such be the case, it cannot be in connection. Our little canoe having been launched and manned by an Indian at either end to paddle it, our next undertaking was to get in with our guns without swamping the whole arrangement, which required a considerable amount of care, and a most subdued quietness of action to accomplish; indeed I do not know that I ever felt less disposed to commence any playful antics than I did when I found myself thus *vis-à-vis* to my companion, floating away from the friendly bank in a mere shell, whose sides rose but two or three inches above the dusty ashen surface of these sullen waters, containing, as we knew they did, monsters but too ready for an opportunity to convert us into a component part of themselves. The surrounding trees had a shade of brown blended with their dark green foliage, which at first I could not quite account for, but this soon explained itself; for, after getting a little accustomed to our cockle-shell, and thereby acquiring sufficient confidence to fire our guns in among them, the report was succeeded by a rushing sound like that of a distant mountain torrent, and the air became immediately darkened by the flight of myriads of flying foxes that fluttered about just over our head, confusing and stupefying us with their discordant screams. There were, besides, herons and sea-fowl of different kinds, but the number of the flying foxes (*Pteropi*, Lin.) far exceeded them. This creature, as its name implies, has a head quite like that of a small fox, and wings like that of a vampire-bat; its body is about a foot long, of a reddish, brown colour; and the *tout-ensemble*, even to the peculiar smell possessed by that animal, bears a most striking resemblance to Master Reynard. Unless you catch them under the wing in flying, they are very difficult to kill. They hang on in clusters to the trees, screaming, if wounded, while there is a spark of life left, and at such times, were betide the unhappy fingers of anyone attempting to handle them before they have received their final quietus; for their teeth are as sharp as needles, and they are equally sharp in the apprehension of them. We shot several, and some sea-fowl, myriads of which come here to deposit their eggs; indeed, the gloomy bowers of Socolme seem to have been adopted as a sort of hereditary nursery by the feathered tribes generally, the intrusion on which by man they most unmistakably re-constrate against. No alligators chased us, open mouthed, as did they Gironière, though our solitary canoe offered them even a more tempting bait, nor, while on the lake, did we distinctly see any signs of one. However, the sudden disappearance below the surface of several heads of our game, left little doubt as to their actual presence, and my companion told me he had never before, out of several visits he had made, missed seeing some, either on the banks or in the water. Having made

the circuit of the lake, and sufficiently explored its mysteries and enchantments, we returned to the spot whence we had set out, had our canoe retransported into the "Laguna de Bai," and embarked in our larger one on our return to Las Banos. Shortly after we shoved off, the sharp eyes of the Indians discovered a "cayman" basking in the sun at the foot of the hill we had just left, but he did not remain long to be inspected, and bolted into the water like a shot. It is singular how rapidly an alligator will reach the water; I have frequently remarked it while on boat service on the West Coast of Africa, blocking the mouths of some of the rivers, where for days we had to lay off with little else to amuse us. They would be lying on the beach, looking for all the world like so many huge logs of timber, without the slightest sign of life, when, pulling towards the back of the surf, near enough for musket range, a ball would come pat against the hard side of one, appearing to it, probably, nothing more than a flip of a finger would be to us; but, taking the hint, he seemed to roll (I imagine that is an ocular deception), into the water with a most surprising velocity. At other times a very diverting game used to be going on between them and some long-legged white birds, in the manner following:—Our attention would be arrested by one of these birds hopping about, most provokingly, just in front of Master Cayman, as he lay in a quiescent state, which he would sometimes do for a long time; when, apparently losing patience, or fancying his long-legged tantaliser was off his guard, he would make a sudden dart at him, which invariably resulted in

Master Bird just rising high enough to let the alligator pass below him; and then, alighting in his rear, he would await the return of calm moments to torment his enemy afresh. Frequently, after a few ineffectual charges of this kind, the alligator would rush to the water in evident disgust, there to seek that repose which was denied him on *terra firma*. Notwithstanding that the idea of an alligator attacking a canoe has been somewhat ridiculed, I know from experience that it is a thing not at all improbable. At Port Essington, on the north side of Australia (where we had for many years, perhaps, one of the most ill-managed of all our blundering attempts at a settlement), the alligators were so fierce, that it was not at all an uncommon thing for them to bite at the blades of boats' oars as they dipped in pulling, nor even to make attempts to get into the boat itself, which, in the case of a canoe must have been certain destruction. I forget exactly what their length there averaged, but I know it was difficult, at a little distance, to distinguish between one basking on the surface and a native canoe, which are generally large enough to hold ten or a dozen people.¹

IX.—THE SIL-LI-BA-BOO ISLANDERS.

To the ethnologist, and those who study the history of the human race in the development of the original types, and the intermixture and assimilation of the various races, the group of the Philippines, and especially Luzon, are fertile in examples; for here may be found types of almost every race, the woolly-headed negro, the long-haired black, the Papuan, the Malay, the Kurile, and the Siberian Asiatic. The Tagals, or Malay

¹ When the colony of Jaba-jaba, says M. de la Gironière, had been for a few years founded, the caymans disappeared from its neighbourhood. I was out one morning with my shepherds, at a few leagues from my house, when we came to a river which must be swam across. One of them advised me to ascend it, to a narrower place, for that it was full of caymans; and I was about to do so, when another Indian, more imprudent than his companions, spurred his horse into the stream. "I do not fear the caymans!" he exclaimed. But he was scarcely half-way across, when we saw a cayman of monstrous size advancing towards him. We uttered a shout of warning; he at once perceived the danger, and, to avoid it, got off his horse at the opposite side to that upon which the cayman was approaching and swam with all his strength towards the bank. On reaching it, he paused behind a fallen tree-trunk, where he had water to his knees, and where, believing himself in perfect safety, he leant his elbows and waited. Meanwhile the cayman raised his enormous head out of the water, threw himself upon the horse, and seized him by the saddle. The horse made an effort, the girths broke, and, whilst the cayman crunched the leather, the steed reached dry land. Perceiving that the saddle was not what he wanted, the cayman dropped it, and advanced upon the Indian. We shouted to him to run. The poor fellow would not stir, but waited calmly, outlast in hand, and on the alligator's near approach, dealt him a blow upon the head. He might as well have tapped upon an anvil. The next instant he was writhing in the monster's jaws. For more than a minute we beheld him dragged in the direction of the lake, his body erect above the surface of the water. The cayman had seized him by the thigh, his hands joined, his eyes turned to heaven, in the attitude of a man imploring Divine mercy. Soon he disappeared. The drama was over—the cayman's stomach was his tomb. During this agonizing moment we had all remained silent, but no sooner had my poor shepherd disappeared, than we vowed to avenge his death. I had three nets made of strong cord, each net large enough to form a complete barrier across the river. I also had a hut built, and put an Indian to live in it, whose duty was to keep constant watch, and let me know as soon as the cayman returned to the river. He watched in vain for upwards of two months; but, at the end of that time he came and told me that the monster had seized a horse, and had dragged it into the river to devour it at leisure. I immediately repaired to the spot, accompanied

by my guards, by my priest, who positively would see a cayman-hunt, and by an American friend of mine, Mr. Russell, of the house of Russell and Sturgis, who was then staying with me. I had the nets spread at intervals, so that the cayman could not escape back into the lake. At last, all measures having been taken to attain my end without risk of accident, my Indians began to explore the river with their long bamboos. An animal of such formidable size as the one we sought cannot very easily hide himself, and soon we beheld him upon the surface of the river, lashing the water with his long tail, snapping and chattering with his jaws, and endeavouring to get at those who dared disturb him in his retreat. A universal shout of joy greeted his appearance. The Indians in the pirogues buried their lances at him, whilst we, upon either shore of the river, fired a volley. The bullets rebounded from the monster's scales, which they were unable to penetrate; the keener lances made their way between the scales, and entered the cayman's body some eight or ten inches. Thereupon he disappeared, swimming with incredible rapidity, and reached the first net. The resistance it opposed turned him back; he reascended the river, and again appeared on the top of the water. The violent movement broke the staves of the lances which the Indians had stuck into him, and the iron alone remained in the wounds. Each time that he reappeared the firing recommenced, and fresh lances were plunged into his enormous body. Perceiving, however, how ineffectual fire-arms were to pierce his cuirass of invulnerable scales, I excited him, by my shouts and gestures; and when he came to the edge of the water, opening his enormous jaws, all ready to devour me, I approached the muzzle of my gun to within a few inches, and fired both barrels, in the hope that the bullets would find something softer than scales in the interior of that formidable cavern, and that they would penetrate to his brain. All was in vain. The jaws closed with a terrible noise, seizing only the fire and smoke that issued from my gun, and the balls flattened against his bones without injuring them. The animal, which had now become furious, made inconceivable efforts to seize one of his enemies; his strength seemed to increase instead of diminishing, whilst our resources were nearly exhausted. Almost all our lances were sticking in his body, and our ammunition drew to an end. The fight had lasted more than six hours without any result that could

aboriginals of Manila, are small in stature and weak in body, but of a more vigorous constitution than the natives of the other islands of the Archipelago. Their skins are of a brighter colour than those of the other Malays, and their hair is black, without being woolly. Their moral character is curious to observe, still more curious to read. The Indian keeps his word, and is yet a liar; anger he has in horror, comparing it to madness, and deeming it worse than drunkenness, which he nevertheless despises. To avenge an injury he scruples not to use his dagger; what he will least support is abuse, even when deserved. You may flog him when he has committed a fault, and he will not complain; but at hard words he is indignant. He is brave, generous, and a fatalist. The Tagals are usually good fathers and good husbands, two qualities rarely separated. Horribly jealous of their wives, they are careless of the honour of their daughters, and heed not the faults their bride may have committed before marriage. The Tagals have retained all their old superstitions, and superinduced them upon Christianity, which they have accepted from their conquerors, the Spaniards. Two evil deities play an important part. One of these malignant spirits is the *Tio-Balan*, who dwells in the forests, in the interior of the great fig-tree. This divinity requires great respect. Every time an Indian passes a fig-tree, he makes a sign with his hand, says "*Tact-po*," Tagal words, signifying "By your leave, my lord," addressing thus, the *Tio-Balan*. The other god is called *Assuan*, and is considered to exercise a wonderful influence over women in labour. One often sees an Indian, at such times, seated astride on the roof of his house, sabre in hand, cutting and thrusting in empty air, to drive away,

make us hope its speedy termination, when an Indian struck the cayman, whilst at the bottom of the water, with a lance of unusual strength and size. Another Indian, at his comrade's request, struck two vigorous blows with a mace upon the butt-end of the lance; the iron entered deep into the animal's body, and immediately, with a movement as swift as lightning, he darted toward the nets and disappeared. The lance pole, detached from the iron head, returned to the surface of the water: for some minutes we waited in vain for the monster's reappearance; we thought that his last effort had enabled him to reach the lake, and that our chase was perfectly fruitless. We hauled in the first net, a large hole in which convinced us that our supposition was correct. The second net was in the same condition as the first. Discouraged by our failure, we were hanging in the third, when we felt a strong resistance. Several Indians began to drag it towards the bank, and presently, to our great joy, we saw the cayman upon the surface of the water: he was exulting. We throw over him several fassos of small coral, and when he was well secured we drew him to land. It was no easy matter to haul him up on the bank; the strength of forty Indians hardly sufficed. When, at last, we had got him completely out of the water, and had him before our eyes, we stood stupefied with astonishment; for a very different thing was it, to see his body thus and to see him swim when he was fighting against us. Mr. Russ II, a very competent person, was charged with his measurement. From the extremity of the nostrils to the tip of the tail, he was found to be twenty-seven feet long, and his circumference was much more voluminous; but we thought it useless to measure him there, judging that the horse upon which he had breakfasted, must considerably have increased his bulk. This first process at an end, we took counsel as to what we should do with the dead cayman. Every one gave his opinion. My wish was to convey it, bodily, to my residence; but that was impossible, it would have required a vessel of five or six tons burthen, and we could not produce such a craft. One man wanted the skin, the Indians begged for the flesh, to dry it, and use it as a specific against asthma. They affirm that any asthmatic person who nourishes himself for a certain time with this flesh is infallibly cured. Somebody else desired to have the fat, as an antidote to rheumatic pains; and, finally, my worthy priest demanded that the stomach should be opened in order to

ascertain how many Christians the monster had devoured. Every time, he said, that a cayman eats a Christian, he swallows a large pebble; thus the number of the pebbles we should find in him would positively indicate the number of the faithful to whom his enormous stomach had afforded sepulture. To satisfy every body I sent for an axe wherewith to cut off the head, which I reserved for myself, abandoning the rest of the carcass to all who had taken part in the capture. It was no easy matter to decapitate the monster. The axe buried its tip in the flesh to half way up the handle without reaching the bones; at last, after many efforts, we succeeded in getting the head off. Then we opened the stomach, and took out of it, by fragments, the horse which had been devoured that morning. The cayman does not masticate, he cuts off a huge lump with his enormous teeth, and bolts it entire. Thus we found the whole of the horse, divided into only seven or eight pieces. Then we came to about a hundred and fifty pounds weight of pebbles, varying from the size of a fist to that of a walnut. When my friend saw this great heap of stones—"it is a mere tale"—he could not help saying, "it is impossible that this animal should have devoured so great a number of Christians. It was light at night when we completed the cutting up. I left the body to our assistants and had the head placed in a boat, to convey it to my house. I very much desired to preserve this monstrous caput as nearly as possible in the state in which it then was, but that would have required a great deal of arsenical soap, and I was out of that. So I made up my mind to dissect it and preserve the skeleton. I weighed it before detaching the ligaments, its weight was four hundred and thirty pounds; its length from the nose to the first vertebra, five feet (about five feet six inches English measure). I found all my bullets, which had flattened themselves against the bones of the jaws as I palpit as they would have done against a plate of iron. The lance thrust which had slain the cayman was a chance, a sort of miracle. When the Indian struck with his mace upon the butt of the pole, the iron pierced through the nape into the vertebral column, and penetrated the spinal marrow, the only vulnerable part. When this formidable head was well prepared, and the bones dried and whitened, I had the pleasure of presenting it to my friend Russell, who has since deposited it in the museum at Boston.

negro; their utmost stature hardly attains five feet; their hair is woolly, and, as they never cut it, it forms a strange sort of halo round their heads. Their features are negro, but their lips less prominent. Their sole dress is a girdle, eight or ten inches broad, made of the bark of trees. They feed on roots, fruit, and the produce of the chase. A bamboo lance, a palm-wood bow, and poisoned arrows, are their weapons. They eat their meat nearly raw, and live in groups of mostly from fifty to sixty persons. During the day, the old people, the invalids, and the children sit round the fire, while the others go hunting; but when they have enough food, they all squat round the fire while it lasts, and at night sleep—promiscuously—in the ashes. It is extremely curious, yet disgusting, to see thus assembled some fifty of these brutes, of all ages, and all, more or less, deformed. The old women are especially hideous: their decrepit limbs, their pot bellies, and their extraordinary hair, giving them the appearance of furies or witches. They have no religion—only regarding the chance rock or the tree-trunk bearing resemblance to some animal. Their language has but few words; their children are named from the place where they were born. They have respect for old age, and for the dead; but have no funeral ceremony, placing the corpse at full length in a grave, and covering it with earth. Then, every day, they put tobacco and betel in it, and suspend over it the bow and arrow of the defunct, whom they believe to go out hunting every night. When an Ajeto sickens of an incurable malady, or has been wounded with a poisoned arrow, his friends place him in a large hole, his arms crossed upon his breast, and they bury him alive. After the death of a friend, they revenge it by killing the first living thing they meet, be it man, stag, or buffalo; but they leave signs of warning to their own people to keep off their path. They have but one wife. They are capital shooters with arrows piercing fish in the water, and can climb trees with the agility of monkeys, or run with the swiftness of deer.

The Tinguianes, another race who live in the interior of the province of Flows, are described as men of small stature, slightly bronzed, with straight hair, regular profiles, and aquiline noses. Their women are handsome and graceful. A girdle, a sort of turban made of fig-tree bark, is all the dress of the men. Their arms are a long lance, a small hatchet, and a buckler. The women, also, wear a girdle, but have, in addition, a very narrow apron, descending to their knees. Their hair is adorned with beads, gold, and coral; the upper part of their hands is painted blue; upon their wrists are bracelets woven and ornamented with glass beads; these bracelets reach up to the elbow, forming a sort of sleeve to the fore arm, which they strangely compress. They are put on in early youth, and prevent the expansion of the arm, augmenting, at the same time, the size of the wrist and hand, which swell and become horribly large, a fashionable deformity, like the female foot in China and the English waist in Europe. Every family has two dwellings, one for day, the other for night; the first a hut, the latter a small cabin perched on posts or on the top of a tree sixty or eighty feet from the ground. This is a precaution against the Guinanes, a savage tribe, with whom they are at mortal feud. They are said to crush the skulls of their captured enemies, and mix their brains with cane-juice, which hellish potion they quaff amidst great revelling. They bury their dead in huge wells

or excavations, having previously dried the bodies into mummies. They have gods *ad libitum*, or by accident—a rock or tree of remarkable shape, bearing the semblance of some beast, dog, cow, or buffalo—is considered a superior being. Round this they collect provisions and bring pigs. Then they erect a straw roof over the idol, light huge fires, roast their pigs, and dance; lastly, they set fire to the straw roof, burn the idol, and so ends the jollification and the worship. The Tinguian has one lawful wife, and several concubines; but the wife alone inhabits her husband's house; the women have each a separate cabin. The eldest man is chief; their laws are traditional. Their wealth consists in porcelain vases. These people appear to be of Japanese descent, thrown on the coast by violent north winds. The Igorottes, another native race, are similarly attired with the Tinguianes, but are shorter men, with excessively large chests, long beards, well developed limbs, and herculean strength; the nose is less aquiline, their colour of a deep bronze, and their eyes yellow, and of Chinese cut. They are said to be eaters of human flesh, which they cook and stew in divers palatable forms. These people are regarded as descended from refugees of the great naval enemy of the Chinese, Linna-On, who, after attacking Manila, on the 30th of November, 1574, took refuge in the province of Pangasinan, in the Gulf of Leriayan, where he was a second time defeated, and his fleet entirely destroyed; a part of the crew escaped into the mountains of Pangasinan, where the Spaniards could not follow them. The Igorotte has long hair, Chinese eyes, the nose rather flattened, the lips thick, the cheek-bones prominent, large shoulders, and strong limbs, is of a dark copper colour, and resembles the Chinese of the southern provinces of the Celestial Empire.

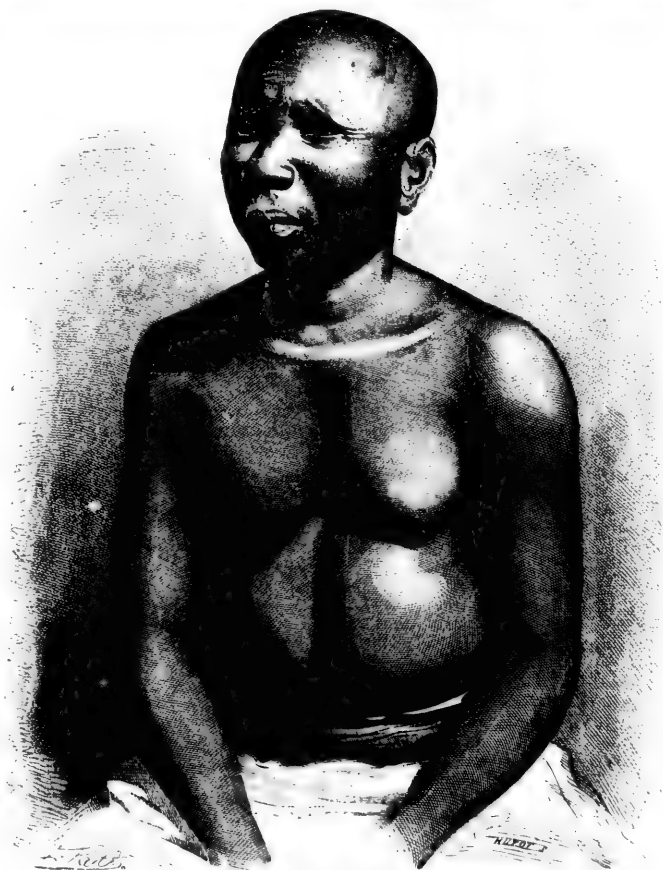
Of the manner in which many of these races are wafted from far distances to the various islands of the Eastern Archipelago, and even to the shores of the continents, a remarkable instance is recorded by Commodore Perry.¹

On the morning of the 5th of August, 1853, in about latitude 18° 46' N., longitude 124° E., in the store ship *Southampton*, Lieutenant Commander Boyle was steering S.W. by W., the wind blowing from the northward and westward a fresh top-gallant breeze, with considerable swell, when a boat was discovered to windward. The ship was hove to, and presently succeeded in getting the boat and its contents on board. When hoisted in and measured, the craft was found to be twelve feet long, four wide, and seventeen inches deep. On board of the boat, when the ship thus picked her up, were six males, four of whom were adults, and two were boys, the one about ten and the other fourteen years of age. They were all of healthy appearance, of medium stature, of a dark colour, the hair cut close, not tattooed, and did not appear to be much exhausted. Captain Boyle supposed, from their appearance, that they might have been adrift. They had in the boat about two or three dozen of India corn (maize), a few sweet potatoes, some prepared betel nuts, a cask, two gongs, a fishing net, an axe, a small piece of grass cloth as a sail, and a coloured piece, supposed to be a flag. Of water they had none; but from the frequent showers encountered

¹ Expedition to Japan in 1852, 1853, and 1854, by Commodore Perry. New York, 1856.



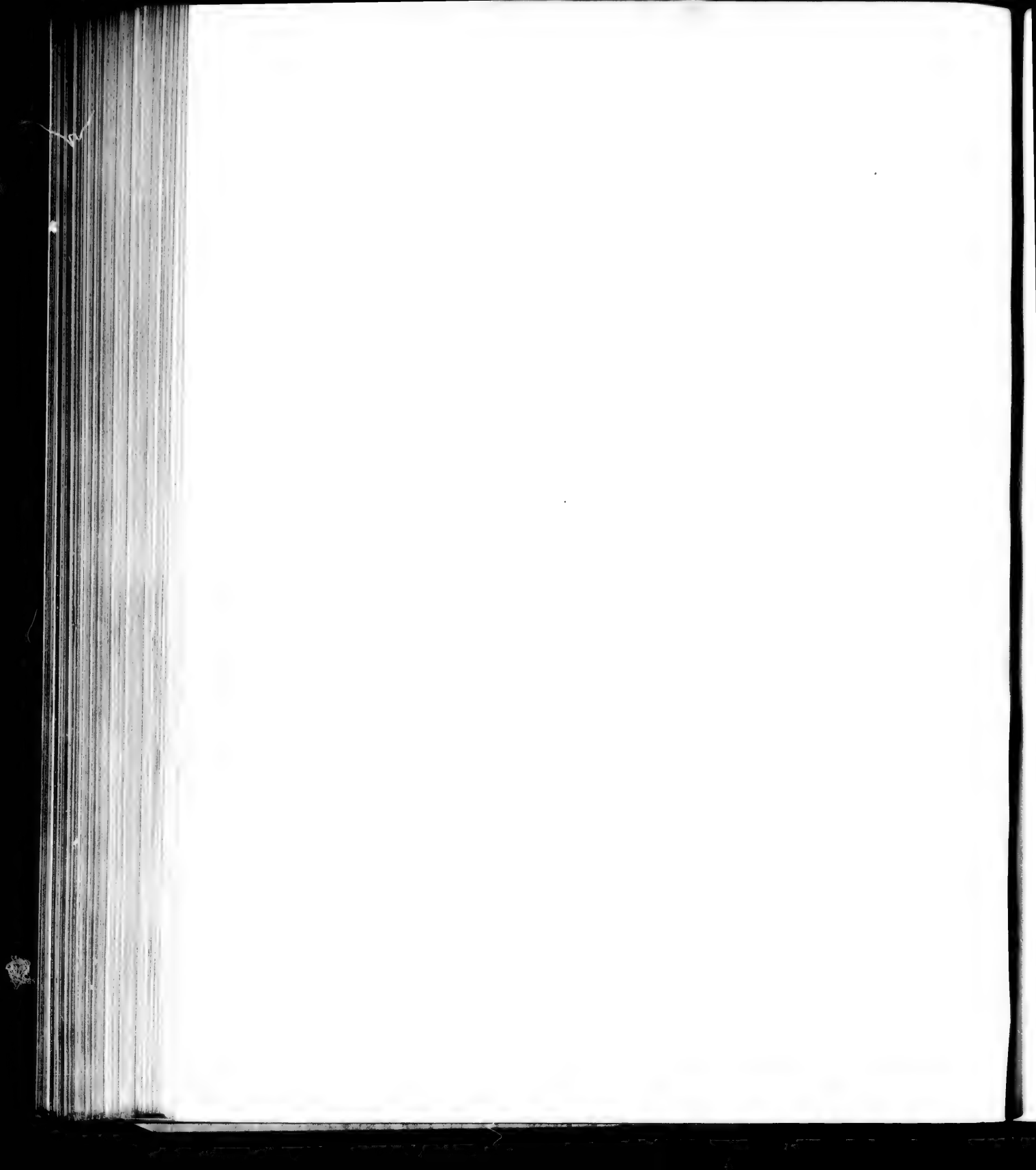
ATTACK ON A BRITISH WAR STEAMER BY THE NATIVES OF ANDAMAN.



A NATIVE OF THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS.



RIVER AMOOR AND KING-GAN MOUNTAINS.



by the ship, Captain Boyle concluded they had not suffered much by the want of it.

To what people or nation these people belonged no one could tell, as nobody on board could understand their language. It was observed, that the word most frequently on their lips was *SIL-LI-BA-BOO*. The nearest land to the ship was Cape Eugenio, the N.E. point of Laconia, distanced about one hundred miles. The Babuan and Bashi Groups were about one hundred and eighty miles directly to windward, and the first conjecture was, that possibly they might belong to these. Their dress consisted of wide-legged trousers, extending a little below the knees, with a dark-coloured gown enveloping the whole person, and secured around the neck by a drawing string; their heads they would sometimes bind around with a cotton handkerchief, after a fashion not unlike that used by the blacks of the southern states of America. Though seemingly not much exhausted when they were taken on board the ship, yet they evidently experienced great difficulty in walking, from their long confinement in a cramped position. Sleep, with a suitable diet, however, soon restored them to their usual condition.

When the ship came near, and passed through the group just named, the commander watched closely to observe if they showed any marks of recognition. Their attention was called to them by signs, and they seemed to understand the pantomimic inquiry, for they invariably shook their heads as if to imply that their home was not there, and pointing towards the eastward, said "*Sil-li-ba-booo*." Soon after the ship arrived at *Com-sing-moon*, in China, and here great pains were taken to discover, if possible, where these poor adventurers belonged. There were many ships lying there, and the commodore directed that diligent search should be made among them all, in the hopes that perchance some one might be found who could communicate with them. They were visited by many from the various vessels, and from their timidity they fell first under the suspicion that they were anxious to remain unknown; but Captain Boyle became quite convinced that their shyness and repugnance to leave the ship proceeded from fear alone. They were taken on board each of the trading ships at *Com-sing-moon*, and out of the numerous tongues spoken on board, not one was found like that spoken by these men. At length they uttered some words when on the deck of the English ship *Ham-ay*, which Captain Jamieson, the commander, thought he recognised as belonging to the language of the natives of the Bentinck Isles; but perceiving that their words were attracting notice, they made their usual salutation, and uttering *Sil-li-ba-booo*, afterwards held their peace.

There is an island called by that name, and mentioned by Horsburg as being in latitude 4° N., longitude 127° E.; but this is so remote from the spot they were picked up, some twelve or fifteen hundred miles, that Captain Boyle could not suppose it possible they had drifted such a distance. The wind had, indeed, for several days been strong from the southward and eastward, just before the boat was seen, though at the time they were picked up it was from the northward and westward. Notwithstanding this, however, it seemed most improbable that in their frail craft they could have floated so many miles. Captain Jamieson and his crew interested themselves for these poor creatures, and perseverance in their efforts to communicate with them by means of the slight vocabulary they had ac-

quired in their voyages, and although such communications were very imperfect, of course, yet it was plain some words were understood, and the unfortunate men were evidently pleased, and sought opportunities of mingling with those who could comprehend any portion, however small, of their language. With these imperfect means of knowledge, the best account Captain Jamieson could gather from them was, that they did come from *Sil-li-ba-booo*, distant as it was; that they had left the land in their boat with some articles of food for a vessel in the offing, met a fresh breeze that carried them out into the sea, and, by its continuance, prevented their return to land, and that they had been in the boat fifteen days when the *Southampton* picked them up. By direction of the Commodore, two surgeons of the squadron made a minute examination of these *Sil-li-ba-boos*, and reported in substance as follows:—

"The *Sil-li-ba-boos* are of a medium height, and well set, with moderate muscular development; and, though possessed of great strength, are active in movement. Destitute of the fatty tissue beneath the skin which generally gives roundness and fulness to the form of the northern races, the *Sil-li-ba-boos* have, from this deficiency, a sharp and angular contour, that deprives them of all claim to physical beauty. Their features have the irregular expression of the negro, though their colour resembles that of the mulatto. Their heads are large and round, with a large disproportionate development of the posterior part of the skull; their faces are rude, and their foreheads moderately high, their eyes dark but not very brilliant or intelligent, and their chins broad and massive; their noses are long and flat, and their lips thick and prominent, and their large mouths display strong-made teeth, which, however, are generally blackish from the use of the betel nut. The skin is smooth, with a small supply of black, coarse hair, where it is usually found, except on the head; there, it is grown profusely and straight, but is worn short. Their limbs are lithe, their hands and feet small; their language is soft, and agreeable to the ear, but though it is supposed to be a derivation from the Malayan, it is not intelligible to those on board familiar with the ordinary dialect of the Malays. They are, however, believed to be of Malay origin, much modified by the effect of climate and accidental causes. The intelligence of the *Sil-li-ba-boos* is so far blunted, as to place them within the category of the savage races, to which, in habits and social character, they are closely allied."

Commodore Perry dispatched *Meredon*, an U.S. frigate, under Captain Abbot, to Wainku, with these wanderers from *Sil-li-ba-booo* to the Governor General of the Philippines, that they might be protected and sent home. We may indulge the hope that they have finally reached their native island, there to tell to their wondering countrymen the story of their providential preservation and marvellous adventures.¹

After quitting the island of Luzon, the *Novara* touched on the coasts of China, whence she proceeded to New Zealand, to Tahiti, Valparaiso, Lima, the Falkland Islands, Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, calling finally at Lisbon before returning to Trieste.

¹ There is a Silleban, E. long. 101, S. lat. 4, a port-town of the Western coast of the Island of Sumatra, a little south of Benecoolan.

UP AND DOWN THE AMOOR,

WITH SCENES IN CENTRAL ASIA, TARTARY, AND SIBERIA.

I.—THE COUNTRY OF THE KALKAS.

OVER the mountains, as you go from Moscow, and to the right of Irkutsk, the capital of Siberia, lies the country of Kalkas, the Gobi or Great Desert of Tartary, the steppes or mountain-plains of Mongolia, and then China. This centre country, Kalkas and Mongolia, the storehouse of conquering nations, the hive whence issued Genghis Khan and his vast hordes, has been, up to the last few years, utterly unknown to Europeans. Recently, however, a great light has been thrown on this dark portion of the world's great map by Mr. Thomas William Atkinson,¹ whose travels in Oriental and Western Siberia, and the narrative of whose Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and Part of Central Asia, contain matter of a very high interest, especially when it is considered that the scene of these explorations is now laid open to Russia from the Pacific, by the concession of the Amoor to her by the Chinese in 1854. Mr. Atkinson's travels embrace, in the first instance, a wide field, extending from Kokhan on the west, to the eastern end of the Baikal Lake (into which the Amoor River runs), and as far south as the Chinese town of Takinsi, including that immense chain, Syan-shan, the highest in Central Asia, never before seen by any European; as well as a large portion of the western part of the Gobi (a sandy desert in Mongolia), over which Genghis Khan marched his wild hordes to the West—scenes on which no pencil has previously been employed, comprising a distance traversed in extent 32,000 versts (each not quite two-thirds of a mile) in carriages, 7,100 in boats, and 20,300 on horseback—in all 59,400 versts (about 39,500 miles) in the course of seven years. Leaving Irkutsk, and crossing the mountain range, Mr. Atkinson thus describes his first visit to the Kalkas Sultans, or Chiefs of the Pasture Tartars, who live like Arabians, with their hundreds of camels and horses, and count their sheep and cattle by thousands, as living themselves in tents, they lead their flocks and herds across the plains, seeking the mountain ridges in summer and the green meadows in winter.

His wanderings, he relates, led him to the Gobi, whose vast steppes, sandy deserts, and high mountain-chains give a peculiar character to the region in question. The traveller who attempts to force his way into a land abounding with such striking scenery must be prepared for many difficulties and some risks. Perhaps, before his visit, these scenes were never looked upon by European eye, nor ever sketched by pencil. He who follows his track will find that his rifle is required for more purposes than obtaining a dinner. His courage and determination will be tested by men who seldom show fear, and are ever on the alert. It is only by a steady hand, a quick eye, and skill with his weapon, that he can remain safe from acts of violence.

¹ *Oriental and Western Siberia: a Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and Part of Central Asia.* Hurst and Blackett, 1858.

Plunder is the common trade; and what is still more, the traveller, if not murdered, is carried off into certain slavery.

Mr. Atkinson's party consisted of three Cossacks, brave and honest fellows, who would have dared any danger. Long may they live, and be happy on their land near Kurt-Chum! To these were added seven Kalmucks, four of them strong sturdy hunters, and all accustomed to a hard mountain life. Powder and lead he had a sufficient store, and they mustered eight rifles. These Kalmucks had their hair cut close, except a tuft growing on the top of the head, plaited into a long tail, which hung far down their back, and gave them a Chinese appearance. They may, in fact, be considered Chinese subjects; but, unfortunately for them, Russia compels them to pay a tax also. The chief of the little band of Kalmucks was named Tchuck-a-bol, and was a very strong and powerful fellow, with a beautiful manly countenance, a fine massive forehead, and large black eyes. He was dressed in a loose skin cloak, fastened round his waist with a broad red scarf. When the weather was warm his arms were drawn from the sleeves, which were then tucked into his girdle, and the cloak hung round him in beautiful folds. This gave full effect to his Herculean figure, while his manly bearing and graceful movements made him a fine study. He was born to be a chief, and his perfect good nature rendered him a most agreeable companion. He was a faithful fellow-traveller through many a day of toil and hardship, and suffered hunger and thirst without a murmur.

They commenced their wanderings beyond the River Naryn, and crossed the Kurt-Chum mountains, towards what has been called the Great Altai. But this chain, Mr. Atkinson declares, can only be found on our maps—in nature it does not exist. Numerous offshoots from the Altai run down to the desert of Ulan-Kum, in which direction they turned their steps, riding over many a rugged ridge and crossing numbers of picturesque valleys, threading their way eastward towards Ubsa-Nur. Mr. Atkinson had two objects in view in this journey—to visit the Tanghu mountains, which he had seen from the Brituka, and the large lake that receives so many streams, and has no outlets. There are many peaks in the Tanghu chain, rising far above the line of eternal snow, some more than eleven thousand feet in height. Their route lay eastward, crossing the heads of several streams, which run from the Tanghu mountains into the Ubsa. The names of these rivers could not be ascertained, as none of the people had ever been in this region before, nor did they meet a single native to inform them. Game was found in great abundance in the higher region, and many a stag was boiled at the camp-fires and served up at their meals. In a few situations they observed the bare poles of the conical Turts of the Kalkas, indicating their hunting stations. After riding twelve days, and encamping beside various torrents that run from the Tanghu chain, they came upon a large and rapid stream, flowing from the north-east. This could not be crossed at the point they struck upon it, and they were com-

pelled to ascend towards its source. By following this river Mr. Atkinson was led far up into the mountain wilds of the Tanghu, and, at a great elevation, he crossed the ridge and reached a plateau, descending towards the north, on which he found the "Zabata-Nor," a mountain tarn of great depth, surrounded by rugged precipices of granite. At this place the plateau has sunk, leaving perpendicular precipices around. To the east the rocks have the appearance of a wall five hundred feet deep, while picturesque granite mountains and snowy peaks rise up in the distance.

Having, with some difficulty, ascended one of the summits, which pushed its head into the region of snow, a beautiful and most extensive view presented itself. Immediately beneath, by the Ubsa-Nur; far to the south-west, was seen Ulan Kum desert and the Aral-Nur; to the south lay Tehagin-Tala, and the ridges descending down to the Gobi; and to the south-east the crests of the Khangai mountains—several peaks covered with snow. This was a peep far into Central Asia, and over a region never beheld by any European. A dim and misty outline of Boghla-Ula was seen rising above the Gobi, and the vast desert stretched away till lost in haze.

Descending from this lofty place, they sought a place to ford the torrent, and happily found one near a beautiful waterfall. Large blocks of fine white marble were lying in this torrent, and further up the stream were very high precipices of this valuable material untouched by man. Much of this country is extremely rugged and wild, and Mr. Atkinson sketched many beautiful scenes in the Tanghu chain. It is only in the deep valleys and ravines that trees are found. In most parts the mountains are even destitute of shrubs on their southern faces; but in many of the slopes there is a thick carpet of short grass, interspersed with a great variety of flowers. Three kinds of iris were blooming—a deep purple and white, a rich brown madder and white, and a very fine yellow. Large beds of pink *primula* were growing; a deep red and a pale yellow or pink *dianthus* were scattered over the mountain-sides, giving out a very delicious scent.

They continued their journey nearly due east, and in eleven days more crossed the head-waters of the river Tess. Following the mountain-chain further south, brought them towards the sources of the Selenga and Djabakan, where they expected to find the Kalkas. The Kalmycks had often met some of those tribes on the Tehai Steppes, and they now expected that they should be treated with hospitality; if not, their arms would at least command respect. During this ramble their camp-fire had burnt on the banks of many a picturesque mountain-stream, which had several times supplied them with fish; secured by the Kalmyck knives. Hook and line fishing was too slow a process with these people; instead, three or four men went into pools, driving the fish up the stream, while the other Kalmycks speared them from the bank; and they were seldom more than half-an-hour in producing a fine dinner of fish.

After passing the River Tess, they rode along the foot of the mountain—sometimes over a sandy plain, which often compelled them to ascend higher to obtain grass for their horses and secure game for themselves.

In one of these rambles after a dinner, Mr. Atkinson came upon the small and picturesque lake of Ikiugun,

which lies in the mountains to the north of San ghin-dalai, and is held in great veneration by the Kalkas. They have erected a small wooden temple on the shore, and here they come to sacrifice—offering up milk, butter, and the fat of the animals which they burn on the little altars. The large rock in the lake is with them a sacred stone, on which some rude figures are traced; and on the bank opposite they place rods with small silk flags, having inscriptions painted on them. Some of the snowy peaks of the Tanghu mountains are seen from this spot. In eight days they reached San-ghin-dalai, a beautiful lake, about fifteen versts in length, varying from four to six in breadth.

Here they encamped for two days, to rest their horses, and afford Mr. Atkinson time to sketch the scenery. They were now near the source of the Selenga, and had not yet met with a Kalkas. Having accomplished his object in visiting this lake, they left it on a very rainy morning, and turned to the westward, intending to reach the River Tess, about midway between its source and Ubsa-Nur. The Kalmycks began to fear they should find no people—at all events, they should cross a caravan track on their route, and might fall in with some of the tribes.

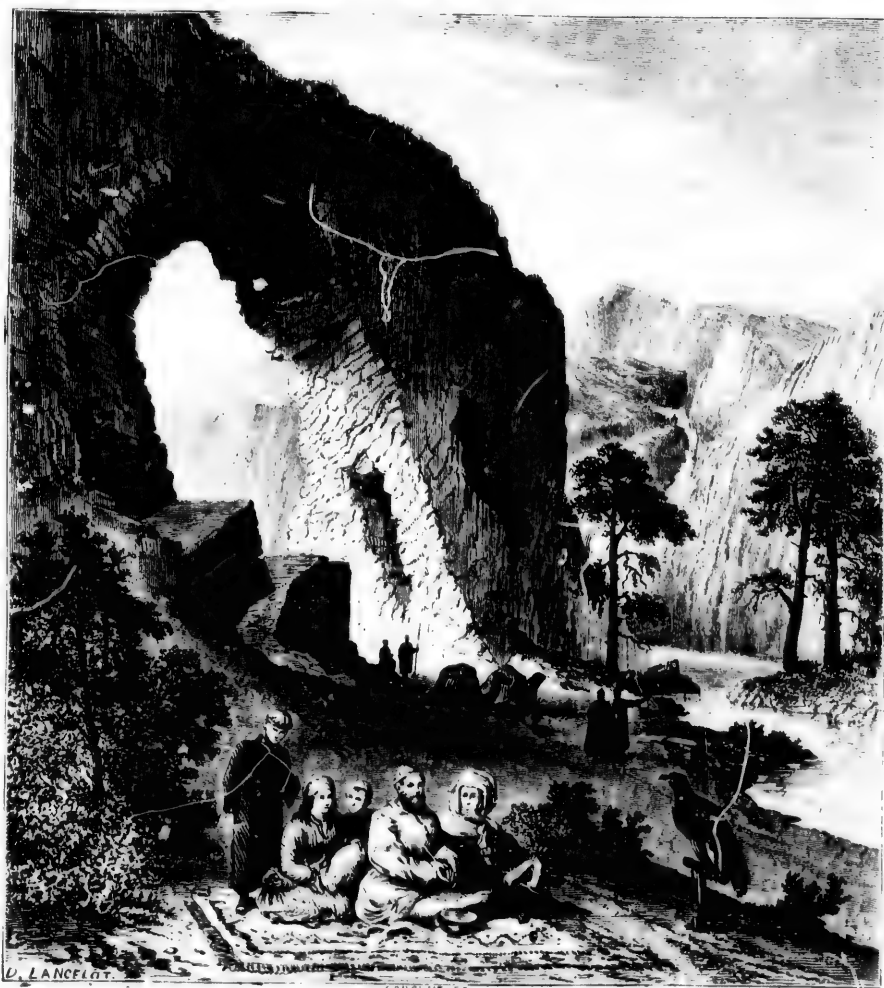
They had several days of drenching rain, which rendered the journey disagreeable, and the country extremely uninteresting. The Tanghu mountains were obscured by a dense fog, and their halings were on the wet ground, their saddle-cloths forming both beds and shelter. In the small ravines were found a few bushes, which enabled them to make fire for their cooking and tea-kettle; notwithstanding their hardships, not a man of the little band murmured at his lot. Late in the afternoon of the sixth day, after leaving San ghin-dalai, they descended into a small valley covered with rich grass, which their horses appeared to look upon with delight. Many camels were feeding near them, and they could see several yurts in the distance—a most welcome sight to all. Across the valley they could also discover a herd of horses feeding on the grassy slopes beyond the yurts, and a large flock of sheep not far from them. They turned their horses, and rode towards the Kalkas dwellings, and as they approached they saw two men mount and ride towards them. This indicated a peaceful mission, and presently they met. There was much conversation between them and Tchuik-a-bai, after which one of them galloped back to his friends, the other remained and followed with them. It was not long before they perceived three other Kalkas riding to meet and escort them to their tents. On reaching the yurts an elderly man took hold of the reins of Mr. Atkinson's bridle, gave his hand to aid him in dismounting, and then led the way into his dwelling, in which were two women and four children.

This was **Arebda**, the chief of the *ai-ai*, who received the stranger, and was now preparing to be hospitable by handing him a bowl of tea, taken out of a large iron kettle. It was brick tea mixed with milk, butter, salt and flour, which gave it the appearance of thick soup, but was not bad. The Cosnicks and Kalmycks were also supplied with this beverage. While drinking this, Mr. Atkinson had time to examine his host. He was a tall thin man, somewhere between fifty and sixty years of age, of a dark complexion, with high cheek-bones, and small black eyes, a prominent nose, and a scanty beard. He was dressed in a long dark blue silk habit, buttoned across his chest, with a leather girdle round his waist, fastened with a

silver buckle, in which hung his knife, flint, and steel. His cap was helmet-shaped, made of black silk, trimmed with black velvet, and had two broad red ribbons hanging down his back. A pair of high-heeled madder-coloured boots completed his costume. One woman had a red and green silk kalat, the other a black velvet robe, and both were tied round the waist with broad red sashes. They also had similar caps; their hair was braided and hung over their shoulders in a hundred small plaits, some of them ornamented with coral beads, which are highly valued

by the Mongolian beauties. They wore very short high-heeled boots of red leather, which prevent them walking with ease and comfort. The children were not over-loaded with clothing, but to compensate for their deficiency, they had been rolling on the bank of a muddy pool, that had covered them with a reddish ochre, which contrasted well with their locks of jet black hair.

The yurts of these people were constructed like those of the Kirghis, and covered with felt, but the internal arrangements were different. Opposite the



A KHALKAS FAMILY ON THE UPPER AMOOR.

doorway a small low table is placed, on which stand the copper idol and several small metal vases. In some were grains of millet, in others butter, milk, and kumis. On the left side of the altar table stood the boxes containing the valuables, and near them the kumis bag, and the other domestic utensils. Opposite were several piles of *woilick* on which the family slept.

A sheep had been killed soon after their arrival, and was already cooking in the iron cauldron in another yurt. This seemed to be the great attraction to every person in the a-ul, and from where our traveller sat, he could see them busy with their preparations for the feast. The Cossacks were also engaged broiling a portion for him, and taking care to have enough for breakfast. The supper was not eaten in the chief's yurt; men, women, and children, assembling in the adjoining one to eat the fatted sheep. Tchuck-a-boi had explained to our host that Mr. Atkinson intended crossing the plain to the River Tess, and asked him to give them fresh horses; the old man consented, promising both men and beasts should be ready for them at daylight to take them to an a-ul not far out of their track. This would be the only one they should find before they reached Ubsu-Nur, and even there it was doubtful if any Kalkas would be met with.

A quiet night in the chief's yurt, and a breakfast at dawn of day, prepared them for a long ride. The sun rose brightly behind the Khangai mountains, casting their long shadows over the lower hills, and down to the plain. Faithful to his promise, Areblan had our men and sixteen horses ready for the journey. How far distant this was to be, none could tell; but there appeared no doubt that they should have a long ride. When taking leave of his host, Mr. Atkinson presented him with a strong hunting-knife made by Rodgers. He was delighted, and gave strict injunctions to his men to conduct him safely to the a-ul of his friend. Their route was to the north west, over an undulating plain covered with rough grass, which affords good pasture for the cattle. As they rode along, the Kalkas pointed out the track leading to the town of Uliassotai, to which, they said, they could ride in less than twenty-four hours. At this place there was a large body of troops, under a Chinese commander. Under these circumstances, it was not considered desirable to approach too near the town; indeed, the Kalkas guides objected to it.

During the morning, the Tanghu mountains had been enveloped in clouds, but, as the sun rose, the vapour rolled off, affording a fine view of the chain. Seen across the plain from this distance, the numerous peaks form beautiful objects; their white, snowy caps starting out from the deep blue sky like frosted silver. Five hours' ride brought them upon a stagnant water-course with high reeds and bulrushes growing in its bed, some two hundred paces broad, with a wide space of clear water in the middle. The Kalkas seemed a little disconcerted, and, after a consultation, turned to the westward, along the bank. In another hour, they reached a spot where the guides proposed that they should swim their horses over this stagnant water. The fire-arms, clothing, and sketches were secured against wet, and then the guide led the way, a Cossack and our traveller following. They were instantly in deep water, when their horses struck out, snorting and swimming with them across; but the soft and slimy nature of the opposite bank rendered it exceedingly

difficult to get out. The others had remained standing on the bank till they were landed, and then the guide sent them further down the stream, where, at a short distance, another place was found, with a better bank to land upon. The saddles, clothing, and fire-arms, were carried over on the heads of the Kalmucks and Kalkas, and kept quite dry. After landing, they very soon dressed and continued their journey.

They had not gone far, when they saw a fine herd of antelopes feeding, not more than five hundred yards distant. Five of the party rode toward the north, apparently going away from them, but, when at a proper distance, they turned and spread themselves out in a line to head the animals toward a bend in the river—they had also been gradually hemming them in. The rifles were now unslung, and they slowly closed toward the herd, while they retreated into the curve formed by the reeds. It became evident that they would make a rush to pass them, and, in a few minutes, the males turned round, stood for a moment, and then made a rush towards a large opening between their lines. When sufficiently near, they received a volley from several rifles; two antelopes sprang high into the air, and then lay quivering on the steppe, and the report of the pieces frightened part of the herd back. A Cossack, Tchuck-a-boi, a Kalmuck, and our traveller, had fired; in a moment they were on the ground, reloaded their rifles, were ready and in the saddle, moving up. Before they were within range, the other men had fired at the herd as they rushed past, when two fell, and another was wounded, which was followed by a Kalmuck and a Kalkas, and captured after a sharp ride. In this hunt, they had obtained four animals; but no one could say which had been the successful shots.

The Kalkas were in ecstasies, and galloped from one group to the other of Cossacks and Kalmucks, who were dressing the antelopes—the work of a very short time; the flesh was then placed on the pack-horses, wrapped up with the skins, and they continued their ride. Their guides intimated that it was necessary to push on, as it was still far to the a-ul; the horses were good, and the steppe smooth, which enabled them to gallop. They were not long in reaching a sandy plain, in some parts covered with a coarse reddish gravel, rising into low ridges, crowned with rocks towards the north. At length, in one of the slight depressions, they saw a salt lake, on which many swans and hundreds of waterfowl were swimming; beyond this a grassy steppe, but no signs of any a-ul. The horses kept up their speed, and made the pebbles fly as they went over the ground; this brought them to good pastures, but without any indication that would guide them to the Kalkas. They now came upon another herd of antelopes; but they were not disturbed; there was no time to spend in hunting, as the sun was sinking fast.

Having ridden a considerable distance further, they ascended one of the ridges, from which the Kalkas pointed out what they supposed to be the a-ul, very far away, on the shore of a small lake. This seemed to give the horses fresh courage, and they went over hill and dale, for they were two or three hours' ride from their resting place. They saw several small lakes, but no indication of the River Tess, although they had been travelling towards the north-west several days. The Tanghu Mountains appeared much nearer, and, from the shores of one of the small lakes, Mr. Atkinson

sketched a beautiful view. While occupied by this, all the party, except two Cossacks and Tchuck-a-boi, proceeded onward to seek the a-ul. The sun sunk below the mountains to the west, and a glow of yellow light was beginning to spread over the sky. Presently the colour changed to a deep orange, with crimson clouds stretching along over the mountain-tops, and light fleecy masses scattered upon the silvery gray above. It was a lovely scene, and one quite common in this region, where no painters are found to contemplate these wonderful effects, or admire their beauty. Having finished his sketch, he followed on the track of his companions, his mind deeply absorbed studying the effect of the scene before him. To the south, a few low and apparently sandy ridges extended east and west; beyond these was one vast unbounded plain, where all the armies of Europe might be marshalled, only to appear as a speck on that interminable waste; the steppe over which Genghis Khan had marched his savage hordes more than six hundred years ago. They, too, perhaps, like him, had watched the sun sink below the mountains, thirsting to quench their savage appetites for rapine and slaughter beyond them. Probably the numerous barrows scattered so far over these wide plains contain the relics of nations these men exterminated.

Nature has here mapped out the conqueror's track from his birthplace on the Orion, to the scenes of his terrible devastations on his course towards Europe; and it was to the traveller a matter of deep regret that he had not the means of opening some of the large barrows he found along this route. Night was drawing on apace, and it was time for them to be at their encampment, but, as yet, they could see nothing to tell them where they should rest after a thirteen hours' ride. Not far before them, there was a low stony ridge, and as they were ascending this, three men appeared on its summit; they had come to guide them to their friends. While Mr. Atkinson had been sketching and thinking of Genghis Khan, the Cossacks and Kalkas gave up the idea of reaching the a-ul, as nothing to indicate its whereabouts could be seen. They had found a nice little stream of pure water, and plenty of good grass, with bushes for a fire. We reached them in about half an hour, when we found all parties busy with their evening meal; our traveller was soon laid out on the grass, and hunger gave a fine relish to the venison and tea. Almost before they had finished eating, day was gone, and night covered all around them. In a few minutes all were asleep.

They left their camp in the morning, and continued their ride in search of the Kalkas, travelling over a barren plain, almost without grass; in some places it was deep sand, in others, sand and gravel, which rendered it rather trying for the horses. At length they reached some low hills, where they found grass, and good pastures extended over valleys. Hour after hour passed away, riding over the same monotonous country, till about two o'clock, when, to their great joy, they saw camels and horses feeding in a valley not far away. They now pushed on, and shortly came in sight of the a-ul. Presently two men met them, and conducted them towards the chief's dwelling, greeting them civilly, and one rode on each side of our traveller, leading the way to the yurts, which they found on the bank of a small stream, running into a lake at a small distance. They rode up to a large one belonging to the chief, who was waiting his arrival. He laid hold of the bridle of

his horse, gave him his hand to dismount, and then showed him into his yurt. A carpet was spread, on which he sat down; when a bowl of tea-soup was presented to him, to refuse which would have been exceedingly unpolite. He was in the a-ul of a celebrated Kalkas, Darna Tsyren.

The chief sat down in front of the stranger, and the two young men who had conducted him sat near him—they were his sons. Beyond these sat ten or twelve other Kalkas, watching his movements with intense interest. He was undoubtedly the first European they had ever seen. His large felt hat and shooting jacket, and long boots, will be remembered for years to come. Not that he thinks they admired the costume; theirs is far more picturesque. Presently a number of women came into the yard, and at their head the wife of the chief. She sat down near him, and was joined by her daughter—the others got places where they could; but the gaze of all was upon their visitor. No doubt it would have been highly amusing could he have understood their remarks, as they kept up an incessant talking.

At this moment a Cossack brought his somewar into the yard, and these people were much astonished to see the steam puffing out, with no fire under it. One man placed his hand on the top, and got his finger burnt, to the great amusement of his friends. A dinner of broiled venison was brought in on a bright tin plate; this and the knife and fork excited their curiosity, such articles being quite new to them. They watched him eat his dinner, and nothing could induce them to move till the plates were taken away. Darna Tsyren had ordered a sheep to be killed, which had now been some time in the cauldron. When the announcement was made that it was ready, he was left to himself; the whole a-ul, men, women, and children, were shortly enjoying the feast. It was his turn to be a looker-on, but he would not, he says, disgust his readers by a description.

After this meal was over, he ordered Tchuck-a-boi into the yard, and desired him to ask their host to give him horses for their journey next morning. He gave them willingly, saying all should be ready at daylight. He was told that he wished to go to the River Tess, and was asked how long they should be riding to it. In reply, he said it was a day's journey, and that it would be much better to leave their horses at his a-ul, and go to the Tess with a small party of his people. To this Mr. Atkinson at once agreed, as their animals would be thoroughly rested for their long journey, and he ordered that two Cossacks, Tchuck-a-boi, and Kalmauk should go with him, and the others remain at the a-ul in charge of the beasts. Darna Tsyren gave him four Kalkas and twelve horses, and at daybreak they were in their saddles and away.

II.—MONGOLIA.

FROM Darna's a-ul their route lay nearly due north, over grassy undulations, which gradually rose into hills, with broad sweeping valleys running east and west. This was a beautiful country for a gallop, and the Kalkas seemed inclined to try the mettle of their steeds in a chase after the antelopes, for many large herds of these were observed at a distance, but never within range of their rifles. About mid-day, while they began to ascend a high ridge, the view over the Ulan-kum Desert spread to the westward as far as

the eye could reach; many small lakes were also seen glittering in the sun. At one time our traveller fancied he could perceive the Ilka-Aral Nur shining in the distant haze; but on ascending higher, it proved to be a gleam of light stretching across the horizon. As they neared the top they had a charming prospect extending throughout the country they had crossed, and the mountain-chains to the south-east. The blue and purple haze now spread over them, declaring that they had left them far away in the distance. After gazing at this part of the landscape for a short time, Mr. Atkinson turned his horse and rode to the summit; then the Ubsa-Nur lay before him, with the River Tess winding in the valley beneath. The Tanghu or Altai Mountains were seen in all their grandeur, while the vast steppes stretched away to the west, till plain and sky seemed united in a misty tint. He hastened to sketch the scene, so peculiar with its lakes, mountains, and undulating plains. These latter have a character unlike all European scenery; and must have presented a grand spectacle when the vast hosts of that barbarian conqueror, Genghis Khan, were marching over them. They were now solitude, possessing neither man nor his dwelling.

The ridge in which he was standing was a deep red granite, in some places rugged and broken into singular masses. Thick veins of loose quartz crossed these rocks running in parallel lines for two miles; some pieces of quartz were seen transparent and of a beautiful rose-colour. Several of the veins were from nine to twelve inches thick, and many not more than three inches wide. Having finished his sketch, they continued their ride along the crest of the mountain for about an hour, and then descended into a narrow valley, following this down towards the River Tess. In about two hours they reached the river, at a part where it is a broad and rapid stream, running between high rocks, with trees and bushes growing from the clefts. They turned to the westward and followed the river towards the lake. Mr. Atkinson made several highly interesting sketches during this day's ride. One of them looking from a cavern of large dimensions on the Tess, at a little distance from where they encamped, in a small grassy valley, not far from the river. A Cossack, Tchuck-a-boi, and a Kalnuick, having been sent on a hunting expedition, joined them soon after dark, bringing a fine deer shot by the Kalnuick. It was not long before the fire was surrounded by small sticks boiling venison, and when our traveller lay down to sleep, the cooking was still going on.

The Tanghu Mountains were enveloped in a dense fog the next morning, while on the Ubsa Lake and on the steppes the sun shone brilliantly. They started early towards the lake, and a ride of little more than an hour brought them to its banks, a few versts to the southward of the River Tess, and which, at this point, are flat and uninteresting; to the north, they seemed more abrupt, but of no great elevation. The lake is more than one hundred versts in length from east to west, and thirty to thirty-five in width, with numerous bays running into the desert on the south. After making two sketches, Mr. Atkinson continued his ride along the shore, till they came to a river running into the lake from the south. This was a deep and sluggish stream, which it would have been very difficult to cross, on account of the high sandy banks. From this place, they turned south-east to make for the a-ul of Darina Tayren, keeping considerably to the west of

their track. About two hours after noon they arrived on the banks of a small lake, the water of which was so exceeding bitter that the horses could not touch it. They could see that a small stream entered the lake from the south; to this they made their way, and ascertained that it was drinkable. As no one could tell if they should find water in the direction they were going, it was decided that they should dine here, and give the horses a rest. To cook a dinner was, with them, short work; indeed, our traveller says, he has known the men make venison soup in half an hour. They cut the meat into small pieces, and the moment it boils, eat it. A little salt is thrown in—vegetables they had none.

They remained about an hour and a half, then continued their journey, and shortly reached a sandy steppe, almost destitute of vegetation, which appeared to extend over a considerable tract of country. The Kalkas proposed a sharp ride, that they might cross this barren plain before nightfall; and as no one was inclined to delay the progress, on they went at a good speed, hoping to find water and pasture before night. They continued their trot, sometimes across sandy valleys, and then among low hills. More than two hours had passed away, and they were still riding over this arid ground. The Kalkas, thinking they were going too far to the south, proposed that they should turn in a more easterly direction; and soon they got into a more undulating country, with tufts of coarse grass, which gave hopes of finding pasture. The sun was sinking fast, and lengthening their shadows over the steppe, when, on the summit of a hill, they observed a small lake in the next valley, with green herbage round its shores, and two small streams running into it. This was a gratifying sight—even the animals appeared to sniff the grass afar off, and went on quicker. A little before dark they reached the lake, and found rich grass for the horses. The water was fresh, a few bushes were got for a fire, and they soon made themselves comfortable. While riding along the grass, several snipes were flushed. Mr. Atkinson, therefore, lost no time in getting his double-barrel and ammunition, and in less than an hour returned with snipes and ducks sufficient to form a supper for half-a-dozen people.

The latter were given to the Cossacks; the birds and the venison were in a short time stewing, and sending up a savoury smell, equal to any from Soyer's kitchen. It was a beautiful night; the sky glittering with brilliant stars, and not a sound heard, save the crackling of the busy fire. The horses had been so secured that they could not stray far away; all hands were lying down, some even asleep, when suddenly they heard howling at a distance. The Kalnuicks and Kalkas sat up in an instant; it was a pack of wolves following their track, and a distant howl every now and then told them that they were approaching. The men started up, collected the horses, and secured them on a spot between them and the lake. They had five rifles and a double barrel gun, which was loaded with ball, at the service of these sagacious scoundrels, should they venture to come within reach, which the Kalkas thought certain, as they commit great ravages among their cattle frequently. The fire was nearly out, but it was thought better that they should receive the robbers in the dark, or let them come quite near before a light was shown, when they should be able to see them, and at a signal, pour in

a volley. Again they heard them nearer, evidently in full scent of their game, and all lay ready on the ground watching their approach. It was not long before they could hear their feet beat on the ground as they galloped towards them. In a very few minutes the troop came up, and gave a savage howl. The men now placed some dry bushes on the fire and blew it up into a bright flame, which sent its red glare far beyond them, disclosing their ears and tails erect, and their eyes flashing fire. At this instant a signal was given, and a volley was poured in with deadly effect. The horrible howling which they set up declared that mischief had been done. They did not strive to collect their game—that might be found in the morning. Their pieces were re-loaded as quickly as possible, as the Kalkas warned them that the wolves would return—they could hear them snarling, and some of the wounded howling, but too far away for them to risk a shot. The fire was let down, and they remained perfectly quiet.

They were not left long in ignorance as to their intentions. Shortly there was a great commotion among the horses, when they discovered that the pack had divided, and were stealing up to the animals on each side, between them and the water; the Kalkas and Kal-mucks rushed up to the steeds, uttering loud shouts, and this drove the wolves back. It was now necessary to guard the horses on three sides, as they could hear the savage brutes quite near, and the men anticipated that they would make a rush, cause the animals to break loose, and then hunt them down. If this happened, they would be left without horses in the morning, as those that were not killed would be scattered far over the steppe. A Cossack and a Kal-muck turned to guard the approaches on each side, and Mr. Atkinson remained watching the front. The fire was now lighted, and kept in a constant blaze by the Kalkas adding small bushes, and this enabled them to see as well as hear their savage enemies. Presently, their glaring eyeballs were discerned moving to and fro nearer and nearer; then their grisly forms could be distinguished pushing each other on. At this moment, the rifles cracked to the right, and the fire sent up a bright light, which enabled our traveller to make sure of one fellow as he turned his side towards him. He sent the second ball into the pack, and more than one must have been wounded, by the howling which arose in that direction. The other men had fired, he did not doubt, but with equal effect; for he was certain they would not throw a shot away. In a few minutes, the growling ceased, and all was still, excepting the snorting of some of the horses. Both Kalkas and Kal-mucks assured him that the wolves would make another attack, and said that no one must sleep on his post.

To increase their difficulty, they had few bushes left,

and none could be obtained near them; therefore it must now be only by a most vigilant watch that they could save their horses. The night became very dark, and nothing could be seen at a short distance excepting towards the lake, where any dark object could be observed against the dim light on the water. Sharp and keen eyes were peeping out in every direction; but no wolf was seen or sound heard. The Kalkas said the wolves were waiting till all was still, when they would make a dash at the horses. They had been watching for a long time without the slightest movement, when two of the horses became uneasy, tugging at the thongs, and snorting. The clouds rolled off, the stars shone forth, and reflected more light on the lake. Presently, howling was heard in the distance, and Tchack-a-boi declared that another pack of wolves was coming. When they approached nearer, those who had been so quietly keeping guard over them began to growl, and let them know that they were not far away. As it was now deemed absolutely necessary to procure some bushes

four of the men crept quietly along the shore of the lake, two of them armed, and in about ten minutes returned, each having an armful of fuel. The embers were kindled, and material placed on them to be blown into a flame the moment it was wanted. The sound that they had heard in the distance had ceased for some time, when suddenly there was a great commotion; the other wolves had come up, and the snorting and growling became furious. How much a light was wished for, whereby to watch the battle which appeared likely to ensue. For a



VIEW OF ALEXANDROVSK, ON THE BAY OF CASTRIES.

time there appeared to be individual combats; but no general engagements, and then all became calm as before. Again they waited, looking out for more than half an hour, when the horses began pulling and plunging violently; still they could see nothing. The man now blew the embers, and in a few minutes the bushes burst up into a blaze, when they saw a group of eight or ten wolves within fifteen paces, with others beyond. In a moment they got the contents of both barrels; at the same instant the other men fired, when the pack set up a frightful howl and scampered off.

The fire was kept blazing for some time, but they were not disturbed again during the night. At daylight they examined the ground, and found eight wolves dead, others had been wounded, as they ascertained by traces left on the sand; and the men carried off the skins as trophies of the engagement. The Kalkas informed Mr. Atkinson that these brutes destroy many of their horses and cattle; that they are more numerous to the westward, and would give them trouble on their journey in that direction.

They started on towards the a ul, still to the westward of their former track, and were riding over a most uninteresting country. A heavy, sandy steppe

delayed them much; but after a three hours' ride they were once more on a grassy turf at a good speed. It was not till late in the evening that they saw camels and horses wending their way towards home. After this they soon reached the aul, and Darma Tsyren gave our travellers a kind welcome; but when he heard of the attack of the wolves, and saw the skins, he was delighted. This circumstance afforded the tribe a subject for conversation long after their departure, nor will they soon forget the event. Two of the skins were ordered to be brought in and presented to the chief, to his infinite gratification.

A good night was passed with his host, and soon after day dawned our traveller mounted and continued his journey over a grassy, undulating steppe, for six or seven hours, without seeing one living thing excepting their own party. The men desired that they should stop at the first fresh water, which they saw not far distant—a small stream running across the steppe. To the south of them were several lakes, some of them of considerable dimensions, but said to be all of them salt. Having reached the stream of fresh water, the horses plunged in and drank their fill. Here they dined, rested their animals, and then rode forward. A short distance beyond they entered upon a barren waste, stretching away for many verst. While riding along, Mr. Atkinson collected numerous beautiful specimens of agate and chalcedony, and also a few pieces of sardonyx. Travelling south brought them to some low ridges of dark purple rock, spotted with red, extremely hard, and capable of receiving a very high polish. Crossing these gave them much trouble, as the rocks were sharp and pointed; indeed, it was exceedingly difficult for the horses to walk over them.

These stony ridges swarmed with serpents—they were lying coiled up, but they were quickly made aware of their presence by seeing their heads rear up, and hearing them hiss as they passed. Some moved off, others were not inclined to make way, and many were killed with the heavy thongs of their whips. Any man who should be compelled to take up his quarters for the night on these ridges would soon have some unpleasant bed-fellows. Four varieties of these reptiles were observed—a black one, three feet eight inches long, and about one inch and an eighth in diameter; this fellow was very active. Another was of slaty-grey colour, from two to three feet long, and smaller in diameter than the black snake. This breed was numerous, and often difficult to see, they so nearly resembled the colour of some of the rocks. They had been obliged to dismount and walk, fearing to lame the horses, which often nearly trod on them without seeing them. Our traveller's long shooting-boots were a complete protection to his legs, and he had seen too many of these reptiles to fear them; nevertheless, he had a great dislike to their company. They also found some of an ashy-green and black, with deep crimson specks on the side; as they moved along in the sun the colours were most brilliant. None of these which they saw exceeded three feet in length, but they did not kill one of them.

A Cossack, Tchuck-a-boi, two Kalkas, and our traveller, had walked on a head, leaving the others to bring on the horses. The latter was occupied examining the rocks and trying to obtain some greenish-yellow crystals, with the assistance of the Cossack and Kalmuck. But all their efforts were fruitless—the face and edge of their geological hammers turned like lead

when struck with force against these rocks. While thus engaged they suddenly heard a shout, and looking round, they observed the two Kalkas run a short distance, then stop, and look at some object. In an instant they were up and ran to them. The cause of their alarm was pointed out, about ten yards in front of them, in the shape of a large serpent coiled upon a rock, with his head elevated about eight inches, his eyes red like fire, and hissing furiously. They knew that his bite was exceedingly dangerous, and were afraid to approach too near to him. A rifle was unslung in a minute, and the bearer of it lay down, getting a rest on a rock. Suddenly the reptile lowered his head into his coil, peering over one of his folds. Tchuck-a-boi advanced two or three paces, when up it went again, hissing forth his defiance. Our traveller now got his head fair in the lead of the rifle, touched the trigger, and the leaden messenger performed its duty. His body sprang out of its coil, but headless, and writhing in many folds. The men were upon him with their whips; but notwithstanding their heavy blows, it was at least ten minutes before the reptile lay still. He was then stretched out, and measured five feet two inches and a half without his head, and four inches and a quarter round his body. His colour was a dark brown, with greenish and red marks on his sides, and his aspect indicated, if it may be so expressed, deadly poison. They were obliged to continue their walk for a couple of verst further, passing many of the slaty-green reptiles, and two or three black ones, but the other two species they did not meet again. After crossing that stony track, they came upon a sandy plain extending to a considerable distance.

The day was far advanced, which rendered a quick ride over this dreary steppe absolutely necessary. There was neither grass nor water to be seen in any direction, but they must be found if possible, before night set in. Their route lay in a south-westerly direction, and their pace a gallop. After riding a little more than two hours they got among tufts of steppe grass, associated with a thorny bush, bearing yellow and deep purple flowers, similar in form and size to the hedge-rose. They continued to push on, nor was it long before they began to descend towards a valley running towards the westward, where a bright silvery band indicated the liquid they sought. Its presence was generally recognised, the horses pricking up their ears, and extending their necks as they rode down into the grassy valley. They turned towards the nearest point, where they observed bushes growing on the bank of the stream, and in less than an hour were looking into the crystal flood with feelings of intense gratification. Both men and animals rushed to the water to quench their scorching thirst. The river was about twenty yards wide and about forty feet deep, running sluggishly towards the west; but whether it found its way to the Djabakan or to the Kara-Nur, the Kalkas could not tell, nor did they know its name.

A council was held by the whole band, touching the probability of a visit from the wolves. The Kalkas thought they could scent their track and find them before many hours had passed; it was, therefore, agreed that the horses should feed until dusk and then be secured on an open space, between the encampment and the river; that three men should keep watch, changing every two hours, and a large fire be maintained through the night. Sufficient fuel for this purpose was collected, and all preparations made for

defence; after this they supped, and many of them were soon sound asleep. Two watches passed undisturbed, but the third had not been long on their post when a Cossack shook our traveller's arm and told him the wolves were coming. In a few minutes they were up and ready to repel an attack, should the brutes advance. A bright fire shed a strong light for fifty yards around them; beyond this was thick darkness, which the eye could not penetrate. The horses were still, not a sound could be heard, and this continued for ten or fifteen minutes, when the noise of a distant howl was wafted over the plain; there they were, sure enough. It was so long before they heard it again the man thought that the wolves had fallen in with a herd of deer, on which they were feasting. The watch was changed, the fire made up, and they lay down to sleep. A little before daylight they were again roused, when they heard the wolves quite near, but could not see one. A most vigilant look-out was kept up, but not one came within the range of their vision until day dawned, when a group of eight or ten were seen sitting and standing about four hundred yards distant from them. The Kalkas thought that they had not received a good share of the venison caught by the pack in the night. Two horses were unfastened and led over the plain, under cover of which they hoped to get within range of the depredators, but scarcely had they reached to within three hundred yards of them, when they beat a retreat, going off at a slow pace. Three bullets were sent after them, which accelerated their speed, but did them no damage.

The horses were turned out to feed; then two Cossacks, with Tchuck-a-boi and Mr. Atkinson set off in quest of game. Their harrier was very low, and, unless something was produced, they would have an insufficient dinner. They accordingly departed, in pairs, in different directions, and, after a walk of two hours, met again at the encampment; the whole produce of their rifles being two ducks, a swan, and a pelican. Large game they had seen none, the wolves having driven them off. On their arrival, all hands were ready to depart, and in a few minutes they were pressing their journey along the bank of the river. After riding about an hour, the Kalkas discovered an object, by which they knew the direction of the Kara-nur. They left the river, riding more towards the north-west, and soon reached some higher ground, which gave them a view far over the country. The river they had just left, after running in a westerly direction for two or three versts, turned almost directly south. They could trace its course for a long distance, until it appeared lost in a bed of reeds, extending over an immense tract, in which were seen small spaces of open water. About three o'clock in the afternoon, they first caught sight of Kara-nur, or "Black Lake," and the river which runs into it, and in about an hour were on its northern shore. The lake is not large, nor is there anything picturesque about it. They found good pasture for their horses, and observed hundreds of water fowl swimming on the lake. They continued their journey towards the Kirghis, represented by the Kalkas to be a set of desperate banditti, worse than wolves, and constantly plundering; but our traveller did not believe all the ill reported of them.

The east-end of the lake and the river were surrounded by a thick bed of reeds, extending far into the steppe. As wild bears are usually to be found in such places, a Cossack, Tchuck-a-boi, and Mr. Atkinson,

mounted fresh horses, and sallied forth in quest of this game. In many places, the reeds rose far above their heads, and often the horses were up to the saddle-flaps in water. Still they rode on in the hope of finding game, and saw indications of the ground having recently been turned up in many places in search of roots. Notwithstanding, however, all the traces, they were obliged to return after a long ride without having seen a single animal. One duck was cooked for Mr. Atkinson's evening meal; the other, with the swan, and the pelican, were made into soup, and eaten with great relish by his companions. Subsequently, the same precautions were taken to protect the horses against any attack of wolves; but night passed, and morning broke, without their being once disturbed.

A thick fog was hanging over the lake and river, which gradually began to rise, betokening a hot day. Good bye was said, when the two little parties separated; the Kalkas returning to their aul, the rest proceeding in search of the River Djabakan. There was always a regret on parting with men who had shared the toil and danger of a journey. These men had stood bravely to their horses when the wolves made their grand attack upon them, and now they parted never to meet again. No one of the party had any knowledge of the country through which they were about to ride; they only knew that by following a south-westerly direction they should strike upon the Djabakan; but whether in one or two days no one could tell. Soon after leaving the Kara-nur, they entered upon an arid plain extending far into the Ulan-kum desert; it was a dreary waste, without either vegetation or water. The larder again was nearly empty, and they could not expect to find game in such a region.

After riding several hours, the country became rocky, with lofty ridges and narrow valleys, quite destitute of vegetation. In one of these was a small lake surrounded by high precipices; this was Ulan-jur, with its caverns, described by the Kalkas. They say that Shuitan has his dwelling here; if so, he has shown great taste in selecting a most romantic spot; indeed, the view from one of the caverns is particularly wild and beautiful. This cavern is formed out of a compact yellow limestone, and extends into the rocks about 200 feet; it is about 60 feet wide, and 80 feet high, and makes a magnificent natural chamber. On leaving the lake and ascending the opposite height, they got a view over the plain to the south, on to which they descended through a ravine.

Having travelled some hours some low hills appeared many versts distant; they were, however, delighted to find a large lake stretching far beyond them. As they approached nearer, trees and rocks appeared standing on its shores, casting their reflection on its surface, and giving hopes of finding beautiful scenery.

They had ridden more than an hour but appeared no nearer the lake—in fact, the water receded. They now saw that a mirage had caused this delusion; for after riding a couple of hours more it vanished, changing the appearance of a beautiful lake into a barren waste. At length, after riding many weary versts, they saw a small lake with a little stream falling into it. Here they found a coarse, grassy, turf growing on the banks of the little river and around the lake. Long before the sun went down they reached the water, which proved to be good and sweet, and this decided them to remain the night. Noticing at no

great distance several flocks of large birds feeding on the plain, a Cossack and Mr. Atkinson started in pursuit, accompanied by two Kalbuck leading horses, by which means they hoped to get within rifle distance of the game. The Kalbuck gradually approached the birds by going round in a circle, and they were all well sheltered by the horses. At length the men stopped, the Cossack and our traveller lay flat on the ground, and having obtained a good sight, two of the flock were presently stretched dead on the plain. As the others did not fly away, their pieces were reloaded, and they again approached the birds with equal success, but this time the flock went far away. They now gathered up their game and ascertained them to be four fine bustards. No cooks were ever more active in their occupation than the party were in preparing these birds for the pot, and when stewed they were delicious. The usual precautions against wolves were again repeated; and as their safety depended on their horses, they were guarded with the utmost care. Again the night passed over in peace and quiet.

III.—THE SULTANS OF THE STEPPES.

PROCEEDING on their way, after the diversion of a wild bear hunt, following the course of the river until it hastened into the hill, the daring little party pushed boldly onward through a sterile country of gentle hills and valleys. They crossed the crest of a ridge which gave them their first view of the Gobi—that vast waste extending from Kissilbakh Nur, or "Red Head Lake" (about 87 E. long.), to the Siotki Mountains (120 E. long.), more than 2,000 miles in length, and varying from 300 to 700 miles in width. Mr. Atkinson dismounted to examine the scene; to the east, stretched the Gobi, with its numberless ridges vanishing off into distance. To the south he saw the snowy summits of the Svan-Shan (the highest mountain in Central Asia), with Boyda Ula "White Mountain" (its highest peak), rising from above all others. Subsequently they came upon the steppe, over which the Asiatic hordes marched on their expedition to the west. The next day, after passing to the south-east a singular dome-shaped hill, which proved to have been thrown up like some huge basaltic bubble by a volcanic action that had rolled lava down the neighbouring ravines, they gradually descended towards the plain.

A sharp look-out had been kept to the westward in the direction of Kirghis, and shortly after noon an aul (encampment) was seen among some low hills eight or ten versts distant. After a consultation, they deemed it best to proceed to it, and see how its inhabitants would treat strangers. In a short time they were riding through a large herd of horses and camels, when the Kirghis herdsmen came up and asked whence they had come, and whither they were going. They

were told that the party had come from the Ubsa-Nur, and were going to the Ulunayur.

They now learned that the aul was a very large one, and belonged to Sultan Baspasihan; also that they would find him with his tribe. Every Kirghis that they passed had his battle axe hanging on his saddle, but whether this was adopted as a security against man or animals, they could not tell. After going on a few versts, a Kirghis came galloping up to point out the position of the aul, then left them and rode fast towards it, as if the sight of their arms had caused him to hasten to afford the Sultan an opportunity of giving them a warm reception.

A short ride further brought them to the top of a ridge, beyond which they looked down upon the camp lying on the bank of a small stream in the valley. About a verst distant from the yurts lay a lake, probably four or five versts long, and one and a half in breadth. On one side was a thick bed of reeds and on the other a grassy shore, on which sheep and goats were scattered about in great numbers. They now observed several men spring on their horses and ride to meet them—this was certainly a mission of peace. When they met, one of the men rode up to them, placed his hand on Mr. Atkinson's chest, saying "Aman." He followed the example, and they rode on. As they approached, there seemed to be a great commotion in the aul; two Kirghis had mounted their horses and gone off at full gallop. Others were busy collecting bushes, and all seemed occupied. Their escort guided them to a large yurt, with a long spear stuck into the ground at the door, and a long tuft of black horse-hair was hanging from beneath its glittering head. A fine tall man met him at the door; he caught the reins of Mr. Atkinson's bridle, gave him his hand to enable him to dismount, and led him into the yurt.

This was the Sultan Baspasihan, who welcomed him into his dwelling. He was a strong, ruddy-faced man, dressed in a black velvet kalat, edged with sable, and wore a deep crimson shawl round his waist; on his head was a red cloth conical cap, trimmed with fox-skin, with an owl's feather hanging from the top, showing his descent from Genghis Khan. A Bokharian carpet had been spread, on which he seated Mr. Atkinson, and then sat down opposite. The traveller invited him to a seat beside him, which evidently gave satisfaction. In a few minutes two boys entered, bringing in tea and fruit. They were dressed in striped silk kalats, with fox-skin caps on their heads, and green shawls round their waists. They were his two sons. The Sultan was out on a visit to the aul of another Sultan, two days' journey distant.

The yurt was a large one, with silk curtains hanging on one side, covering the sleeping-place—bed it was not. Near to this stood a "beareoote" (a large black eagle) and a falcon, chained to their perches; and they perceived that every person entering the yurt kept at a respectful distance from the feathered monarch. On the opposite side were three kids and two lambs, secured in a small pen. There was a pile of boxes and Bokharian carpets behind me, and the large kuris sack carefully secured with voiloch. Between them and the door sat eight or ten Kirghis watching their proceedings with great interest. Outside the door were a group of women, with their small black eyes intently fixed on the stranger.

Next followed a trial of the stranger's pistols. Having declined the proffer of a kid for a target, Mr.

¹ The Kirghis are divided into three hordes, all more or less tributary to Russia, although they have claims of their own. They are all wanderers over the countries between Omsk and the Caspian Sea. Their occupations consist in hunting, fishing and breeding cattle, and of the latter they have immense droves in this vicinity. They are not considered nice in the mode of acquiring them. They continue only so long in a place as there is forage for their beasts, getting in winter as near the woods as possible, for the advantage of fuel, though in most parts the dried dung of their cattle provides a ready and efficient substitute. They are in general a miserable and filthy race, "scarcely during the warm weather," says Captain Cochrane, "affording themselves a pair of trousers for common decency."

Atkinson took a leaf from his sketch book, made a mark in the centre, and then turning round at fifteen paces, sent a bullet through it. The Sultan and his friend thought this a trick, and a wooden bowl was fetched, which, being placed on a stick, Mr. Atkinson sent a bullet through. The holes were examined with great care, one man clapping the bowl on his head to see where the hole would be marked on his forehead. The tribe being a robber one in repute, the lesson was not thrown away. Then followed a Tartar feast.

"On looking round," says Mr. Atkinson, "I noticed that a set of daring fellows had been watching my movements, also that the fatted sheep had been killed, and the repast would soon be given. Two brawny cooks were skimming the steaming cauldron, and other preparations were in progress, while numbers of men, women, and children were seated around waiting for the feast. As a Kirghis banquet is for any European an extraordinary event, I shall endeavour to describe one at which I was the guest of Sultan Baspasihan. The party were far too numerous to be accommodated in his yurt. A Bokharian carpet was spread outside, on which he placed me, taking his seat near. A small space in front of the Sultan was left clear, and around this the men seated themselves in circles—the elder, or more distinguished members of the tribe, nearest his person; there were more than fifty men, women, and children assembled in front of their huts. The boys sat behind the men; the women and girls occupied the last place, excepting the dogs, who were standing at a short distance, apparently quite as much interested as the rest. When all were seated, two men came into the inner circle, each having a cast-iron vessel, shaped something like a coffee-pot. One approached the Sultan, the other myself, and poured warm water upon our hands; but each person must provide his own towel. This ceremony was performed for every man, from the Sultan to the herdsmen. The women and the girls were left to do it for themselves. The ablutions having been performed, the cooks brought in the smoking vessels, piled up with heaps of boiled mutton. One was placed between the Sultan and myself, filled with mutton and boiled rice. Each man drew his knife from its sheath, dispensing entirely with plates. The signal having been given to fall to, many hands were speedily dipped into the other trays. The Kirghis who sat nearest the trays selected the things he liked best, and after eating a part, handed it to the man sitting behind him; when again diminished, this was passed to a third, then to the boys; and having ran the gauntlet of all these hands and mouths, the bones reach the women and girls, divested of nearly every particle of food. Finally, when these poor creatures have gnawed till nothing is left on the bone, it is tossed to the dogs. While the dinner was progressing, I observed three little naked urchins creeping up towards our bowl from behind the Sultan, whose attention was directed towards the circles in front. Their little eyes anxiously watched his movements, and when sufficiently near, their hands clutched a piece of mutton from the tray. They then retreated in the same stealthy manner behind a heap of vollocks, and devoured the spoil. I saw this repeated two or three times, and was highly amused by their cunning.

"I desired the Cossack to inform Baspasihan of my intention to visit his friend Sultan Sabeck, and that we should start in the morning. He at once proposed

to accompany me to another a-ul of his own, nearly a day's journey distant, in the direction we must travel. We were also to have a hunt with the bearcoote, that I might see their sport, as we should have plenty of game on our way. The gunpowder and the lead which I had given to his men had brought this about. He was also desirous of seeing a bear-hunt, and witnessing the effect of our rifles on the bristly animal. During the evening the Sultan asked if I would permit two of his Kirghis to go with me to Sultan Sabeck. He wished to send a present of a fine young stallion to his friend, which he thought would be perfectly safe under our escort. The accuracy and range of our rifles had impressed upon him a very high notion of the power we possessed to repel the attack of any plunderers, and he thought it probable that we might meet with some of them. Several skins were spread for me in the Sultan's yurt, on which I slept soundly.

Soon after daybreak we were all up and making preparations for our departure. Horses were standing ready saddled, and everything indicated a busy scene. I saw two Kirghis occupied with the bearcoote and the falcon. Having finished our morning meal, horses were brought for the Sultan and myself. I was to be mounted to day on one of his best steeds—a fine dark gray stood clamping my English bit, which he did not appear to relish. All my party were mounted on the Sultan's horses; ours had been sent on to the a-ul, with a party of his people and three of my Kalnucks. When mounted, I had time to examine the party. The Sultan and his two sons rode beautiful animals. The eldest boy carried the falcon, which was to fly at the feathered game. A well-mounted Kirghis held the bearcoote, chained to a perch, which was secured into a socket, on his saddle. The eagle had shackles and a hood, and was perfectly quiet; he was under the charge of two men. Near to the Sultan were his three hunters or guards, with their rifles, and around us were a band of about twenty Kirghis, in their bright-coloured kalats; more than half the number were armed with battle axes. Taking us altogether, we were a wild looking group, whom most people would rather behold at a distance than come in contact with.

"We began our march, going nearly due east; the Sultan's three hunters leading the van, followed by his highness and myself; his two sons and the eagle-bearers immediately behind us, with two of my men in close attendance. A ride of about two hours brought us to the bank of a stagnant river, fringed with reeds and bushes, where the Sultan expected we should find game. We had not ridden far when we discovered traces of the wild bear—large plots having been recently ploughed up; this gave us hopes of sport. Our rifles were unslung, and we spread out our party to beat the ground.

"We had not gone far when several large deer rushed past a jutting point of the reeds, and bounded over the plain about three hundred yards from us. In an instant the bearcoote was unhooded and his shackles removed, when he sprang from his perch and soared high into the air. I watched him ascend as he wheeled round, and was under the impression that he had not seen the animals; but in this I was mistaken. He had now risen to a considerable height, and seemed to poise himself for about a minute, after this he gave two or three flaps with his wings, and swooped off in a straight line towards his prey. I could not perceive

that his wings moved, but he went at a fearful speed. There was a shout and away went his keepers at full gallop, followed by many others. I gave my horse his head and a touch of the whip; in a few minutes he carried me to the front, and I was riding neck and neck with one of the keepers. When we were about two hundred yards off, the bearcoote struck his prey. The deer gave a bound forward and fell. The bearcoote had struck one talon into his neck, the other into his back, and with his beak was tearing out the animal's liver. The Kirghis sprang from his horse, slipped the hood over the eagle's head, and the shackles upon his legs, and removed him from his prey without difficulty. The keeper mounted his horse, his assistant placed the bearcoote on his perch, and he was ready for another flight. No dogs are taken out when hunting with the eagle; they would be destroyed to a certainty; indeed the Kirghis assert that he will attack and kill the wolf. Foxes are hunted in this way, and many are killed; the wild goat, and lesser kinds of deer, are also taken in considerable numbers. We had not gone far before a herd of small antelopes were seen feeding on the plain. Again the bird soared up in circles, as before—this time I thought to a greater elevation—and again he made the fatal swoop at his intended victim, and the animal was dead before we reached him. The bearcoote is unerring in his flight; unless the animal can escape into holes in the rocks, as the fox does sometimes, death is his certain doom.

"Our horses were now put into a gallop, and in a short time we were sitting in the Sultan's yurt, when kumis was handed round in large bowls. I acknowledged a preference for tea; which was soon prepared; but as the Kirghis sat watching me drink it, I was convinced they thought me a complete barbarian, and pitied my want of taste. Presently smoking platters of mutton were brought in, and, judging by the quantity, speedily consumed, indeed, my impression was that it would be difficult to find hunters with better appetites. It was just dark when this meal was ended, and in a short time all were sleeping soundly.

"Just as the day dawned, I turned out to examine our position, when I discovered the snowy peaks of the Syren-shan. They appeared cold and ghost-like against the clear blue sky; presently they were tipped with the sun's rays, and shone forth like rubies. I sat on the ground watching the changes with much interest, till the whole landscape was lighted up. Immediately near me was a busy scene—on one side the men were milking the mares, to the number of more than one hundred, and carrying the leathern pails of milk to the kumis bag in the yurt; the young foals being secured in two long lines to pegs driven into the ground. In front and on the opposite side the women were milking cows, sheep and goats, and at a little distance beyond these the camels were suckling their young. Around the a-ul the steppe was filled with animal life. The Sultan told me that there were more than two thousand horses, half the number of cows and oxen, two hundred and eighty camels, and more than six thousand sheep and goats. The screams of the camels, the bellowing of the bulls, the neighing of horses, and the bleating of sheep and goats, formed a pastoral chorus such as I had never heard in Europe."

A rapid ride over a grassy steppe, and across a river bed, along a road of stones, as if macadamised, led to the a-ul of another Kirghis chief, where they spent a hospitable night, and in the morning resumed their

journey over a sandy waste, on one portion of which grew a fertile crop of tarantulas.¹

After riding until two o'clock, the Kirghis escort halted to make a dinner of smoked horse-flesh, which they all ate with great relish, Mr. Atkinson dining on brailed mutton and a few glasses of tea. They spent a night on the steppes, camping out, and supped off pheasants. The wonder of the next day was some curious ridges of red granite, rising abruptly from the plain seven or eight hundred feet. They were broken into very rugged and picturesque shapes, and stood out, on these vast steppes, like ruined castles of colossal dimensions. The tribes of Central Asia fear to pass many of these places, and invest them with superstitious horrors. One ridge, passed by the party this day, was more like the ruins of some vast city than a mountain; there were isolated pillars,—huge masses like the broken shafts of columns; walls rising up to a great elevation, pierced with large circular apertures and enormous blocks heaped around, forming a complete chaos. Mr. Atkinson proposed to stop and explore this wonderful scene, but the Kirghis stood aghast; and when they saw him sketch it, they looked as if they expected to see Shaitan and his legions threaten them from the mighty walls.

Passing these ridges, and sighting some salt lakes at a distance, they struck, towards the evening, on the a-ul of Sultan Qui-jass, of which they were in search. A Kirghis, having ridden out to the party, led me, says Mr. Atkinson, up to a yurt, where a spear, with a tuft of red hair, was stuck in the ground; and a fine old man was standing dressed in a rich silk kalat, striped with crimson and yellow, tied round his waist with a green silk scarf. He had a deep silk crimson cap, fitting close to his head, embroidered with silver, and very high-heeled leather boots. This was Qui-jass, who took hold of the reins, and held up his hand to help me to dismount. He then placed first his right hand and then his left on my breast; after which he led me into his yurt. The carpets were already laid down opposite the door; on these he placed me, and would have retired to a vollock had I not insisted on his sitting beside me. In a few minutes a brass tea-pot was brought in, then some small china tea-cups and saucers were put on a low table, and placed before us; a basin with sugar-candy, and several plates of dried fruit were added. A youth, about seventeen years old, came in and knelt down before the table, poured out the tea, and handed a cup to me, and then some of the fruit. He performed the same office for my host, and replenished our cups the moment they were empty; and we had the tea-pot filled several times.

"The ground," says Mr. Atkinson, "was quite covered with their webs and holes; and as we rode over it many of these venomous insects were killed by our horses. It was curious to see them in their little dens, and I dismounted to make a nearer acquaintance. I quickly came upon a large web, indicating a manufacturer upon a great scale. I drew my long knife and touched it, when out he rushed, fixed his fangs on the steel for a moment, and then retreated into his hole. When the Kirghis observed me begin to dig him out, they were afraid that I should be bitten, but I took especial care to keep my fingers beyond his reach. I rolled him out of the sand, and again he sprang at the blade, evidently much enraged at being disturbed. His body was dark brown and black, and very ugly. Leaving him to seek or dig another dwelling, I mounted my horse and left this venomous spot. The Kirghis have a great dread of these little reptiles, but the sheep eat them with impunity and relish."

"The guests had crowded into the yurt the moment we sat down. Several were dressed in silk kahals, and fox skin caps; the youth handed tea to these men, partaking of it himself, and I was now informed that he was *Oni-jass's* son. Besides the visitors in the yurt, I saw that there were many outside, peeping in at us, and frequently changing places that all might get a view. The costume of all my party had some similarity to that of the Kirghis in fashion, but not in quality and colour; but the difference between the Kirghis costume and mine was so marked, that they had never seen anything in the smallest degree resembling it. I wore a shooting jacket of rifle green, a checked waistcoat and trousers, but very little of the latter were seen, as my legs were inserted into a pair of long shooting boots, a pink calico shirt, with the collar turned down over a small neck tie, and a large brimmed felt hat that would accommodate itself to any shape. For a period of four years no barber had touched my silvery locks, and they were hanging down in heavy curls. This was a great wonder, as all male heads with them are closely shaven."

After this the narrative of Mr. Atkinson gives an interesting account of many days' journeys, of a visit to *Koubaldos*, a robber chief of the steppes, an escape from an ambuscade laid by him for the party, a revisit to *Sultan Sabek*, and a journey in the marvellous region situate about the spurs of the great mountain *Syan Shan*, where the stupendous mass of *Bugda Oshi* with its rocks, snow, and glaciers, "hides both the sun and moon," according to the expression of the inhabitants of those regions, and which, when the sun goes down, throws a vast shadow, a long distance, over the steppe. The view from this high ridge extends across the vast steppe to the *Taughn* mountains; but these were lost in haze. The plain was spread out like a map, "On which," says Mr. Atkinson, "I counted fourteen lakes, some of them of large dimensions, and saw many of the streams running along the steppe like lines of silver." Revisiting the hospitable camp of the *Sultan Oni-jass*, but declining to join them and *Sultan Baspashan* in an attack on the robber chief *Koubaldos*, Mr. Atkinson proceeded on his way towards the *Buriat* district. On their way they encountered a sand-storm, one of the great dangers of these regions.

"Soon after crossing the river *Tarsakhan*, we skirted the edge of a bed of reeds for several verst, and while riding on, I noticed a cloud of sand rising high into the air; but this was so common an occurrence, that I paid no attention to the matter till we passed the bed of reeds, when we had a view over the steppe for sixty or seventy verst. I now saw that a dense black mass, of fearful appearance, was rolling straight towards us, extending about a verst in width. The moment the Kirghis beheld it, in the greatest alarm they turned their horses and galloped back under the shelter of the reeds. I and the Cossacks stood watching its approach for a few minutes, and then made for the shelter of the reeds. The Kirghis led the horses into the cover, securing them fast and urging them to be down. It was not long before we heard the roar of the hurricane; and it came, obscuring the sun, and casting a deep, gloomy shade over the country. In a few minutes a terrific blast rushed by, laying the reeds and bulrushes flat over us. To look up was impossible; we were surrounded in a thick cloud of dust. In five minutes the storm passed, and then I saw that we had only

been visited by the edge of the cloud, as it rolled on with fearful rapidity. Fortunately, we were not caught on the steppe, or every man and animal would have perished. As it went off into the distance it looked like a dense black cloud."

After his escape, they made their way to the aul of *Sultan Bek*, whom, to his surprise, he found to be an inhospitable curmudgeon. Mr. Atkinson tells the story as follows:

"We now, he says, turned towards the westward in search of the aul of *Sultan Bek*, the largest man and most wealthy Kirghis in the steppes. He has ten thousand horses, and camels, oxen, and sheep in proportion to this vast herd. It was late in the evening when we found him; perhaps we disturbed his slumbers, and by so doing ruffled his temper, as he was exceedingly uncivil, and sent us a sheep that was diseased. This was quickly returned to him with my compliments, and a message stating that we did not use such food, nor did we require anything from him. I desired the Cossack to say that he was the first *Sultan* who had behaved so ungentlemanly towards me, and that, notwithstanding his large body, he had the heart of a mouse. This roused him into fury, and he ordered us away, threatening that, if we did not move instantly, his men should drive us into the lake. The Cossack replied, that if he or any of his men came near our camp we should shoot them, which having said, he left the yurt, and told us what had passed. It was not long before we perceived two girls coming towards us leading a sheep, which the *Sultan* had sent, begging me to accept it, as one of the best of his flock; they assured me that he wished to pay me a visit, had offered to let me stay as long as I liked, and promised to give me men and horses when I left."

"His mutton having been accepted, and a message returned saying I should be glad to receive him, it was not long before we saw his huge bulk approaching our camp. He saluted me by touching the chest in the usual manner, after which we sat down and became friends. He drank tea with me, and remained to partake of his own mutton, and while this was preparing, he ordered his poet to sing for us. The man obeyed, and chanted forth songs describing the prowess and successful plundering expeditions of my host and his ancestors, which called forth thunders of applause from the tribe. After spending more than two hours in the company of the *Sultan* and his bard, we separated on friendly terms. Next morning, before starting, I sketched *Sultan Bek* and his family. He is feeding his bear-coats—hunting with the king of birds being his favourite sport. (See p. 262.) Early in the morning, I said '*Adieu adieu*,' and departed, attended by ten of the *Sultan's* men; good horses had also been provided."

The arch, which forms the back ground of our illustration, is not on the steppes, but several hundred miles further to the west, on the way towards *Irkutsk*, and near the "*Nonk a dalan*," a "mountain over which it is impossible to ride." Mr. Atkinson describes the arch as follows: "After riding down a steep descent into the ravine, I came upon a natural arch in a great mass of limestone; further down there are several caverns, but of no great extent. Part of the men went on to the *Irkutsk*, and two remained with me while I sketched. My work was nearly completed when we were startled by a rushing sound from above us, which continued for the space of two minutes

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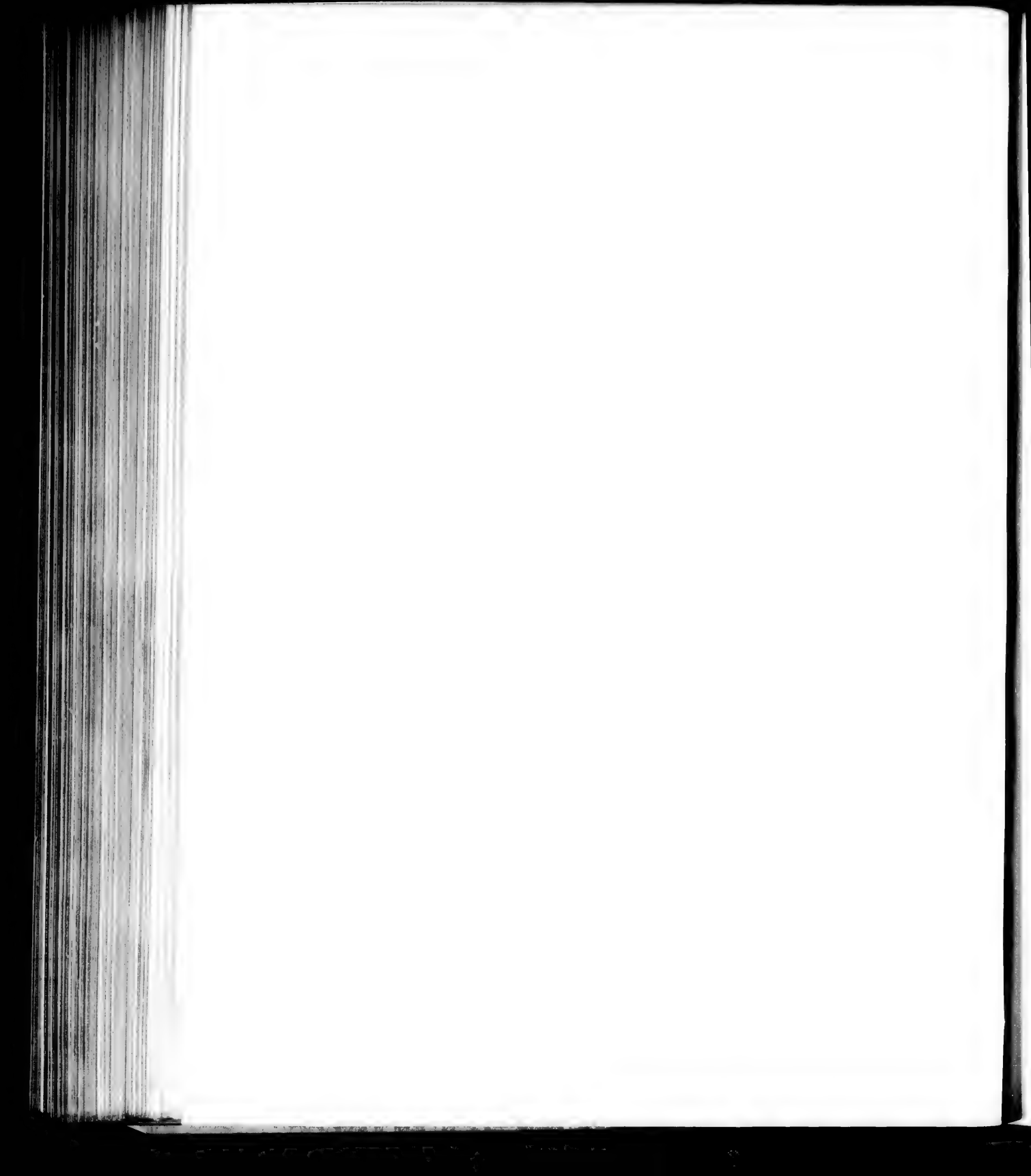
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BURIAL TEMPLE ON LAKE IKUGUN, MONGOLIA.



when it suddenly ceased, followed some moments after by a terrible crash. One of the Cossacks sprang up, and said a mountain had fallen. It was an avalanche which had swept down the side and leaped into one of the gorges."

IV.—THE LAKE BAIKAL.

In the mountainous plains of Central Asia (as in Central Africa, according to the latest discoveries) are great lakes, or gigantic tarns, formed by tremendous rifts in the earth, produced by volcanic disturbances; out of these lakes flow rivers, downward from either side, sometimes many hundred miles in extent, wearing a rugged bed through the mountain chain, and thence winding many hundreds, in some instances more than a thousand, miles to the ocean on either shore. Thus, in Africa, it is imagined that the Nile flows into the Mediterranean from some greater inner water, which on the other side throws down an equal channel towards the Indian Sea, if not exactly into the Mozambique channel. But these are conjectures of geographers to be hereafter realised; the future highway of civilisation is yet not opened to commercial philanthropists. Certain it is, however, that from the Lake Baikal, of which we give (*See p. 278*) an exact, though picturesque, representation, the River Amoor flows (the connection being through a small river or tributary, the Selenga) on one side down to the Pacific and the Japan Islands (a course of 2,400 miles), while on the other the Angara, passing into the Yenissei, proceeds by a course of nearly 2,500 miles northward to the Indian Ocean.

Next to the Caspian Sea and Lake Aral, the Baikal Lake is the largest of the old Continent, and it is the most remarkable, as being a mountain lake. Modern Russian accounts make it about 400 miles long, but its widest part, between the northern extremity of the island of Olkhon and the mouth of the river Bargusin, is not more than about 52 miles; and between the mouth of the Selenga and the rivulet Buguldelkha, the two shores are only 20 miles distant from one another. Its total circumference is said not to fall short of 1,200 miles. Its surface is calculated by Berghaus to cover 14,800 square miles. Like most alpine lakes, it is very deep, with the exception of a few tracts along the shores and some bays, where it is comparatively shallow, the bottom has not been reached by a line of 100 fathoms. The rivers and rivulets that empty themselves into the lake are very numerous; on a chart published by the Russian government some years ago, 160 are inserted. The only outflow is by the Angara, a tributary to the Yenissei, and the provincial capital Irkutsk is not far from where that river takes its departure from the lake.¹

¹ "At the first glance of this the largest body of fresh water on the old continent," says Governor Simpson, in his "Overland Journey Round the World," "my thoughts flew back over my still recent footsteps to that parent of many Baikals, the Lake Superior of the New World. In mere position they resemble each other in a very remarkable manner. Touching, though in opposite directions, one and the same parallel of latitude, they are intersected, at the outlet of the Ontario, and at the western extremity of the Baikal, by one and the same circle of longitude—almost the very meridian, by the bye, of the highest and lowest extremities both of Asia and America—of the head of Baffin's Bay and of the western entrance of the Strait Magellan, of Cape Taiman, and of the southern point of the peninsula of Malacca. With respect to the extent of country drained, the Baikal has

The surface of the lake is said to be 1793 feet above the sea; and this accounts, in a great degree, for the severity of the seasons on its shores, and the whole extent of its basin. The summer is very short, and the nights are cold and often frosty; sometimes it begins to snow in August, and always in September. Ice is always found in the bays and morasses, even during summer heat. The lake itself is, however, never covered with ice before the middle of December, often only in the beginning of January, which must be ascribed to its great depth and its troubled surface. Once frozen, it remains so for a length of time; and it may be traversed on sledges up to the end of April, or even the beginning of May.

This severity of the seasons renders the countries about the lake unable to maintain a numerous population, but still the population is less than we should suppose it to be, even taking the climate into account. This scarcity in population, however, is not to be attributed entirely to the want of productive powers in the country itself, but to the late period in which agriculture was introduced, and the slow progress of that art in old countries. Yet, strange to say, there are in many places undoubted signs that, at some remote period, this country was cultivated with care by some unknown nation, which also worked the iron and copper mines.

Its name appears to have been derived from the language of the Yakuts, who once inhabited its shores, and who called it *Baya Kahl*, the great sea, or *Bay-Kahl*, the rich sea. The Russians, who navigate it, speak of it with respectful awe, and call it *Sviatoi More*, or "Holy Sea;" a name, perhaps, originating in the circumstance that the Burjats used to celebrate their great annual sacrifice on the Island of Olkhon in this lake. The Chinese call it *Pe-hai*, or the Sea of the North; the Burjats, *Dalai*, and Tunguses, *Lam*, a name signifying a large collection of water, or a sea.

Contrary to what is generally observed of mountain lakes, the Baikal abounds in fish, and from this source nearly all the inhabitants of its shores derive subsistence, and even a competency. The largest fish of the Baikal is the sturgeon, which sometimes weighs 190

certainly the advantage of all its American rivals put together, for while the latter are pressed in every direction by the heights of land, the former is fed by its two principal tributaries from sources distant from each other in a straight line at least a thousand miles. But the Angara loses itself in impracticable streams, while the St. Lawrence, annually bearing upwards of a thousand sea-going ships on its bosom, forms the channel of communication between Canada and Europe; and while almost every American lake is traversed, both in its length and breadth, by innumerable steamboats and sailing vessels, the Baikal is little better in traffic than a barren waste, surrounded by lofty mountains, whose precipitous sides sink at once into the bottomless waters; it possesses but few harbours or anchorages; formed into a length of ten times its breadth, it is subject of course to violent gales, which blow along it as through a funnel, and to sudden squalls, which sweep across it as they rush down from the declivities of its amphitheatre of hills; and situated in a bed which looks like the work of the volcano or the earthquake, it is still liable to be dangerously agitated without any visible cause, by subterranean energies. The craft upon it are the most awkward, clumsy, and crazy tubs in the world. Under all these circumstances, nearly the whole of the vast traffic, which is carried on between Irkutsk and the regions beyond the Baikal, either passes in sledges over the frozen lake, or is conveyed round its southern extremity by rugged and perilous roads. The traffic in question is connected partly with the mines of Neretchink, but chiefly with the national emporium of Kiachta."

pounds. This fish is caught during the whole of summer and salted, and as well as the caviare and the singlass prepared, the one from the roe and the other from the blacker, is destined for the market. Omula, a kind of salmon, are fished in immense quantities in the months of August and September. A singular fish called *Callyonymus Baicalensis* exists in this lake, and which, except the head, a very thin back-bone, the skin, and the fins, consists only of fat, which soon dissolves over the fire into very fine train-oil. This fish appears to inhabit the greatest depths of the lake, for sometimes it is thrown up in great quantities, and at others it is with difficulty that even a specimen can be obtained.

The seals with which the lake abounds are also a source of profit to the inhabitants. From 1,200 to 2,000 are said to be annually killed, especially the young ones, whose soft skin is much sought after by the Chinese. The existence of the seal, of salmon, and of a kind of sponge in this fresh water of the Baikal, has given rise to much speculation among naturalists. Pallas and others are unable to explain this phenomenon, otherwise than on the supposition that the Lake of Baikal, at some remote period, formed a part of the Northern Ocean, or by the other supposition, that these animals were transported into the lake by some excessive inundation of the Lena river, whose sources are not far from its borders.

The shores of the lake are lofty, steep and rugged, in some parts presenting bold headlands and deep indentations. They are also for the most part covered with dense forests, in which wolves, bears, foxes, lynxes, wild cats, and gluttons are met with, and otters abound in the rivers. Beavers are also found in the Upper Angara, and the elk and the musk-goat in almost every district bordering on the lake. Deer and stags abound everywhere; but the reindeer is only met with in a wild state in the northern mountains. The common hare, the mountain hare, and the Daurian hare are found in great numbers on the plains. The sable, too, as well as the hermine, abound in many districts. The squirrel is met with in incredible numbers. Sometimes they unite in companies, and travel through the woods and steppes, swimming over rivers and traversing the summits of the mountains. The colour of the skin is reddish in summer and gray in winter. A large species, which inhabits the northern and eastern shores of the lake, assumes in winter a silver-gray colour. The species whose skin sells highest is of the colour of the sable in summer, and black gray in winter.

The Buriats, a Mongolian tribe, rear cattle on the shores of the lake. They keep horses, sheep, black cattle, goats and camels. The last are numerous in some steppes, and many of them white as snow. They pass the winter there, and live on dry grass and saline plants. A single Buriat chief has sometimes 1,000 camels, 4,000 horses, 3,000 sheep, and from 2,000 to 3,000 head of black cattle, together with a small number of goats. The Tunguses¹ generally have only herds

of reindeer, which are of a white colour, rarely spotted, and never gray, while those which live in the neighbouring woods in a wild state are always of an ash-gray colour.

The commerce which the Russians carry on with the Chinese is considerably facilitated by this lake. The Russian goods are carried from Irkutsk to Kiachta (the trading emporium on the Russian and Chinese frontiers) in summer by small vessels and large barges, and in winter by sledges. Without the facility which this lake affords to the carrying on of this continually increasing commerce, it probably would never have risen to any degree of importance.

The country round the lake displays unequivocal traces of volcanic agency. On the eastern side, hot and sulphureous springs are met with. The lake also gives up naphtha and petroleum, and it is probably owing to some such eruptions that occasionally large quantities of the peculiar fish before described are thrown ashore. Earthquakes are also common, and the waters of the lake are liable to sudden commotions coming from below.

They are chased into forest and desert Tungusi. The former occupy themselves in fishing and the chase, having but few reindeer; the latter subsist entirely by the breeding of these animals, and wander from pasture with their flocks, tents, &c. A very few of them have received baptism, the rest are idolaters. Their language is said to be Mantchu, from whom they all, no doubt, descended, as may be inferred by the peculiarity of their eyes, being elongated and far apart. They are characteristically honest and friendly, robbery being considered as unpardonable. A traveller describes himself as a witness of their hospitality or improvidence, for they seem to have no thought of the future, and therefore rapidly share what they have killed; yet it is strange that nothing will induce them to kill a reindeer for their own consumption, unless the party is rich, until they have been eight days without food; the act is then considered justifiable. They bear fatigue, cold, and privations to an extraordinary degree. They are sensible of, and thankful for, kind treatment, but will permit no one to abuse them. To strike a Tungusian is indeed a great crime, and often leads to fatal consequences, as in that case they do not consider their word as sacred, but justifiable to be broken. They are exceedingly irascible, and can be done nothing with but by good words, and this he had frequent occasion of proving, through generally his own fault. Their persons are small and rather delicate in appearance, their features are regular and somewhat pleasing. With these fair traits of character, they are filthy to an extreme, eating and drinking anything, however loathsome, and the effluvia of their persons is patridity itself. They are considered good soldiers, and are excellent marksmen, either with bow or rifle. The dress of either sex is nearly the same as that of the other Tartar nations, differing chiefly in their mode of altering it, and consists of trousers of the reindeer skin, with the hair inside, and stockings and boots of the same animal; the latter made from the legs, a waistcoat or jacket also of leather, sometimes lined with white foxes' or with hare skins, supplies the place of a thick sort of short surcoat of double leather without the hair; and lastly, a single or double frock, with hair in and outside, the two leather sides being together. A warm cap and large gloves, with sometimes a guard for the breast of white fur called *madgoolnick*—viz., breast cover, and a counterfort round the neck formed of the tails of the squirrel; such is their costume, which is almost wholly furnished from the skins of reindeer. Foxes' skins serve for caps and linings, and a wolf's is considered valuable, as the warmest of all outside garments. They have also a guard for the forehead, ears, nose, and chin. Their beds are made of bears' skin, or of the large reindeer, with a blanket from the same animal, lined with the warmest fur, and in shape like a bag, as the feet are completely covered. An axe, a knife, wooden spoon, and kettle, constitute their only utensils; the first is a *sine qua non*; and a pipe of tobacco, with a glass of spirits, their highest luxury. Their modes of dress, and general mode of living, &c., they have in common, more or less, with all other Siberian nations. There is no other difference among them than in the embroidery of their clothes, or the richness or poverty of the wearers.

¹ At Jerbut, on the left bank of the Lena, situate about 600 miles from Irkutsk, is the line which separates the Tungusian villages from the Yakuti. The Tungusians inhabit divers parts of Siberia, equally distant and distinct, from the shores of the Yenisei, Lena, and Amoor, to those of the Obchota and Omeikon, and the mountains about Talgira. They are all wanderers, and rarely to be seen in any mechanical or subservient employment.

Captain Cochrane crossed the lake where it is forty miles broad, when frozen, in two hours and a half, in a sledge drawn by three horses abreast; and we are indebted to Mr. Atkinson for an interesting account of a boat voyage on this remarkable sheet of water.

Approaching Lake Baikal by the valley of the Angara, about five miles before reaching the lake, a scene is presented that causes almost every traveller to stop. The valley becomes wider, and the mountains rise abruptly to a much greater elevation. The Angara is more than a mile in width, and this great body of water is seen rolling down a steep incline, forming a rapid nearly four miles in length. At the head of this, and in the centre of the stream, a great mass of rock elevates itself, called the Shaman Kamen. Beyond is the broad expanse of the Baikal, extending about fifty miles to where its waves wash the foot of Amar-Daban, whose summit is usually covered with snow, even in June. The mighty torrent throwing up its jets of spray, the ragged rocks with their fringes of pendant birch overtopped by lofty pines, and the ethereal colouring on the mountains, produce a picture of extraordinary beauty and grandeur.

A few miles further, and the Baikal is seen spreading out like a sea, and its rolling waves are heard lashing the rocky shores. The Shaman-Kamen is more distinctly seen; it is held sacred by all of the Shaman creed, and they never pass it without offering up their devotions. Rude figures have been sculptured on its surface, and formerly both men, women, and children have been offered up on its summit, or hurled into the flood.

The new steamboat station is not far distant, and

the traveller is not long in reaching Listvenitz, whence the boats ply to Pisolokoi.

The danger and delay in crossing the Baikal in boats was very great; it was no uncommon occurrence to be detained three weeks on the voyage, without being able to land on either shore, and accidents were frequent. This induced an enterprising merchant, Menschikoff, to place a steamer on the lake; but it was done at a great cost; the engines, boilers, and all the machinery were made at St. Petersburg, and had to be transported by land more than 4000 miles. Mr. Baird, the mechanical engineer, sent a competent person to the Baikal to build the hull, and this, under his superintendence, the Russian peasants accomplished. With their aid, the mechanics put in the engines; after a few trials the vessel steamed across to the Mongolian shore, and the dangers of the Baikal had vanished. Both the Siberians and Mongolians gazed in astonishment when they beheld the steamer make her way across in a heavy gale.

When last at this point, Mr. Atkinson found the steamer absent; so without wasting time, he arranged to explore the shore going to the eastward, and so he taken up at Golooustania. A crew of five men and his Cossack were his companions in the boat. Shortly after leaving Listvenitz the shore of the Baikal becomes exceedingly abrupt; the rock—a coarse-grained granite—has a dense larch forest growing on the mountain above, which rises considerably to the north. This formation continues for more than seventy miles, and many picturesque and striking scenes were presented; it then changes to conglomerate, exceedingly coarse-grained, the shingle on the shore being entirely composed of it. Several torrents have cut their channels through these precipices, forming, in some, beautiful waterfalls.

The north shore is by far the most lofty; in some parts the precipices rise 800 and 900 feet, and a little beyond the river Angara to 1,200 feet. Beyond the Island of Olkhon, basaltic cliffs appear, sometimes arising from deep water to an elevation of 700 feet. At little more than a boat's length from their base, soundings have been taken to the depth of 900 feet. After passing these the shores become somewhat less elevated, but exhibit unquestionable evidence of volcanic action. In some of the ravines were great masses of lava, which unfortunately he was unable to trace to its source. No doubt it has been ejected from a crater in the Baikal chain to the north, and probably from near the sources of the Keregha. Hot mineral springs are also found in several parts of the chain.

Between the shore of the lake and the Baikal chain, an elevated steppe extends for about 130 miles in length, and in some parts it is seventy five in width. There are numerous abodes of Buriats, who possess large herds of cattle, and the plain gradually descends towards the mouth of the Upper Angara. This river falls into the Baikal at its most northerly point, and is exceedingly valuable to the Siberians for its fishery of omula (*Salmo omula*, Pall.), which is caught here in enormous quantities, salted, and then sent to all parts of Siberia. Thus preserved, they equal the best Dutch herrings, and when fresh are most delicious. A great number of men are engaged in the fishery. They leave Irkutsk about the first week in July, and the fleet usually reaches the Upper Angara before the first of August, when the omula ascend the river in

¹ Having reached the Baikal, out of which the Angara flows, and into which the Selenga runs, "we coasted," says Captain Cochrane, "for thirty miles before we arrived at the place of crossing. The ice was so clear, transparent, and slippery, that I could not keep my feet; yet, the horses are so accustomed to it, that hardly an instance occurs of their falling. We crossed the lake, and reached the opposite village, which has a considerable monastery in which to breakfast; we had been two hours and a-half in going the distance, forty miles. Such is, however, the rapidity with which three horses abreast cross this lake, that the governor of Irkutsk usually did it in two hours; three hours are generally taken. A horse once fallen on the clear ice, I doubt any possibility of getting him on his legs again. It is dangerous to attempt stopping the horses, nor, indeed, is it in my opinion possible; if, however, the vehicle be stopped on this sort of ice, I almost doubt the possibility of starting it again without assistance from other people to force the vehicle on from behind. On the other hand, I have seen sledges move so much faster than the horses, as to overtake and turn them short round, and ultimately to form a complete circle."

² There is a peculiar quality attending the Angara: the water in summer is so cold, that the thermometer in June is but one degree above the zero of Reaumur, while in winter, it is the warmest as also the most rapid of all the rivers in that part of the world; its rapidity being such that immense sheets of ice are carried under water. It is generally frozen on the 22nd of January, at which time the merchants cannot then journey to Kiachta.

³ The religion of Shamanism, and its ceremonies, are founded upon sorcery; its followers believe in good and evil spirits, and sacrifice parts of the animal (a large stag found in the Ak-tau, "white mountain," range) to their god, whom they name Bur-Khan. They give themselves little trouble about the good spirit, but for the evil one they have a great reverence. They believe him an inhabitant of our earth, that he has his abode in dense forests and rugged mountains, and that he is ever active in the midst of terrible storms. They, also, think that he has the power to transform men into whatever shapes he pleases. Their priesthood is hereditary; it is but rarely that a stranger is admitted into it.

such vast shoals that the fishermen speedily obtain their cargoes, and make several voyages to Listvenitz before the season closes. The river is not navigable much beyond the village of Upper Angarsk, and can never be made a means of communication with the Amoor, as some persons have supposed.

Instead of meeting the steamer at Golo-oustuia Mr. Atkinson continued his explorations, and on his return visited the south shore of the island of Olkhon. It is about sixty miles in length, in some parts fifteen miles in breadth, and is separated from the north shore of the lake, called by the natives the Little Baikal, by them considered the most sacred

part of the "Holy Sea." The island is about eight miles from the north shore, excepting at its western end, where a great mass runs out into the lake for several miles, and forms a magnificent entrance to the Sacred Sea. A little farther to the west the rocks rise to about 1,200 feet, forming a stupendous object when seen from the water.

The people have a tradition in connection with this region which they implicitly believe. They say that Christ visited this part of Asia, and ascended this eminence, whence he looked down on all the region around. After blessing the country to the northward, he turned towards the south, and, looking across the



LAKE BAIKAL

Baikal, he waved his hand, exclaiming, "Beyond this there is nothing." Thus they account for the sterility of Dauria, where it is said "no corn will grow."

The south shore of the island is exceedingly abrupt, and very few points are presented where it is possible without finding any place on which to sleep; night was drawing on apace, and a stiff breeze springing up. In the cliffs opposite numerous caverns existed, and in front a promontory of high rocks jutting out into the lake containing several others, and in some places it was pierced by galleries.

They had noticed the indication of a squall to the south-east, and the boatmen wished to land in one of the caverns, there to pass the night. To this proposition our traveller decidedly objected, fearing they

might be detained for some days. Their prospect was a bad one, unless they could pass the headland and reach shelter beyond; but a streak of white was observed approaching, and all were aware of what it foreboded.

Knowing what effect example has on these men, Mr. Atkinson threw off his jacket, and took one of the oars, the Cossack seized another, and this induced the men to pull with a hearty good-will. Before they could round the point, the squall caught them, and covered them with spray, at this moment the helmsman called to them to pull for their lives, or they would be driven against the rocks. It was a struggle which Mr. Atkinson says, he never shall forget. At last, they shot out beyond the rocks, that were then only a few boats' lengths from them, and the thundering

of the waves, as they rushed into the caverns, was truly appalling.

Having passed this danger, a sandy beach was seen, about a quarter of a mile distant, towards which they pulled with all their might. The waves rolled in, and a great surf was thrown upon the shore; presently they dashed through it, but the boat was nearly half filled before they could run her up the beach. This was a narrow escape, and there they were kept prisoners for three days.

After spending nineteen days in exploring the northern shore, Mr. Atkinson reached Golooustuina, where the steamer picked him up. When he got on board, the captain stated to him, in English, that his long absence had excited some apprehensions of his safety. He was not a little astonished to hear his native tongue spoken in the Baikal, and his look of surprise must have been evident. The captain explained, by informing him that he was a Swedish officer, and had served in our navy under Admiral Codrington. He had been eight years in his present occupation, sometimes steaming across the lake, when it was smooth as glass, at other times in fearful storms, which he declared were worse here than in the ocean; more especially when the garra (or mountain gale) came rushing from the mountains. He inquired if he had sounded the lake, but learnt that he knew the depth only by running out his cable when trying to anchor. Once, during a gale, he ran out 200 sagues (1,400 feet) within 100 yards of a sand bank; and on another occasion 300 sagues (2,100 feet), without finding a bottom. This proves the great depth of the lake, and such prodigious abysses are often found close to places where the rocks are not ten sagues under water.

The day was calm, and the steamer ran across in three hours and a half, when Mr. Atkinson left the worthy captain, and landed at Posolsky.

There is a monastery here of the Transfiguration of our Saviour, that possesses some claims as an architectural composition for its numerous turret-formed picturesque groups, and the whole building had a pleasing effect when viewed from the Baikal. It was founded by Abbot Feodosi, about the year 1682, to commemorate a tragic event that occurred on this spot. In 1650, a Russian ambassador, Zabolotsky, and his retinue, were murdered here by the Buriats, or Mongolians. Hence it is named Posolsky, or the Monastery of the Ambassador. The building and the village stand on a low plain that runs along the shore of the Baikal, commencing about four miles to the south-west of the landing place, and extending north-east to the mouth of the Selenga. From Posolsky, the road crosses the delta, following the shore of the lake for about eight miles, and then turns eastward to the post station at Stepnoi, near the mouth of the western branch of the Selenga. The river divides into eight branches before it falls into the Baikal; and from the north-west to the south-easterly channel is a distance of twenty miles.

This delta, undoubtedly occupies what has formerly been a portion of the lake, which in the course of ages has been filled up by matter washed from the Mongolian mountains. It is named by the people, Kunderemskoi Steppe. Like all such deltas, it is a most fertile spot, and well cultivated; an abundance of rice and wheat grows here. After leaving Stepnoi, the road continues along the western branch of the Selenga: the hills to the right rise considerably, and are well wooded. On reaching Kabanskoi, the river makes a

great bend towards the north-east for about thirty miles to Henskoi, and the mountains to the south-west become uglier.

The first monastery established on the Transbaikalian shore, that of Troitska, stands in a picturesque spot, at some ten miles before reaching Henskoi. It was founded by Abbot Feodosi, who settled here in 1681, accompanied by a few monks from Moscow. The selection of this spot, and the style of the building, prove that those ecclesiastics, like their brethren in all ages, were men of taste. Though the structure must have produced a striking effect on the minds of the Buriats, whom the abbot intended to convert, they could not be induced to change their faith.

After passing Henskoi, a route turns still more to the north-east, and approaches the shores of the Baikal. It leads into a most highly interesting region, where the mountains have been tossed up and broken into precipices and deep ravines. This route affords many extraordinary scenes on the Baikal, and when the traveller looks down upon its vast expanse, reflecting on the terrible phenomenon that caused such a rent in the earth's crust (if rent it be) he will cease to wonder at the superstitious dread of the ignorant people who inhabit the shores. Mr. Atkinson says, he has heard the subject reasoned upon by some of the most eminent mining engineers and geologists in Siberia, who have visited almost every part of its shore, examining the structure of its precipices, and have observed the composition of the strata laid bare. They differ widely in opinion from one German author, who, after a "gallop across the lake" of seven German miles, in about two hours, by moonlight, settled this problem. There are hopes, however, of seeing it elucidated by one thoroughly acquainted with this singular region, for which the materials have been collected during many years of patient investigation.

¹ Buriats, a tribe of Mongolians pasturing their flocks and herds in the valley of the Baikal. But they are not always so pastoral and innocent as it has pleased recent travellers to describe them, but have been civilised to some extent. We learn from Captain Codrington, who gives us a description of one of these Tatars when at Udaisk, the half-way city between Irkutsk and Kachta, and in the vicinity of which grows the cedar nut, which is exported, eaten, and squeezed for oil, throughout northern Siberia and Kamchatka, he called upon one of the chiefs of the Buriats, which tribe amounts to 2,000, reported to be the largest in the government of Irkutsk. This Taska or Chief he describes as being a young man of good parts, and son to the former chief. "I called at his chancellery, but he was out, yet were passports afforded me in the Mongolian dialect by his secretary, ordering every assistance to be rendered me by all his tribe, and every respect to be shown to me. The present Taska has two wives, who live in perfect harmony. He is fond of the missionaries (English Protestant missionaries who came to the neighbourhood of Nerchinsk to convert the Mongolians, but after stopping thirty years retired, disheartened, from their ineffectual labours), and is remarkably forward in the English language. His mother bequeathed her immense fortune to the lamas, or priests, but he is very rich nevertheless. His possessions are about 3,000 sheep, 300 horses, and 200 horned cattle; but his mother had 40,000 sheep, 1,000 horses, and 3,000 horned cattle, besides a large property in furs. These are customarily worn till they actually drop off, such is the neglect and filthy manner in which they live. The women, are, on their marriage, dressed in satins and silks, bordered with furs. The chiefs and subjects live together almost indistinctly. The chancellery of the Taska contained fifteen clerks and a secretary, who carry on a most extensive correspondence, and it may be considered as exceedingly well regulated."

On this coast there are several hot and mineral springs—that of Turkinsk is the most accessible, and has become the Buxton of Oriental Siberia. Many families from Irkutsk spend part of their summer here,

Irkutsk is the metropolis of eastern Siberia, the emporium of the trade between Russia and China and Russia and Siberia. Seen from a distance, with its fifteen copper-covered spires, its walls, towers, and domes, it presents an aspect of a considerable city; but though its streets are wide, the houses are small, and built, for the most part, of wood, and in decay. It lies on three rivers, the Angara, the Irkutsk (whence its name), and the Oushakoffka. Wooded hills (of pine) extend on the east and north-east, also along the western bank of the Angara, till the latter joins the valley of the Irkutsk. The small river Oushakoffka runs from the eastward, and is crossed by a wooden bridge near 300 yards in length; this stream divides the town from the prisons and the workshops in which the convicts are employed, as well as from the Admiralty (an office for supplying naval stores to Siberia, commonly enough placed in the centre of the country instead of at Okhotsk, the only sea-port), and the dockyards on the eastern bank of the Angara. There are many good houses, each with a large court-yard; many have gardens. There are but few shops, and these are all in one street; but they are large, like stores, and are well supplied with almost all necessary European goods that find their way through the Great Fair at Nisim Novgorod, and with Chinese goods from Maimatchin, or, rather, we should say, Kiachta. The merchants of Irkutsk are very rich. One of them is spoken of as having left half a million to two nieces and fifty thousand pounds to charities; another has a library of 50,000 volumes. The hospitality of the officials is highly spoken of by every traveller. Melons, pine-apples, and champagne at 16s. a bottle, are mentioned as a part of the entertainment, but there are remnants of barbarism existing. "Before dinner, all the guests drink schnapps out of the same glass, eat caviare and herring with the same fork, and help themselves to preserves with the same spoon, and during dinner changes of knives and forks are unknown;" and this at the residences of the three highest officials, the lawyer, the governor, and the governor-general. "The dinner was served (at General Rupert's) in an oval hall of spacious proportions, which was thronged with servants—a military band in the orchestra, playing at intervals, and all in glittering uniforms." There is a cathedral, with other fine buildings, mostly the work of the Swedish engineer officers, who were made prisoners after the battle of Pultawa, and were banished thither by Peter. There is a Lancaster school for 700 boys, and an orphan asylum, both admirably arranged. The population is 20,000, and the garrison 3,000. The governor-general, Count Mouravieff, rules over a country ten times as large as England, and has increased its importance lately by the acquisition of the Amoor, the plan and preparation for which emanated from himself, and for his successful carrying out of which he has worthily earned for himself the title of Count D'Amoor. He commands several batteries of Cossack artillery competent to any service; and could, within his governorship, raise a division of troops that would march to Pekin in six days; that is, from Irkutsk, over the Baikal, to Kiachta, about two hundred miles, thence a thousand miles, through forty days of desolate country, to within a week's distance of Pekin (the caravan route), where the country improves.

The markets of Irkutsk are well supplied with all kinds of provisions, except mutton; beef is good, and is principally supplied by the Buriats beyond and on the north of the Baikal; a live calf, six weeks old, 3s. 2d. Game of all kinds is plentiful and cheap, and so is fish. Foreign produce, brought from Russia, is of course expensive, the carriage amounting to £10 per ton from Moscow to Irkutsk. Sugar is 2s. 7½d. per lb.; coffee, 3s. 2d.; rice, 6d.; lemons, 3s. 2d. each; oranges, 2s.; sardines, 4s. 9d. per box; English porter and Scotch ale, 11s. 1d. per bottle; French brandy, 11s. 1d. per bottle, mostly made in Russia. Wine equally dear; champagne, 16s. 10d. a bottle, and more of it is drunk than any other wine. When communications are established between the Angara and the Amoor, and vessels discharge their cargoes at Irkutsk, a great change will be effected throughout Siberia, as the Americans and English, coming up the river from the Pacific, will bring down goods with their ships, at one-fourth the portage by land.

There is a dark side of Irkutsk yet to be told. It is the place of exile from Russia for political opinions. "At the time of my visit to Irkutsk," says Mr. Atkinson, "there were six of the exiles (for the insurrection against Nicholas) living in the town, viz.,

and people go more than a thousand miles to take a dip in its waters. Between this place and Oust Barguzin there are other springs, in which the gushing fluid scalds the hand if placed in it. About forty miles beyond there is proof that volcanic agency has once been active, for here is an extinct crater, from out of which vast quantities of lava have poured. In the vicinity of Barguzin, naphtha and bitumen are constantly rising in the Baikal, and earthquakes are not uncommon.

Some of the exiles of 1825 were sent to live in Barguzin, after undergoing a severe part of their sentence in the mines. One only was living there when the present Emperor recalled them to Russia, and he, having married a peasant's daughter, choose to remain rather than return with his family into a society where he felt they would be out of place. He had served as a midshipman in the British navy, on board the same ship as young Codrington; they passed their examination together, and a strong intimacy had sprung up between them. He desired Mr. Atkinson to wait on the admiral on his return and give an account of his old messmate, who had turned sable hunter. He arrived in England too late to fulfil his promise.²

Prince Volkonskoi, Prince Troubetskoi, and Colonel Pogge, with their families; the others were Mokhenoff, and two brothers Barishoff. These formed the best society in Irkutsk, and some of the most agreeable days which I spent in Siberia were in enjoying my intercourse with them. They were now living in comfort, mixing in society, and gathering around them all the best that Irkutsk afforded. The Princess Troubetskoi had spent several of her youthful years in England, associating with the highest families in the kingdom. She was a clever and highly educated woman, devoted all her energies to the education of her three daughters and a young son, and was the first lady who followed her husband into Siberia. I heard from her own lips an account of her journey through these dreary regions, when she was attended only by a maid-servant, as well as of her reception and treatment when at the mines of Nertschinsk. The Princess Volkonskoi was the next to follow; she had a son and daughter, the latter one of the most beautiful girls I ever beheld. Both these families possessed everything they could desire, except liberty to return to their homes; with the others it was different, and with two of them it was indeed a hard struggle for existence. "These expatriated instructors," says Captain Cochrane, "have tended to improve and civilize Siberia, in a ratio surpassing that of Central Russia."

² In his recent "Travels in the Regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor," Mr. Atkinson supplies us with some painfully interesting information as to the prior episode in the study of these unhappy exiles: "Erman says," vol. ii., p. 183, "the unfortunates of the 1th of December, who had been confined to the settlement at Chita, which lies beyond the Baikal, on the road from Veikne Oudinsk to Nertschinsk. There are no mines there, so that in order to carry out the sentence on the convicts to the letter, they have erected a polishing mill in which to employ them." Whoever has read this paragraph will have concluded that the exiles were employed in the mines; but such is not the fact. My informants were the "unfortunates" and their wives, all of whom were living at Irkutsk, and in other places that I have visited. I was on terms of great intimacy with these people, and retain many pleasing recollections of them. They were taken from St. Petersburg in chains, each man in a telega (a waggon without springs), attended by a gendarme (this is an especial corps under the command of the secret police), but not by the usual route through Moscow; they were sent by Yaroslavl and Viatka. This was through a part of the country but little travelled, and they entered on the great Siberia road before reaching Perm (the frontier town of Russia Proper). Orders were given that no time should be lost on the road, nor any stoppage allowed except for refreshment. Their journey was a long one, 7,029 versts, and they were hurried onwards night and day. On the evening of the thirtieth day they reached Nertschinsk, and were handed over to the authorities. Here they slept, and the next morning started for the mines, at a distance of 279 versts. They reached them in the afternoon of the following day, having travelled over 7,308 versts in thirty

Barguzin is famed for its sables; no skins have yet been found in any part of the world equal to them. The fur is a deep jet black, but the points of the hairs tipped with white, and this constitutes their peculiar beauty. Mr. Atkinson says he saw a single skin for which the hunter demanded the sum of eighteen pounds.

It must be remarked in conclusion, at the risk of being for a moment slightly technical, that there are manifest evidences of two totally different orders of natural phenomena connected with Lake Baikal. There are the basalts and lavas and other igneous products connected with central action (oxidation of metallic bases), which belong to comparatively, and, geologically speaking, old and recent times. Then there are the hot springs, evolutions of gases, as also of naphtha, petroleum, and bitumen, which are,

in the first case,—that of the hot springs—not so certain, but, in the latter case, undoubtedly connected with chemical actions going on at the present moment, and similar to those which give birth to the thermal springs, evolution of naphtha and other carbonated products, and to the existence of permanent fires at Baku on the Caspian, and at Kirkuk (the Babylonian Ecbatana), in Babylonia. The earthquakes, or rather seaquakes, which are described as sometimes disturbing the stillness of this great lake, as also the thermal springs, may belong to one or both orders of phenomena, but as these seaquakes are generally followed by the destruction of a large number of very peculiar fish which tenant the depths of the lake, it is most probable that they are connected with chemical actions, by which noxious gases, destructive of life, are evolved in large quantities.¹

two days. Here was their prison and place of punishment, and they quickly found themselves in the hands of a man who determined to enforce their sentence in its utmost rigour. They arrived on the Wednesday, and on the following Monday morning Prince Volkonski, Prince Troubetski, and four others, began their mining labours. This was hard service, wielding the pickaxe and hammer was a new occupation, and their keeper made their toil severe. The others, as they arrived, were divided into gangs and sent into the mines. Each was known only by his number, and here they worked for two years. Others were banished to a solitary life in the forests of Yakutsk; "and of these exiles I could also," says Mr. Atkinson, "give a few incidents that would would not say much for the leniency of the government or its servants" of which Mr. Erman speaks. Several of these exiles (convicts as he calls them) were advanced in years and had left grown up sons and daughters; others, their juniors, were torn away from young children, and mothers with infants in their arms had pressed up to the telegraphs to give their father a last look at his child. Some had been but recently married, many were single, and a few had not reached their twentieth year.²

The first lady who followed her husband was the Princess Troubetskoi; she was young and determined to share the fate of her partner, and, if possible, with his years of banishment. It was with great difficulty she obtained permission, and, when it was granted, it was coupled with a condition that "no lady who followed her husband to his place of exile, should ever return." Even such a condition did not change her resolve, and she started, accompanied only by a faithful maid-servant, who determined to share her danger and her exile. She narrated to me an account of her adventurous journey of nearly 5,000 miles, made during a severe winter, when she often encountered the fearful storms so frequent in Siberia. Nor were they the only dangers; she had seen the wolves running on each side the sledge, ready to pounce on the horses if they slackened their speed or fell. She, however, reached Nertschinsk in safety, and a victory engineer officer, who was returning to the Zovod, kindly offered to escort her to her destination. Her inquiries of this gentleman were numerous. She wished to know the fate of her husband. He gave her an assurance that he was well, but avoided all other questions. On their arrival she was taken to that officer's home, and his wife offered all the comforts their dwelling afforded, while he sent her passport to inform his chief of her arrival, and expressed to him her desire to see the Prince. Presently, a police-officer arrived, and told her that he had received instructions to conduct her to her quarters, and that she would be permitted to see her husband on the morrow. A single room was assigned to her and the maid, bearing all the aspects of a prison, and it was announced that she was not at liberty to visit any one in the town without permission. Next morning she was taken to the house of the chief, when she urged her request to see the Prince, and also to be permitted to spend some hours each day in his society. The first part of the request was granted, but the latter was refused; and this man said, as she had come to share her husband's exile, she must submit to prison discipline; adding that she was not to be permitted to write a single line without its passing through his hands. After this he ordered the police to conduct her to the Prince, giving his number; but not his name, and then to her dwelling. A sledge was waiting for them, and this man drove several versts to one of the mines, when she was conducted down and along the gallery to where the exiles were working. For a few moments they all gazed on her in

amazement, thinking it a vision; and the spell was only broken when she rushed into her husband's arms. I dare not attempt to paint this interview; but the clanking of his chains recalled her to a knowledge of his position, and the police officer proved that he possessed a better heart than his chief, by removing her from a scene heartrending to all.

"The chief placed her on prison fare, nor would he permit her to have tea. After this she saw the Prince once a week, but not in the mines. In about a month two other ladies arrived and went through the same ordeal. Eighteen months passed without any change, when this brute of a chief was called before a tribunal from which no one can escape. I can only hope that he possessed some unknown good qualities that would recommend him to more mercy than he extended to those under his charge. After his death another officer was appointed, who received the ladies and treated them as members of his family. He did everything consistent with his duty to relieve the unfortunate exiles, and through his intercession, at the end of two years, they ceased to work in the mines, and then were removed to Chita and the mill."

The reader will be interested to learn that even in these remote regions, of which the civilised world now seem to hear about for the first time, there has existed for more than forty years past a small body of devoted English missionaries. This is at Selenginska, up the Selenga, which flows into the Baikal lake, and communicates by a tributary into the great Amoor river. We hear of them first from the travels of Captain Cochrane in Siberia, in 1820.

Starting from the monastery, on the Baikal, above mentioned, over a low flat pasture, along a well cultivated road-side and past several villages, we reached Verkhovodinsk, a large, populous, and flourishing city, on the banks of the Selenga, the grand mart between Tselust and Kiachta, from the former of which it is distant about 200 miles across the lake, and the seat of a very extensive and considerable trade with the neighbouring Buriats. It consists of 3,000 inhabitants and 500 houses. From it to Selenginska are seventy miles, which we performed along the transparent Selenga in seven hours. The banks of the river bore the most romantic appearance, the hills rising above one another into the frontier mountains, but presenting no appearance of habitation except in the lowest valleys. The villages, are, however, within four or five miles of each other, along the banks of the river. He immediately repaired to the abode of the English missionaries settled in this part of the world, and was kindly received by Messrs. Stallybrass and Youville, with their wives and numerous children, and for a long, as it were, an English colony in the centre of barbarism. He passed a couple of days (afterwards he visited frequently) among these secluded and self-devoted people. They had, at that date, been established more than three years, and had erected two neat and homely dwellings, with out-houses, small gardens, &c. The Emperor of Russia (Alexander) had generously defrayed all the expenses and given the society a grant of land, free of actual rent and of public service. They had attended with great perseverance, industry, and success, to the perfecting themselves in the Mongolian language, and had nearly completed, even then, dictionaries and grammars. While learning the Mongolian language, they had also become acquainted with the Mantchu, owing to there being no dictionary of the Mongolian, except with the Mantchu. So they learnt Russian, Mantchu, and Mongolian at the same time, and made their own grammars and dictio-

V.—DOWN THE AMOOR.

"HARDLY," says a traveller, who, in his own person, had ruled over a territory scarcely less extensive than Russia itself, "hardly was the Western Empire trodden under foot by the tribes that were commissioned for this task from the Rhine to the Amoor, when He, who systematically vindicates his own glory by the employment of the feeblest instruments, found in the unknown wilds of Scandinavia, the germ of a northern tribe, of wider range, and loftier aim. At once, as if by a miracle, a scanty and obscure people burst forth in the west and the east, as the dominant race of the times; one race of Normans was finding its way through France to England; while another was establishing its supremacy over the Slavonians of the Borysthenes, the two being to meet in opposite directions at the end of a thousand years."

aries, which have the advantage of alphabetical arrangement over those in former use, in which the words were only classed under the different subjects (the captain must have meant their roots). A dictionary without alphabetical arrangement, with the words classified under subjects, must have been a sheer puzzle to the unlearned. They had, already, distributed translations of many parts of the New Testament about the neighbourhood, and made many journeys into the interior of the country, with a view to form acquaintances with the chiefs and principal people, as also with the lamas or priests. As yet they had made no converts; their Buriat servants only remained with them for the sake of better food with less work, and were tolerably expert in cooking, washing, and attending table. The ordinary food of these humble Buriats, for five days in the week, when at home, is brick tea; the poor but seldom taste meat, although they have generally a little fat mixed with their tea, the leaves of which they consume as we do greens, and which, thus mixed, constitutes, on the whole, a very nasty, but very nourishing dish. The riches of the chiefs consist in large herds of cattle, and some quantities of furs. The number of sheep and goats in this part of the world is prodigious; horned cattle and horses are also very numerous. "The Buriats," says Captain Cochrane, "appear a lazy, dirty, but contented race, and quite as unmanly, cowardly, and servile as the Kamchatkas." He doubted the probability of influencing them to religious conversion, especially as the lama priest had taken the alarm, and the Buriats had brought their religious books, *thirty waggon loads*, from Thibet, at an expense of 12,000 head of cattle.

This was in 1820. We hear of the missionaries again through Governor Simpson, in 1842, twenty-two years later. He had not visited him, but spoke, through the report of Russian officials communicated to him, while visiting the Lake Baikal. Speaking of what the Emperor Alexander had done, he goes on to say that that Emperor's liberality—unequalled in any other country in Christendom—was still permitted to work its way under the auspices of the Emperor Nicholas. But those devoted exiles, less fortunate in this respect than their brethren of the Tahitian Islands, found that a bad religion, whatever might be its countervailing merits, was a worse enemy of the pure and simple Christianity of the Bible than no religion at all. The Buriats professed the Lamaism of Thibet, with its dominant priesthood, and its whole libraries of creeds and commentaries, and, under their hereditary prejudices, local and national, social and political, literary and ecclesiastical, they deliberately and obstinately preferred the flickering glare of their own idolatry to the genuine light of the Gospel. From political motives, however, the Russian Government was said to be anxious to conciliate Lamaism; and the Greek Church had its jealousies roused by the suspicion that the baffled Protestants were striving to prevent the Buriats from embracing any other form of Christianity than their own. "In a word," concluded Governor Simpson, "the missionaries, to the best of my knowledge, made not one real convert, while they were still more seriously discouraged by the fact, that every pretended proselyte openly relapsed as soon as he had gained the secular ends of his interested hypocrisy. About ten years since, they retired from their zealous labours."

This was written in 1842; but Governor Simpson was mistaken, for Mr. Atkinson speaks, when writing in 1858, of two English missionaries residing in Selendinsk, "who, from all I heard, were most estimable men; nevertheless, they were unable to make converts among the Buriats."

While, other great nations had been for centuries seeking a way to the East and its treasures by the sea, the Cossacks of Russia appear to have been struggling across the vast continent of Asia towards the same object, and they had nearly attained it in the 17th century, and had even reached the sea, in detached parties, but then, though diverted by China from the direct line of Japan, they penetrated to the Sea of Okhotsk in a higher latitude.

At last, however, the perseverance of this great conquering—and assuredly the most civilising of conquering nations since the Romans—has triumphed, and Russia is rewarded by the attainment of a line of river which connects her widely divided provinces from the shores of the Pacific to the Caspian and the Black Sea, the Baltic, the White Sea, and Frozen Ocean.

The Archipelago of the Kurile Islands, of which the more south-westerly belong to the Japanese, completes the line on which Russia directly and immediately influences nearly all the powers of the old continent—Sweden—now extending to the Atlantic; Prussia virtually including all the minor states of Germany; Austria and Italy; Turkey, from the Danube to the cataracts of the Nile; Persia, bordering on the sea that washes the coast of Malabar; Central Asia marked by the footsteps of nearly all the conquerors of Hindustan; Thibet, containing the sources of the Irrawaddi and the Ganges; China, meeting Spain in the Philippines; and Portugal and England, in her own islands; and lastly, Japan itself, that mysterious empire, which, hitherto, has stood aloof alike from the commerce and warfare of the world.

The Amoor, then, after running from Central Siberia into China, turns back upwards towards the Northern Pole, thus inclosing a wide share of Asia within its folds, and terminating in a bay, which being bounded in front by the Island of Sagalin, the upwardmost of the Japanese group (now a Russian possession), opens by one strait into the Sea of Okhotsk, and by another into the Sea of Japan.

No nation on the earth possesses so rich a prize, nor is there any other nation, except the United States, that, were such a river in its possession, would be likely to use it speedily, and at once, to so good a purpose as Russia. For ourselves, the nation that has for centuries possessed the Columbia, the Saskatchewan, and the great connection by the Canadian Lakes, but has used them for no other purpose than for hunting of beavers; a nation that has scarcely yet applied steam to the Ganges, and the very inland water communication of whose own territory is yet undeveloped; we must retire from the pretension of being civilisers, and be content to squabble for small privileges with those colonies which have grown tired of our ignorant, ill-directed and injudicious interference.

In almost every point of view, the Amoor is the most valuable stream in northern Asia. Of all the large rivers of that boundless region, it is the only one that empties itself into a navigable part of the universal ocean. The Obi, the Yenissei, and the Lena, carry the waters of the Altai mountains to the Polar Sea, there to be lost to commerce as effectually as if buried in the sands of a burning desert; the Yana, the Indigirka, the Alasi, and the Kolyma, which rise in a subordinate range, waste their respective tributaries on the same hopeless wilderness of ice; and the Anadyr and the Kamchatka river, though they do find their way to the Pacific, are yet of secondary

volume in themselves, while the countries which they drain have little or no use for maritime outlets. The Amoor, in fact is the only highway of nature that directly connects the central steppes of Asia with the rest of the world. While both sides of the Amoor belonged to China, it was less useful, as a channel of traffic, than any one of the ice-locked rivers of Siberia. Should not humanity, therefore, rejoice, that recent political arrangements have given one of its banks to Russia, and so thrown open its mighty stream to the commerce of the world, while it affords to herself the means of conducting a trade with China and the other countries of the East, more extensive and more advantageous than any overland commerce, furnishing not only a receptacle for vessels, but also materials for building them, as well as from its proximity to the sea of Japan, bringing her even as a maritime power into influential contact with both her opulent neighbours.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, and in the first quarter of the seventeenth, a few handfuls of Cossacks were successfully cutting their way from the Arabian chain to the Lena, there to encounter and subdue the Tungusian hordes, which, by the most extraordinary contrast in the history of the world, were, at one and the same time, falling before the mere outposts of Russia, and tramping under foot the ancient dynasty of China. By the middle of the seventeenth century the Russians had advanced a considerable way down both sides of the Amoor, having the Pacific Ocean, as it were, already in their view, when China, having acquired a new interest to the northward, through her involuntary connection with the Tartars, turned her arms towards the same quarter. After a good deal of fighting, in which the Russians, notwithstanding their inferiority in number, always dealt the hardest blows, the Chinese, partly by trickery, and partly owing to their being much nearer to their resources, forced their dangerous enemy, by treaty, to recede from the Amoor to the line of boundary terminating in the sea of Okhotsk, in nearly the same parallel of latitude as afterwards divided Russia from England, on the eastern shore of the Pacific. The treaty in question was made in 1689, soon after the commencement of the reign of Peter the Great; and this most ambitious of the Czars was doubtless the more ready to ratify the dishonourable and disadvantageous compact, inasmuch as one of its collateral stipulations provided for the opening of a regular trade by land between the two empires. This treaty, that of Nertschinsk, stipulated for a reciprocal liberty of trafficking between the Russians and the Chinese, and accordingly, individuals on their own account, and caravans on behalf of the Government, used to visit Peking. But—as has happened at Japan before with the ships' crews, and will in all probability happen again—the Muscovites constantly set so bad an example before the sedate inhabitants of the Imperial City, in the way of drinking and roystering, that after exhausting the patience of the Celestials during a period of thirty-three years, they were entirely deprived of their commercial privileges in 1722. Five years afterwards, concessions and apologies from Russia obtained in 1728 a market and emporium on the international frontier, each nation having a city of its own wherein to trade—the Chinese having Maimatchin; the Russians, Kiachta.

Though at first the Russians were doubtless gainers

by the treaty, they soon began to feel that a fair at Kiachta, or a factory at Peking, were a poor exchange for the only direct channel of communication with the Pacific. What has followed was the natural result of the persistent energy of Russia operating upon the inert feebleness of the Chinese Government.

The river Amoor, or Sagalin, presents two widely distinct hydrographical basins; one belongs to Mongolia, or Dauria, and the country of the Kalkas, the other to Manchuria. The two are separated by the In-ghan or King-ghan chain of mountains. The Mongolian, or Upper Amoor, is again formed by two great tributaries, the Chilka and the Argun, the first of which has its origin from the southern slopes of the Yablonoi and Stavonoi mountains, and the second from the groups of mountains first delineated by Atkinson, and which extend from the district of Lake Baikal to the Great Desert of Gobi or Shamo. Hence it is, too, that the Argun, which has a course of some thousand miles before it unites with the Amoor at Ust Strelka, and waters some of the finest pasture lands of all Mongolia, has been handed down from generation to generation as the holy river of the Mongols. Both rivers are navigable above their junction, the Chilka up to Nertschinsk, well known for its great metallurgical works; naturally they are still more so after their junction. The Sungari, or Manchurian branch of the Amoor, has its origin from the eastern and southern slopes of the In-ghan or King-ghan mountains, and it joins the Amoor below the Chinese city of Sagalin, at a point where the great river takes a more north easterly course.

It is in the forests that shade the sources of the Argun—the most distant sources of the Amoor—and in the rocks that surround them, that Genghis Khan was born, and received from the gods the mission to lead his countrymen to the conquest of the world. No Kalkas chief visits these venerated localities without uttering some rhythmic incantation. It is said that these nomades, seeing the Chinese empire falling to pieces as that of Russia gains in strength, have transferred to it an allegiance which they had previously withheld from the Manchu dynasty, yet ruling awhile on the throne of Peking. It is more than probable that the daily encroachments of the Russians in Manchuria have much influenced the Kalkas tribes in this resolution. The manner in which these encroachments have been effected is truly characteristic of Muscovite policy.

The treaty of Nertschinsk, concluded in 1733 between Russia and China, designated the Yablonoi Mountains, which give birth to the northern tributaries to the Amoor, as the natural frontiers of the two empires. But in 1845 a Russian traveller, M. Middendorf, discovered in the valley of one of those streams, and far away from the coast of the Yablonoi, a frontier mark (See p. 285) raised at the time of said treaty by the Chinese commissioners, who were no doubt too idle to convey it to the summit of the mountains. A note¹ was

¹ The boundaries of China and Russia are marked by lofty wooden posts, erected on stone pedestals (See p. 285), and bearing, on the one side, an inscription in Chinese, and on the other, one in Russian. The Chinese towns are always at some distance from these frontier marks, owing to the jealousy of her subjects holding any communication with foreigners. The commanding officer is, almost invariably, a banished mandarin, who is compelled to live like the soldiers, being denied both money and

immediately made of the fact, the Russian maps were corrected, and gradually the Muscovite possessions were extended to the very valley of the Amoor. Nicolaievsk, a fortress, was founded at its mouth; and when an envoy from Peking went thither to intimate to the Russians, according to the formula of the Celestial Empire, that they must purge the soil of their presence, the answer was, pointing to the batteries and to some sloops of war in the great river, that that was quite enough to legitimatise and to give permanence to accomplished facts.

In 1854 the Russian government despatched a scientific expedition to explore its newly acquired territories. Arriving at Irkutsk in the winter, its different members started in the advent of spring by Lake Baikal and Kiachta, and crossing thence the heights of the Stavonoi, they reached the town of Ust-Strelka² on the Chilka, where a steamer was awaiting them to convey them down the river. The details of their journey thence may be given in the words of M. Firmikin, geologist and naturalist to the expedition.

assistance from his friends; but as the post is generally occupied by a person who has been condemned to death for a great crime, he is fain to accept his pardon on condition of serving ten years as chief of the guard.

Kiachta and Maimatchin, or "the Place of Trade," stand within three hundred yards of each other, and are reached by a route along the River Selenga through about sixty miles of dreary scenery from Selenginska, where the road turns off from the river, and is continued over a more open and wooded country to the Chinese frontier. On reaching Kiachta, the hills rise in a commanding manner, spreading out in various directions, and forming beautiful but unproductive valleys. A little brook, called Kiachta, forms the boundary of the two mighty empires, and the settlements are situated as nearly as possible in the fiftieth parallel of latitude, about 1,500 miles from Peking (ten days for a caravan, thirty for a caravan), and about 1,000 from Moscow. In Kiachta only traders may reside; in Maimatchin the Chinese welcome and feast strangers and friends. Kiachta contains large houses and stores. Maimatchin has four narrow streets, with wooden houses, containing, during the fair, from 1,500 to 2,000 persons. The streets are clean. In the centre of all is a pagoda, or observatory, of three stories. The house of the Saugutcha, or superintendent, is of some pretensions, with a court-yard, but is only of one story; there is a small temple of Fo and a court of justice, a petty theatre, and then all the public buildings are told. The wealthier merchants have large houses, tastefully decorated. Tea is ready at all times, and dinner more often than you can eat it. Free passage between each town is allowed between sunset and sunrise. From this market Russia takes 6,000,000 of pounds of tea and 300,000 lbs. of rhubarb, with silks of various kinds, while the Chinese receive in exchange furs and woollens, metals, leather, linens and cottons, writing paper, and articles of crockery. There is also a minor exchange or retail of grain and provisions. Russia sells of her own native produce in the proportion of sixteen to thirty-two of foreign goods. The grand season for business is the winter, beginning, by rights, about the last week in January. Much of the coarse brick tea is carried by the Russians to Nijni Novgorod, and then despatched to the province of Astrakhan for the use of the Kalbucks. The exports and imports of Kiachta are valued at £2,000,000.

Ust-Strelka stands close to the junction of the two rivers, the Chilka or Chulka, and the Argun, which united, after a course of 750 miles in the first, and 1,000 miles in the latter, from the Amoor. The former river receives from the Yablonoi, called by M. Pirochin the Stavonoi mountains, several streams in which gold is found. Bitumen also is obtained from some caverns situate on its banks. From 1689 to 1854, says Mr. Atkinson, the junction of the Argun and Chulka was the most easterly point of the Russian empire in the region of the Amoor. But during all this period of 165 years, the frontier Cossacks were constantly penetrating into the country on the banks of the Amoor, and many wild stories have been handed down of the contests these hardy hunters had with the Mantchu race; besides which, many convicts have escaped from the mines, and descended the Amoor, only to

be captured by the people on its banks. An exile escaped this way, and succeeded in passing all the Chinese posts in a canoe or small boat, by keeping to the north side of the river. He lived on the produce of his rifle, enduring great hardships, and finally reached the mouth of the Amoor in the hope of getting away in some vessel. In this he was disappointed, and after all chance of escape had vanished, started on his return. He fell in with a party of Tunguse sable-hunters, and spent the hunting season with them; after which they crossed the country towards the upper part of the Suya, and ultimately brought him to one of the fairs attended by the Cossacks. He was recognised by his countrymen, and carried back to the mines of Neretschinsk, after an absence of more than eighteen months. The information which he had acquired was considered of so much value, that the chief got his sentence remitted on condition of his taking another journey to gain more knowledge of the region. At the season of the yarmak, he was provided with powder, lead, and a few other necessities, and accompanied with Cossacks to the fair, in the hope of meeting his old companions, the Tunguse. They were there, delighted to see him, and he, having been provided with a packet of powder for every man, was again admitted as a brother, and invited to accompany them to hunt the sable. At the end of three days, the fair broke up, when he said good-bye to his countrymen, and started with the Tunguse on his homeward journey. This time he acquired a knowledge of the southern side of the Yablonoi range, and discovered a short route to the sable-hunting ground far down towards the mouth of the Amoor. Having spent another season sable hunting, he returned with his companions to the fair, and then to the Zavod, bringing much valuable information about the different people dwelling on the banks of the Amoor, and so opened up a road into a valuable fur-producing country. This exile was sent a third time, with injunctions to penetrate into the region on the south side of the Amoor, during the sable-hunting season, and return in time to accompany the Tunguse to the fair. Many horsemen arrived, but he was not with them, nor was he ever heard of afterwards. Afterwards several convicts escaped down the river, but no one returned to tell his story, and it is supposed that they were killed.

In 1848 it was decided to explore the Amoor, when an officer, with four Cossacks, were sent in the spring of that year on an expedition down the river in a boat; they were armed and provisioned, and it was hoped that this small party might be permitted to pass unmolested. He also carried instruments for making observations, a telescope, and a quantity of gold coin. It was well known that great jealousy existed among the Chinese authorities, that they always endeavoured to stop the Cossacks pursuing game into their territory, and it was only the dread of their deadly rifles that enabled them to escape from superior numbers. The officer was instructed to avoid coming in contact with the authorities, if possible; to examine their towns and villages from a distance, but not to enter them. He was desired to conciliate the people on every opportunity, and he carried various articles for presents. It was expected that the party would accomplish the object, if permitted, in about nine months, and, if stopped, that they would speedily return. Time passed on; nine months had elapsed, but there were no tidings of the officer and his men. During the winter the Cossacks inquired of all the Orotsches who attended the fairs, if these men had been seen, but no one could give any tidings about them. The Tunguse sable hunters were promised a reward if they would find them, or learn if they were detained by the Chinese; but all efforts proved fruitless. In 1852 an application was made by the Governor of Kiachta to the Chinese Governor in Ourga, stating that an officer and four men had deserted, carrying away with them a large sum in gold, and several instruments; that they had descended the Amoor, and it was believed they had been captured by the Chinese officers, and were detained in one of the towns. If so, the Russian Government desired that they should be delivered up, either at Kiachta, or any of the forts on the frontier. This produced no result, nor have they ever been heard of. At last the Governor General of Siberia determined to explore the Amoor, and in 1854 a great expedition was organised by him for that object. It was on such a scale that

good people have never once failed transmitting their annual tribute of furs to the Great White Khan of the West. Further on we met with Tunguses in boats made of the bark of birch. They belonged to the tribe of Mauri, and they pay, it appears, a small impost to the Chinese. We gave them some brandy, and some small ornaments. One of them could speak Russian, Chinese, and Mantchu, besides his own language.

That day we travelled 130 versts,¹ and on the 1st of June we arrived at the place where was formerly Albasin,² the chief place of the Cossack establishments founded in olden times along the banks of the river. Attacked at this station, in the time of the Emperor Kiamhi, by an army of nearly 100,000 Chinese (*1*), even then the latter might possibly not have succeeded in driving them from their stronghold, had it not been for the scientific aid given to the Celestials by the Jesuit missionaries at that time at Pekin.

The fall of Albasin put an end to the expeditions which these hardy pioneers of Russian power were making on this highway to the Eastern Ocean, and the ramparts of the fortress bear to the present day evidences of how fierce the struggle was. This handful of heroes, returning into Europe, were introduced to the Emperor, who, to do honour to their courage, enrolled them among the Cossack body guard, an honour which has been transmitted to their descendants, who constitute to the present day the regiment of Albasinskis.

A little beyond this ruined site the Enuri, or Albasicha, empties itself into the Amoor from the right. Before arriving at the junction we recognised, upon an island, about ten versts in length, the traces of the batteries raised by the Mantchu-Chinese force upon the occasion of the siege.

At this point the character of the vegetation underwent a great change. The larch is succeeded by oaks



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and birch, and in sheltered spots the elm and ash grow freely, with an undercover of wild roses and nut trees, and on the banks of the river willows—all manifesting an improved climate, although the smaller plants still bore the seal of the Daurian flora.

The Chinese could neither check his progress, nor prevent his taking possession of the north bank of the river. In less than six weeks the whole of this vast region, including the country between the Amoor and the Russian frontier to the north of the Yablonoi mountains, had changed masters; it had now fallen into strange hands, and, before the end of the year, the entire Chinese army could not have dislodged the small body of Cossacks placed in position. General Mouraviev had seized on every point necessary for the security of his position.

The Managrians had a few huts in the neighbourhood, and they saw us go by in utter indifference, although they could never have seen a steamboat towing a number of other boats. Even the band of music did not disturb them from their occupations.

¹ The verst is equal to 1166½ yards, or about three-quarters of an English mile.

² Albasin stands on the site of an ancient Tungus town, and derives its name from Albas, a Daurian prince, who lived there. Several attempts were made to penetrate into the region beyond the Yablonoi by these pioneers, the hunters and Cossacks, and some of them had reached the Amoor, and others the upper branches of the Seya. Each party found an almost inexhaustible supply of animals, such as were valuable for their fur, as well as

On the 4th of July we passed several islands covered with poplars, ash, and willows. At eight o'clock in the evening we brought to (curiously enough, the French reporter says *Nous stoppâmes*), on the left bank, at one of the prettiest places we had yet met with. The Rivers Toro and Angan surround a rich, open valley; a few Managrians wandered on their banks, where herds of horses pastured, among which we remarked several magnificent whitesteeds; the whole of the land that we passed that day, indeed, was pasture, and adapted for cultivation; the valleys, which extend upwards from the banks, are surrounded by hills, which rise like an amphitheatre, and which, in some instances, come down to the river's bed, where they terminate in abrupt cliffs of little height.

Forty versts beyond this, at the mouth of the lesser Onon, a clan of Managrians inhabited seven different villages, not far removed from one another. One of these nomades related a curious legend to us in connection with a hill of sand called Zapajon, which rises

up out of a kind of bay in the river, near its left bank, and which he asserted to send forth smoke whenever a man went near it, but to cease to do so when he went away. The dwellers on this part of the river, who are of Tunguse origin, are all given to Shamanism, and have a great veneration for this miraculous hill, which they assert to be tenanted by an evil spirit. This hill is said to be some thirty versts in extent, but not being able to examine it closely, we supposed that the smoke which it exhaled came from the combustion of some coal-beds, or that it contained cavities such as are very common in the limestone mountains of Eastern Siberia, and that when the external air is cold, the warmer air of the interior escapes in the shape of vapours. (This explanation is not very creditable to M. Pirmikin, as a professed geologist. First, was it really a hill of sand thirty versts in extent? If sand, it could neither contain beds of coal or limestone caverns. Might not the formation and phenomena be like those of Baku and Kirkuk in Babylonia, where



YAKUTS ON A JOURNEY.

chemical actions, which are to be distinguished from volcanic phenomena, give birth to hot springs, with naphtha and sulphureted hydrogen, as also to flames and vapour.)

those proper for food. It was not, however, till the year 1643, that a party of Cossack hunters crossed the Yabusi, reached the Amur, and descended to the sea. After their success, and the reported wealth of the region, it was decided that a settlement should be made on the Amur. In the year 1650, Khabaroff was dispatched from Yakutsk, with a body of Cossacks, to select a position on the Amur, and fortify themselves in it. After a difficult march these warriors reached the river; and, having made a careful examination of several localities, Albasin was chosen as affording most of the requisites for such an establishment—wood, water, and good pastures.

In 1561 the fort was completed, and its position commanded all the approaches. A numerous body of hunters followed the Cossacks, and took up their place of abode there. Thus the town sprang up rapidly, and before the hunting season, sufficient dwellings were erected to shelter all the inhabitants. This additional force of well-armed men rendered their post quite secure, and a body of Chinese troops could dislodge them. When the hunting season came round, these men dispersed in every direction, and in consequence of their abundance, Orochuk, or Oroches, Manyars, and some other tribes who live by the produce of their forests, deemed this an intrusion on their domains. But the Cossacks

and hunters looked upon the territory as their own, and wherever catables could be obtained, there they followed their pursuit. As the animals became less numerous in the forests around, they descended the Amur, and drove the natives from their hunting grounds, after committing other depredations. Year after year these men oppressed the people, and others of a worse character sought here escape from the punishment which awaited them at Siberia. Thus a number of daring and desperate characters were ever ready for mischief; and when the hunt failed them, they did not hesitate to appropriate any property at hand. At length they became more daring, crossed the Amur, pillaged the villages, and set the Chinese authorities at defiance. Remonstrances were frequently made by the Chinese, but without any avail; and each year, as the hunters had to proceed further to obtain their animals, their labour became more severe. Even by great exertion they could not always obtain a sufficient supply to satisfy their rapacity. When this happened, a large body secured the country, and plundered every tribe on their route. These proceedings roused all the ire of the Celestials, and in 1657 an army from the Central Flowery Land sat down before Albasin, and summoned the garrison to surrender the fort, and leave the country, taking their arms and property. To this they sent a defiance; and the

Lower down, the banks of the river begin to present new features. The large valleys that line the banks of the river become still more extensive; the rocky mountains grow more and more distant; the meadows are clothed with rich grass; the islands increase in number, the river flows rapidly towards the south, forming such rapid curves to the east and west, that it appears sometimes as if one was almost going back again; we passed by extensive plains and low islands; everywhere poplars, ash and wild apples (*Pyrus ussuriensis*), alternate with shrubbery of red-grained elder and willows. A small kind of oak grows on the mountains by the side of the black birch. Pine trees and larches become rarer. The meadows are covered with rich herbage. Numerous herds of cattle could be reared in these fine plains, but at present there is nothing living in these solitudes save the powerful activity impressed by nature on vegetation.

Chinese general commenced operations by erecting batteries on an island fronting Albazin. The ruins of these works still exist, and they are of considerable extent. It is needless to attempt any description of the siege, or to repeat the traditions that have been handed down, and which may be still heard when sitting round a Cossack camp fire. It is only necessary to say that the siege lasted till late in 1658, nearly two years, to prove that the defence was a determined one, and that want of provisions alone compelled the Cossacks to surrender. They marched out, however, with their arms, and returned into Siberia, the Chinese army attending them across the frontier; and Albazin was destroyed. All the prisoners taken during the siege were sent to Pekin, and hence in after years Russia stipulated to send a mission to give spiritual instruction to the Cossacks of Albazin. The valuable furs that were obtained in this region, and were constantly being bartered for the different yermaks on the frontier, were too tempting to many of the wild spirits who had been driven out. In 1695, a number of hunters descended the Amoor to Albazin, and some of them restored their old habitations. This time they were more prudent, avoiding the hunting grounds frequented by the natives; and thus they were left in peace. In 1670, Rekiir Tchernigowsky organized a small body of men at Kereuka, and descended the Amoor. On his arrival at Albazin, he found it occupied by the few hunters, but they were living among the ruins. As he knew that in the present state he could not hold it, if the Chinese came to dispute possession, he set about restoring the fort. The works went on without molestation, and in due time were finished. It was soon made known in Siberia, that Albazin was restored, and this induced numbers to join the little garrison. In about two years Tchernigowsky had more men under his command than were engaged in the first siege, and he kept them under control, avoiding as much as possible all intercourse with the Manchus. Under his command the place flourished, and the Chinese perceived that it would endanger their power. This induced them to build the town of Aigun on the Middle Amoor, to counteract its effect, and, if possible, force the Russians to leave their territory. On the 14th of June, 1685, the Chinese army appeared before the town, and took up their former position on the island. The general had a large force, and, as the batteries had not been destroyed, he was soon ready for the attack. Tolbozin was appointed to the command in Albazin; the place was put in the best possible state for defence, but the Chinese outnumbered his men ten to one. On the 22nd, the enemy made an assault, when Tolbozin and his garrison defended the town with the utmost bravery for several days; subsequently, however, perceiving that it was impossible to hold it against such numbers, he withdrew in the night. The Chinese entered the fort the following day, and again levelled the works; having accomplished this, they retreated to Aigun. Tolbozin left scouts to watch their movements, and when informed of their departure, he marched back to Albazin. On the 7th of August, he began restoring the fort, and before the winter set in, was in a position to restore the town. During the cold season, he made preparations for another struggle, and endeavoured to render his post impregnable. The snow and ice stopped the return of the Chinese, but he learned that their next campaign would be on a greater scale, as they were determined to destroy the Muscovites. Early in the spring of 1686, the Celestials commenced their preparations; the whole of the Amoor district was collected to take a part in the coming struggle, and aid

Khaboroff, the first Russian conqueror in these regions, founded a military post, where the Amoor receives the Kamara, in 1651. Abandoned at the same time as Albazin, it has been lately re-established; we saw two birch bark canoes in a creek, but no living person.

Seventy-six versts below this, there is another military post on the left bank of the Amoor, consisting of three tents, built of wood, and thatched with rushes, and a little in advance of these is a temple constructed of trunks of trees, and which, according to the sinologist Sytschewski, who accompanied the expedition, was dedicated to the god of war. Large incense-burners, fixed in the soil, smoked in front of this rude temple, nearer to the river.

One hundred and seventeen versts beyond this, on the right bank of the Amoor, twenty-three houses—being a considerable number for these regions—compose the

in the complete annihilation of the Russians. Long before they sailed, Tolbozin knew that the Chinese general had collected an overwhelming force; but great as was its numbers, he was not daunted, and his officers and men determined never to yield. When the ice broke up on the Amoor, supplies were sent from Nertschinsk, and his little garrison was soon provisioned for the siege. It was the last week in June when the Chinese land forces marched into their position before the town; their naval expedition arrived a few days later. On the 2nd of July, the enemy began his operations against the town, using both his land and naval forces, but without making any impression on the besieged. Both the attack and defence were conducted with the utmost bravery for several weeks, and Tolbozin was killed. This was a great loss to the Cossacks, but it gave hope to the Chinese, and they pressed on the siege with more vigour. The command in Albazin now devolved on an officer named Beaton, and he continued to hold the place against the Celestials in spite of all their efforts, till severe losses and the approach of winter compelled them to retire to their encampment. This determined defence had not been maintained without loss, as many Cossacks were killed; the survivors were, however, left in peace throughout the winter. In the following spring, Beaton received reinforcements and provisions from Nertschinsk, and prepared for another obstinate defence. The siege was again renewed as soon as the weather permitted, and continued throughout the summer, but the Chinese gained no advantage. Notwithstanding the great superiority of the latter in numbers, winter found Beaton and his Cossacks still unconquered, and in possession. He held Albazin for a period of two years, until the winter of 1688, and then retired, after having defended the place against ten times his force. Beaton gave the Celestials many proofs of his bull-dog courage, showing that it does not evaporate even in the wilds of Asia; and Mr. Atkinson says he has the best authority for saying he was an Englishman. On the 27th of August, 1689, a treaty was concluded at Nertschinsk, between the Russians and Chinese, by which Russia was compelled to surrender all her settlements in Manuria or Mantchuria; it was stipulated that neither power should occupy Albazin, and a boundary was defined from the Baikal to the Sea of Okhotsk. Other disputes arose, and as it was found impossible to prevent the Siberian hunter from pursuing his avocations beyond the prescribed limits, a second treaty was concluded from Chinese dictation, in June, 1728. At that period the Chinese authority predominated, and Russia was subjected to numerous insults, and his Celestial Majesty believed that she was his vassal. What a change has come over the scene since Khaboroff and his Cossacks were apparently imitating the old buccanniers! and tradition has handed down to the present races on the Amoor an account of the plundering and piratical conduct of these men, whose names even yet cause a dread. In this year of grace, 1860, Russia's power in these regions is not an idea, but a fact. One hundred and thirty-two years have elapsed since her prodigies of valour were compelled to retreat from their settlements on the Amoor. In 1854 the descendants of these men took possession of this great river, from its commencement to the sea, and added nearly half of Mantchuria to the Russian empire; and this was accomplished in less than six weeks. Were it now either necessary or politic, Mouravioff, with his Cossacks, could pitch his Celestial-born Majesty, mandarins, pig-tails, and all, into the gulf of Petchenee.

village of Amba-Sachalgan. Taking advantage of our evening's bringing to, we paid it a visit. Four old men, two old women, and three young children, were the only inhabitants, the rest of the inhabitants were out hunting or fishing. The houses, distributed here and there, were rudely constructed of wood, clay, and rushes. There was oiled paper at the windows instead of glass. The rooms were decorated with paintings on canvas, representing the divinities of the Buddhist and Fu worship. There were, also, several objects of Chinese manufacture, such as cupboards and domestic utensils. Masses of birch, elm, maple, acacia, and of the incomparable *Pyraus spectabilis*, overshadowed each of these humble residences, which also possessed, in addition, each of them a garden cultivated with the greatest care. I remarked in them different kinds of millet and Indian corn; and then, in small squares, gray radishes, leeks, garlic, Spanish pepper, French beans, and other vegetables. Like true Russians, we especially admired two new varieties of cabbage. These people possessed few cattle and horses, but many pigs, and a particular kind of fowls.

Next day, doubling a cape which advanced from the left, we came upon the immense valley of the Saja, or Zaya, whose banks stretched beyond vision, and which emptied itself into the Amoor by a very wide mouth. Its waters flowed along the bottom of the valley like a ribbon. The place is one of incomparable beauty; I never saw anything like it. The width and depth of the Amoor are considerably increased by this additional mass of water. If the country that surrounds Abasin, the mouths of the Kamara and the Argun, are well adapted for founding establishments, the valley of the Saja is still more preferable from many considerations. According to a report, dated 1681, iron has been found in the White Mountains, mid-distance between the mouth of the Saja and the Selenga, one of its tributaries.

Thirty versts from the mouth of the Saja, is the town of Sagadan-Uli Khoton. The interval between is lotted with little villages composed of a few huts, so remote from one another, that one occupies a distance of five versts along the banks. Cultivated fields were to be seen in the neighbourhood of the houses. The port, which is a little bit above the town, contained thirty-five large boats, each of which could carry 300 poods. Some members of the expedition having expressed a wish to visit the Chinese town, they were received at the landing place by the amban or Manchu governor, and by three officers, who invited them to enter a tent in which two benches had been placed. They must have collected all the soldiers of the place for their reception, for there were at least a thousand. They were armed with long sticks, to which a sharp point, hardened in the fire, gave the appearance of pikes. Some of them had ponderous and rude swords; others, but these in small number, were armed with muskets; but almost all held small bows in their hands, and had a quiver full of arrows on their shoulder; at a short distance from the tent were in guns, mounted on great wheels rudely constructed, each gun was covered with a little roof of birch bark, the whole being painted a red colour. To each gun a man was also attached with a stick in his hand, but we could not see if the stick served as a handle to a slow-match. The amban refused us permission to go into the interior of the town. The soldiers came such numbers into the tent, during the interview,

that they were obliged to be driven out with sticks. In front of the low town is an island on which can be seen the remains of a mud wall, the last relics of a fortress constructed by the Manchu-Chinese to resist the incursions of the Cossacks of the seventeenth century.

Five versts below Sagadin, on the left bank of the Amoor, are the remains of Ai-gun, which in the seventeenth century had all the importance which the other city has acquired in the present day. When the Cossacks made their appearance on the river, this place was abandoned; and after the capture of Nerstchinsk, this city of Sagadin was founded, in accordance with instructions received to that effect from Pekin.

Below the junction of the Saja the valleys expand on both sides of the Amoor, the banks lower, and the blue mountains disappear in the horizon. The lower levels become even marshy, and are interspersed with little lakes surrounded by rushes and reeds. We are in the great southern curve of the river basin. The Daurian flora, which predominates as far as the Saja, is now succeeded by an European vegetation, which continues as far as the confluence of the Sungari. The lime, or lindén, the poplar, the *Cornus mascula*, the *Bryonia alba*, and several others, and around which grow the oak, the nut, and white birch, are now met with. It is to be remarked that only wild trees grow along the banks of the river; but in the Manchu villages and gardens the elm and poplar are found planted by the hand of man.

All this country reminds one of the best parts of Central European Russia. It could contain a considerable population, which would find every facility for rearing numerous herds of cattle and horses, and flocks of sheep, and could cultivate immense tracts only waiting for the plough. Besides the resources which active colonists would draw from a virgin soil clad with admirable natural pastures, and with a magnificent forest vegetation, the Amoor would supply them with an inexhaustible quantity of fish.

It is only at the confluence of the Burija that this great series of fertile plains and valleys, which await the herdsman and the ploughman, terminate, and the basin of the Amoor is once more hemmed in between mountains.

The great Manchurian chain, called In-chen or King-han by Atkinson, and Hing-Gan by Pirmikin, and which separates the basin of the Sungari from that of the Upper Amoor, cross the latter near this point to go and unite with the Yablonoi or Stanovoi chain, and throw off its ramifications, that extend to the extreme north-east of the Asiatic continent. In its course through this mountain chain the Amoor no longer presents any of those numerous islands which are previously met with; but its waters, deeper, more rapid, and more pellucid than heretofore, reflect the admirable vegetation of its borders like a limpid mirror. It is no longer above 250 to 300 yards in width, and at times barely that. To the right and to the left, primitive forests, with vast timber trees and an impenetrable undergrowth, stretch along the banks, and creep up the sides of the mountains to their very summits, and beyond the reach of vision.

The Siberian cedar, the Juglans, the Cembro pine, and the Mongolian oak, form, with their powerful branches, a rigid vault of dark green, enlivened here and there with the white and flickering tints of the

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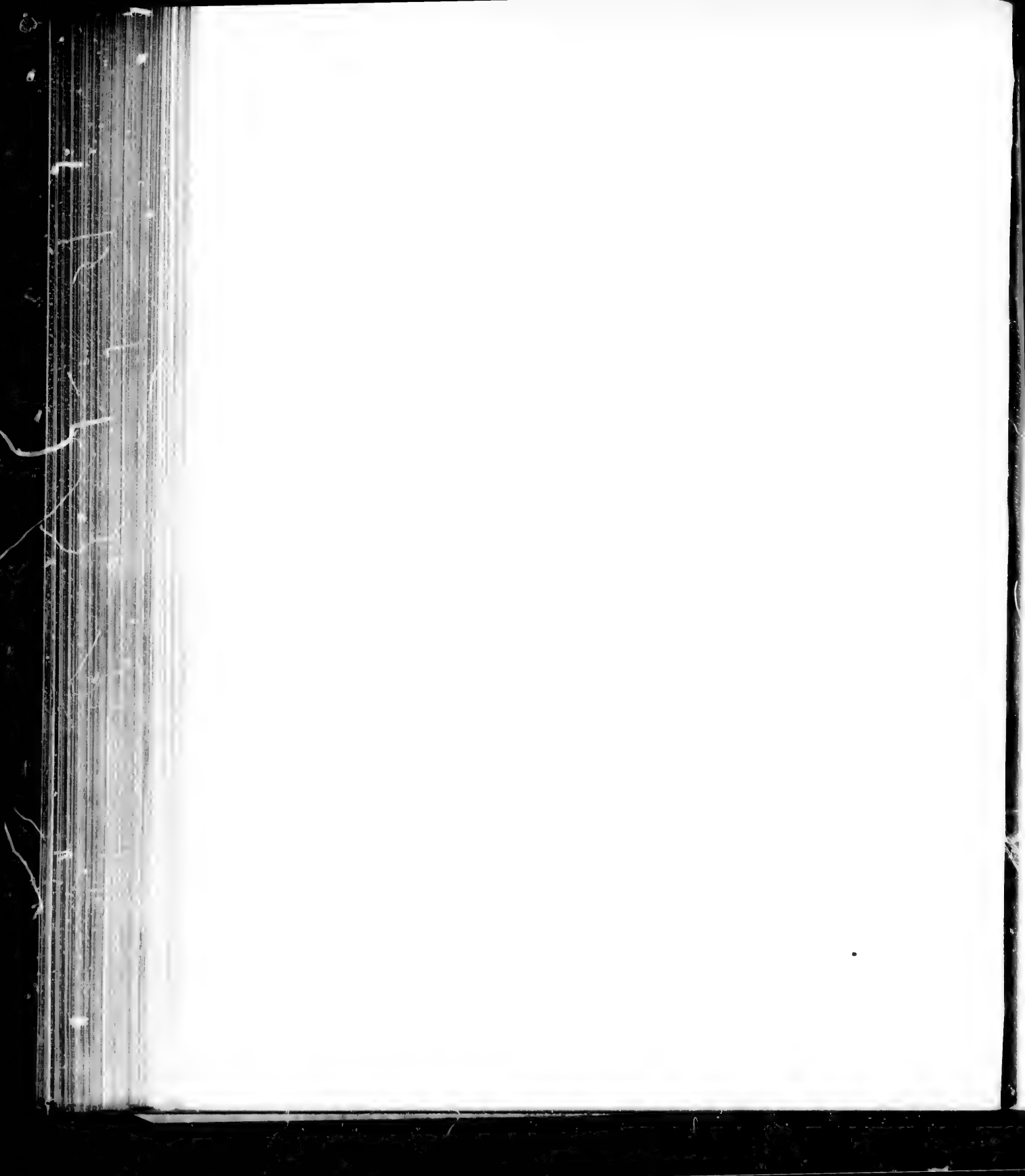
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PORT OF OKHOTSK



silver-leaved aspen and birch, at a height of 30 yards and more; whilst at the foot of these giants of the vegetable kingdom innumerable shrubs, and still more numerous flowering plants, varied specimens of that Daurian flora, so dear to the botanist and the horticulturist, are huddled together in indescribable confusion, and which is still further increased by the inextricable rope-like growth of wild vines and of the *Trochodendron* which climbs up from the green and moist trunks, into which they send their roots, to the very summit of the sap-bearing tree, and which thus serves to them as a ladder upwards to the sun and light.

In these dense coverts, the only pathways are those which have been opened by the bears, and up to 1854 neither the woodman's axe nor the sportsman's gun had yet warned the fauna of these vast solitudes that the men of the west had in reserve for them noises more formidable even than the tiger's roar, previous to that epoch their unchallenged king.

Beyond the mouth of the Burija, the mountains on the left bank begin to recede, and take a more northerly direction. Almost immediately afterwards those of the right bank turn equally to the south-west. The river itself, after disencumbering itself of the vicinity of the mountains, assumes gradually an eastern direction. Thus, after a mountainous reach of about 220 versts in extent, wide valleys are seen re-appearing on the two sides of the Amoor, and nature resumes there the same grandiose aspect which the expedition had so much admired above. The same description of woods and forests, the same luxuriant prairies and meadows, are seen; and one can only hope that man may soon be able to profit by all these gifts of nature.

On the 15th of June, we reached the mouth of the Sungari. As it forms a delta, it is difficult to determine which is the chief branch; and the rapidity with which we were going down, only permitted me to make a few notes in regard to their great river, which bring all the waters of Central Manchuria into the Amoor. The immense circular valley, which opens behind the hills beyond, has a width of 185 versts, and its depth is unknown. When the Amoor is seen after receiving this new stream, which constitutes a great and powerful river in itself, flowing in one united body through another mountain pass, the mind is arrested with the thought—did it make its way through these vast ramparts of stone by its own power, or what convulsions and cataclysms hewed for it a road to the ocean?

The district between the Sungari and the Usuri presents nothing remarkable, save the shores of glaring sands, covered with willows, acacias, and gooseberry-trees, and in the valleys, picturesque oaks, elms, maple, poplar, and ash. It is only on approaching the mouth of the Usuri that the mountains which line the right bank come down near the river; the left bank continues to be low.¹ All this region, although utterly

uninhabited at the present moment, presents on both sides vast spaces adapted to colonisation, to agriculture, and to pasturing cattle. The landscape preserves the same character, up to the point where the chain of mountains, which separates the basin of the Usuri from the coast of the ocean, drives the course of the Amoor more to the northwards.²

clay, thickly covered with timber; in some places vistas are formed through the dense forest, leading to a fine open country beyond, where rich pastures stretch out to a great distance, but the grass is never cropped, except by the wild animals. Both banks partake of the same character, and, notwithstanding their luxuriance, they wear a different aspect, neither man nor his works being visible, and Nature pours for her bounties only to wither and die unheeded. Russia has obtained a territory more valuable than all the supposed cotton districts of Africa, watered by hundreds of streams flowing into the great artery that passes through its entire length. The climate is good, and well suited for Europeans; its animals belong to both the cold and warm regions, while its luxuriant herbage and magnificent flora, prove that the temperature is neither severe in winter, nor excessively hot in summer. It is possible that some of these great plains may be suited for the culture of the cotton plant; if so, a supply of this valuable product will, ere long, be found at the Russian ports, in the Sea of Japan, and in the Gulf of Tartary. Again, the Amoor stretches out, with numerous islands, dotted over its surface; most of these are low, and covered with willows. At the time of the spring floods they are inundated, and then it ebb is a highly stream, near five miles in width, that extends for thirty or forty miles. The hills now close in and force the flood into a narrow channel, till it reaches another great expanse named Senghachoo. The country becomes highly interesting; on the north, several valleys run far up among wooded hills, which extend towards the Kungshan mountains, whose summits are so distant, that they appear almost like clouds on the horizon. To the south, the mountains of Kluak-tcher-Khoo are seen stretching far beyond the Onssouré, and into the supposed Manchurian "El Dorado." Fertile plains extend along the banks of the river, watered by numerous ravines that descend from the distant hills. Clumps of maple, poplar, and lime-trees are dispersed over this tract, and willows fringe the borders of the streams. This scene would be improved by herds of cattle browsing on the plain, and waving crops of corn on the hill sides. Time, however, will bring about this change, and even the Manjars and Mangoons may become an agricultural people. As the river continues on its downward course, the aspect of the country changes; cliffs begin to rise on both slopes, in which many ravines have been cut by the torrents that come tumbling from the higher ground into the Amoor. These continue for many miles without any material change, till they reach Khe-r-ko, where the river expands into a deep bay on its southern shore, and this is named Namgria. There is a Tunguse settlement here and although the chief occupations of the people are fishing and hunting, each dwelling is surrounded by its garden, in which both vegetables and flowers are cultivated. The women are exceedingly industrious, and, unlike the Tunguse and Kalmycks of Siberia, keep their dwellings neat and clean. Both men and women possess all the qualities required in an industrious population. They are an exceedingly imitative race, and example will go far towards changing their habits. Beyond the bay, a large tract of meadow land runs up into a great curve turned by the mountains, where they sweep round towards the Onssouré, ending in high cliffs on the bank of the Amoor, and these are the rocks of Kirin, which form a bold and picturesque headland. A small arm of the Amoor makes a turn to the south at this point, and runs on towards the mouth of the Onssouré, having a narrow tract of flat land along the bank.

On a rocky eminence, which juts out into the river, a little beyond Kirin, are the remains of an ancient fort, and near it the ruins of Atehanska. The rocks run nearly perpendicular down to the water, and form a little sheltered cove that can only be approached in a boat, and a narrow neck connects this mass with the high bank. In the summer of 1651, Khabaroff visited the Onssouré, and, after deciding to form a permanent settlement near its mouth, selected this place, as nature had done much towards rendering this place secure. Without loss of time, he commenced operations, first securing his little fleet of boats in the cove, that formed a good and safe harbour; a path was soon formed that enabled the men to scale the cliffs, and there he began building a fort in which to spend the winter. His position was

¹ About twenty miles below Seh-gho-Koo, the Amoor expands to more than three miles in width, with many islands scattered over its bed; it then narrows again, and runs past the foot of Ak-dar, beyond a broad arm unites a curve to the south, having more the appearance of a lake than a river; this is named Targoug. The country on the right is a plain covered with long grass, clumps of willows and trees are scattered over it. On the north side, a series of small valleys and wooded hills extend to a great distance, beyond these are seen the summits of a mountain chain. After a winding course of many miles, the different branches are united, and the river flows on in one great stream, more than two miles in width. The banks are sand and

On the 19th of June, a rapid current separated the boat in which I was from the remainder of the expedition; after having navigated the coasts of an island, at least fifty versts in length, during the prevalence of a heavy storm, I was reduced to seek hospitality at a village of Goldians. A few presents ensured me a kindly reception, and were the precursors of a very animated commerce between them and us. These good

people bartered skins, zibelins, martins, and bears, for our manufactures. These Goldians are the most westerly of the tribes dwelling at the mouth of the river; next come the Mantguntians, who occupy all the interval between the Goldians and the people of the coast. The latter, the Gilyaks, hunt wild beasts, especially bears, which they keep and fatten in cages, as has been stated by previous travellers.

discovered by the Chinese in the autumn before he completed his works, and a body of Manchurian troops was sent to dislodge him. They were numerous enough to sweep him and his followers into the Amur, but his prowess had already made an impression on the minds of the Celestials, and they behaved like curs, barking at the lion at bay, but taking special care to keep out of the reach of his teeth. When the winter set in he was left in peace, and his enemies retired to their encampments to brood over their disappointment. After their departure, Khabaroff set about finishing his works, and did everything he could to render his position impregnable, as he was well aware that a large army would return in the spring. Another difficulty beset him, far more to be dreaded than Chinese soldiers, and that was the want of supplies. Fish was abundant in the Amur, and game could be obtained in the mountains, but he required more than these to enable him to stand a siege, and earn for one's self only he presumed from the foe. Khabaroff had overcome many obstacles to permit this to hunt him, and his men were ready to go wherever he led. Before the "Braves" were established in their winter-quarters, the commander of the fort, with a strong party, ascended the Ononour, and passed several of their fortresses. This was not his first voyage up the river, for he had previously ascended far beyond the Nore, and knew all their positions. Having reached a depot, the boats were soon in, and he made an attack on the place so sudden and desperate that the Manchurians were taken by surprise and driven out. With a few of his picked men, he kept in check a strong body of Chinese soldiers, while others helped themselves to what they wanted. When this was accomplished he retreated, springing into the boats, and passed out into the river without the slightest loss. It was not so with his opponents, for every shot that had been fired had been fatal, and the rifles of Khabaroff's Cossack hunters became the terror of the whole Chinese army. As the party descended the river, it was soon obvious that an alarm had been spread, and that they would have to run the gauntlet in passing the towns where Manchurian troops were stationed. On drawing near the first, the commander saw a line of boats filled with men pushing out into the river to cut him off. A strong current and a breeze was in his favour; they carried him rapidly down, and he ordered his men not to fire till they were near the enemy, then to sweep the two nearest boats, and the current would take them past in decomposition. His plan was successful, and his boats cut through the line; but the time his men did not escape unscathed, several being wounded; wind and current, however, soon carried them out of danger from Chinese missiles, while the Cossack rifles sensibly checked any daring spirits that approached too near. The river towns were passed in the night, and, in little more than a week, Khabaroff had provisioned his garrison to the extent of his enemies. Such was the daring of this man, that his name among the people was like that of Nelson among his enemies. The Cossacks of the Argun have many traditions concerning him, and his name is ever associated with victory. Khabaroff and his band were made prisoners of war, and as a large gun was drawn out on the Khabaroff River, there was a lack of provisions. He had also some English in his service, who assisted the Manchurians, and informed him of his preparations that were being made for a siege. A vessel arrived, was coming to assist them, under the command of two distinguished Manchurian officers, who had been used to command very many, nevertheless, no one appeared alarmed. At length the Chinese boats, and soldiers, counted the boats which were coming, and their hunting excursions. At length the winter was over, and spring returned, when the ships arrived, and the remainder of the Chinese troops, and lastly, a great body of men took up a position before the fort. Before hostilities commenced, the general summoned the garrison to surrender, and proposed that all the men should be escorted to the river, but their commander they demanded as a condition of their surrender. On a shout of defiance, and an order to fire, the Chinese boats were ordered to open fire, and the Cossacks were permitted to accomplish this object. Khabaroff passed the winter with

few small guns, while the Cossacks picked off the men with their rifles whenever they could get within range, and many fell, with little loss to the garrison. Although retarded in their operations, the loss of men was of little moment to the Chinese commanders, and by the aid of the numbers at their disposal, the works advanced rapidly. It was not many days before they replied to the Russian guns with five times their number. Had they been as well served and pointed, the affair would soon have been ended. As it was, each day robbed Khabaroff of one or two of his men, while the loss of the enemy was considerable. Three weeks had passed, the bombardment still continued, and reinforcements were constantly arriving at the Chinese camp; but though the Cossacks made several sorties, inflicting great losses on their enemies, no great advantage was gained. Khabaroff became aware that his limited resources it was impossible to drive away his numerous assailants. Besides which, his ammunition was so reduced, that he could no longer use his guns, and his enemies were only kept at bay by his rifles. After standing this unequal siege for a month, and learning from his spies that a fleet of boats was approaching, he decided to retreat. Before, however, abandoning his position, he determined to give them one more lesson as a remembrance. He proposed to burn the Chinese camp, if half a dozen of his Cossacks would accompany him. This call was instantly responded to by all; but the men complied it with a condition that their commander should not be permitted to join in the expedition; and so eager were they to go on this dangerous errand, that the fort would have been deserted. Khabaroff selected six men and one of his officers, and a boat's crew was ordered to row them to a ravine in the rocks, about half-a-mile off, by which they could approach the rear of the enemy's camp. After giving them time to reach within a short distance of the tents, he ordered the guns to open on the Chinese forts, and personally led a sortie into the enemy's line, which quickly threw the whole army into confusion. This secured the success of the expedition, and very soon the tents were seen in flames at several different points. The sudden attack and conflagration so bewildered the Chinese that the little party retreated to the boat un molested, and reached the fort in safety, though some of the other men were won dead in the sortie. The camp continued burning for some time before it could be extinguished, and in the morning Khabaroff had the satisfaction of seeing it half destroyed. At an early hour, the boats were loaded with the remaining stores, and only a few sentries remained at their posts; when all was ready these were withdrawn, and the men sent down the cliffs to the boat. Their commander remained in the fort, and was the last to descend. Directly he stepped on board the guns were vigorously used, and they were soon out of reach of their enemies. The Chinese, at last, discovered that the fort was deserted, but Khabaroff and his companions had eluded their vigilance, and escaped to Alashan. After his retreat, the enemy demolished the fort, and the Chinese have remained in undisturbed possession for more than 200 years; but during this long period the daring acts of this Cossack leader have not been forgotten, for tradition has handed down his name to the present race.

A few years ago the people in this neighbourhood committed a most atrocious act. Two Catholic missionaries, De la Bruinere and Verault, after a residence of some years in different parts of China, had found their way into Manchuria. They visited many of the towns in this portion of the Celestial Empire, and exercised their vocation wherever there was an opportunity of making converts. It is said that among the settlers on the upper part of the Ononour they were successful, and remained with their proselytes some time. From the Manchurian merchants they acquired information about the different tribes inhabiting the banks of the Amur, and learned that the whole population were Shaman. Intent on attacking Shamanism in its stronghold, they made their way down the Ononour, and exercised their calling on all the towns on their route, with what success I cannot say, as most of the people are followers of Confucius. They, however, arrived at one of the towns on the lower part of the river in 1841: too late

The aspect of the country changes completely at Cape Saint Kirile. Mountains clad with dense woods rise up suddenly; the valleys that descend to the river become more and more narrow; and, finally, the navigator finds himself between four chains of mountains, which line the two sides of the mountain, following a direction parallel the one to the other. The most distant are the loftiest, and appear to be totally deprived of wood.

All this high country is peculiarly remarkable for the prodigious quantity of great and little rivers, which descend from the surrounding heights, and go to swell the river on both sides. Although the bed of the latter is much narrowed, it nevertheless contains a great quantity of islands covered with shrubbery. The valleys which come down to its banks, although limited in extent, contain some excellent pasture land.

All this region is tenanted by tribes of Mangoutsians, whose villages are small but numerous. These people resemble the Goldians in their manner of living and clothing themselves. They derive their chief resources from the Amoor, which, as it approaches the ocean, becomes richer and richer in different kinds both of sea and river fish. I never saw so many in all my life. The salmon, trout, and carp jump out of the water on all sides in the midst of moving banks of sturgeons and other fish which covered the surface of the waters, producing by their numbers a noise that was perfectly bewildering. The Amoor resembles a great artificial fish preserve.

to proceed further, therefore, here they spent the winter. In the following spring, when the ice broke up, they prepared to continue their journey, and arranged with some Manchou merchants for a passage in their boats as far as the villages of the Goldi. After a voyage of several days they reached the tribe, who received them hospitably; and here the guides left them. Up to this period all is certainty; but with regard to their subsequent proceedings this is by no means the case. The Goldi admit that the strangers visited them in 1846, and remained for a considerable period, travelling from one village to another, disputing with their shamans, and assuring them that the God whom their priest called upon in his song could neither hear nor answer his prayer, and that he had no power to do them good or evil. The missionaries, it appeared, had also stated that their God created the world; that without him not only the sun would not shine, but that it could be constant winter and darkness. Also that Shaitan had been chained deep in the earth, whence he could never reappear, not even at the call of the shaman. These were startling assertions; they astonished the people, but did not convince them. The Shaman and his sorcery had too strong hold on their minds. Having laboured hard, but in vain, the good fathers continued their journey, and at length reached the Mangours, whom they also tried to convert. They travelled from village to village, using every argument at their disposal to shake the belief of the people in the power of the Shaman, which encouraged the priests that their position became critical. The Mangours are a quiet, inoffensive race, and could not easily be roused to acts of violence. Notwithstanding the threats of the priests, and the fear they inspired, these brave men did not recede in what they deemed a duty; they were, however, forced to leave the Mangours and resume their labours in another direction. Dr. La Bruuniere and his companion entered the country of the Gilyaks, among whom Shamanism is more deeply rooted than in any other race in Asia. In fact they are fanatics of the deepest cast, and constantly practise sorcery. Here is the seat of the Arch Shaman, whose priests delude the people by their pretended enchantments and jugglery, and over their minds exert unlimited sway. Nevertheless the missionaries were not daunted; they commenced their labour with energy, and exposed the impious tricks of the high-priests of Shaman, which so roused the malignant feelings of the latter that they never rested till they had induced their dupes to put the strangers to death. The Gilyaks admit that this diabolical murder was perpetrated among their tribes at the instigation of Shaman.

The Mangoutsians, who dwell upon its banks, are, like the Goldians, descendants of the Tunguses. They do not wear their hair like them, but tie theirs up in a tail. As to their dress and homes, they never evidently adopted many of the customs of the Mantchus. Their clothes are made of Chinese stuffs, but they are wider; and some of them still wear garments made of the skins of fish, mainly derived from different species of salmon. These garments wear well, and last a very long time. These tribes are real ichthyophagists, and live solely on fish. They call the Amoor, the Mamba.

On the 27th of June we reached Mariensk, near the Lake Kisi, which communicates with the Amoor by two large canals. It is evident that this internal basin, surrounded by waters, is filled at the time of inundation, and gives back to the river in the dry season the excess of water which it has received. Lake Kisi is about forty versts in length; it varies in width and depth according to the season; but at this period of our passing it both were considerable. It is only separated from the Bay of Castrick, in the Gulf of Tartary, by a low isthmus about fifteen versts in width. Its banks are tenanted by Mangoutsians, who are mainly occupied with fishing, hunting, and procuring furs. The sable weasels (*Mustella Zibellina*) abound in the thick woods that surround the lake; but their fur is not of a superior quality.

Beyond Mariensk, both banks of the Amoor are covered with numerous little huts of the Gilyaks, who have been less influenced by the Mantchus than the tribes of the interior. They are addicted to the rude and uncultivated practice of Shamanism. The custom of revenging blood is upheld among them, and female infidelity is punished with death.

Near one of their villages, which are disseminated in the midst of the woods, some monuments are met with which belong to another people, and which previous travellers have much spoken about. They are situated on the summit of a large rock which advances over the river in a headland. The first of these monuments, erected on the borders of the rock, is only a few yards high. It is composed of a granite base, surmounted by an irregular cube of gray marble slightly rounded at the summit. There are inscriptions on this monument which the archimandrite Aovakum explained as follows: "There was formerly a temple dedicated to Buddha at this place." On the largest face was also the following inscription in Chinese, *Tchi jui ching*, probably written by an uneducated lama, for according to Chinese grammatical construction it should have been written thus: *Tun nin-ay-tay*, that is to say, "Inscription on the Chisters of Eternal Peace." On the other side, to the left, was the Sanscrit sacramental phrase, *Om Mani Padmi om*, was inscribed in Tibetan letters. No sense has yet been made of the literal translation of the phrase "Oh! diamond Nempur" (Oh most brilliant water lily) and below, and in Chinese, *Dai jian schant schodjandun*; "The great Tun extends his hands of force everywhere." Upon a second parallel line to the left is also inscribed *Om Mani Padmi om* in Chinese and in Nigurian. The inscriptions on the right side were repetitions of those on the left. (Travellers always forget that right and left are only relative terms; in this instance we are not told in what direction the traveller stood, or in what direction the headland advanced.)

The second monument, situated at a distance of four paces from the first, and on the same line, is formed

village, bringing Chinese liquors, tobacco, and millet, which they exchange for fox and martin skins. Three Gilyak brothers, who lived under the same tent, invited me to enter into their hut. I found about sixty persons assembled there; they were for the most part travellers like myself, Samagirs, and Nagidals, from the Amegun. The inhabitants of this region accept Russian domination as a godsend. Endowed with the best natural abilities, they would soon give the example of all social virtues, if their good qualities were not annihilated by that worst and most deplorable of all vices—drunkenness. The Mantchu merchants with whom they traffic do their best to entertain this sad evil. During the past year alone, their poisoners

imported into the country 700 boxes of Chinese spirits. In the absence of considerations of a higher order, the commercial interests of Russia counsel her, if not to interdict absolutely the admission of Chinese spirits into their new provinces, at all events to put every possible impediment in the way of such traffic. The benefits which this branch of commerce returns to the Mantchus is so great as to permit them to monopolise the whole. It was with difficulty that I could obtain from the natives forty beaver skins; whilst a single Mantchu dealer sold me 400 in one day. These Mantchus ruin the country. From Pul to Sungari there is one common expression of indignation against them. The inhabitants of these regions, who see their



DOGS ON THE AMOOR.

brethren on the Lower Amoor becoming wealthy under the protection of Russia, stretch forth their hands to wretched Russia. To win her favour they even offer to

embrace Christianity. Russian sympathies manifest themselves among some of them by sacrifices which it is impossible not to measure at their full value, when

when they had been living, and were not shod as belonging to the heathen. In the summer of 1839 three Polish exiles appeared from the neighbourhood of Nertschinsk; a strict enquiry was made in every direction, but no clue was found by which they could be traced. A few of the Samagirs, however, who were placed and were directed to have taken to the lower Amoor. Escapes were not uncommon, and the Samagirs, standing the vigilance of the guards, and a reward offered to any Mantchu for every prisoner they found beyond the frontier. Many fugitives were brought back and severely punished as an example to their comrades. The Poles were obliged to have served in the wars, and knew that a flogging and hard labour

was their fate, if caught; and their comrades were well pleased that a force of the Mantchurians would ever take them into possession, and get across the frontier. It has since been ascertained that these men provided themselves with sleds and descended the Amoor as far as Oton, where they joined a party of Tungus—hunters, whom they accompanied across the mountains to the sources of the Schindia. By a display of courage and intelligence, they succeeded in establishing a mutual friendship with the Tungus, who were people and themselves, and spent two winters in their dwellings. In the autumn of 1841 they went out to their friends to Pul; after the fair the exiles left them behind, and proceeded with the Tungus to the Island of

we consider the force of long habits. Thus one of the three brethren with whom I lodged had, in order to conform more closely to Russian manners, renounced eating dog. "I am a good Russian, I am," he said, "I do not eat dog like the others." May this concession to the prejudices of his masters be appreciated as it deserves!

If the conduct of Russia with respect to the Gilyaks attaches them closely to her cause, it is at the same time a subject of exceeding surprise to most of them. I have more than once heard them inquire, "How is it that the Russians of the present day neither oppose us nor kill us?" To appreciate their inquiries it must be known that tradition has preserved the memory among the Gilyaks of the depredations and violences committed by the first Russian Cossacks against their ancestors.

Wishing to arrive at Marienak before the departure of the governor of the province, who was also bound thither, I engaged two sledges for the sum of nineteen thalers, on condition of the journey being performed in a given time. The bargain concluded, I bade my host farewell, and after having left them a good supply of tobacco and tea, to which they are extremely partial, I got into my sledge. My dogs made such good way that I was not long in reaching a small establishment of the name of Irkutsk. I met the governor on the way travelling with post-horses (see p. 320), but my light dog-sledges soon left him behind. Having thus no reason for hurry, I got out and went to warm myself by the fire of a Russian hut. I made a still longer stay at a place called Aur, in order to rest my dogs. Aur is renowned for its breed of dogs. They are gray, tall, well shaped, and light of foot. At this place also I heard the people complain bitterly of the Manchus, who despoil them with the most odious cynicism.

My next stages were Mada and Pulza, villages situated, as were all that I had met since I left Nicolaievsk, on the right bank of the Amoor; I hailed with pleasure the village of Sutch, inhabited by Russian Cossacks, and I arrived the same evening at Marienak.

When I informed the people of this place of my intention to ascend the Amoor, the project was treated as insane. The most experienced declared that I could not procure food for forty dogs, that fish were wanting in several portions of the river; that if I did not die of hunger, I certainly should of exhaustion; and lastly, that if I survived the cold nights of winter, the snow-storms would infallibly punish me for my rashness.

But my resolution was made, and no objections were of avail to make me alter it. I suspected the

Manchus, besides, of greatly exaggerating the danger of the route, in order to discourage the explorations of strangers. Their cupidity is alarmed at the conquests of civilisation; they would wish to escape from the arms of Russia, which are insensibly grasping them within her embrace, and would soon oblige them to forego their long practised abuses against the people dwelling in the valley of the Amoor. Every traveller who penetrates into Manchuria is an advanced sentinel, whose insight into their malpractices they dread.

30th of November.—Bad weather detained me ten long days at Marienak. Hurricanes of snow have fallen since the 21st, and at the moment of my departure the weather, which had cleared up a little, turned to storm again. But I was determined not to give up, so I started with four sledges, and four months' provisions. It was, however, with great trouble that I reached Golni, where I obtained quarters for the night. Between Kizi and Gyrin, a distance of eight ordinary post stations, the snow had fallen in such great quantities that we were often buried in it; but my dogs were accustomed to triumph over such obstacles. I sometimes saw the whole team disappear from before my eyes; but soon an united effort brought them to the surface again, where they took breath, and then, with a strong pull at the collars, they carried off the sledge. This skilful manœuvre reminded me of a swimmer cast among the waves of the ocean. It required, indeed, all the intrepidity of these brave animals, in which I had put my trust, to prevent my having to make the best of my way back again. Each time that they fought their way so gallantly out of the snow their eyes shone, and their wagging tails seemed at once to testify to their ardour, and to the noble pride which these friends of man take in serving him.

December 1.—Djar is a populous village, but at the moment of our arrival the men had gone out to hunt beaver. The only persons who had remained behind were the women and children, and a few Manchu chiefs.

Just before reaching Djar, in journeying upwards, the Amoor divides into two great branches and several small channels. One of the large streams turns to the right, and passes the steepest descent; a few miles further is the entrance to the Lake of Kerec. On the lower side, and at a short distance from the point, is Marienak port, one of the most important stations that Russia has planted on the Amoor. A battery has been erected, that commands both the river and the entrance to this inland port, and a town is rapidly rising. The entrance from the Amoor is about a mile in width, but several small islands interrupt the passage, rendering the navigation difficult—a steamboat, however, can traverse it. The lake is about twenty-seven miles long, and its greatest breadth is three miles, but it becomes considerably narrower as it extends to the shore. A chain of mountains, which attain a considerable elevation, runs along its southern shore, and terminates in Gostrow Bay (which is ultimately suggested as likely to be the point of the Amoor as it is only, but the current in the water there, which would be aided by the occasional gales in the sea, can, in winter, be made only by a narrow ice bridge, a dangerous passage, which would rarely be open as sailing a dangerous two hundred miles would take the ship between more gales, events. In the bottom of mountains above mentioned, extending along the southern shore of the Lake of Kerec, the River Arka flows into, and after a course of near two hundred miles pours a copious flood of water into the lake; a small chain of hills extends along the northern side, and numerous mountain-streams flow into the lake from thence. Only twenty miles of high land intervene between the eastern end of the River Kerec and the Gulf of Tartary, a crossing which twenty miles of water would be as easy as the land of Sagalin, the most important of the Japanese group. It is easy to see that a channel through these hills would be invaluable to Russia, as saving the great expense that must be incurred in constructing a railway of fifty-three miles over a difficult country, from Marienak to Sagalin.

Sachalin, where the Japanese have been endeavouring their way to the eastern coast, and, after a stay of some months, had the satisfaction of seeing a ship anchor off the coast, bearing a flag with the stars and stripes. A boat crew, with the captain, landed to obtain provisions, and were astonished at being addressed in English by one of the sailors, who explained his position, and requested a passage to any place where he and his comrades might find a ship for Europe. The kind-hearted seaman instantly consented to take them on board and land them in America, if no better opportunity offered itself, than to return to Europe, but he informed them that he was an American whaler, and as his ship had not her full complement of crew, he would probably be delayed some months on the voyage, and that he would, and when he put them on shore, make every possible enquiry for his countrymen, which excited both their surprise and curiosity. Ten years afterwards one of them reached Paris, and succeeded in making known his message to his unfortunate comrades.

I had a proof in this place of the care taken to watch our proceedings.

An emissary had left that very morning, to announce our journey, the news of which had been transmitted from Golmi by one of his countrymen. The Goldians told me afterwards that it has been the same thing at every place where I had halted, and that the authorities of the Usuri, and of the Sungari, were warned of our approach long before our arrival.

The last establishment of the Gilyaks, on ascending the Amoor, is Addi, or Adza, a village of fifteen huts, each of which at least eighteen persons lodged. It is the commercial centre of the Mantchus, in their trading transactions with the Gilyaks and the Goldians. It is also there that their cupidity manifests itself in all its hideousness. But they do not speculate with strangers; they understand business much better than to treat with them; their only object is to keep them at a distance from the market, and to hide their proceedings from them. When I even wanted to buy a little fish for my dogs they asked me the most extravagant price, in order to oblige me to give up my journey. Luckily that I saw through their object; I had a well-lined purse, and I submitted without a frown to their exactions. They were quite taken aback at the good humour with which I followed myself to be fleeced. At Addi, as in all the other villages we had passed, the Gilyaks were most hospitable to us; we were to them the pioneers of a civilisation which will one day rid them of the avaricious Mantchus.

Once beyond Addi, I entered into the country of the Goldians, a people of Tungusic origin. I passed rapidly through the villages of Kalga and Niangi, infested with Mantchus, drawn there by the trade in

beaver skins; after them there is nothing but gleaming. After passing the mouth of the Goryn, I arrived at Keurmi, where a fatal fever raged, and whose ravages extended as far as the Sungari. Yet the villages that were disseminated along this tract of country are populous, and are situated in regions of remarkable fertility.

I rested here for two days in a village situated at the mouth of the River Sungari. I obtained some valuable information in regard to this river. In winter time, by ascending it with dog sledges, Port Imperial can be reached in seven days. This port, known also as Baracouta, has been taken possession of by the Russians, who have baptised it by the name of Constantinovsk. In summer time the rapidity of the current renders navigation much longer and much more difficult. I met at this station a Chinese merchant, who astonished me by his aptitude for languages and still more so by the tenacity and the ingenuity which he displayed in his mode of study. He awaits the passing by of Russian traders; he approaches them, addresses himself to them, and by gestures, when he cannot do otherwise, he resolutely engages the conversation, and asks them for a lesson of grammar, or the explanation of a few words, and takes at the same time careful notes.

25th of December.—The village of Mai is situated in a most picturesque position, at the base of a cliff, and having in front a large lake, interspersed with islands inhabited by Goldians. The road had become quite impracticable near this village, it was necessary to pass along a narrow and steep beach, covered with enormous masses of ice. On arriving at Dalen, I found the village deserted. The inhabitants, terrified at the progress of the pestilence, had taken refuge in the

The Goldians profess the Shaman creed. They are a hunting people, a step in advance of the fishing tribes. In several of their villages, bears and eagles are domesticated; that is, the former are accommodated in separate apartments, for as like a penfold, with wooden pillars secured at the top, and the latter are sometimes in cages, but are usually chained to a stump. The bear is held in great veneration by these people, who bestow much care on him; his dwelling is kept clean and he is well fed. In short, it may be said that he leads the life of a gentleman, living in luxury, and receiving every attention. But at last, notwithstanding the endearing epithets of son and brother which have been lavished on him, he is brought out, paraded, examined, pinched, weighed, and then barbarously murdered to feast all his friends. This is the sacrifice on the Great Goldian Festivals. The Goldians, as do the Kalucks, some of the Kalas tribes, and Tungusians, provide their deceased brethren with all the tools and implements necessary to enable him to carry on his trade or occupation in the land of ghosts. If this duty be neglected, they believe that his spirit wanders for ever through dark and dismal forests, without finding a place of rest. The custom varies among different people, but all tend to the same end. For instance, the Kirghis chief has his favourite horse buried with him, that he may not be compelled to walk in his ghostly state, a thing he abhors when living. The Kalucks and Kalas have their weapons, clothes, and implements placed in their graves, so that they may appear suitably apparelled before their friends, and able to engage in their ordinary pursuits. But the Tungusic races have various articles placed on their graves, to be ready for service the moment they awake from what they consider to be their temporary repose. The Goldi and other tribes have a slight knowledge of astronomy, a knowledge common to the Asiatic races, who, dwelling in vast plains, have the stars, full often, for their only guide. Mr. Atkinson gives a portrait of a Goldian belle, with large golden rings in her ears and nose; while the men wear rings of iron, copper, and silver, on their thumbs and fingers. The Mongols are a similar race. They both being highly imitative, have largely adopted Russian and Cossack customs. They cultivate the fine arts in the decoration of their clothing. Some of their articles of dress are beautiful; their caps and hats of birch-bark are graceful in form and chastely ornamented, they already begin to

lay aside their fish skin coverings, put on European costume, and speak the Russian language.

The Tartars of different countries and race differ widely in regard to costume, and often even in physiognomy. The Tartar-Chinese soldiers, for example, are far from participating in the hair, the crushed nose of the Mongolians generally, without having that organ almost entirely obliterated, as in the instance of the Kaluck-Tartars, who have often only two holes left; they have also the long curved eyelids of the race, but the eyes are not so wide apart as in some races, nor so small albeit long, as in others. The nose, as will be seen in the illustration, of these Tartars of Mantchu race is not badly made, the mouth is tolerably small, and the ears, though long, are not curved back, as with the Tungusic and Uigurts. All Tartars, even the Kalucks, wear their swords like the Chinese, with the handle behind and the point in front, so that they can be drawn from behind. The Tartar practice of shaving the head, with the exception of a single tuft, which is allowed to grow as large as possible, and which is plaited into a tail by the Kalas, as by the Chinese, was forced upon the Chinese by the Emperor Kang hai, who in return obliged the Tartars to adopt the Chinese costume. His object was to assimilate the two nations. The Tartar cavalry, of whom we have heard so much lately, look quite jaunty in their round shakos, short jackets, and bag trousers, and well adapted for the sort of duty which they are called upon to perform in their country, that of a kind of horse-police. Under a more enlightened government, almost anything might be made of such raw material—witness the so-called Cossacks or Tartar cavalry of Russia, to whom the Czar is more indebted for the extension of his empire in Asia than to all his Muscovite resources, civil or military. Tartars, of all races, are particularly fond of scarlet colours, and many a khan would sooner go without his shirt than his scarlet robe of ceremony. The lamas, or Tartar priests, alone affect yellow colours. The Mongolian Tartars of the east and west, and who are said to have derived their names from the true sons of Alana Khan, Tartar and Mogul, or Mungl ("Histoire Géographique des Tartares, traduite du Manuscrit Tartare d'Abulgasi-Bayadur Chan," p. 27)—are dressed simply in cotton shirts, trousers, and robes, with sheepskins over the whole, and red boots, but their khans and sultans wear scarlet robes.

woods; their huts, placed at a distance from one another, testified to the contagious character of the malady. Emigrations are often renewed among the tribes of the Amoor.

The River Doudon-Bira flows into the Amoor on the right bank, in front of a village built in part on *terra firma* and in part on islands. I took tea in a poor hut whilst a Cossack went to obtain fish for my dogs. This good man had proffered his services of his own good will. A little further on, at Kurem, a little station, composed of only two huts, the Goldians came out to meet me, and helped the dogs to drag the sledges up the bench, which at this place was very steep. They seemed happy in being of use to us. We had no longer to do with the Manchus. Yet we were approaching their frontiers, where I met with a more kindly reception, however, than I could have anticipated.

The village of Syza is the residence of a Manchu officer (See p. 301) charged in the guard of the frontier. He received me politely, gave me an excellent repast, during the consumption of which he displayed the varied information and good manners of an educated Chinaman. His staff was comprised of a secretary, two boskos or corporals, and five attendants. This estimable functionary reposes himself from his administrative labours by the sweets of commerce. He exchanges with the inhabitants of his district tobacco and Chinese spirits for the valuable skins of beavers. In all that concerns his administration he is easy and indulgent, but in what concerns his commerce he is without pity. Woe to the poor Goldian who should be tardy in the delivery of goods ordered, or who should dare to present him a single doubtful skin. The Goldians of Syza cultivate with success the Chinese cabbage, beans, pumpkins, onions, and garlic.

Continuing to coast the Amoor, I passed the Goldian villages of Metsur and of Ketsur, and I reached Fumai, at the mouth of the Usuri. The chain of mountains which runs along the valley of this river is covered with forests of oak, larch and cedar, and is tenanted by a wild creature, universally by tigers. This terrible beast of prey, which has been hitherto looked upon as the exclusive pet of the warmer regions of southern Asia, exercises its depredations as far as the gorges of the Altai and the taxanoids, beyond the fiftieth degree of latitude, as has been established by Humboldt in his "Asie Centrale," and by Atkinson in his great work entitled "Oriental and Western Siberia." The population of the valley of the Usuri is almost solely composed of Chinese refugees. The lands that they cultivate are very productive, but they have no cattle, save what they use for tilling the land. The incessant attacks of tigers put it out of their power to raise herds.

29th of December.--Beyond Dyki, I found the station which the Russian Cossacks had founded in front of the village of Salvi abandoned. They had quitted it in autumn, but had left their horses there, as they could not have traversed the marshes of the left bank. I was obliged to separate from my good dogs, who had carried me over a distance of 1500 versts, in a motley drive, but included. I could not have wished for anything better than to continue the same mode of travel, but I could no longer obtain the quantities of food sufficient to feed them with. I nevertheless endeavoured to obtain horses for myself and my Cossacks. Before obtaining the permission to pur-

chase them, I had to get over the ill-will of the Manchu authorities of the Sungari. Whilst I was negotiating this matter, which detained me no less than twelve days at Salvi, a Goldian brought into the hut in which I was lodging an enormous tiger, which he had succeeded in slaying. He placed the beast upright against the wall, and all the inhabitants of the village came to perform a ceremony before it which seemed to be partly burlesque and partly serious, but which was certainly marked by no little amount of superstition; they saluted the dead tiger with marks of deepest respect, addressing it as "My Lord," and begging it to accept their most respectful homage.

Between the Usuri and the Sungari, the right bank of the Amoor rises up and presents a district eminently adapted for cultivation. The left bank is, on the contrary, rounded by the waters of the river, which, flooding the lands, gives birth to channels, lakes, creeks and marshes.

28th January, 1857.--Above Salvi, the Bidjan, which has its source in the Hing Gan, empties itself into the Amoor, by the left bank. One of the affluents of this river merits, in a metallurgical point of view, a most special attention. According to the statements of the Goldians, lamellæ of silver are to be met with on its banks, which, from the description made to me of them, must be of the same formation as the argentiferous tellurium of the Ural and the Altai. The Goldians despise this treasure, or, to speak more correctly, it inspires them with a superstitious dread, the moral sense of which can escape no one. They say, that the man who has the misfortune to meet lamellæ of silver in the Bidjan is haunted by malignant

† Speaking of this vicinity, Mr. Atkinson, who is everywhere picturesque, interesting, and full of valuable information—says, "At this part some of the spurs of the Tcholyatse run quite down to the river and form several rocky headlands, and all the arms of the Amoor become united into one great stream, that rolls on without interruption till it strikes against the bold rocky promontory of Sar-koy, from which it is thrown back in sheets of white foam. A little beyond the Sar-koy, is the Argeon and then comes another series of cliffs, that terminate in a small headland rising from the shore. A Manchurian merchant has formed an establishment here, and holds a fair in the spring, when the sable hunters come and exchange their furs. There are several islands on this part of the river, and immediately opposite on the left rises the mountain, Onot-zail or 'Mour-ga khang-ko' (Silver Mountain). In all ages and countries, wherever the precious metals have been found, the position it is and has been guarded by spirits, whose only duty was to prevent mortals borrowing even a small portion of the treasure. In Europe these superstitions have long lost their power. In South America they still exist, and on the banks of the Amoor they are implicitly believed. Mour-ga-khang-ko is represented by the natives as one of these mysterious mountains, where a host of spirits watch over its mineral riches, which they represent to be unbogged. They relate traditions of former races, who perished in their attempts to elude the spectral guardians and snatch only a handful of the precious metal; and aver that whoever approaches the spot will be shrouded in a fearful storm, from which it is impossible to escape, when the culprits will be seized and hurled into an unfathomable abyss in the centre of the mountain. They also relate stories of a more recent period, handed down from their grandfathers, telling of bands of men who, being driven to desperation, rushed to the mountain determined to possess some of its wealth, but that thunderings were heard so terrible that several ran away in the greatest alarm; the rest, more daring, proceeded, but the thunder became more fearful, shaking which, they say, it heaving up the water in the Amoor; after which, they say, it became calm, but not one of these red less adventurers was ever again seen. A few years ago, when the expedition descended the Amoor, the mining engineers and half-dozen Cossacks dared the anger of these dangerous spirits, though warned by many tales of horror. No one could be induced to bear them company, or guide

spirits for the rest of his life. I could not trace this belief to its origin; still less could I verify up to what point the existence of riches as indicated to me is not fabulous; for the rivulet, on the borders of which they are met with, flowed at a distance of 200 miles from where I was. The Goldians, however, gave me some further information, which, if it is correct, may tempt travellers to explore the region in question. If, as they have assured me, the Djigur flows from west to east, the distance may be reduced to sixty-three miles. As to myself, I was not going in pursuit of a new California; I disembarrassed myself of the seductive vision. It was not time to give myself up to vain and empty dreams, when I was about to face the formidable rocky defiles of the King-tan (See p. 257). These defiles, at the bottom of which flows the Amoor, extend over a district 150 versts in length, where all is snow and bad roads. To overcome these difficulties would tax all my courage, and all my patience.

We had nothing to guide us across the deep quagmires and bogs, save the uncertain tracks of sportsmen, which were most difficult to discern. The snow lay very deep, and we sank into it often up to the breast. The nights were especially frightful, and I made miserable dreams enough as, wide awake, I listened to the howling of hungry wolves and the roaring of famished tigers in the distance, and the traces of wheels could be distinctly seen upon the snow, even by the uncertain light of the moon.

At last, on the 21st, that is to say, after four days' fatigue and suffering, we came to life again on descending into a plain, where I could find repose for a day. I had only lost one horse, and that from hunger rather than fatigue. As I continued my journey, in the different huts that I entered I could only find women and children, the men were gone out to hunt. In the hope of obtaining provisions, I passed over to the left bank of the river to where a Manchou officer resided. He received us civilly enough, but had only a little barley to offer us, of which he indeed had not too much for his own consumption. Happily, I was enabled to drag my way along to a tent inhabited by some Managrians, who divided with me a wild goat, the relics of their provisions. This help enabled me to reach the Manchou villages of the Chinese district of Sagalin Ula Khoton.

From the 25th to the 28th of January, I left the valley of the Amoor, to ascend that of the Boriya. I met, on my way, Daurians and Salons, who were going towards the King-tan with their horses laden with spirits, meal, and barley, products for which the Managrians exchange their furs. I passed three nights with the companions whom Providence had thrown in my way. They were free with their provisions, and, what touched the mind more closely, with their sympathies. At each hut they obliged me to take the place of honour at the bivouac fire, and as we smoked and drank tea, I repaid them their kindness by relating my travels. They showed me as much respect as if I had been one of their chiefs; and, on parting, they swore eternal friendship, a ceremony

which they accompanied by hearty shaken of the hand. The valley of the Boriya, or of the Niomandira, as this river is designated on some maps, presents vast plains of virgin soil, which would most abundantly reward the labours of the cultivator, or the care of the husbandman. According to the statement of the natives, there are no countries on the left bank of the river that will bear comparison to this, or even to the higher parts of the valley, which are surrounded by mountains and forests, abounding in fur-bearing animals, of qualities as various as they are highly esteemed.

February 3rd.—A commissary had been sent out to meet me from Sagdin Ula, and had been some time waiting at the first village. He told me that he had orders to accompany my lordship as far as to the river, and that he felt himself much honoured by the mission. The dispositions of the Manchus towards us remained the same, but their tactics had very much changed. Not having been able to prevent our penetrating to the heart of their country, they seemed anxious that I should not carry away with me a bad opinion of their character. After a few hours' repose, they made me get into a sledge, harnessed with oxen that conducted me at the solemn pace of a *voifaint*. My sledge presented a peculiarity of construction which I cannot pass over, the pole and the chariot were formed by the same piece of wood. I had thought that it was useless to have myself followed by my horses; but it was determined that I should enter the city in all due formality, and my horses were fastened by the bridles to one of the sledges of the escort. The commissary went in advance to prepare the relays. These halts soon multiplied themselves to an extent that became quite irksome; we stopped every five or six versts to change our oxen. I regretted my team of dogs, that were neither so ceremonious nor so slow. I endeavoured to find some distraction amid these wearisome proceedings by questioning the inhabitants upon their manners and the resources of the country. But as soon as I attempted to open conversation they assumed a mysterious look, glanced anxiously around; and, if they perceived the commissary, only answered by monosyllables, seeking to elude my questions; and if, in order to win their good feelings, I ventured to offer them some indemnification for their services, they repelled it with horror. It is true, however, that the moment the terrible functionary's back was turned, they hastened to open their hearts and hands alike. Finally, after a day which I thought would have no end, we arrived. I must remark, that during the latter part of my journey, the temperature had been bearable, the thermometer did not descend to ten degrees below zero. There was only a thin bed of snow on the road. I made my solemn entry into the city of Sagdin Ula at five o'clock in the evening. The commissary conducted me into the presence of the urban, who, after having examined my papers and my passport, left me at liberty to continue my journey; but notwithstanding my urgent request and entreaties to that effect, he would not grant me permission to stay a single night in the town, and I was obliged to go and seek for hospitality in a neighbouring village.

February 10th.—Amba-Suhai, upon the right bank of the Amoor, is the last Manchou village passed in ascending the river. The intendant of this Chinese station accompanied me as far as to the Russian post of Ust Zeysk, where he deposited me in charge of the

them to the spot; and when they departed, they were looked upon as men doomed to a terrible death. In a few days they returned, having destroyed the illusions of the people, by proving, first, that no spirits were there; and, secondly, that there was no treasure to guard. The bright metallic veins seen in the rock, that had given rise to this terrible tradition—were arsenic!"

Cossack chief. I reposed myself here three days, waiting for the mail; and when it arrived, I followed it on horseback, escorted by four Cossacks.

The next day, as we were passing one of the islands of the Amoor, one of these men pushed up his horse to the side of mine, and pointing out the island with his finger, told me that it contained a rich coal-mine. A little further on I remarked a kind of square redoubt surrounded by a ditch; and as I got nearer, I discovered nearly a dozen similar fortifications. I am, as far as I know, the first traveller who has noticed these ruins. I am inclined to believe that they are the vestiges of a camp which the Chinese abandoned in 1688, after the capture of Albazin, and the conclusion of the treaty of Nerchinsk. As I pursued my way, I met at intervals parties of Managrian hunters. They do not seem even to suspect the future destiny of their country. One of them asked me, "Why do the Russians so often pass this way?" Political events, that will not be long abided, will charge themselves with the answer to this *unus* question.

February 25th.—We had reached in four days the Russian station of Kamara, upon the left bank of the Amoor, where we changed horses. Kamara is a great commercial centre. The annual fair, which is held in the month of November, in a great plain, attracts every year 5,000 merchants. They are our neighbours—the Daurians, the Salons, and the Managrians. By their frequent relations with the Cossacks, they have been led to adopt their manners, and live in good harmony with them. The Daurians and the Salons bring corn to market, and the Managrians furs, skins, cattle and fish, glue, and singlass.

I was anxious to arrive at the end of my journey, and during the next ten days that elapsed, in travelling from Kamara to Kotonum, I only stopped to take a few hours' repose. The country which I traversed has not left reminiscences worthy of being preserved, and the manners of the inhabitants presented nothing that was very attractive. They were either Russian manners, with which I was already familiar, or what I had witnessed in previous Manchurian villages; only, as I gradually advanced to the west, I remarked how remote the Russian stations on the Amoor are yet from one another. I am, more than any one, entitled to express my regrets for the fatigue which I experienced makes me vividly hope that the Russian government will hasten to place the road from Nicolaievsk to Irkutsk (that is the whole length of the Amoor) in such conditions of comfort and security as one has a right to expect along one of the great arteries of the empire. Such a result may be obtained in two years' time, if the works are pushed forward with the same activity as during last autumn.

These observations made, it only remains for me to bring the narrative of my journey to a conclusion, to state that, after having changed horses a second and last time, at Kotonum, I arrived in three days at Ust-Sredka. I had travelled 3,000 versts (about 2,000 English miles) in three months. If this time appears long compared with the space got over, I may remind the reader of the difficulties of the road, and the remoteness of the stations, the intemperance of the climate, the dearth of provisions and resources of all kinds, and the bad will of the Manchus.

The four years that have elapsed, since the above account was written, have sufficed to carry out more

than the programme laid down by the hearty Manchuhater, M. Pargachevski. The wave from the north has never ceased to mount and to extend itself. Russia has not only opened the navigation of the Amoor, but it has also incorporated the whole Island of Sagalin in its gigantic empire.

General Mouravioff, Governor-general of Eastern Siberia, having gone to Yeddo to ratify a treaty of commerce with a squadron, a man of the expedition was assassinated in one of the suburbs of that capital. The martial diplomatist, backed by six or seven ships of war, obtained as an indemnification the southern portion of Sagalin Island, of which it had already obtained the cession of the northern from the Chinese. It found here Gilyak tribes quite disposed, like those of the neighbouring continent, to accept the yoke. Further southwards it met with the Aynos, ancient aborigines of the great islands of Nippon and of Yesso, and whence they were expelled by the Japanese. The secular hatred which they entertain towards their masters of old, will make these tribes useful pioneers for the Russian advance posts on the frontiers of Japan.

The possession of Sagalin Island, the most northerly, and the second in extent, of the Japanese archipelago, completes perfectly the hold upon the basin of the Amoor, overawes all Manchuria by the valley of the Sungari, fixes the stations of the highway to Peking, and holds out a prospective and even proximate chance for the subjugation of Yesso and Nippon.

Already the coasts of the mainland are dotted with Russian colonies, enlivened by the presence of Muscovite fleets, and bristle with guns. In the Bay of Castrica, the military and maritime establishment of Alexandrovsk commands one of the finest harbours in the world, and it communicates by two good roads, on one side with Nicolaievsk, on the other with Lake Kizi. Further to the bottom of the bay is Port Imperial, and we have seen that M. Pargachevski points out how facile is the communication between that town and the great valley of Ussuri, which again opens upon that of the Amoor. These are not like the countries of the Kalkas and the Mongolians of Central Asia,—mere lake and river pastoral districts amidst a vast extent of wilderness and desert; they are well watered, rich, pastoral, and fertile lands, for the greater part well populated, and abounding in tribes, and an infinite variety of natural resources; at present in great part abandoned to the *ferre natura*.

The establishments already founded are being rapidly augmented by others which are intended to carry Russian civilisation as far as the forty-third degree of latitude, the parallel which marks in the present day the southern limit of the maritime possessions of the empire of the Czars, with or without the consent of China. Hundreds of officers attached to the imperial marine, to the artillery, and to the engineers, have been despatched to their distant stations. A power that nothing can stop or control incessantly pushes forward in the same direction thousands of colonists from the empires of Europe, and thousands of exiles drawn from the different provinces of Siberia. Six steamers built at Hamburgh, and destined to reinforce those already on the ~~Amoor~~, are destined to convey machinery and implements to their diverse establishments. The town of Blagoveshensk has been founded in the immediate vicinity of the inhospitable Chinese city of Sagalin-ula, which, left without support i

this remote mountain valley, must inevitably perish without a hand being lifted in its favour. Thus are the predictions propagated for ages by the Mongols in the land of pastures verified. The descendants of Genghis Khan are coming back from the confines of the west to the cradle of their race; and they are coming back not only enriched by the pillage of conquered nations, but they are bringing back trophies more precious than the rarest spoil—arts, industry, and the arms of modern civilisation.

One word before terminating with this subject, as to the geography of our Muscovite informant, who, when speaking of Baikal, indulges in strange speculations regarding great lakes formed by tremendous rifts in the earth; of the Nile flowing into the Mediterranean from some greater inner water, which on the other side throws down an equal channel towards the Indian sea; and of Lake Baikal sending forth waters to the River Amoor (the connection being through a small river or tributary, the Selenga) on one side down to the Pacific and the Japan Islands, while on the other the Angara, passing into the Yenisei, proceeds by a course of nearly 2,500 miles northward to the Frozen Ocean.

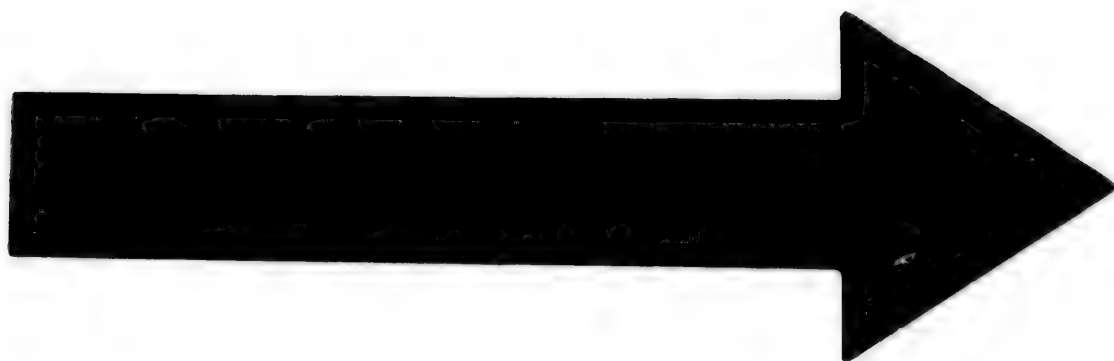
Now with regard to African hydrography, the existence, not of a volcanic rift, but of a great central, elevated, and yet watery plateau, first proclaimed by Sir R. I. Murchison, and since corroborated by Livingstone, Speke, Barton, and others, has been justly designated one of the most remarkable discoveries of its kind of the day. Secondly, although Beke and Krapf mystified the public for a short time with a supposed two-fold course of the Gadjeh or Uru, Beke himself corrected the error, but not in time to prevent its propagation; and although Rivenstein has in the map attached to Krapf's travels made the River Duni flow to the Indian Ocean from an insignificant lake at the foot of the snowy Kenia, while the Tumbiri or Tumbiri flows from the other side to the White Nile, upon hearing evidence, there is no reason to believe that any such communication exists—certainly not to the extent of an equal channel of water. Speke, Barton, and Livingstone's discoveries go to show quite a different order of things. And lastly, as to Lake Baikal having a flow in two directions; it is an error. There is no communication between the Selenga and the Amoor, and if there was, as the Selenga flows *into* Lake Baikal, it could not at the same time carry water back to the Amoor. What the writer probably had in his mind's eye was the possible opening of a navigable communication between the upper waters of the Selenga and those of the Amoor, by which a line of navigation of wondrous extent and immeasurable importance to the future would be obtained.

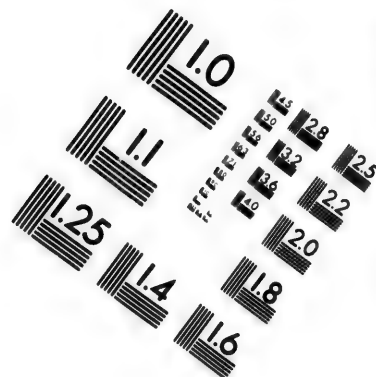
VII.—SIBERIA.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, the grand question, whether barbarism or civilisation, Muhammadanism or Christianity, was to rule the destinies of Northern Asia, was decided by a homeless robber. The trade which the Russians had recently begun to conduct with Bokhara and Persia—a trade whose development they are even now slowly but studiously urging—was so frequently and extensively plundered by the Cossacks of the Don, that Ivan Basilevitch, after his conquest of Kuran and Astrakhan, determined to put down these brigand hordes, and despatched a numerous

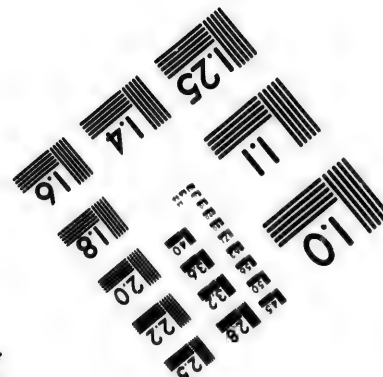
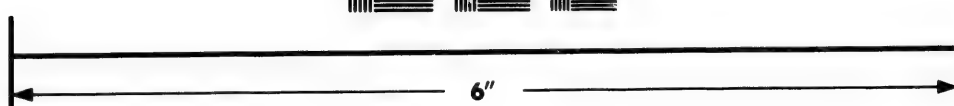
force which defeated and dispersed the banditti. Among the fugitives was Yarmak Timovief, originally the leader of a numerous and well-organised band; with 6,000 followers he fled towards the North, and sought refuge on the banks of the Kama, where the family of Stroganoff had a factory for barter with the Siberians. Stroganoff, who owed Kutchum Khan, the Siberian chief, a grudge for several attacks on his infant settlements, willingly assisted Yarmak with arms and supplies, in the winter of 1577, for an incursion on the Siberian territory. Yarmak set out in the summer of 1578, but failed through ignorance of the country, and returned to his old quarters in the ensuing spring. In June, 1579, Yarmak started anew, with an army reduced to 5,000 men, but well victualled, and under Russian colours, blessed by the church, and decorated with the images of saints. It took him until the close of 1580 to reach Telingi on the Turan, by which time, what with hard fighting, in repeated skirmishes with the Tartars, fatigue and sickness, his 5,000 had dwindled down to 1,500. Nevertheless, they boldly advanced against Kutchum Khan, and after a series of victories, came down upon an encampment of their great enemy, near the centre of his dominions, at the junction of the Irtysh and the Sölö. Undisturbed either by the loss of their comrades or by the array of the thousands that waited to receive them, the Cossacks began and ended this one contest more between Europe and Asia, with a spirit worthy of Marathon. After an obstinate struggle, the Tartars were routed with fearful carnage, while Kutchum Khan himself with difficulty escaped. From the field of victory Yarmak despatched part of his still more seriously diminished forces to storm, if necessary, the fortress of Sihar, the residence of the vanquished potentate; but Kutchum Khan had fled, and Yarmak was crowned sovereign of the Sölö and the Irtysh. The Tartars flocked from all quarters to offer their adhesion and pay required tribute to the intrepid conqueror. Yarmak now sent off a faithful Cossack to Moscow, with a present of most valuable furs, and an offer of his conquests. The present of a kingdom was graciously received; his ambassador returned with money, arms, and an assurance of assistance, together with presents, including for Yarmak himself the higher honour of an old fur coat that the Emperor himself had worn.

Meanwhile Yarmak not only maintained his conquests, but even extended them; he not only baffled all Kutchum Khan's attempts to recover his crown, but even penetrated into the valley of the Ob above its junction with the Irtysh. Some 500 Russians arrived to assist him, and he made excursions on all sides. In returning from one of these expeditions, he had encamped in the evening on a small island formed by the branches of the Irtysh. The night was dark and rainy, and the troops, who were fatigued with a long march, relied too implicitly for safety on the state of the weather and the strength of their position. Apprised by his scouts of the circumstances, Kutchum Khan silently fished the river with a chosen band, coming so unexpectedly on his sleeping victims as to preclude the use of their arms. The Russians, to the number of 300, were cut to pieces almost without resistance, and only one man escaped to carry the news of the catastrophe to the garrison of Sibiri. Even in this awful hour of confusion and slaughter Yarmak's intrepidity never forsook him. After many acts of heroism, he cut his way through the enemy to the





A resolution test chart featuring several groups of horizontal and vertical lines of varying thicknesses. Each group is accompanied by a numerical value indicating the resolution. The values include 1.0, 1.1, 1.25, 1.4, 1.6, 1.8, 2.0, 2.2, 2.5, 2.8, 3.2, 3.6, 4.0, 4.5, 5.0, 5.6, 6.3, 7.1, 8.0, 9.0, and 10.0. The chart is used to measure the resolving power of imaging systems.



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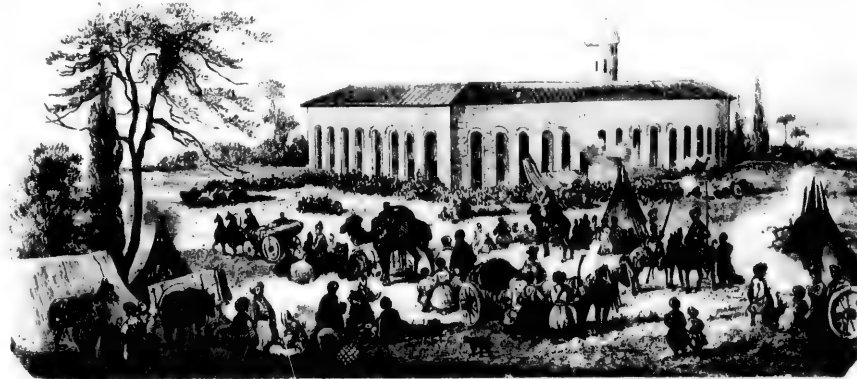


THE ARGALI (OVIS AMMON), OR WILD SHEEP OF SIBERIA.

water's edge, and he would most probably have escaped from Kutchum Khan and all his Tartars, if he had not, while attempting to get into a boat, fallen into the river and sunk instantly to the bottom, the weight of his armour preventing him from swimming. Thus perished, after seven years of constant warfare, this enterprising leader on the 6th of August, 1584. His corpse was exposed to every insult by order of Kutchum Khan. But the Khan's own followers showed indignation at such ungenerous ferocity, and reproached both their leader and themselves for having permitted indignity to the venerable remains of so great a hero. They consecrated Yarmak's memory, interred his body with all their superstitious rites, and offered sacrifices to his manes. In a word, they regarded Yarmak as a god, and invested his body, his clothes, his arras and his tomb, with miraculous powers and properties.

For a while the Russian Empire in Siberia was at an end, as the remains of his small band withdrew from Siberia. But the Court of Muscovy speedily availed

itself of the divisions amongst the Tartar people and nobles, the former of whom admired Yarmak and the conduct of the Russians, disliking Kutchum Khan for his intolerable zeal in propagating the Muhammedan faith, while the latter were desirous of preserving their relative independence. A body of 300 Russians accordingly penetrated to the Tara without opposition, built the Fort of Tara, and there waited for reinforcements. Tobolske and Tara were subjugated, and fortresses, according to the Russian (and Roman) system, established; to consolidate the conquest more towns were built, colonies planted, and settlements established in the most distant parts. Those tribes of Tartars who were not readily reducible to obedience were at once exterminated; and something like the same merciless cruelty which characterised the Spaniards in South America, was practised in Siberia. Much more would have been done, and the Russians would, no doubt, have had possession of all Mongolia, had not the jealousy of the Chinese interferred. The two powers met on the



BAZAAR AND FAIR AT NERTCHINSK,—RUSSIA IN ASIA.

banks of the Amoor, as we have before narrated. The contest was carried on from 1680 to 1689, when the Russians ceded a considerable territory and the navigation of the Amoor. The discovery of Kamtschatka and its adjacent islands in the early part of the eighteenth century, as well as the proximity of continental America in the archipelago of islands between, made the value of this river more patent, and led to that ultimate recovery and addition to Russian rights on the Amoor which we have chronicled above.

Not only were the peasants of Siberia remarkable for their civility, but all grades of society are decidedly more intelligent than the corresponding classes in any other part of her empire, and perhaps in most parts of Europe. The system on which Siberia has been and continues to be colonised is admirable alike in theory and practice. The perpetrators of heinous crimes are sent to the mines; those who have been banished for minor delinquencies are settled in villages, or farms; and political offenders (except, indeed, in cases of conspiracy or treason) are generally established in little knots, communicating to all around them a degree of refinement unknown in other half-civilised countries.

In fact for the reforming of the criminal (we will say nothing of the dark reverse of the picture—the punishment of political offenders), in addition to the punishment of the crime, Siberia is undoubtedly the best penitentiary in the world. When not bad enough for the mines, each exile is provided with a lot of ground, a house, a horse, two cows, and agricultural implements, and also, for the first year, with provisions.

For three years he pays no taxes whatever, and for the next ten only half of the full amount. To bring fear, as well as hope, to operate in his favour, he clearly understands, that his very first slip will send him from his house and his family, to toil, as an outcast, in the mines.

At present mines and washeries act very unfavourably on the settlement and cultivation of Siberia, by calling away the labourers from more steady occupation to the precarious pursuit of the precious metals. The province of Yenissei alone has yielded in one year 500 poods (9,000 lbs.) of gold. The most valuable washeries are those on Tanguska, which falls into the river that gives names to the district, a considerable way to the north of Krasnoyarsk. The richest washing tract in Eastern Siberia is said to be the triangle formed by the Angara to the east, the Yenissei to the west, and Chinese Tartary to the south. As an instance of the speculative nature of this occupation, one individual is mentioned who, living at Krasnoyarsk in Western Siberia, on the Yenissei, embarked in the business, and obtained no returns for three years, when, in one season, he was richly repaid for his outlay of a million and a half of roubles (about 4s. each) by one hundred and fifty poods of gold, worth 37,000 roubles, or rather more than five millions and a half in all.

The roads run for the most part through undulating plains, and the country, as you leave the more extensive northern regions, is well wooded and settled, the villages being numerous along the roads. In each town and village, by the by, along the great thoroughfares, there is an ostrog, or wooden fort, used for locking up the convicts while passing onward to their respective destinations. Each of these has a sentry at the door. The convicts travel in parties of two or three hundred each, very lightly chained together, with a military

escort; and in order still further to prevent escape, sentinels are stationed at every three or four miles on the road. Another object constantly before the traveller's eye is the great number of small carts on four wheels, each drawn by two horses, and loaded with twenty poods of tea, on its long and weary way from Kiachta into Russia, at a rate of £40 per ton for carriage to Moscow, or rather more than fourpence a pound, and almost equivalent, to the consumers, to the duty we pay ourselves, to whom the carriage by sea costs less than one halfpenny per pound.

Siberia, formerly denominated Great Tartary, is bounded by the Frozen Ocean on the north, by the Mongols and Western Tartars on the south, by the Pacific Ocean, China, and Chinese Tartary on the east, and on the west by Russia herself.

Of the advantages accruing to Russia from her possession of Siberia, the most obvious is the fur trade; in which, indeed, originated her primary footing in northern Asia. Anika Strogonoff, grandfather of Yarmak's ally, had established himself at Solvytshegodskaia, a town in the government of Voloyon, for the purpose of manufacturing salt. He soon found a more attractive trade in his intercourse with the inhabitants of the north-western parts of Siberia, receiving from them large quantities of the choicest furs in exchange for toys and other commodities of trifling value. It was in consequence of his success—a success rewarded by the gift of an immense tract of land on the Kama and Tchinsova—that John Basilovitch the Fourth, being the second czar of that name, sent across the Siberian Mountains an expedition, which resulted in imposing an annual tribute of a thousand sables on one of the neighbouring chiefs. In their new settlements the Strogonoffs prosecuted the fur trade more vigorously than ever; and it was in a great measure through the profits of this same business that Yarmak was provided with the means of more extended and permanent conquest. Glory, dominion, and desire of pushing eastward, have urged the Cossacks onward, step by step, beyond the remotest bounds of Asia; but "skins," of some kind or other, have always been at once the badge of subjection and the gerund of victory.

The fur trade still, in spite of iron mines and gold washeries is the most valuable branch of Siberian and Russian commerce. Native fur, to the value of seven millions and a half of roubles, are annually bartered at the fair of Kiachta, over and above all the skins that find their way to the westward as far as Nishni Novogorod¹ and Moscow. Furs are an object of pur-

¹ Nishni Novogorod is an ancient and celebrated city, once the capital of a great Republic with 400,000 souls within its walls. Its resident population is now reduced to about 4,000, but it is still famous for the most important and extensive fair in the world. The proverb throughout Russia and Great Tartary was at one time, "Who can resist God and the Great Novogorod?" Peter the Great, ruined it by removing the capital from Moscow to the shores of the Gulf of Finland. Its numerous stupes, a portion of its celebrity, present a distinction of which its inhabitants are proud. The cross stands alone at the top, unaccompanied by the crescent; an emblem that the Tartars, in all incursions, never succeeded so far as to enter the city. This distinction universally holds in Russia, the reconquered cities bearing the crescent, but surrounded by the cross. In the fair time two or three hundred thousand people from all parts of the Old Continent are said to congregate, bringing with them the wares of their respective countries. Here may be seen Bokharians, Greek, Chinese, Spaniards, Persians, Italians, Tartars, Jews, Germans, English, French, &c. &c. The trade is as various as the crowd is motley, consisting of the tea



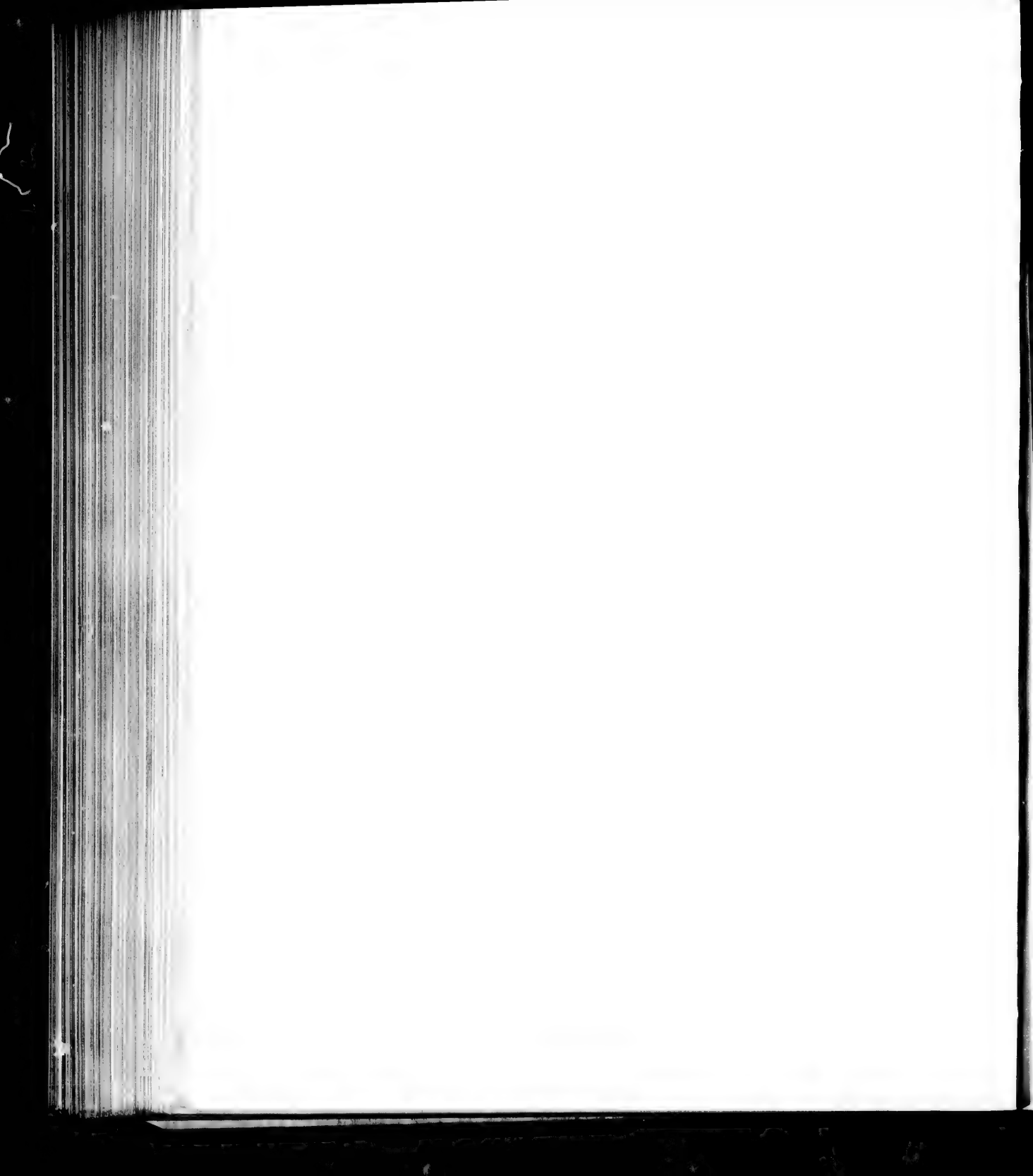
TUNGUSE SORCERESS AND NATIVES



MANCHURIANS AND TUNGUSIANS OF THE TRANS-BAIKAL DISTRICT.



YAKUT COLONY, OR VILLAGE.



suit throughout the whole country. In the official returns of the Chinese trade, there appear the squirrels of the Yenissei and the Obe, with the ermines of the River Irtysh and the Baratsky steppe. The actual advantage derived by Russia from the fur trade of Siberia may be fairly estimated at a higher standard than that of mere roubles, on the one special ground, that the branch of commerce in question must have formed the main inducement for the Chinese to open an inland traffic with their neighbours.¹

The Chinese trade, independently of its direct benefits to individual merchants and manufacturers, gives to Russia a position and an influence in the commercial world which, without Siberia, she could never have acquired. It largely aids in peopling and civilising Siberia, which must earn at least 2,000,000 of the 3,200,000 roubles expended on the transport to and from Kiachta; and every place sends a contribution of manufactures to Maimatchin in Russian leather alone to the extent of 61,903 pieces, valued at 639,162 roubles.²

and silks of China, the furs of America and Siberia, the hardware of England, the shawls of Persia, the metallic treasures of the local mountains, leather, hides, tallow, bristles, cotton, tobacco, horses, cattle, an endless catalogue. The business lasts from the beginning of August to the middle of September; and the amount of transactions is estimated at nine or ten millions sterling. Players, and the whole race of show-men and show-women, reap a golden harvest at this time, while thousands, or, according to some estimates, tens of thousands of young ladies, whose faces are their fortunes, are present in due proportion of numbers, from most of the same regions as the dealers themselves, in the charitable hope of providing every man with a partner of congenial taste and language.

¹ The quantity of peltry thus sold may be judged from the following calculation as to the furs imported into Russia:—"Of sables, there were sold at Kiachta only 467; while at the same time there were 42,895 paws of the animal, the produce of at least 10,723; so that, even if not one whole sable went to the westward, there would still remain about twenty-two times as many skins for Russia as for China. But the Chinese share of the sables was nearly as inferior to the Russian in value as in number. The 467 which fell to the lot of the Celestials were estimated, with all the expenses of transport on their backs, at only 7,480 roubles, thus averaging something less than sixteen roubles a-piece; while even at Olekminsk the average price, as already mentioned, of the sables of the Olekma, taking two successive years together, was 2000 roubles for forty, or precisely fifty roubles a skin. Again, not a single marten was offered at Kiachta, while 14,794 paws proved that at least 3,698 skins of the animal must have been procured. Further, there were only 9,010 stoats, but 42,515 tails of the creature, leaving at least 33,505 skins for other destinations. Lastly, of foxes there were barely 200,000, with about 600,000 paws; so that at least 150,000 foxes must have been reserved for another market."

² Governor Simpson, in speaking of Tiumen on the road to Perm, gives us a curious insight into this trade. "Tiumen," says he, "is the grand depot of all the goods that pass in either direction between Russia and China, being the point at which, on their eastern routes, whether by land or water, they may be said, according to circumstances, to separate or to meet. This thriving town carries on, also, a large trade with Bokhara and the Kirghis, chiefly in what is known as Russian leather, and, in addition to considerable quantities of this same staple manufacture, it sends a good deal of bristles and cotton across the Uralian Mountains into Russia, ultimately, perhaps, to find their way to England. It is, moreover, famous for its rugs and carpets, having sent such articles to Kiachta to the value of five thousand roubles. They are often made at home by the peasant girls, who hawk them through the town at so many rounds a length, measuring by the fair manufacturer herself, and as the women of the place and neighbourhood are justly celebrated for their beauty, this mode of taking each young lady's measure is, of course, a great recommendation of her wares. In short, Tiumen is the only place in Siberia, excepting perhaps what Tobolsk may have been in the days of its glory, that at all comes up to the English idea of a snug, pleasant, and prosperous town." Speaking of the peasants

The rivers of Siberia and its gold mines and washeries have of late years added extensively to the resources of Russia. Siberia is her Australia and California, and of equal importance, as tending to develop her manufacturing and agricultural industry, and provide her with a large market for the consumption of her home produce. One singular effect of a gold-producing country has shown itself necessary in a remarkable manner in Siberia. The gold-finders have become agriculturists and small manufacturers, and the Russian Government is already complaining and inquiring into the reason why the mines have not of late years produced equal amounts with those of the preceding years. Siberia not being a country to which people willingly emigrate—though they would do so were it better known—the working population does not increase proportionately with the facility for obtaining wealth, and the desire to enjoy it when obtained. Siberia has three capitals—Tobolsk, Irkutsk, and Yakutsk—the former of which has of late years in some degree been superseded by Omsk, the new metropolis of Western Siberia. It stands at the confluence of the Obe and the Irtysh, in the midst of a sandy plain, which presents no tree of a larger size than a dwarf willow. Over this barren flat, which extends on all sides as far as the eye can reach, the biting winds blow from every part of the compass without impediment, driving before them, in winter drifts of snow, and in summer clouds of dust. There is a garrison of 4,000 men; and it has been selected as the seat of the general government, chiefly with a view to the gradual subjugation of the Kirghis, who occupy a vast tract of country all the way from this to the Caspian Sea.³

in the vicinity, the same traveller says, "These were a well-grown race, a fact the more worthy of note, inasmuch as, according to our information, this has not been recorded in the most orthodox style. Instead of being suckled by their mother, the children of this neighbourhood were said to be fed with cow's milk from a small horn, having its top covered with a cow's teat; and very young infants would learn to hold the horn themselves, and puzzle in their cradles."

³ Not content with this, the Russian Government have lately pushed forward another settlement 600 miles from Omsk; this is Semipalatinski, or the Seven Palaces, so named from seven mounds said to be remains of ancient royal residences. Caravans are continually passing between Semipalatinski and the Chinese towns of Tashkend and Kashkar, as well as Bokhara, Khokan, Samarcand and Yarkand. Mr. Atkinson informs us that they take out printed Russian goods, copper, iron, and hardware, returning with tea, silks, and dried fruits, for the fair at Irbit. A large trade is also carried on with the Kirghis, supplying them with silk dresses, tea, rusins, and wooden bowls from China; kalats (or gowns) of printed calico, from Khokan; Russian hardware, iron, copper, and leather. The exchange for these is black and gray fox-skins, black lamb-skins, horses, oxen, and sheep. The horses and oxen are driven into Eastern Siberia, to the different gold mines. One of these Tartar traders told Mr. Atkinson that he imported 50,000 horned cattle into Siberia annually, chiefly for consumption at the gold mines. He mentions, likewise, having frequently met the Kirghis with herds of from 3,000 to 4,000 oxen, 1,500 miles from their homes, and 500 from their destination. When the cattle are delivered at the mines, the men remain a few days, and then start on their return—a very long ride. Their journey homeward is by the post, as far as Semipalatinski, and then to their hovels on horseback. The sheep are driven across the steppe to Petropavlovsk, on the frontiers of Siberia, and thence to Ekaterineburg, where they are killed, and their fat melted down into tallow. More than one million sheep are brought from the Kirghis steppe yearly, which are disposed of in this manner. The whole of the tallow was, till within the last five years, forwarded to Europe; now the bulk is converted into stearine, at the large works near Ekaterineburg. This establishment supplies all Siberia with candles, besides sending a great quantity into Russia.

Of Irkutsk we have already given a description, and of many parts of Eastern Siberia; we will proceed to Yakutsk, the capital of the more northerly division:—

VIII.—LIFE AMONG THE YAKUTS.

A CURIOUS work, published at St. Petersburg, presents, in the guise of a biography and an account of travels, a complete picture of the life of a young Russian, a native of Yakutsk. This, as he observes, is the only book ever written in the Yakutsk language. The title of the work is "Uvariskai Akhtyka," &c. (Revolutions of Ounvarovski). The writer was collector of taxes and duties for nine years, and was thus necessarily compelled to travel all over the country.

On the left bank of the great River Lena, about a hundred kies or kees (each kies is ten versts), near to the Frozen Sea, is the town of Jigansk or Shigansk or Oedjgaen, as we call it. Here resided my father, who was paid by the district, and here I was born. When Jigansk was struck out of the list of towns,¹ my father, perforce, went back to Yakutsk. I was then about four or five years old, and can only remember that my father's occupation compelled him to be absent from us, sometimes nine months at a time; and that, during his absence in these long and painful journeys, I used to sit at home and cry with my mother for company's sake. One morning, having woke up early, I was mortally frightened at the sight of a brigand, of a terribly fierce appearance, who was standing at the house-door, rifle in hand. I learned, to my great relief, that he was placed there on guard, to prevent our goods being pilaged by his brother bandits through mistake. He was one of a band of fifteen robbers, who had made their way from Okhotsk, where they had been condemned to the salt-works, and, having escaped, were on their way, if they could find it, back to Europe (a not uncommon thing with the exiles sent by Russia to Siberia), robbing and plundering whatever they could lay their hands upon. They had come down the River Aldan into the Lena, and had reached Jigansk in boats. Arriving at night, they had surprised the soldiers and the Cossack guard in their sleep, tied their hands and feet, and made them so intoxicated as to deprive them of all consciousness. Having locked the guards and jailers up in the town prison, they then divided into parties, and plundered the place systematically. In the morning, about milking-time (nine or ten o'clock), they reassembled in front of our house, after successfully carrying out their *coup de main*. These ferocious and terrible looking fellows had all lost their noses, and were scarred on the face (they had been branded as felons) and their black visages seemed still darker in the light of the brazier. However, on the arrival of my father and mother, they dropped their swaggering ways, and assumed a benevolent look, though still reeking with the blood of one of their victims. They thanked my parents with apparent fervour for having assisted poor wretches like themselves, on some former occasion. Nothing like this had ever been seen before in the Yakut country. The chief of these brigands, a

Georgian by birth, seemed not to be at all affected by what was going on. He was a fellow of large stature, and wore, in and about his girdle, a perfect armoury of pistols and daggers, which, with his silver-braided red-cloth pantaloons, gave him a magnificent appearance. I never saw such a head in my life, and shall never forget him, for he held me in his arms, and regaled me with all kinds of cakes, to keep me from crying. Thankful enough were my parents, assuredly, for being spared that plundering which ruined all around them. About mid-day, the robbers, after a sumptuous breakfast, took boat once more and re-embarked on the Lena, carrying off a wonderful wealth in booty. The other inhabitants had run away into the forest, and their tears and lamentations, when they came back and found their homes desolate, were pitiable exceedingly.²

¹ The escape of exiles is not an uncommon thing in Siberia, and sometimes occasions tremendous alarm through the circumjacent country. In "Atkinson's Travels in the Regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor," that gentleman relates an event which occurred in the Altai, during the month of September, 1850, and caused a great sensation throughout Western Siberia. A party of Cossacks thundered through the quiet streets of Barnaul, a little after midnight, and roused the chief of the miners with the information that Siberia was being invaded by three thousand Asiatics, who were marching on Barnaul, where 43,200 lbs. of gold and 28,000 lbs. of silver were known to be deposited. There came another despatch, increasing the number of invaders to seven thousand, and that they were led by an Englishman (Mr. Atkinson himself)—in fact, that the wildordes of Asia had burst forth, headed by an English Genghis Khan. A third despatch raised the number of the enemy to ten thousand, and brought news of a Kalauack massacre. Troops were assembled from all sides. Prince Gortschaoff travelled from Ornsk to Senipalinsk (on the borders of the Kirghis steppes), six hundred miles in forty hours. The soldiers pushed forward, and everywhere met the inhabitants flying, until, at last, they came within earshot of more accurate intelligence, and it was ascertained that this alarming invasion had its source in a party of forty Circassian prisoners who had escaped from the gold mines on the Birioussa. These fugitive Circassians had no intention of invading the Russian dominions, their object being to escape from the great Siberian prison to their far distant homes. They were prisoners of war, and had been sent to work in the mines of Siberia, which was considered an act of great cruelty. Surely, soldiers who had bravely defended their homes deserved a better fate than to be mixed with Russian convicts, many of whom were convicts of the worst class. These brave fellows had been employed at the gold washings on the Birioussa, a river which forms the boundary between the governments of Irkutsk and Yenisei. From this place they determined to escape; and, after many difficulties, made the attempt. By the aid of small quantities of gold, which they managed to secrete during their labours, they procured a rifle and ammunition for each man from the Tartars, who concealed them in a cavern in the mountains, about seven miles from the mines. The most essential requisites for their future success had now been obtained, but at a cost of ten times their value. There was no fear of the Tartars betraying them, as their own safety depended on their secrecy, and a terrible punishment awaited them if detected with gold in their possession. On a Saturday afternoon, in the latter end of June, 1850, when the labours of the day were ended, the Circassians quietly left the mines in small parties, going in different directions. This was done without exciting any suspicion, and they met in the evening at a rendezvous, a ravine in the mountain, about six miles from the mines, in a southerly direction. A stud of spare horses were kept at pastures in the forest several miles from their place of meeting, and at about seven from the mines. A large party of Circassians proceeded towards this place, and arrived near it just at dusk, and three were sent on in advance, carrying their rifles, as if returning from the hunt. The horse-keepers were driving the animals into an inclosure to secure them for the night. When this was accomplished, they discovered three rifles pointed at them, and were told they would be shot if they attempted to escape. A shrill whistle called up the other exiles, who instantly secured the three men; the best horses were at once selected out of a stud of between three and four hundred, and as two of their attendants were great hunters, and well acquainted

¹ Captain Coleraine mentions Zashivask, the first considerable halting-place from Yakutsk, as a town containing seven houses, and seven inhabitants viz. two clergymen (of different persuasions), a non-commissioned officer, and second in command, a post-master, a merchant, and an old widow.—"I have, during my service in the navy, and at a period when seamen were scarce, seen a merchant-ship with sixteen guns and only fifteen men; but I never before saw a town with only seven inhabitants."

In the spring of the same year these brigands were captured about seventy kias from Jigansk by soldiers despatched from Yakutsk. But a very small part of the booty was recovered, the rest had been consumed or squandered in one way or another.

with the mountain regions around, the Circassians carried them all away to act as guides to the Chinese frontier, and to prevent the discovery of their means of flight till they had got a good start; moreover, they turned the remainder of the stud out of the inclosed ground, and drove them into the forest, to make it appear that they had broken loose, and that the absent men were searching for them. They departed, carrying off fifty fine horses. No time was lost in reaching their friends in the glen, who received them with shouts of joy. An hour before midnight, when the moon rose to light them on their way, they commenced their flight.

The hunters led them southward, through rugged passes and over several ridges, without once stopping, till they reached, a little before sunrise, a high summit, whence they could look down upon the gold mine, and distinguish the smoke curling up from the fires that are constantly kept burning to drive away these pests, the mosquitoes. Having taken a last look of the place of their exile, they hastened onward into a grassy valley, where they fed their horses, and breakfasted. After a rest they pushed on again. They presently came upon a mountain torrent, over which they crossed with great difficulty. Their march was continued till near night-fall, when they encamped in perfect security, still keeping strict guard over their guides. On the evening of the fourth day they ascended the last summit of the Sian, crossed the crest of the chain, and descended into a narrow valley, where they encamped for the night. They had now passed the Chinese frontier, and the guides knew nothing of the region beyond this point; they were, therefore, set free, and their rifles handed to them. A goodly supply of venison had been obtained on the march, and this evening was passed in feasting and enjoyment. At daybreak they separated, the Siberians to return to their homes; the Circassians were left to their own resources in a wild region abounding in deep and rapid torrents, that forced them to seek a route near the head waters of many large streams, which fall into the Yenissei. This led them in a south-westerly direction, and after a ride of four days, they reached that river, in its basin between the Sian and Tancun Mountains. Here it is broad, deep, and rapid, rendering it dangerous to swim, while to follow the stream up towards its source would take them too far to the eastward, and might place them in a dangerous position if pursued. A little below them the rapids commence, and extend several miles to the end of a gorge, rent in the mountain, in which are the great falls. At this place a body of water, 250 yards in breadth, rolls over a succession of cascades, 2,800 feet in height. These are contained in a space of about a mile, and the thundering of the water is echoed far over the mountains. Under these circumstances, the fugitives were obliged to swim the river without delay, which was not accomplished without danger, as they were carried far down the stream. They now entered into almost rugged region, with no guide but the setting sun, and they watched it descend daily over the land of their birth, towards which they constantly directed their course. This was their first error—their route ought to have gone southerly to the Tancun chain. After many days of severe toil, they reached the River Aninji, which rolls over its rocky bed in an immense torrent. This they could not cross, and they were compelled to turn towards its source, which brought them where nature wears her most savage aspect, into a group of mountains extending over a vast space, that reaches up to the shores of the Altin-Kool or Altan Kul ("Gold Lake," to the Tschouli-shan, and to the high plateau of the Tschouli, the most elevated steppe in the Altai. This region is a chaos of rocks, high precipices, deep ravines, and roaring torrents, often forming impassable barriers. More than three weeks were passed by the exiles in those labyrinths of rock, wood, and water; while many vain efforts were made to cross the Abakan. The numerous ravines through which the mountain torrents find their way into this river, and the high precipices rising along its course, eventually forced the wanderers to the south-west. In a few days they reached the region of eternal snow, and succeeded in crossing the Abakan far up towards its source. Another difficulty now beset them—winter had already commenced in the higher regions to the south; which, with the rugged nature of the country, turned them to the northward a most dangerous course. Had the unfortunate warriors known but a little of the geography of these regions, they would have continued their route to the south, and

To the mere spectator, not otherwise interested, the environs of Jigansk were totally wanting in beauty or variety. There was nothing everywhere but a wide flat country, shut in between low hills and thick scrubby wood, into which a dog would find some trouble in

crossed the Tancun Mountains; but their immense snowy peaks no doubt alarmed them, while the lower ranges to the west seemed to invite them towards Circassia. After passing the Tancun, and reaching the country of the Kulkas, all danger from Siberia would have been at an end, and a ride of twenty-five days to the westward would have brought them to the Kirghiz tribes, among whom they would have found a language they understood and a religion like their own, and have met with friends to aid them in their long ride over the vast Asiatic plains, in the direction of their homes. Instead of this they entered into a region, the physical nature of which gradually forced them to the north-west, and at length they struck upon the eastern shores of the Altin-Kool. Here their last chance of success presented itself. A malignant fate, however, seems to have pursued them. This large lake, with its rock-bound shores, stopped their progress westward; still a route was open for them toward the Tchouli, whence a ride of fifteen days would have taken them across the Kourchums, and into a place of security. But here again, a singular fatality turned them towards the north. They came upon that part of the lake which extends in a north-easterly direction, for about fifteen miles, to where the Kanga falls into it. After considerable difficulties they succeeded in reaching the river, and rode along its bank for many miles before finding a ford. Leaving the Kanga, they crossed a high ridge, and struck upon a Kalnuck trail, which they followed. This led them along the mountains which skirt the northern shores of the lake, till they reached the Biea, the only outlet of the Altin-Kool. Immediately on issuing from the lake the river enters a rocky gorge, in which it runs for about thirty miles. Throughout this distance it is a succession of rapids and falls, over which neither man nor animal can pass. More than two months had now elapsed since the poor fellows had left the Biricussai, and they were still in their Siberian prison. During this period they had suffered both from hunger and fatigue, although game was abundant in many of the regions through which they passed. When hunting is the only source of a man's subsistence, the supply often proves precarious, as all will find who try. Following the mountains along the eastern bank of the Biea, they reached a part of the country, thinly inhabited by Kalnucks, living under Russian sway. At length they arrived at a Kalnuck all, and got into difficulties with the people, but whether the Kalnucks attempted to stop them, or threatened to call in the aid of the Cossacks to take them prisoners, it is impossible to say. The dispute unfortunately ended in a battle, when several Kalnucks were killed, and their men burned. Those who escaped conveyed the terrible news to other tribes, and all became alarmed. Some retreated into the forests with their families and cattle, while others carried the alarm to the Cossack fort, at Sundyp. The officer in command was drunk when the news arrived; hence those exaggerated dispatches which followed each other in rapid succession. The Circassians committed a fatal error by engaging in conflict with the people, as the alarm spread rapidly in every direction, and left no chance for their escape. Continuing their course to the northward, they passed beyond the rapids, and succeeded in swimming their horses over the Biea. From this point they turned to the south, which led them into the mountains between Biea and Katonia. The river in the mountains is one succession of rapids, so that there are few places where it can be crossed, even in canoes; it is impossible to swim the torrent. The higher mountains to the south being deep in snow placed the fugitives in a trap. When their real number was discovered, the illusion respecting their force was destroyed, and the Kalnucks prepared with a savage determination to avenge the blood that had been shed. A body of men were soon collected; they were staunch as lionhounds, and had been seduced into running down their prey. Scouts, sent forward to follow the trail, were followed by Siberian hunters who knew every mountain pass and torrent. Mounted on good, fresh horses, they rapidly closed upon the fugitives; and, on the evening of the third day of their pursuit, encamped within three miles of them. The Circassians were on their march, with the first gleam of dawn, towards the upper end of the narrow valley, which led them into a pass. They observed that their enemies were proceeding in two divisions—one riding up the ridge a little to the westward, and the other on their track. This caused them to

thrusting his nose. You could not advance ten steps in this wood without sinking up to your knees in a shifting and miry bog. The winter lasted for eight months, for which period warm clothes were indispensable; two months for spring and two for autumn, leaves but a poor pittance for a doleful summer. The snow rises as high as the houses, the wind blows strong enough to knock you off your legs, the frost cuts short your breathing, and for two whole months the sun is hid from your sight. To tell the truth, were the choice allowed, no one would have selected Jigansk as his birth-place. The inhabitants of this happy town are Tungusians, and muster about 400 or 500 men. They live by the chase, and course over a sea of ice two hundred myriameters in circumference. They

hurry onward, fearing to be caught in the pass. As they were on a good track their horses were not spared, and, in little more than an hour, they reached another valley, which extended for many miles to the east and west. The object of that division of their pursuers, who were crossing the ridge, was now visible; it was to prevent their escape to the westward. The prisoners confined their ride to the eastward, and found, after going a few miles, that they were in a succession of small valleys that led them up between the mountains in the snowy region. Before turning a jutting point, they ascertained that the Kalnucks were now following on their track, at about three miles distant, without apparently making any attempt to approach nearer. It was not till long past mid-day that they were observed to be rapidly gaining upon them. Pushing on their tired steeds evaded coming, as each few minutes brought their enemies in closer proximity. Presently, a spent ball struck one of their horses, and that they intended mischief. At length, the hungry and way-worn warriors were driven into a mountain pass, and rifle balls began to drop fast around them. Having reached a narrow part of the gorge where it was strewn with fallen rocks, they made a stand, and returned the fire with effect, for several saddles became vacant. In a few moments they received a heavy volley, when some of the exiles were wounded, notwithstanding their shelter, and several horses were killed. They now stood at bay, determined never to yield. Their pursuers outnumbered them five to one, and knew every crag and turning in the ravines, which enabled them to take shelter where a bullet could touch them, whence they could pick off the fugitives, and force the survivors to retire from every position they sought. Each new post was held with undaunted coolness, and diminished numbers compelled the Circassians again to retreat; every call to surrender being answered with a shout of defiance. While the work of slaughter was going on, night shrouded the combatants, and under cover of the darkness fifteen of these brave men crept on foot ascending further into the mountains, and leaving their horses to their merciless enemies. Though their position had become desperate, they scrambled on, hoping to find shelter from the cutting blast. At length, they reached some deep recesses in the rocks, where they decided to pass the night; they, however, dared not light a fire, as that would guide the Kalnucks to their retreat. The night passed without their being discovered. With the first gray dawn of morn they commenced their weary march, and scaled the rocky heights before them, whence they had a view of the vast snow-clad peaks above, which stopped all further progress in that direction. Dark clouds were gathering around these rugged crags, betokening an approaching storm, an evil omen for the exiles. After carefully scanning the country in search of their pursuers, not one of which was visible, they turned to the west, skirting along the base of one of the giants of the chain towards a forest of cedars which covered a low rocky ridge.

The hunters had not been idle; long before daylight appeared, two parties had been sent forward to form ambushes where it was expected the Circassians would be obliged to pass, while the main body remained behind to clear the ravine. Being convinced that the forest would afford them the only means of escape, the fugitives pushed on in that direction. They had reached within two hundred yards of the wood, when a puff of white smoke appeared in a thicket, sending a leaden messenger that proved fatal to one of their comrades. They now made an attempt to reach the shelter of some rocks, but before they had proceeded twenty paces, five others had fallen. A savage shout to surrender greeted

collect the bones of wild beasts, the mammoth bones, and kill the rein-deer, the elk, the sable, the marten, the red fox, squirrels, ermines, and black and white bears.

Yet, whatever a country may be, it is rarely without something agreeable. If, during their two months of the summer, the inhabitants of Jigansk see the sun always in the horizon, and those who are "not to the matter born," have some difficulty in deciding when it is bed time, the waters in the environs of Jigansk, are unrivalled for the abundance and quality of their fish. Here are caught the salmo-nelma, the ablette, the sturgeon, sterlets, char, the omal and the salmo-lavoretus.

Most of this excellent fish is thrown away, for two reasons: first, because there is no salt to be had to preserve them; and next, because it is the custom. The Tunguse dig a deep trench near their fishing

their cars from a large party in their rear, that were fast closing in upon them. Their last few shots were spent on the advancing body, and not without effect; then they made a rush to reach the forest; but only four were destined to gain its cover, and some of these were wounded. The thick underwood screened the poor fellows from the volley which whistled after them, and stopped the firing, as they were soon lost in the dense and tangled branches. The clouds, which had become blacker, began pouring down rain and sleet, accompanied by a fierce gale, which brought their enemies to a stand, and caused them to prepare an encampment under the cedars. Two small parties were sent on in pursuit, but these were shortly compelled to return without having discovered the retreat of the remnant of the gallant band. The storm had now become a hurricane, driving the snow into the balagns and whirling it into eddies, which made it difficult to see objects at a few yards distance. This continued for three days without intermission, and then the mountains were covered deep in snow, which deceived the hunters from making any further attempt to find the fugitives. The winter had also set in, with a piercing frost, and thus no doubt soon accomplished that which the rifles of the Kalnucks had spared. The four Circassians were never seen again, nor any trace of them found.

One of the three great advantages which Russia derives from Siberia is the trade in ivory. Though in many accounts this branch is of comparative little value, yet it is well worthy of honourable mention, as having, in a high degree, promoted the progress of geographical discovery. It was in the eager pursuit of the bones of the mammoth, that most of the northern islands were visited and explored; islands which, when taken in connection with their mysterious treasures, invest the Asiatic coast of the Arctic Ocean with an interest unknown to the corresponding shores of America. Moreover, as more skill and judgment, and perhaps also ampler means, are required for disintering or selecting tusks than for hunting or purchasing skins, a superior class of men have generally devoted themselves to the former occupation; and perhaps the most interesting feature in Baron Wrangel's interesting book consists of a collector of ivory of the name of Bereshmol. The ivory fetches from fifty to seventy roubles a pool, or from one shilling to one shilling and nine-pence a pound, according to its state of preservation. The tusks appear to be fresher as we advance to the northward—a circumstance which seems to corroborate the notion that the climate has had something to do with their continued existence in an organic form. It appears to be somewhat more than a curious coincidence, that the bones of the smaller class, such as those of the horse, the buffalo, the ox, and the sheep, have been discovered only in the remotest north. Providence had thus seen fit, in some distant age, to deposit in the very coldest region on the face of the globe, an inexhaustible supply of an organic substance, which all previous experience would have expected to discover only in tropical climes. The bones of the mammoth are found in the greatest abundance throughout all the north-western parts of Eastern Siberia. Spring after spring, the alluvial banks of the lakes and rivers, crumbling under the thaw, give up, as it were, their dead; and beyond the very verge of the inhabited world, the islands lying opposite to the mouth of the Yarna, and, as there is reason for believing, even the bed of the ocean itself, literally teem with these mysterious memorials of antiquity. How did these bones come there?

stations, and, after gutting and splitting their fish, bury them there, and cover them over. When they have wasted sufficiently, and become almost a jelly, they are in the dainty condition in which the Tungus most relish them.¹ When I was a child I used to eat them in this state; when at home, and abroad, I am not by any means unwilling to eat them so again, whenever the opportunity offers itself.

About forty years ago, there was living at Jigansk a Russian woman, by name Agrippina (*Ogro-pon*); in Yakut, *Nutcha*; this woman my grandmother knew by sight. She passed for a sorceress, and happy were those thought towards whom she entertained a kindly feeling, while, on the contrary, those whom she disliked were everywhere set down as most unlucky persons. Her words were watched for and respected as oracles from Heaven. Having thus acquired influence and confidence, she built herself a hut about twenty miles from Jigansk, and whither she retired in her old age. No one passed her door without asking her blessing and making her a present; woe to the unfortunate wight who failed in this duty. She changed herself into a black crow, raised violent whirlwinds all about her, caused him to fall with all his pack into the river, and deprived him of his senses. Even now, when she has long been dead, travellers still hang up their presents where she lived.² Her name is still known, not only among the inhabitants of Jigansk, but by all the Yakuts. When a young girl is afflicted with madness,³ they say that she has been

struck by Agrippina of Jigansk. Martin says that this famous sorceress attained the age of eight years, that she was stout and lively, but not tall; her face was marked with the small pox, her eyes as bright as the morning stars, and that her voice had a clear, loud sound, like that of ice when struck. The remembrance of Agrippina the sorceress is still fresh in the northern regions of Siberia.

I was yet a child when our family left Jigansk, to establish themselves at Yakutsk. I took with me, according to custom, some of the earth of my birth-place, so that I might put it into water, and drink it when I felt homesick; but I found little need for it. I have never seen the place since, and, Heaven knows, I have never regretted it.

At two koes and a half to the north of Yakutsk, is a country called Killan (or Kalyna), where my father and my mother had built a house. I found the country here differing very much from what I had been previously accustomed to. A large surface of flat country covered with green verdure, ever in motion with the air, and smooth as the surface of a lake, spotted with innumerable flowers to the semblance of a carpet, yellow and green, with clumps of larches and birch arranged about it, as if by the hand of some skilful

prevails to such an extent as utterly to prevent pregnancy. They persist in the belief that a devil is in the body of the afflicted, and that until he be removed the person will never regain health. The complaint, whatever it may be, the natives consider an inheritance from their fathers. Of course there is extensive employment for shamans or sorcerers in respect to it, and they use all kinds of ceremonies, noises, and dances in driving the supposed demons (*See p. 320*). Incerachism, to which not only the people of the Kalyna, but those of more northern countries, are subject, is equally unaccountable; instead of exciting serious fits, like the last-mentioned disorder, it carries with it an air of merriment, as it by no means affects the health of the person, though it subjects him to the most violent proxymus of rage, fear, and mortification. Whatever is said or done in the presence of an incrach will be repeated by him at the moment, however indecorous or improper the act may be. "I have seen," says Captain Cochrane, "the dog-master of Baron Wrangel's expedition commit acts sufficient to frighten the person in company with him. While in an adjoining room conversing on points of duty, a slight knock at the bulk head was sufficient to set him a pommelling the person with him, merely from a principle of self-defence. Two old ladies in Kamchatka were sitting at tea opposite each other, both afflicted with incrachism, when a relative in a gentle manner put his hands behind their backs, propelling the old ladies towards each other, upon which they instantly threw their tea cups and saucers at each other, while the really offending party stood enjoying the mischief. There can be no doubt that the complaint is rendered worse by the constant annoyance and irritation to which they are subjected for the amusement of others."

The dog-master of Baron Wrangel's expedition, above mentioned as an incrach, met with a strange and ludicrous adventure while on the Frozen Ocean. His dogs and sledge were the foremost, when one forenoon they encountered a large white bear; the dogs immediately started off to hunt the animal. The driver steadily kept his place, prudently remaining by those who only could assist him. In the eagerness of the dogs, sharpened probably by hunger, they became entangled with one another, and were almost rendered useless. The driver, seeing the state to which he was reduced, resolved to attack the bear with his arto (a stout ironed stick with small bells, which serves to stop his sledge), and accordingly presented himself to the enraged bear, who immediately raised himself upon his hind legs and began to cry and roar most bitterly; the incrach dog-master instantly followed the example. The bear then began to dance, and the driver did the same, till at length the other sledges coming up, the bear received a blow upon the nose and was secured. It appears that the nose is the only part vulnerable without fire arms, and even then, they can be so secured only on being shot through the head. The white bears are, however, by no means a dangerous animal, avoiding the chase as much as they are avoided.

¹ Captain Cochrane mentions the eating fish raw as a Tungusian dainty. "I remained three days, living in luxury, at Laskovort. Hares, wolves, bears, wild rein-deer, and elk, which abound here, were my ordinary food; foxes, which are also in great plenty, are eaten here. Bear and wolf meat I found good when very hungry; rein-deer is a delicate diet; but elk, I think, surpasses everything I have tasted, having all the nutriment of beef, with the delicate flavour of the rein-deer. The inhabitants hospitably supplied me with plenty of fish, here eaten in a raw state, which, to this hour, I remember as the greatest delicacy I have ever tasted. Spite of our prejudices, there is nothing compared to the melting of raw fish in the mouth; oysters, clotted cream, or the finest jelly, is nothing to it; nor is it a small quantity that may be eaten of this precious commodity. I myself have finished a whole fish, which, in its frozen state, might have weighed two or three pounds, and with black biscuit and a glass of rye-brandy, have defied either nature or art to prepare a better meal. It is cut up or shaved into slices with a sharp knife from head to tail, and hence derives the name of stroganinuk; to complete the luxury, only salt and pepper were wanting." The eating of raw fish is considered on the Siberian coast a remedy against scurvy, a disease to which, from the absence of fresh vegetable diet, the natives are liable in the winter. The disease abates in the summer with the arrival of fresh fish.

² "If there is anything in earth or air more formidable to these poor fellows (the Yakuts)," says Governor Simpson, "it is the Spirit of the Forest, a person invested, in their imagination, with almost unlimited power, whether for good or evil. In the branches of the trees along the road (from Irkutsk to Yakutsk), were suspended numberless offerings of horse-hair; the gift being probably selected as an emblem of what the giver valued most; the extemporaneous songs seemed to be dictated by the hope of conciliating the great unknown; and, at supper, the first spoonful was invariably thrown into the fire to produce a sound sleep for the genius of the place. As every locality has its own elf, the Yakut, when on a journey, have no respite, soothing one object of terror after another, and only multiplying their tormentors as they increase their speed."

³ Incerachism and Diable-a-corps, are two remarkable diseases in some parts of Siberia, especially the town and district of Kalyna. The latter is a most extraordinary one, and consists in an idea that the body of the patient is possessed with one or more devils; it is attended with incessant hiccoughs. The parties afflicted with it are generally most delicate and interesting in their appearance, and it is seldom indeed that any individual is cured. In females it

artist, such was the scene that first struck my eyes. In the midst of this vast prairie crept, in glittering, serpent folds, the clear waters of a rapid river, which flow over pure sands, between dark and rugged banks. On the opposite bank was growing a plentiful crop of hay through which a hundred scythemen, their blades flashing in the sunlight, were clearing a broad path. In this plain a great number of horned cattle and horses were pasturing, cropping their food in security and wandering at their will. At short intervals of distance were assembled, in groups of five or six, the dwellings of the Yakuts, covered with beaten earth, or their yurts for spring-dwelling, conical and white, as if painted (*See p. 305*); the windows, either of glass or transparent stone, glitter like precious stones. At the end of the landscape rose up, as if it were some gentle hill, our white mansion, built on a slight eminence. The beauty of this scene, united to its vast-

ness, delighted my young mind, that had never yet seen anything resembling it. I imagined the country I saw to be limitless, and felt a delight not to be expressed in words.

The writer here mentions the sudden death of his father, his mother's sorrow at her bereavement, and how dull he found their residence at Kulan, where the extreme rigor of the cold hindered them from going forth into the desolate country, and kept them five months within doors.

Here I became acquainted, he says, with a great number of the Yakuts, and learnt their language and became familiar with their manner of living and thinking. I listened with pleasure to their stories, their songs, their old traditions, and was fond of taking part in their solemnities, their festivals, and the games which they celebrated in spring. Thus I won the affection of the Yakut men only, but of their



TUNGUSE ENCAMPMENT

wives also, and of their children, and I was admitted everywhere, and could see the interior of any family I desired.

Nor were amusements wanting. In spring the lakes of the country are filled with different kinds of ducks; and the woods with hares, capercaillie, black cock, and partridges. In spring-time, after the ice has broken, and in autumn, when the new covies are just on the wing, and about to start for a warmer climate, it is difficult to sleep for the noise of geese, ducks, swans, cranes, storks, and a host of small birds. During many years I carried on war against wild beasts, and few men have slain more of them than myself. The love of the chase made me careless of distance, nor did I hesitate at passing three whole days without sleep, totally unconscious of fatigue. In autumn I would lay myself down on a bank, without any other pillow than the trunk of a tree, without fur, coat, or blanket, to keep out the snow and rain. When I was out fishing, I tramped about all night in the cool stream, where the nets were laid, and the habit of endurance I thus contracted in

my childhood proved of the greatest advantage to me in later life.

As we were compelled to live at Yakutsk, my mother caused to be transported to that town all the

Yakutsk is the capital of the district of the same name. The revenue of this district does not equal the expenses, and accrues from a tribute of skins and furs to sell spirits. The Yakutsk population numbers about a quarter of a million. The Cosacks and the Russian Chinese do not exceed 7,000. The Russians live chiefly in their auls, or small towns and villages along the roads and rivers. The natives wander where there is pasture for their herds. The town of Yakutsk contains seven churches and 400 wooden houses of one story, laid out in spacious streets and wide squares, one of which is a bazaar, where all the shops, according to the custom of the country, are congregated. There is a monastery, a hospital, a church, and a fort. The city stands on a bleak plain, on the river bank, which is ten miles and a half broad in winter and four in summer, one of the finest streams in the world, running down 4,000 miles from its source, near Irkutsk, to the Frozen Sea. The climate and the soil are equally unpromising. During the whole year the cellars are said to be in a frozen state, and the wells to send up newly-formed ice; for the heat of summer, excessive as it is, never lasts long enough to dissipate the effects of winter to a depth of more than two or three feet. Some years ago an experiment was made, under the direction of Baron Wrangel, by the

different compartments of our house, and had it reconstructed. I was now placed in a government office as copyist to the Superior Tribunal of Yakutsk. Our chief was a man of low birth, and a poor writer, but gave himself airs, and passed as a man of consequence. He kept all hands at work, copying from morn till night, seventeen hours a day, on salaries of two copper

roubles, or about 4s. per month. After working thus for two years I became head of my room, and in three or four more years had the direction of seven rooms. A little time after I was appointed private chancellor to the governor, with ten clerks under me to assist in the performance of my onerous duties. But as one-half of these fellows were drunkards, and the



YAKUT WOMAN.

rest mere boys whom I had to instruct, the whole weight of the office rested on my shoulders. The

death of both my mother and my master, about this time, made me resolve to quit Yakutsk, which no

agent of the Russia-American Company, in order to ascertain the depth to which the ground is frozen. A well was dug to the depth of 380 feet, and still the earth was found to be as hard as iron. With such a climate and such a soil agriculture is out of the question; but flour is brought down from Irkutsk and the Upper Lena, and sold at about a halfpenny a pound. But Irkutsk lies in the direct road between the Yenisei and the Sea of Okhotsk,

and is the connecting link between the Jarra and other rivers of the first class on the west and the Lena and other secondary streams on the east.

By means of Okhotsk it was brought into contact with the Kamschatka, the Aleutian Islands, and the north-west coast; and by crossing the subordinate tributaries of the Arctic Ocean, it met the furrer spoils of the New World, from the further side of

longer possessed attractions for me, especially as I found its revenues decreasing every day, from the incapacity of those in office.¹

I sold my home and property, payed my debts, and went to Irkutsk (in Yakut, Arkuskai), where I entered the Government office, at a salary of eighty roubles a month. Here I remained a year and a-half, and was just about to leave for Russia, when a new Governor of Yakutsk arrived, and learning my familiarity with the language and manners of the native population, proposed my accompanying him. As he was a man of talent, I willingly consented, more with the hope of being of service to the Yakuts than for my own aggrandisement, for well I knew that my new office would give me more trouble than profit, and the end showed I was fully justified in this idea.

Behring's Straits, at the fair of Ostrovnoye. All the churches at Yakutsk are built of wood with foundations of stone, but are very substantial, and have a respectable appearance. The walls are constructed of round logs, the lower side of each being scooped out so as to receive the upper side of the one below it; they are then well-caulked outside with hemp or rushes, and inside with moss; and, lastly, they are wainscoted, puttied, and painted: when heated by Russian stoves, they are, to a stranger, oppressively warm, even in the most intense cold day. These wooden buildings are remarkably durable, more so, perhaps, than the bricks, which are gradually coming into fashion, are likely to be. There is a great fair once a year, but Yakutsk, throughout the year, is the home of pellars or travelling traders. Tobacco, tea, sugar, spirits, nankeen, cottons, kettles, knives and the like, constitute their cargoes, for which they receive the skins of bears, wolves, sables, river-otters, martens, foxes, and ermines, at very unfair prices, although at Yakutsk itself, the real value and market price of skins is well known. Bear-skins, 20s. to 25s.; sables from 30s. to 150s.; a sea-otter from £19 to £30; river ditto, 30s. to 40s.; a black fox from £25 to £35; fiery red, 15s.; the white or Arctic fox, 5s. or 6s.; and the blue fox, 8s. to 10s.; squirrels, 6d. to 1s.; wolves, 10s. to 21s.; martens, for the American coats, 5s. to 6s. These are the prices at Yakutsk, but they are purchased of the natives for goods enhanced one hundred and fifty per cent., and for one-half the price which they sell at Yakutsk; returning, in most cases, a clear profit of two and three hundred per cent., besides living upon the people during their "traffic." Of society at Yakutsk, a traveller has left us the following vivid picture: "I rose early, and always went early to bed, occupied, while day light lasted, in bringing up my journal; then at a gaine of billiards; afterwards at dinner, always on the most excellent fare, with wine, rum, and other delicacies. In the evening, with a party of the natives, male and female, at the house of the chief, the ladies, to all appearance, dumb, not daring to utter a word, and solely employed in cracking their nuts, a very small species of the cedar nut, which abounds in such quantities as to be made an article of trade to Okhotsk and Kamtschatka. Half-a-dozen females will sit down and consume, each, many hundreds of these nuts, and quit the house without having spoken a word, unless a stolen one, in fear it should be heard. Should tea and cakes be offered, they will sip tea, three or four cups, as long as the samayan (a sort of copper tea-urn) has water in it. The manner of their using the sugar with tea, though perhaps not entirely singular, for the Chinese have the same fashion, is remarkably ridiculous; each individual takes a small lump, which he grates between his teeth in such a manner as only to consume a very small part of it, and thus, although the person has drunk three or more cups, the greater portion of sugar remains, and, being placed upon the inverted cup, finds its way back to the sugar dish. Biscuits, cakes, and the like, are treated in a similar manner. While the ladies are thus cracking their nuts, the gentlemen are employed in drinking rum or rye-brandy punch, as their tastes may dictate."

¹ Not more than 50,000 of the whole Yakut population can be said to pay the tribute, which is in furs, mostly sables. Those of Vittim and Olekma are considered the finest, blackest, and smallest to be met with, a pair reaching as high as three or four hundred roubles, or from £15 to £20. Each taxable individual pays one quarter of a sable, or, in general cases, each family one sable, which if it cannot be procured, is compromised by the payment of 30r. reducing the tribute per head to 7s. 6d. as that of a Russian is 10r. The clear revenue derived is half a million of roubles, or £25,000.

As soon as the new Governor arrived, he became cognisant of a crowd of abuses and made a clear sweep of the office. He set a worthy example himself, and for the six years of his administration spared no effort for the future good of the Yakuts.²

To the south-east of the city of Yakutsk, at about a hundred kias distance, is situated the district of Udsky, renowned for the abundance of its game. It touches on the Sea of Okhotsk, the empire of China, and the districts of Nertschinsk,³ of Olikmink, and of Khangangy.

Compared with the vast territory of Yakutsk, this is but a corner in the desert. It contains no more than from 400 to 500 Tauguses within its precincts, but is, nevertheless, not without importance, regard being had to its resources and its particular situation. Hither come a great number of Russians and Yakuts to bargain with the people for the produce of the chase at a low price, and give them in return provisions at an extravagant rate. The trouble and vexations to which this gives rise, induced the government to send a commissary to reside there.

The post was given to me, and after ten minutes preparation I started on an expedition that would detain me a year and a-half from civilised society. My baggage was composed of three suits of winter

² Of the manner of living of the Russian officials here, and the method by which they augmented their incomes, a traveller of credit tells us:—"The number and the wealth of the principal inhabitants is such, that a chief - by a wise, liberal, and independent policy - may amass a very considerable fortune. It is not long since that a governor kept open house; his table was, at all times, laid for twenty, and the evenings were passed at cards and billiards. No Yakut, from a distant village, entered his house without receiving his day's food, a dram, a pipe of tobacco, and a night's lodging. The result was that, when his birth or saint's day arrived, the merchants and Yakut princes agreed that he had a noble heart; that he spent more money than he received; and that, therefore, it was necessary to reimburse him; and, instead of receiving 12,000 or 15,000 roubles worth of skins, upon the day of his feast, he received probably 40,000; and, by these spontaneous offerings of the inhabitants, he is said to have gone away the richest chief ever known."

³ Nertschinsk, the chief city of the district of that name in the trans-Baikal territory, is a town of about 5,000 inhabitants, situated on the left bank of the River Selinka, where it is joined by the Nertscha. The country on the right bank of the Selinka is marshy; but, on the left, it is hilly, with very little wood, except the willows. The Nertscha falls into the Selinka from the north; it runs, according to Mr. Atkinson, through a pretty valley, where the river is thickly shaded with elms and willows, and its banks are but little above the waters. Coal-mines speak of cultivated valleys and elevated bluffs on the Irigeda, in approaching it. Nertschinsk stands on a tributary of the Amoor. It was here the Russians first halted on their eastward progress, and hence they will start again down the Amoor. The population are, for the most part, engaged in trade, purchasing and bartering furs for tea, powder, lead, and other necessities for the hunters. Some are engaged in the Chinese carrying trade, while many are occupied in the government offices, and in various duties connected with two mines and convict establishment, which united have made Nertschinsk such a name of power amongst all classes of Russians. Up to the year 1848, as we learn from Mr. Atkinson, silver and lead formed the principal products; of the former 250 poods, and of the latter 35,500 poods, were produced annually; all the lead, excepting 500 poods, was transported to Barnaul, where it was used in smelting the ores of the Altai. Curiously enough, the lead of Nertschinsk never found its way to the Russian arsenals; it would have cost six times the price of English lead, delivered either in St. Petersburg or Moscow. This supply, so essential to her mining operations in the Altai, suddenly ceased in 1848, when, upon the annexation of the Amoor to Russia, the greater part of the population in the trans-Baikal were made Cossacks. Tin and zinc have been found here, but not in sufficiently remunerative quantities.

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clothing, two spring costumes, some sugar, tea, biscuits, and meat, powder, lead, and arms, a little rum, some brandy, some Russian and Yakut butter, all sewn in leather bags in hundred weights, fastened together with thongs; two of them constitutes a single horse-load. Although it was about February, the cold continued exceedingly in rigour, and the thermometer of Reaumur was at zero when I quitted Yakutsk with the two Cosacks under my orders. I went as far as Amga, or Anginskaia, on the River Amga, in a sledge drawn by two horses (See p. 320); there we placed our baggage on the backs of seven horses, and continued our route under the conduct of the guides. But our steeds were fresh from grass, and could not keep up, so we were obliged to call a halt in about two hours, in a place suitable to spend the night. Our guides first released the horses from their burthens, then swept away the snow, and gathered dry wood to light a fire, then they filled a huge kettle and a pot with melted snow, and set them to boil; as soon as the genial warmth from the fire pervaded our half-frozen limbs with a refreshing glow, they began to get ready our bed, with branches of trees which they heaped up and covered with our saddles and bear-skins. Meanwhile we enjoyed our supper, which ended, we took off our outer clothes and went to bed, the Yakuts taking care to bury all our boots, stockings, gloves, and outer coats that were wet, in the snow to dry, which they did much sooner than by the fire.¹ As soon as the heat of our bodies warmed our beds we slept soundly, and on waking next morning were rubbed all over with snow, then took some tea and renewed our route, and in this way we travelled as long as the snow lasted.

I must remark in this place, that one of the greatest inconveniences in a winter journey is the undressing to lie down; but what is still more painful is the getting up again in the morning. To wash yourself with snow, and replace your numerous garments, one must have a rough nature and a body made of ice, to endure all this without becoming ill.

I never drank any spirituous liquors, and therefore cannot say what advantage there was in their use; but without tea, no one, I am convinced, could withstand the fatigues. I am not speaking here of the Yakuts or the Tunguse, who, being born and bred in a hoar frost, can travel in the snow three days without anything to eat.

After three or four days' journey we reached the left banks of the great River Aldun, opposite the channel where it receives the waters of the Uchur. We halted in a Tunguse yurt, or hut, where we learnt that for some twenty miles forward our road was covered with six feet of snow, and that travelling over this was hopeless. Our instructions forbade our returning, and we should have to make a detour of thirty miles before we could get rein-deer to replace our horses, and even then our packages were too heavy for beasts only capable of light burthens. So we remained two days in the Tunguse hut, and on the third crossed the Aldun; but scarcely were we in the bed of the frozen river than the depth of the snow brought our horses to a stand-still. One of our guides took the two unladen horses by the bridle, and led them forward. They slipped about and fell, and in so doing broke the hard crust of snow. We followed in their tracks, with the rest of the horses in file, one after the other. It took us a day to make six miles, and

¹ It is a curious fact, as here noticed, that snow, at a very low temperature, absorbs moisture and dries garments. This was observed by our Arctic travellers.

it took us ten days to push across the snow. During this time we were scarcely ever in the saddle, as it was impossible to endure the violent shocks. We preferred putting on our skates, and skating over the snow.

Scarcely had we passed this snowy impediment than a new obstacle presented itself. The waters of the Uchur, chained up in their rocky bed by ice of six feet in thickness, had burst their icy fetters and spread themselves over the surface knee-deep. In some channels they had frozen, and formed a sheet of sleet, on which the horses, who had not been rough-shod, slipped about and slid, and where even the rein-deer could not keep their feet. Our men were obliged to chop and sever the ice, and strew it, in parts, with dry earth and sand, of which they laid in a stock at convenient places. In one place, where these precautions were not taken, our six horses all went down together. The packs broke up, and the whole day was lost in getting them together in good order again.

In one part of our journey we passed near some mountains that presented a marvellous sight. The waters which had been amassed on the summits, had broken their icy envelopes, and tumbling over the tops, had been arrested by frost in their progress. When the bright, clear, spring sun was setting, its rays fell full upon this polished surface, which sparkled as if it had been covered with precious stones. At the foot of these mountains the river ran so swiftly that it was never frozen.

It was the month of April when we began to follow the right bank of the Egné, an affluent on the left bank of the Uchur. One day we caught sight of some dark object that seemed to be motionless at the edge of the river brink. At first we took it for some animal, but on a nearer approach recognised it as a Tunguse, who was seated and weeping. He rose up and saluted us after their fashion, and then, in reply to our inquiries, told us the cause of his grief.

"Yesterday," said he, "on my coming to the wood, I came upon some traces of a wild rein-deer. I returned home and got my weapons ready and started with my dog in the middle of the night, when evening had hardened the snow that fell in the middle of the day. On reaching the wood I waited two hours and smoked my pipe, and just at dawn, when it was light enough to distinguish a foot-print, I slipped my dog and followed him on my skates. Away over rivers, woods, and mountains we flew for hours, until the rein-deer, footsore, left bloody traces on the grass, and relaxed sensibly in their pace. Each leap of my dog brought him nearer, and at last I heard him howl and snap as he came close upon the deer. But all at once the hound uttered a cry of agony; I roared as if my heart would burst, and redoubled my speed; when, at a distance of two musket-shots, I saw on the ground two fragments of flesh, black and brown. Just at the moment when my dog had reached the herd of rein-deer, he had driven them into a brook-run, and was running up and down to prevent their escape from it. But while he was thus engaged, two furnished wolves had come down from the mountain, seized him, the one by the head, the other by the tail, and torn him in pieces! Meanwhile the rein-deer had made off on all sides. My dog had seen the snows of seven winters: from the age of six months he had taken to the chase, and for six years not a day passed but he brought me home a dinner. The elk, the wild rein-deer, the sable fell to my unflinching arrows when once my dog was on their

tracks. I was rich when I had him; how poor am I now! How can I show myself before my family; my wife and children are waiting to caress him on his return; their lamentations will tear my heart like a jagged knife."

We could not comfort the poor fellow, so we passed on, recommending patience, a quality we stood greatly in need of, shortly, ourselves, as we had to join a party of travellers, and, with our animals in one collection, horses and rein-deer, beat a path across a mountain to the fair of Uchur, where we arrived on the 1st of May. Here I collected the tribute (in Yakut, *Elbugae*) and fulfilled several other missions. This done, on the 1st of June we set off for Udsky, with our horses refreshed, and ten rein-deer that we had purchased in addition. The journey now before us of 500 miles, across rivers and mountains, was by no means pleasant in prospect. How much worse in reality! When it rained, we drove our beasts into the river and made them swim across; at other times we constructed a raft. The country was nothing but plains with sharp rocks, marshes without bottom, that never dried up. When a horse fell in this kind of bog, he could not get up again of himself. Our seventeen horses once went all down together, and our guides, up to their girdles in the mud, dragged the packs away to some distance, and laid them in a dry place. Then the horses had to be dragged out and reloaded, and we started on again, to meet with a similar catastrophe some ten miles further. At one time I dashed into the bog myself, to hold up the heads of those horses who were down, a fourth gave three or four plunges, and was suffocated in the mire. When we ate, the mosquitoes worried us; and whether eating, drinking, or sleeping, their visits were equally incessant and vexatious.

The Yakut guides took all this quietly, if not pleasantly, and were uniring in their exertions. No sooner had we halted, than, spite of all the hunger, thirst, heat, cold, aches, and weariness of the day, they sat down, some to mend the harness, others watched the horses while refreshing themselves, others rubbed them down, and others kept guard through the night, as if work and suffering were the ordinary habits of their lives.

About seventy miles from the banks of the Uchur, we came upon the chain of the Jugjur (the Great Mountain, the Yablonoi or Stanovoi of the Russians), which is regarded as the backbone of Siberia. Rising to the clouds, and nowhere diminishing in height, they stretch in long range for thousands of miles to the Frozen Ocean, where they lower their crests, and terminate. Mid-day had passed when we reached the foot of this chain, and we halted, perforce, for the night, to refresh our exhausted horses. Next morning, before the sun's heat could be felt, we began the ascent on foot, the horses following, one by one, each by himself; not one of them even rubbed against a bush, or fell in the cracks of the rocks, or stumbled in the ravine or worn water-ways, for the least false step would have precipitated them down the abyss, hopeless of return. After creeping along in this way for fourteen hours, we attained the summit of Jugjur, which is unquestionably the highest in the country. It was extremely cold, and there was not a gnat or a wasp to be seen. We were quite frozen during the two hours we halted here to rest our horses. From this elevation, the other mountains, that had appeared

so high to us, seemed but little hillocks, and the numerous rivers that descended down the two sides of Jugjur glittered like tiny threads of silver. The clouds, driven along like mists, were broken in as they touched the top of the mountain, and remained floating along its front. It took us much less time to descend than to climb up. The journey, which lasted about sixteen hours, had exhausted both ourselves and beasts, and we halted at the first place we came to fitted for an encampment. Then came the unloading of horses, the lighting fires to drive off the mosquitoes, and the delights of hot tea, in the middle of which my dog, which I had allowed to run loose, came in from the wood, and made us understand by his quick barking that he had found some animal in the neighbourhood. I know not what became of the fatigue that oppressed me, the thirst and hunger that I felt; but away I went, without thinking on the tracks of what kind of animal, bear, or wolf, the youngest of my Cossacks and of the guides accompanying me, armed with knife and rifle, of which we took care to examine the charge and the edge. We followed the lead of the dog right up to the summit of Jugjur. There we discovered an argali or wild sheep! (See p. 302) on the extreme edge of a rock, where there was hardly room for it to lie down. Having found a wooded clump, we slipped from tree to tree until within a certain distance from the animal, and then fired together. We had shot the game, certainly, but to bag it was quite another affair; one of us would have gone down the rock with a rope and hauled it up, but even this could not be done, for on receiving the shot, the argali had leapt up, and rolled over, down an immeasurable abyss. The noise occasioned by the clashing of his large horns against the side of the rock was loudly repeated by an echo. As every angle of the precipice knocked a piece from the carcass, it dwindled almost to nothing before reaching the bottom of the precipice. Well was it for us that the chase finished in this fashion, for had the game but remained in this place, one of ourselves might have suffered a similar fall in going to seek him.

On our return I witnessed an odd kind of shot; the dogs, who were in advance, pursued some birds, who went and perched in the branches of a stumpy willow. I reloaded my gun and was about to fire, when the guide stopped me, saying that it was useless to waste powder and shot on birds that could be taken with the hand. Then we cut a long wand, which we stripped of its leaves and shoots, and attached to one end a noose of hair, which he held out carefully to the bird on the lowest branch, and when the silly creature stretched forth its head to examine the object a little closer, he

¹ The argali, or wild sheep (*Ovis Ammon*, Lesson, *Deumarest*; *Egagris argali*, Pallas, *Tillesius*; *Ovis argali*, Bodd; *Capra Ammon*, Linnaeus), is very little less than the buck in size; its body is covered all over with short hair, which is of a yellowish gray in winter, and becomes of a russet colour in summer. But there is on the back a line of russet colour, which does not change like the rest of the coat. The horns of the male are large, long, and crooked, and are as much as a man can lift with one hand. The horns of the female are small, almost straight, and much like those of the domesticated goat. Unlike the rein-deer, the argali dwells in the mountains during winter, and in spring seeks the plains and the valleys; this singularity is accounted for by the fact, that the wind sweeps away the snow from the summits of the mountains, and pushes it together in the low regions, so as to entirely cover them. Gifted with great agility, it leaps from rock to rock to browse on the mosses, the rare grass, and the tender shoots of the myrtle. The female bears twice a year—spring and autumn—and then give birth to two lambs at one time. The flesh, and especially the fat of the argali, are much sought after by Siberian hunters.

then hitched the slip-knot over its neck, and drew it towards him. He twisted its neck, and then caught all the rest in the same fashion. This bird, which the Yakuts call *karakky*, and the Russians *dikouta*, is larger than a pullet, and less than the speckled cock of the woods or capercaillie, which it resembles in its plumage and the taste of its flesh. It is tolerably large in the body, and short in the neck. I have never met this bird otherwise than at Udsky, and then only rarely. From the day that we quitted Jugjur until that of our arrival at Udsky, we took up our quarters every night near the elbow of the river, and stretched some nets we had brought across it. The next morning generally brought us two or three fine fish of the salmon species, the *chariub*, or *Salmo thymallus*, an agreeable addition to rancid butter, dry biscuit, or oatmeal, which must otherwise have been our fare.

The town of Udsky (Ut, in Yakut), where we arrived in the middle of summer, is situate on the left bank of the River Ut, in a country where a high mountain sinks down, and forms a tolerably large valley; it is about sixty miles from the Sea of Okhotsk. Its population consists of a priest, a churchwarden, a captain of Cossacks, who acts as governor, and fifty men under his orders; a dozen of peasants, six or seven Cossacks, three or four Yakuts; lastly, three or four hundred Tunguses, who have no fixed dwellings, but wander about in winter and summer, and transport themselves from place to place as the chase invites them. Having a mission to study the manners and industry of this people, I was obliged to travel all over the country; so, having snatched a brief repose, I embarked with my two Cossacks and guides, and descended the River Ut, which runs into the sea. At its mouth, two or three Tunguse are stationed, who capture an immense quantity of *kætræ* (a species of trout), sea-sharks, and also lay up stores of whale oil; for every year the waves throw up, on this shore, one or two whales of about six or seven fathoms in length. They shoot the larger sea-sharks, but kill the small ones with clubs. A portion of these skins they dress, and smoke the rest for soles to their sandals. These skins are excellent. The marshes about abound in geese and ducks, besides a great number of sea-snipe or sanderlings, and other kinds of birds. On the turn of the tide, these small waders go down to the shore, and place themselves on small islands; but not finding sufficient room, they stand one on the top of the other; and I have killed fifty-five at one shot, when they rose in flight.

After passing four days in this place, I turned back towards the frontier of Udsky, accompanied by six men, navigating two canoes, made from hollow poplar-trees. The first day, such was the force of the current, that we were compelled to work up by means of iron-shod poles; in the evening and all night the rain fell, and the next morning the water had reached the top of the bank. At this season it rains for five days without stopping. Fearing too long a detention if we made a halt, as well as running short of provisions, we resolved to spare no effort in making our way up the river. During five days we advanced from tree to tree along its borders; we were exhausted, our provisions gone, and we were yet forty miles from Udsky by water, and twelve across the forest by land. Our guides assured me that the three streams, which meandered through the forest would not hinder us passing; so I armed myself with my rifle and hatchet, and started at sunrise, with one Cossack and a guide. Our intention was

to go over the wood and return in the evening with game for those of our party who remained in the boats. But this plan could not be carried out, since we had not gone more than three miles before we came to a stream that we could not get over, and lost half the day in going up to its bed, which we finally crossed with the water to our girdles. In the evening, just at sunset, we came on another stream some miles long, and which it was impossible to turn, so we passed the night on its bank, exposed to the rain, without any covering. A fire was got up of damp wood, which smoked hideously, and gave out little warmth. We smoked and shivered through the night, and in the morning, at the first dawn, made a raft of four or five fallen trees, so that two of us might go over at a time to the opposite bank. We had finished this job by mid-day, but as the timber was saturated with water, our raft would not support more than one at a time; and at last, it was arranged that the guide should cross, push on to Udsky upon it, and send back a canoe to meet us. When, however, we had got our frail bark into the middle of the stream, it turned over, separated into two pieces and threw the bold navigator into the water; we heard him uttering loud cries of distress, but could not get near him. Happily he was a good swimmer, landed in safety on the other side, rested himself, and started for Udsky. Being left alone with the Cossack, I applied myself to igniting fires in different directions to keep off the bears. However, with the exertion of the day, I slept soundly, and only woke at the rising of the sun, to hear the voices of two men and our guide, who had come back with a canoe to carry us to Udsky, which we reached at midnight, after two days spent without food. We had been seven days successively in our wet clothes, yet not one of us was ill.

Our second excursion was still worse. It began in September, when the nights were cold, and the waters growing shallow, began to be stiffened into ice. I embarked anew with my two Cossacks and three guides to go and find an assembly of Tunguses. After we left Udsky, it snowed at the first place where we halted, and the guides rising in the night, could find only one rein-deer, the rest having been dispersed by a wolf. They started off, all three, on the search, and left me alone with the two Cossacks. Their absence lasted three days, during which it rained and snowed unceasingly. The provisions that we had provided for six or seven days were all washed away; the place we reached had been a marsh, and our position was right down melancholy. On the fourth day our guides brought back six of our rein-deer, which they had much trouble in finding; all traces of the rest were lost. We started the same day, that is, as soon as our tent would allow us, for it was frozen into a sheet of glass, outside, to the thickness of three fingers.

The month of September is the worst time of year for travelling in Siberia. A thin sheet of ice, covered with snow, stretches over banks covered with grasses; over rivers which issue out of lakes; and over muddy, shallow streams: not being strong enough to bear any weight, it breaks under the foot; the rein-deer frequently sink through it, and the traveller falls into the water unless he takes great care.

Scarcely had we quitted our encampment but I plunged into the water, in which condition, wet through to the skin, I kept journeying on from mid-day to dark night, and for six or seven hours was only a

moving icicle. My arms and my feet were numb and without sensation, but a good bowl of tea and some warm clothes set all right. The morning after, we arrived at the frontier station of Udskey, whence, after ten days spent in preparation, I started off on my grand journey with my two Cossacks, two guides, and thirty rein-deer,¹ in grand cavalcade, just at the end of September.

We pushed along to Burukan, which is nearly four hundred miles to the south-east of Udskey, and three or four days from the mouth of the Amoor. It is nearly four hundred miles from Burukan to the source of the Byraya, and two hundred and fifty from Byraya to the River Silimji, which is five hundred miles from Udskey. The first day of our voyage we halted after a short stage of fifteen miles. As soon as the rein-deer were unladen, and set at liberty, with a log suspended round their necks, so as to hinder their running far away, the guides sounded the earth with a long pole; and while all of us together, Cossacks, guides, and myself, cleared the thick snow, one of the guides looked after small wood for the fire, and another cut about thirty poles, stripped them of their branches, and placed them where we had swept off the snow. Three of them were tied together for the centre, and the rest put up across, and the skins spread over them, a small opening being left at the top for the smoke to escape; the snow is heaped up round the tent, leaving only a narrow entrance-way open. Lastly, the ground is strewn with small branches, and upon these a bed of furs is laid. In the centre of the tent a fire is lighted with the chips and small pieces of wood, to melt the snow in the cauldron and tea-kettle. Some time is occupied in getting supper ready, and it is midnight when we take to our beds. When we get up in the morning, we take our garments from under the snow with which we have covered them, that the wet may be absorbed out, and we drink some tea which we keep ready. As soon as it is day-light the guides take their *bussos* (long ropes), and go after the horses. They throw them over the reindeer's horns, who stands quiet when caught, as if surrendering to unavoidable fate. Then comes packing and loading, and so for seven months we went on travelling all through the long winter, never sleeping under a roof. In three stations only, where I made a halt of two days, did I find ten Tunguse huts together in one place.

The surface of this immense country, which is more than two hundred lies in extent (about fifteen hundred miles), is covered with thick forests, rocks, and mountains, and streams of water; nowhere is a road to be seen. The Tunguse guides know the name of every river and every stream, so as to find out, without chance of losing themselves, exactly where they are. In some of the passes, where the snow lies deep, they lead their beasts to the front and cause them to trample a pathway; in others, they cleave with their

hatchets a way through miles of almost impenetrable bushwood; and in such regions it is with difficulty that six or seven miles can be travelled in a whole day's journey.

It was just in the middle of winter that I crossed the Byraya, an extremely high mountain, after passing the night at its foot. The evening was closing in as I attained the summit, the climbing up to which was one of the most difficult feats I ever accomplished. We had to clear from our path a fathom depth covered with a hard crust. We came upon a block of stone a fathom high, and having climbed up it after great difficulty, were obliged to unload our beasts and hoist them in the air over it. Never can I forget the fatigues of this journey. Having drank some snow-water plentifully in ascending, I was seized with fever and shivering, without medicine or help, on the top of a mountain, in a freezing wind. I found myself in a sad position, and thought I saw the shadow of death. The struggle for life went on through the night, my faithful Cossacks and guides anxiously watching me, bewailing my condition, and taking care that I did not throw off the furs that covered me, since if the cold caught me all would be over. Towards morning I slept; and awoke bathed in sweat. In the evening I felt only a head-ache, and the next morning was able to resume my route. At the end of six months my mission was fulfilled, and I returned to Udskey.

The country I had traversed is difficult to explore, an account of its impracticable roads, its impenetrable woods, its inaccessible mountains, and the numberless watercourses that intersect it; but it is rich in animals of every kind—panthers, bears, wolves, gluttons, lynxes, black and white foxes, sables, squirrels, hares, otters, elks, rein-deers, stags, does, wild sheep, musk-deer, wild boar, flying squirrel, bats, mice of all kinds, ermines; and of birds—white storks, swans, ducks, divers, geese, cranes, capercaillie, white partridge, black duck, karaky, woodcocks, &c.

The month of April saw me on my way to Yakutsk, a voyage at such a season neither without its difficulties nor its dangers; the bears at this time come out from their dens, driven by hunger, and attack the first living creature they meet. These bears are of prodigious strength, and not easy to escape from; they will have flesh and blood; and travellers who don't wish to pay it in their proper persons must proceed carefully, and with some precaution.¹

There are other dangers from the rivers; and the rein-deer which will occasionally leap into a river to the traveller's intense disgust and discomfiture. Sometimes, too, there are no dry places to be found at night to lie upon, and the poor belated voyager has to chop down a tree or two, and so make a platform on which to stretch his skins—the cooking his supper under such circumstances is a matter requiring patience and dexterity.

After arriving at Yakutsk, I was despatched first to Oleumisk and then to Vilionisk, on the River Vilioui, about 420 miles from Yakutsk. Between these two towns is a desert about 280 miles in width; but the environs of Vilionisk are peopled by 30,000

¹ The rein-deer, harnessed two abreast, to vehicles carrying the driver and one passenger, are said to perform a hundred versts a-day, though, on a long journey, their daily average ought not to be allowed to exceed fifty or sixty versts. On pressing occasions, however, they have travelled from Okhotak to Yakutsk in eight days, being little more than half the shortest time in which horses have accomplished the distance. Why this difference? Chiefly, of course, because the rein-deer with its spreading hoof, a kind of natural snow-shoe, finds a good path, as the gift of Nature, over the softest drifts, while the horse everywhere encounters a bad road, the fault of man.

¹ "We met the post from Yakutsk," says Captain Cochrane, "and in the course of an hour more we were overtaken by that from Okhotak; the latter had been encountered by a bear, which had destroyed most of the letters and papers. The journal of Captain Vassilief's expedition, in particular, had suffered much."

souls, and abound in stream, wood, and pasturage, game, fish, quadrupeds, and birds in the forest. I scarcely know a place where the people live happier, or have less to complain about. In this place are three remarkable phenomena—the first is a mound of salt which melts in the spring and summer with the rain, but is restored in the winter. It is an enormous mass of three colours, white, clear, and transparent, red, and blue. The inhabitants keep it for their own consumption.¹ The second curiosity is the abundance of precious transparent stones in the streams, and of which a connoisseur might perhaps be able to estimate the value. The third curious thing consists of a large quantity of petrified wood—whole trees with their branches actually hardened so as to serve the purpose of gun-flints. The growth of barley in this and the adjacent districts shows that were the Yakuts alive to their own interests, a new source of wealth would speedily arise in their country.

The frost is intense in this country. The temperature, by Reaumur, varies between 40 and 49 degrees; but the natives, and even travellers, do not cease to go out in the open air. In the winter the only complaint is cold; but the heats of summer are dangerous, and diarrhoea or bloody flux is a fatal complaint that carries off the Yakuts by hundreds, the Russian medical men being unable to master it. The country is so extensive that the temperature is far from being the same throughout; at Olekminsk, for instance, barley thrives well, for the white frost comes in late; but at Jigansk, on the contrary, the earth is never unfrozen more than two spans in depth, and snow falls in the month of August.²

The Yakut population is about 100,000 men, and the same number of women. They are all baptised in the Greek Church, with few exceptions. But they still keep up many superstitious beliefs, and specially that of prostrating themselves before the devil. In cases of long illness, they have resort to conjurations of their Shamans.³

¹ This is on the River Kampandei, according to our Yakut traveller, but Raptindei of Lee Gmelin, Vol. I., p. 341, of Keralio's translation.

² An English traveller gives a more agreeable prospect. He was on nearly the same road, and in the vicinity of Irkutsk. "We performed," he says, "81 versts, generally at a gallop, with good horses, through a country which on all sides exhibited signs of civilization and comfort. The landscape, besides its undulating character, was beautifully varied, consisting of copes of wood, lagoons teeming with wild fowl, and prairie covered with countless herds, the whole subdivided into separate farms, each with its own homestead, by fences and landmarks. Some of the prettiest spots were consecrated to the dead, each body having a wooden tomb over it, with a cross at either end. The natives were busily engaged in making hay for their cattle, but for the cattle only, the horses being left all winter to shift instinctively for themselves, by scraping away the snow. They were moving with a scythe of peculiar form, which they swung very awkwardly over their heads, chopping the grass rather than cutting it. The carts for conveying the hay to the farmyards, where it was stacked as in Europe, had runners instead of wheels, being not unlike the vehicles used for the same purpose in some parts of the highlands of Scotland. How happy, thought I, would it make me, to see some of the poor savages of North America thus devoting their lives to peaceful industry, and enjoying all the comforts of a pastoral existence! In many parts of their country they might well be as comfortably settled, if they would shake off their indolent love of the chase, not only as a means of obtaining subsistence, but even as a pastime."

³ The tricks of a Yakut Shaman or well-sorcerer are strange. "He wore," says a traveller (See p. 320), describing the antics of one he met on his way to Okhotsk, "a sort of short surcoat, covered over with a variety of small pieces of iron, about the size and shape of the pointed blade of a pen-knife; his boots were un-

The Yakuts are a people of much affability, vivacity, and cleverness. They are social and hospitable to a degree. The traveller, with them, is welcome to all in their tent, and may stop a week or a month with equally undiminished welcome. They regard it as a sin to receive payment for hospitality. They pay great respect to age, follow the counsels of the old men, and regard it as a crime to insult or irritate them. When a father has many children, he builds houses for them in succession, as they marry, and shares with them his cattle and his goods. The weakness of a Yakut is a love for ardent spirits. He will steal all that you place within his reach, unless you give him enough to get drunk with at once. He will go days without eating, but scandal gives him a gluttonous appetite when he has a chance of feeding on the fat of the land. Captain Cochrane speaks of 40 pounds of mutton at a meal; but this was done for a wager; and Governor Simpson witnessed the feat of 36 avoirdupois pounds of beef boiled, and 18 pounds of melted butter, being swallowed at one meal by two Yakuts—one old, the other young.

They are fond of going to law, and are clever in trade and commerce; are capital shots, and, if anything, too peaceful. The women are, some of them, pretty, and invariably better looking than the men. They are fond of finery, make exemplary and obedient wives; one of their principal social cares is to keep their head and feet covered in the presence of a stranger, and never to take the right-hand side of the way.⁴

brooded, as were also his cap and gloves. The performance, of course, began by smoking a pipe; then, taking his tambourine and bongos, or tambourine stick, he seated himself cross-legged near the person to be exorcised, and began to sing a doleful ditty, accompanied by more doleful music; the import of the song I could not gather. After this introduction he began to hop, jump, and fling himself about, roaring, screaming, and making the most hideous distortions of face and body, so that I actually believed him to be mad. I never felt more pain for any one than I felt for this Shaman, certainly much more than for the sick person, on whose behalf his incantations were made. After this violent exercise, he drew his knife, and, to all appearance, plunged it into his stomach. I really felt alarmed, believing he had actually committed suicide; he, however, drew back the knife in my presence, without any effusion of blood, and, indeed, without any actual incision having been made. He then formally announced that the evil spirit would not triumph, provided the customary sacrifice were made of a fat mare. The party were then dismissed with an invitation to come to the next day's feast when the mare was to be cooked.

⁴ Captain Cochrane's account of these people, amongst whom he lived some time, is slightly different. "They are evidently," he says, "of Tartar origin, as their language is understood by the Tartars of Kusan. (They came from the country of the Upper Amoor, and drove all the native tribes before them.) Their complexion is of a light copper colour; they are, generally, of low stature, with more regular and pleasing features than the Tunguses; they are more hospitable, good-tempered, and orderly, but neither so honest nor so independent: they have a servility, a tameness, and a want of character, which assimilates them, in some measure, to the despicable Kamtschadals. The more a Yakut is beaten, the more he will work; touch a Tunguse, and no work will be got from him. The Yakuti are very ingenious, and excellent mechanics; they make their own knives, guns, kettles, and various iron utensils."

"In Mr. Shajur's house," says Governor Simpson, "I saw some works of the Yakuti, in iron and silver, very skillfully finished. The silver had been obtained from a mountain to the north of Yakutsk, the ore containing seventy per cent. of lead, and four of the precious metal. The iron, as I understand, was found between Narjirka and the Alasi; and I was assured that the tools made of it, whether from the excellence of the material or from the ingenuity of the workman, rarely broke, even in the severest cold,—a degree of perfection never yet exhibited in Hudson's Bay, by axes of the best temper. These Yakuti are expert in many other



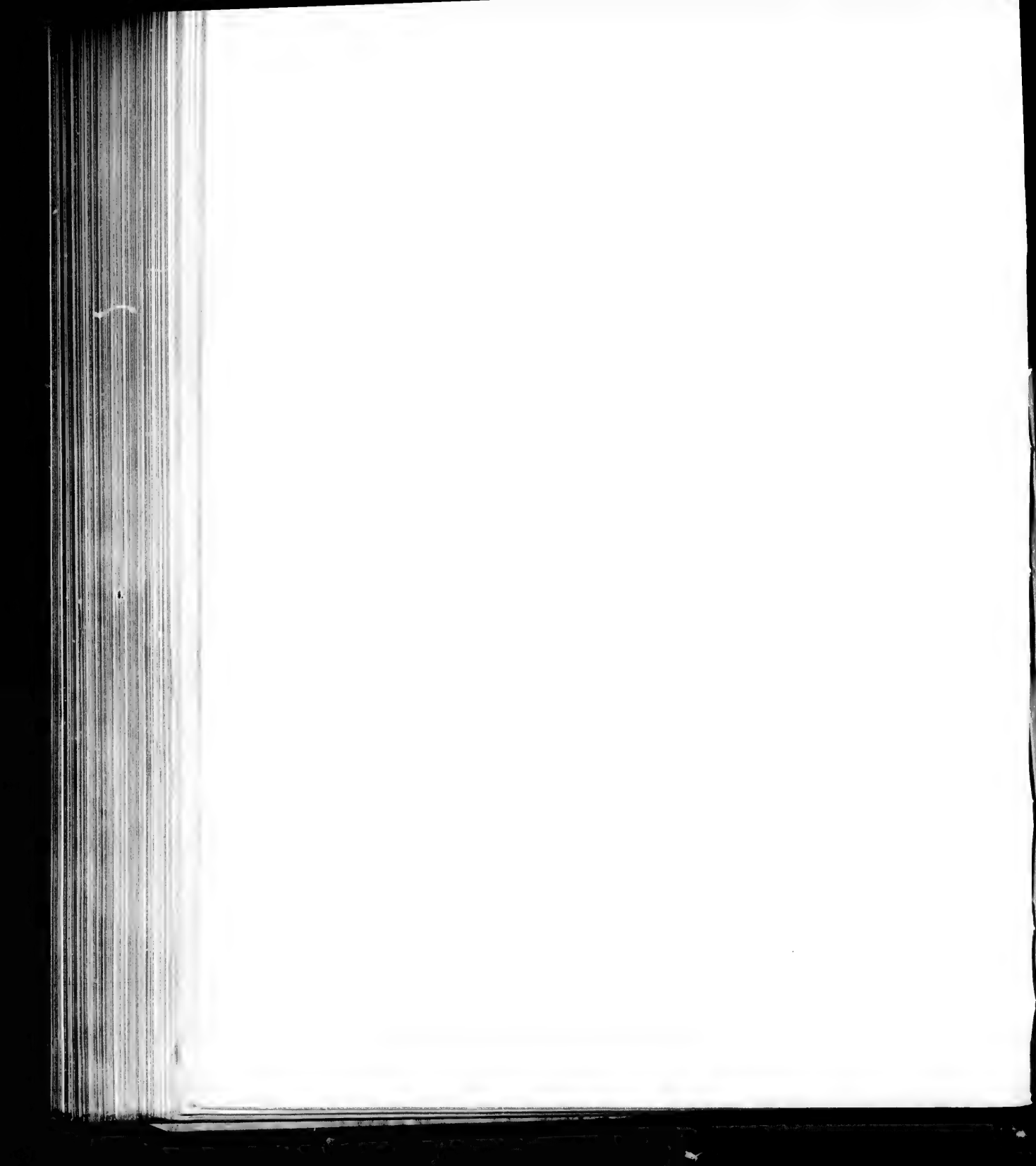
YAKUT SHAMANS, OR DEMON DISPELLERS.



OFFICIAL TRAVELLING. — RUSSIA IN ASIA.



THE CITY OF VICTORIA, VANCOUVER ISLAND.



FROM ASIA TO AMERICA.

HAVING created Yakutsk as a fixed station and centre, from which to track their way on towards the much-sought-after Eastern Ocean, the Cossacks made their way across the country, and reached the shores of the Sea of Okhotsk; at the top of the bay of which, at the mouth of the river, they founded a town and fort of that name, supposing that they could advance no further, and ignorant that they had but to cross the bay to reach the Peninsula of Kamschatka—that opposite to them lay the vast continent of the New World; that close on the right was the fabled realm of Japan, and still farther on, the long sought after China and Cuthay.

Kamschatka was not discovered from Okhotsk—the nearest point to it. It was reached landwards.

arts, besides the working of metals. In preparing their food, for instance, against the winter, they far surpass the Indians of North America, rendering, in particular, their dried meat and dried fish more juicy and tender, by first dipping them in brine; though, after all, there is no travelling fare in Siberia to be compared with pemmican, whether for its small bulk or its nutritious qualities. They are patient under fatigue, and can resist great privations. They are, like the Tunguses, great gluttons, but subsist mostly upon horse-flesh—a mare being considered by them as the greatest delicacy, but never slaughtered except in sacrifice to a Shaman. The horse is to the Yakuti what the walrus is to the Aleutians, their best friend in a great variety of ways. Besides being sold as a whole for a price, his labour earns money for his owner; his flesh is used as food; the hide of the inner part of his thigh makes waterproof boots; while the rest of his skin is formed into cap, shirt, and trousers; and lastly, his mane and tail become the means of drawing fish out of the water. Over and above these, the mare yields milk, which, when fermented to the indispensable kumys, supplies a portable substitute, slightly spirituous and very palatable, at once for meat and drink. Their riches consist in large herds of horses and horned cattle, besides an abundance of the finest and most valuable furs. They also carry on a considerable trade among themselves, and some of their princes are immensely rich, doing business to the extent of 150,000 roubles a year, and yet living in the same misery as their servants, sleeping in the same apartment, which, perhaps, contains forty or fifty people. Their dress differs little from that of the neighbouring tribes, being made of reindeer-skins for the rich, and horses' hides for the poorer classes; their greatest luxuries are tea, tobacco, and spirits. They sit cross-legged. The Russian clergymen deliver their discourses in the Yakuti dialect, which is used for private conversation, and is fashionable in Yakutsk. The people are carefully observant of religious ceremonies, attend the sacraments of the church, and studiously say their prayers night and morning. Their yurts are comfortable, and upon the arrival of a guest are made as clean as clean straw can make them; in other respect they are disgusting enough, being but too frequently filled with vermin. These yurts, unlike the matted tents of the other wandering Tartar tribes, consist of one large apartment, and a cow-house adjoining. The mode of constructing their dwellings is as follows:—nine posts are driven into the ground in the form of a square, the three in centre being higher than the others; on those posts they lay three beams, while the four corner-posts are connected by two other cross-beams. Stout planks are then placed sloping from the earth to the horizontal beams, to which they are fastened, while other planks are also laid sloping from the upper part of the roof to the side-posts, overlapping the others. Grass, mould, and dung are then plastered over them in lieu of calking, and the walls are banked up with the same materials, fenced in during the winter. The heat in the yurts is preserved by means of the snow, which becomes hardened to such a degree as to resist the fire and smoke from the chimney; blocks of ice are placed in the

Starting from Yakutsk on the Lower Lena¹ (so often spoken of, and always an important place as the central stage of communication with the Pacific—and so with the East, an object never lost sight of), the Cossacks passed in succession all the more easterly feeders of the Polar Sea, ascended the Greater Aniniñ, an auxiliary of the Kolima, to the height of land, descended the Anadyn to the Eastern Ocean, and subsequently overran Kamschatka, spending on this long and circuitous journey, as if to show that the necessities of nature had more to do in the matter than the caprices of men, the lives of two generations. In another period of nearly the same length, they grasped link after link of the intermediate chain, ferrying themselves, as it were, across the Pacific merely by making a long arm, till at last, in 1783, they carried their fortunes to the farthest end of the line, by planting a settlement on the Island of Kodiak. The Cossacks thus worked to the left of Okhotsk, supposing a man to stand with his face towards the Pacific; and it was in the country of the Kolima that they first became acquainted, at a fair, with the Tchuktchi, a people who were in the habit of crossing the straits between Asia and America, and, indeed, are by many supposed to be a tribe originally of American origin, who had come over and

sides of the windows, and give a clear transparent light; though sometimes bladders or oiled paper, as well as a particular species of a fossil, called *Vitrum Ruthenicum Maria*, glass or talc, serve for the same. Three sides of the interior are divided into partitions, two or three living in each, according to the size of the family, and are used as bed-places; they are three or four feet wide, and ten long. In the centre is the hearth and chimney formed by upright sticks, fastened on the inside. The wood is placed in an upright direction on the hearth, and the fire is kept up constantly night and day. The state apartment, and of course that occupied by the chief guests, is the furthest from the door, and immediately under the image of the patron saint. The kitchen utensils are not numerous; a large iron-kettle, a boiler, a large tea-kettle, and a few wooden bowls and spoons (of Chinese manufacture), with still fewer earthen jars, and a knife for each person, constitute the whole. The richer Yakut may have a samovar, or tea-urn, and perhaps, in such cases, a tea-pot also, but in general the tea is made in the kettle. They use no plates, but taking a large piece of beef in their left hand, they secure it with their teeth, and then cut away as much with the right as will fill the mouth; some warm melted butter finishes the repast, when the pipe and tobacco come in as a dessert.

¹ The Lena is one of the grandest rivers in the world. Even at the city of Yakutsk, a distance of 1,200 or 1,300 versts from the sea, it is about five or six miles wide; and its entire length is not less than 4,000 versts. Of all the streams in this country of the first class, it is the only one that flows exclusively through the Russian territory. The Obey and the Yenisei have each one or more of its principal sources far within the limits of Chinese Tartary; but the Lena, properly so called, is separated from the Celestial Empire by the Valley of the Angara, a purely Siberian tributary of the Yenisei, a valley which, curiously enough, even overlaps it ten degrees to the eastward, while the Lena's main auxiliary, the Vittorie, is so far from itself crossing the frontier that it is robbed, as it were, of some of its own waters by the more northerly feeders of the Anoor. Under these circumstances, the Lena, if estimated by the crow's flight, is undoubtedly the shortest of the three. Its very name, which expresses business, implies the circuitous character of its course.

peopled the promontory from the Gulf of Anadyn to East Cape. This singular fact renders such information as we can procure of the Fair of Ostronaga, where the people of Asia and America first met, both curious and valuable.

The original route of the Cosacks, of which we have already spoken, was followed by Captain Cochrane, who was desirous to get taken over Behring's Straits by the Tchukchei. On the 4th of March he left the Kolima, in company with Mr. Matoushin, a Russian midshipman, and a few merchants, whose nartes (sledges) were laden with tobacco and iron utensils. After various delays and upsets they entered upon a more elevated country, and were cheered with meeting and overtaking a great number of sledges, whose owners exhibited the same smiling faces, the result, no doubt, of sanguine hopes as those of the great merchants of London or Amsterdam on the eve or expectation of a great fair. The right bank of the Aninij is formed of slate mountains; the left, a vast uninteresting flat.¹

The third day the travellers reached an inhabited yurt, where many of the merchants awaited them, as they could not go to the fair before a certain time. The wood on the Aninij is of considerable growth for so northern a situation, but the root has seldom more than twenty inches depth. On the 8th of March they reached the fortress, standing on a romantic spot, and probably a pleasant place in summer. There are twenty yurts, about 200 people, and a large wooden building, fit for anything except defence. There are few inhabitants, who get a scanty subsistence by hunting. Famines are of frequent occurrence, bread not being supplied by the Government. Elk, rein-deer, and argali are their chief dependence; but these are no longer abundant, for the Russians hunt rather to exterminate than for subsistence.

Having settled themselves in a small Yukagir yurt, the party received a visit from one of the Tchukchei, an empty-visaged and wild-looking savage. He entered the room, tumbled down upon a stool, smoked his pipe, and then left the apartment, without noticing the inmates. The fair commenced by installing the chiefs with medals and swords, baptising them, and receiving a nominal tribute, by which they became subjects of Russia. They came in state in beautiful nartes, each drawn by two rein-deer, the whole forming a cavalcade of twenty-five or thirty pairs. The ceremony commenced with a present of tobacco, and then all the Toions, or chiefs, proceeded to the Commissary's abode, where the formality of paying the tribute of a red fox skin was gone through by each of the traders. The Commissary then endeavoured to induce the Tchukchei chiefs to take M. Matoushin and Captain Cochrane as interpreters with them across Behring's Straits.

¹ The descendants of the Yukagiri inhabit the banks of the two rivers, Aninij, and serve as a neutral nation between the Russians and Tchukchei. They were formerly a formidable and warlike people, and it cost the Russians much trouble to subjugate them. Indeed, in such fear were they held, that the Empress Catherine absolutely forbade their language to be spoken. They are now all but extinct, as a pure race, but one old woman existing whose parents were both Yukagires. The remainder are, in fact, descendants of Russians, who have intermarried with them. They are certainly the finest race of people in Siberia; the men well-proportioned, and with open and manly countenances; the women are extremely beautiful. What their origin was it is now difficult to say.

"After this cheering harangue was concluded," says Captain Cochrane, "one of the most respectable of the Tchukchei rose and said, that he was in want of no interpreter. His laconic reply completely disconcerted us. The next, an old and cunning fellow, called Kuchargo, said that boys and girls should not be attended to in such matters. He had not asked for an interpreter, although a nephew of his had done so." They were told that "two nartes could be of no great consequence to them, and that as the Emperor wished it," &c. After a fresh consultation they resolved, that as the Emperor himself wished to send the interpreters to Behring's Straits, he would have no objection to pay for their transport; and for this they demanded about 5,000 lbs. weight of tobacco. This put an end to the negotiation, especially, as one of the knowing ones, observing that Captain Cochrane could not speak the Russian language asked of what use he could be to them when he neither understood the Russian nor the Tchukchei languages. Next day the party visited the Tchukchei camp, of three large and three small tents, in which all this people were packed. The large tents were disgustingly dirty and offensive, exhibiting every species of grossness and indelicacy. The smaller were, on the contrary, very neat, clean, and warm, although without a fire, in thirty-five degrees of frost, being only eight feet long, five broad, and about three feet high, and containing three or four people huddled together in one bed, which is made of rein-deer skins, and the coverings lined with white foxes'. The small tents are made also of the old and hard skins doubled, so that the hair is both on the inside and out; a large lamp with whale oil or fat, which serves them for a light, communicates also considerable warmth. On entering they found the chief and his wife perfectly naked, as was also their daughter, a little girl of about nine years, who went out, and by a fire close to the tent prepared some rein-deer flesh in that state of nudity. Their furniture consists of a large kettle, knife, wooden bowls, platters, spoons or ladles, and an axe, with flint and steel. They returned to the fortress, driven by one of these savage chiefs "in a neat narte, drawn by a couple of rein-deer, in a pretty style." They use regular reins, made of leather thongs, and a long springing cone with an ivory knob to it, of the tooth of a sea-horse. They are kind to animals, and will not ride a horse, considering it unmanly, to increase the labour of the animal. They soon ascertain the quantity of tobacco brought by the Russian traders to the fair, and regulate their dealings accordingly. Fixing a market price, neither party will recede from it: the Russians brought tobacco, kettles, knives, spears, needles, bells, scissors, pipes, axes, spoons, coral beads, and other such ornaments, a few pieces, and red and blue nankeen and white cotton. For these the Tchukchei brought 400 or 500 sea horse teeth, a few bears' skins, rein-deer dresses, and white foxes, and these, with some frozen rein-deer meat, make the whole production of their own country. But now comes the connection between Asia and America, for the other articles of petty at this fair come from a nation on the American continent, called the Kargauls, two of whom the party saw at the fair. They bear more nearly the feature of the Tchukchei than those of the ugly-mouthed inhabitants of the islands in Behring's Straits, although with a browner or more dirty colour. The furs brought and sent by them consist of many thousands of black,

brown, blue, red, and white foxes, martens, and marten-parks, some beavers, river otters, bears, wolves, sea-dogs and sea-horse skins; a few articles of warm clothing, and some ornaments carved out of sea-horse teeth, representing the animals common among them.

At some points Behring's Straits are only forty-five miles in width, with a chain of islands, like so many stepping-stones, extending from shore to shore, the largest traverse not being more than seven miles; so that the navigation is practicable even for small canoes. In the general appearance of the two coasts, there is a marked difference, the western side being low, flat, and sterile, while the eastern is well wooded, and in every respect better adapted than the other for the sustenance both of man and beast. Moreover, the soil and climate improve rapidly on the American shore, as one descends; and at Cook's Inlet potatoes may be raised with ease, though they hardly ripen in any part of Kamschatka, which extends nearly ten degrees farther to the south. In addition to the advantages of cultivation, deer, fish, game, and hay, are abundant. In the neighbourhood, in an island near Kodiak, there is plenty of good coal, used both for the hearth and forge, though it is objectionable for the latter purpose, as producing too great a quantity of ashes.

In point of climate, in general, there is nearly the same difference between the western shore of America and the eastern shore of Asia, as there is between the western shore of Europe and the eastern shore of America. In both cases, the same cause exists to produce the same effect. In the temperate latitudes the prevailing wind is from the west, being a kind of counter-current to the easterly trades of the tropics; and with reference to this physical fact, the leeward coast of either continent must be colder, at least in

winter, than the windward one, inasmuch as the former receives its atmosphere across an enormous zone of frozen soil, and the latter across a considerable breadth of open water. But, in addition to this common ground of superiority, a great part of Russian America possesses an advantage peculiar to itself, in being sheltered from the northerly gales. Reckoning upwards from Mount St. Elias, or even from Cross Sound, the more southerly half of the coast, comprising, of course, Cook's Inlet already mentioned, runs pretty nearly east and west, screened towards the interior, within a very short distance of the sea, by a wall of mountains. To place in the most striking light the contrast in point of climate between the opposite shores of each continent, Kamschatka and the British Isles may be said, with sufficient accuracy for this purpose, to be in the same latitudes, and to present the same area, and even to occupy the same position, with respect to the proximity of water; and yet while the British Isles, from their own agricultural resources, feed at least twenty-five millions of inhabitants, Kamschatka, with the help of extraneous supplies, can barely prevent its population from starving. "How different," says Governor Simpson, "would the history of men have been, if Providence had made these two extremities of the Old World exchange climates, merely by causing the tropical trades to blow from the west, and the counter-currents of the temperate zone to blow from the east;" or, to express the same thing in other words, merely by reversing the direction of the earth's daily revolution!

We will now, in imagination, cross upon these giant stepping-stones to the other side of the Pacific, where we shall find another Siberia, under the government, but, until within the last few years, by no means under the care of Great Britain.

VANCOUVER ISLAND.

VANCOUVER ISLAND, upon which the new city of Victoria stands, does not belong officially to British Columbia, but it does so, to all intents and purposes, politically and socially. This fine island, 270 miles long, with a general breadth of from forty to fifty miles, a favourable climate, a diversified surface, with a fertile soil, and mineral as well as vegetable riches, added to an available sea-board, has undoubtedly a great future in store. The position and natural advantages of Vancouver Island, says Colonel Colquhoun Grant, "would appear eminently to adapt it for being the emporium of an extended commerce. It contains valuable coal-fields, and is covered with fine timber. The soil, where there is any, is rich and productive, the climate good, and the singular system of inland seas by which it is environed teems with fish of every description. Capable of producing those very articles which are most in demand in neighbouring countries, and offering, in its numerous safe and commodious harbours, almost unrivalled facilities for import and export, it would seem to require but a little well-directed

exertion of energy and enterprise to make it the seat of a flourishing colony.

The aspect from the seaward is not very inviting. Dark frowning cliffs sternly repel the foaming sea, and beyond these, wooded hills, densely covered with fir, rise one above the other, whilst still more in the interior, bare mountains of gneiss, mica-slate, and trap, run, almost without intermission, like a back-bone down the centre of the island. There is, however, no want of timber and of open land amidst this extent of rock and mountain, and all authorities agree in saying that had the British Government thrown the Island open to exertions of individual enterprise, the greater portion of such open land would doubtless, ere this, have been settled. There is naturally a great difference in the capabilities of the soil, according as gneiss, mica-slate, clay-slate, gray marble, trap, sandstones, or limestones, the chief formations of the country, prevail.

It is natural that the traveller should love to descend from this wild and rugged interior, which has

never been adequately explored, to the smiling straits which are occasionally to be met with on the sea coast, and on one of which Victoria is situated. This settlement was founded by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1843, when they landed about forty men under Mr. Finlayson, and in a short time constructed a picketed enclosure, containing the buildings usually appropriated by the Company to the storing of goods and to the accommodation of their servants. As soon as they had finished their buildings, they commenced bringing sufficient land under cultivation for the support of the establishment. No idea was entertained, however, at the time, beyond starting a fresh trading port with the Indians, so the establishment remained in *status quo* until the year 1849, when the whole island was granted by Government to the Company, under condition that they should have established satisfactory settlements on it for the purpose of colonisation within five years.

Settlers in Vancouver's Island have to pay at the rate of one pound per acre, and the soil produces excellent crops of wheat, barley, oats, peas, beans, turnips (Swedes especially do well), and potatoes. In all arable portions of the island the land is favourable to the production of green crops of every description; vegetables also grow particularly well, and esculent roots of all sorts attain a great size. The climate, as usual on the coast of the Pacific, differs much from that of the interior of British Columbia. It is divided into two seasons of dry and rainy, generally raining and snowing from October to March, whilst, during the rest of the year a parching heat prevails, which dries up all the small streams. Dense fogs prevail at the commencement of autumn. The usual range of the thermometer is, however, during the hot months, only from 60 to 80 deg., and Colonel Grant says, "Generally speaking, the climate is both agreeable and healthy, and not a single death, that I am aware of, has occurred among adults from disease during the six years that I have been acquainted with the Island."

After Victoria, the next settlement of importance in Vancouver Island is Nanaimo, where coal or lignite was first discovered in 1850. It is now successfully worked on the Peninsula, at Commercial Inlet, and on Newcastle Island. It is the opinion of the head miner, says Colonel Grant, that coal may be found anywhere within a circumference of two miles from Nanaimo, at a distance of fifty feet below the surface. Altogether, there are few places to be met with where coal can be worked as easily, and exported as conveniently, as from Nanaimo. The Indians are happily employed at these lucrative works. Nanaimo was, before the gold discoveries, a flourishing little settlement with about 125 inhabitants, and a school presided over by Mr. Baillie. The demand for coal, since these rival companies have navigated the Gulf of Georgia and Frazer's River, must have quite altered the state of things. There is good anchorage all over the harbour, which is commodious, and sheltered from all winds; it is also an excellent place to lay up and repair vessels, the bottom being generally a soft mud. The harbour and coal mines of Nanaimo are also, it is to be observed, admirably situated, being nearly opposite to the entrance of Frazer's River on the mainland. Deer must abound in the neighbourhood, for the natives bring sometimes as many as sixty in a day to market.

The discovery of coal or lignite at the north-east

corner of the island near Beaver Harbour, caused the settlement there of Fort Rupert in 1849; but the produce of coal has been found to be interrupted by trap-rocks, and the speculation has not answered. There are, as yet, few other settlements on the island; the places most favourable for such are to be met with only on the east and south coast; the west coast has a generally exposed, unfavourable aspect. The Indian population is stated at 17,000; they are, in general, favourably disposed towards the whites, and are capable of being made very useful in hunting, fishing, and even agricultural and mining employments.

In the neighbourhood of Victoria there are altogether about seven square miles of open land, on which the great majority of settlers are located; and, besides the open land, there may be about ten square miles of available woodland. Victoria itself is situated on a small but well-sheltered harbour, but the entrance is intricate, and the harbour is not suitable for large vessels. About six miles westward of Victoria lies the future harbour of the metropolis, called Esquimalt, a safe and commodious harbour for vessels of all sizes, and combining the advantage of sufficient shelter with that of an open entrance, into which a line-of-battle ship might beat without difficulty. Mr. Cornwallis describes Esquimalt Harbour as picturesquely rock-bound, very much resembling Acapulco Harbour, save in its superior size, and having six to eight fathoms of water to the shore. Although distant three miles by water and two by land from Victoria, it ought, he adds, decidedly to be included in that town, the inferiority of whose harbour in point of size, as well as the extent of bar and shallow waters, will prevent its ever ranking as the port proper of the future metropolis of Vancouver Island.

At the time when Colonel Colquhoun Grant was at Victoria, the population amounted to only 300 souls, and that of the whole island at 450 souls. The gross quantity of land applied for had been 19,807 acres and 16 perches, of which 10,172 acres had been claimed by the Hudson's Bay Company, 2374 acres by the Puget Sound Company, and the remainder by private individuals. Only 1690 acres were occupied by individual settlers, sixteen in number; 973 acres were claimed by absentees, and unoccupied.

What a change had come over the scene in 1857 when visited by Mr. Cornwallis! The harbour was crowded with gracefully-peaked canoes and boats of all shapes and sizes, and Italian fishermen from San Francisco were acting as boatmen. Victoria itself wore a "highly flourishing and pleasing appearance," the most noticeable feature in the shop and trading line being the scarcity of anything like hotels; there were five places, however, where liquor was sold, the proprietor of each having to pay the Hudson's Bay Company a license-fee of no less than £120 per annum for the privilege. Green Jamaica-looking lanes ran out of the town, like channels through a continent of cultivation; acres of potatoes, wheat, maize, barley, and gently waving rye, were successively presented to the admiring view. The fertility of the soil was everywhere apparent. Limestone-built villas here and there decked the suburbs, and cottages, festooned with a profusion of blossoming creepers, flanked the road a little to the westward of Government House, which from its elevated position, seemed to hold precedence over all the lesser architecture around.

"The sun with its golden radiance," says Mr. Corn

wallis, "was shedding floods of light over the varied landscape, casting the shadow of the Indian on the placid water of a lagoon, which wound like a river in a gently-shelving valley beyond, and giving a glow of life and animation to the bending corn-fields and the Parian habitations of men. The birds were joyfully carolling away in sweet and hope-inspiring unison; the herds at pasture lowed plaintively, and the bleating of sheep and lambkin broke audibly to life as he passed by natural hedges of wild rose and blackberry-bushes, and fields redundant of grass and clover, whose aroma was borne on the breeze far away to the uplands, where the wild man still holds sway, and civilisation hath scarce or never trodden."

So much for Victoria as gilded and tinted up by successful speculation! And then, as to land! The scramble for lots was tremendous; 100 dollars was the price fixed per lot, but the crowd of purchasers was so great that there was no getting to the office. "I had never been in such a crowd," says Mr. Cornwallis, "since the year 1855, when I waited my turn for letters in front of the San Francisco post-office, after the arrival of the United States mail." And lucky, indeed, were the purchasers, for their lots were subsequently, in most cases, passed from hand to hand, at an advanced price of thousands of dollars. Judge of the case of a man that was seen in a liquor-store at Victoria: "Ye-es, sir," said he, "six thousand nine hundred and fifty dollars I calculate to be the profit of that ar fifty-dollar lot." This he had invested in land when he arrived from San Francisco two months previously, when the fixed price was a hundred per cent. lower than at present, and which lot he had sold on that very day for 7,000 dollars. Mr. Cornwallis was little less lucky himself. He succeeded in obtaining six lots, such being the number limited to each individual, and he sold the first three lots, one for 5,800 dollars, the other two for 8,000 dollars, to a speculator, who put them into the market at 7,000 dollars a lot immediately afterwards. The other three not being yet located, he reserved for his return.

At this time there was a large store and wharf at Esquimalt, and a bridge, erected by the Hudson's Bay Company at a cost of £1,000, spanned the beautiful granite basin of Victoria Harbour from the town side to the opposite or north side, leading to a trunk road in the interior, which passes by the Company's extensive farm (the Esquimalt), the settlement at Herbert Head, at Metchosen, and at Sooke, all thriving agricultural districts. Besides the hundred and fifty houses and stores which sprung up in Victoria, in 1857 and 1858—almost every house or shanty in the town proper being, a restaurant or coffee-stand—numerous tents were scattered about the outskirts, some choking up the ravines with their number, others spreading out on the broad open plain that surrounds the town, whilst further off their fleecy summits were to be seen along the shores of the bay. Still farther from the dust and clamour, here and there an isolated house was to be seen away in the woods, tenanted by some individual enamoured of a lodge in the wilderness. "Such," says Mr. Cornwallis, "are the suburbs of Victoria in 1858. Who or what will be their occupants in 1859 imagination may picture, but how truthfully time alone can tell."

The open prairie ground of Vancouver Island, as well as the patches of soil which are met with in the clefts of the hills, are principally covered with the

camash, a small esculent root, about the size of an onion, with a light blue flower—the *Camassia coccinea* of botanists. The camash constitutes a favourite article of food with the Indians, and they lay up large quantities of it for winter consumption, burying it in pits in the same way as they keep potatoes. The *Gaultheria shallon*, called by the Canadians *sasal*, is, next to the camash, the most common plant in Vancouver's Island; it is a small shrub, bearing a dark blue berry, a little larger than the cranberry. The berry is very sweet and wholesome, and the savages are very fond of it. The *Arbutus uva ursi* abounds on the low hills, and is the favourite food of bears. The natives smoke the dry leaves. The *Equisetum hyemale* forms excellent food for cattle in winter. They are very fond of it. Most fruits generally cultivated in Great Britain abound, both in the lowlands and hill-sides, wherever they can find soil to support them. Among these may be mentioned as growing wild the strawberry, black currant, gooseberry, and raspberry, a small variety of crab apple, and the choke, a small, black, wild cherry. The potato is almost universally cultivated by all the natives on the south of Vancouver Island, as well as on the opposite mainland.

The Indian tribes in and about the regions under consideration are some 131 in number, with a population of 73,394. Of these the Nuwette, and twenty-seven other tribes, generally speaking the Quacott language, alone number 40,866. The tribes of British Columbia are, however, for the most part, unknown as is also the case indeed with the Gulf of Georgia Indians. The leading tribe in British Columbia is said to be the Takelies, or Taculies, a name importing "carriers," and who among themselves are divided into eight tribes of various extent. The result of careful observation of their character does not exactly substantiate Mr. Cornwallis's characterisation of aboriginal innocence and purity. Mr. McLean tells us that sensuality and gluttony are among their characteristic vices, as they are among all people who know no restraints save those inflicted by want or incapability. The women are said to give the reins to the indulgence of their passions from an early age. Gambling is another vice to which these poor Indians apply their untutored minds in unceasing emulation of their betters. Many of the tribes are thievish and lying. They are also very dirty. It is difficult, however, to know when our authorities, speaking of Indians, describe the results of natural depravity or of depravity arising from association with social demoralisation. It is just possible that these physically fine races of people, however prone to war and plunder, may not be lewd or thievish among themselves. Even the women denounced may be the Laïses and Thiaïses of the Hudson Bay employés.

The language of the natives appears to be mainly dialects of the Chippewyan, which is so largely extended over North America. They are said to be exceedingly partial to music, and even skilful, having great variety and melody in the airs which they sing. They are fond of feasts and dances—after their own fashion—and they also indulge in dramatic representations of a wild character.

Most of the tribes are unfortunately at feud with one another in the interior. Thus, for example, the Talkotins on the Upper Frazer hold the Chilcotins in deadly hatred. Nearly all the men are six feet and

upwards in height, and are well made in proportion. Dr. Scouler, a sound observer, says, that the Indians of British Columbia and of the coasts, being accustomed to sedentary and continuous labours, present great aptitude for passing into an agricultural state. All the natives of the north-west coast are, indeed, already skilful and enterprising traders. As yet, their numbers are said to diminish when in contact with the fire-water, imported diseases, and other vices of the whites; but a contrary result may be confidently anticipated when they are thrown in contact with the virtues of the white man. Most of the north-western American tribes are physically and mentally quite equal, if not superior, to the Canadian Indian, the Cherokees, Choctas, and other races redeemed by the Americans, and the New Zealanders; yet, what can be more gratifying than the results which the introduction of order, of civilisation, and Christianity have effected among those once savage races.

It is only within our own times that Government and the public are becoming aware of the vast capabilities of British Columbia. Geographers have long pondered on the fact, and have attempted to give to it publicity, but in vain. "There is a large portion of the surface of the earth," said Mr. Gladstone, on Mr. Roebuck's motion respecting the Hudson's Bay Company—"there is a large portion of the earth with regard to the character of which we have been systematically kept in darkness, for those who had information to give have also had an interest directly opposed to their imparting it."

With a splendid climate, far milder than in corresponding latitudes in Europe, besides the infinite supply of fur-bearing animals of the most valuable kinds—besides the immense variety of fish with which all the waters, be they fresh or salt, abound—besides the boundless supply of deer, game, and water-fowl—besides the inexhaustible yield of timber—this region possesses in its minerals and ores far greater riches than its furs, or its fisheries, or its forests can ever be made to yield. Add to all this, it possesses a great agricultural and commercial future, both alike enhanced by the probability of the Valley of the Frazer becoming one day one of the highways of the world.

It would indeed be impossible at the present day to single out any virgin territory which combines so many large and profitable openings to industry, under the same advantageous circumstances of a good climate and natural supplies from the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

In the animal kingdom we have first the *Cervus alces*, or moose deer of the Canadians; *C. tarandus*, or reindeer, but rare; *C. elaphus*, or common stag, the elk of the Canadians; *C. canadensis*, or red deer; *C. leucurus*, or large white-tailed deer; the jumping deer (*chevreuil*), said to be plentiful near Fort Alexandria; a smaller species of black-tailed deer, and other kinds. Big horn sheep are very numerous in the mountains, and are as good eating as the domestic sheep. There are several varieties of bears, grizzled, black, brown, and chocolate, but reducible probably to two species, the black and brown. Black and white wolves infest the thick woods; as also a small species of panther, and the lynx, but none of these are very numerous. Among the fur-bearing animals are the beaver and martens, which are likely to continue numerous for many years to come, as they find a safe retreat among the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains. Minks, squirrels, musk-

rats, marmots, and wood rats are found everywhere, the latter by far too much so. Both land and sea otters are met with; the fur of the latter is very soft and delicate, and is the most valuable of any obtained on the coast. Rabbits also abound. There are plenty of dogs. They are of a diminutive size, and strongly resemble those of the Esquimaux, with curled-up tail, small ears, and pointed nose. A couple of these tractable animals will draw a sledge with a load of 250 pounds, besides provisions for themselves and their driver, twenty miles in five hours. Of birds, there are the bustard; the *Tetrao obscurus*, rather larger than the Scottish grouse; the *Tetrao Richardsonis*, another species of grouse; and the drum-partridge. There are, strange to say, few singing-birds on the west coast of America. There are eagles, hawks, vultures, crows, magpies, thrushes, woodpeckers, bullfinches, and humming birds, but few songsters of the woods or fields. As to aquatic birds, pelicans, swans, geese, ducks of various kinds, teal, grebes, and others, they completely cover the lakes and inland salt water lochs in winter, but they leave the country in summer. There is a large species of crane, plenty of plover, but few snipe. Fish, we have seen, are most plentiful in the sea-rivers and lakes. Sturgeon of from 250 lb. weight to 600 lb. weight are caught in the latter. There are four kinds of salmon that ascend the rivers in immense shoals, proceed towards the sources, and, having deposited their spawn, their dead bodies are seen floating down the current in thousands. The other fish of the lakes and rivers are trout, carp, and white fish. The salmon is called by McLenn "the New Caledonian staff of life." The natives have very ingenious modes of preparing it, but as they do not care for their fish or viands being pure, they are not always palatable to Europeans.

Insects abound, and among the most annoying are the mosquitoes, the black fly, and the gnats, which are said to relieve each other regularly in the work of torture, and to especially abound after rain or thunder-showers. The number will probably diminish as the land becomes cultivated, and some people do not complain of them. Mr. Cornwallis says:—"It was not half so bad as by an English roadside, where the gnats sting and whirl round, biting poison into every passer-by—the pestilence of ditches." But then he was "realising" his fifty to one hundred dollars a day in dust and nuggets!

Firs, of which there are several species, and cedars attain a gigantic growth. One fir reaches a height of 250 feet, with a circumference of forty two feet at the butt. There are two kinds of oak—stunted-looking among the conifers on the coast, but of finer growth in the interior. The white maple grows in all the low woodlands. A large species of arbutus grows on the banks of rivers to a height of thirty and forty feet, with hard white wood.

Among the more important and interesting native vegetable productions are the hemp plant, the produce of which has been found to be superior to the Russian, and the prickly pear, dried by the natives in the sun, and baked into excellent cakes. There are, as we have before seen, some delicious varieties of blueberries, service-berries, choke-berries, gooseberries, strawberries and whortleberries. A root called Tza-chin imparts an agreeable zest to salmon, and effectually destroys the disagreeable smell of that fish when smoke-dried. It is unnecessary to repeat that all the fruit-trees,

grains, vegetables and grasses that succeed in Great Britain flourish in British Columbia and yield abundant crops. As it is, the quantity of open land in Vancouver Island and on the coast bears a small proportion to the woodland, but this is not the case in the upper valley of the Frazer and Thompson's Rivers and some of the lake districts, where boundless prairies are met with, and excellent crops and large stocks of cattle are already being raised by the missionaries. The woodland is, however, richer when cleared than the prairie ground, and this applies—a rare thing in other countries—even to the soil of the fir and pine forests.

As to the prospects of the country, that which ap-

plies to Vancouver Island applies equally to the mainland, and in some respects more forcibly. Hence it is that should it turn out that the gold-field in the mainland of the British territory is rich and extensive, as there is every reason to believe, the island will become a profitable field for all trades, industries, and labour. The population will soon increase from Canada—whence an immigration of many thousands is already spoken of—from Australia, South America, the Atlantic States, and, no doubt, from Europe also. If this happens, the tradesman and the labourer will find employment, and the farmer will find a ready market, at good prices, for his produce.



THE FIRST SHOT AT A GRIZZLY BEAR.

Should the gold suddenly disappear, the island will have benefited by the impulse just given to immigration, for no doubt many who went to mine will remain to cultivate the soil and to engage in other pursuits. If this be the termination of the present fever, then to the farmer who is satisfied with a competency, full garners and a good harrow, who loves retirement, is not ambitious of wealth, is fond of a mild, agreeable, and healthy climate, and a most lovely country to live in, the island offers every attraction.

There is another point of view in which British Columbia presents a very promising opening, and that is as a naval and maritime station. The harbours at Queen Charlotte's Island, Vancouver Island, and the entrance of Fraser River, are peculiarly adapted for the fitting out of whalers, being in the neighbourhood

of very valuable fishing waters, and the country in their vicinity affording everything that is required for the construction of vessels—such as excellent timber, iron and copper, coal for forges, water power for driving saw mills, and even hemp growing wild in the interior, for the manufacture of sails and cordage. Thus the whale fishery alone, by creating a demand for many articles into which these products could be manufactured, might be made to give employment to numbers of persons of various trades and calling.

But there is another and still more important consideration, happily becoming generally felt and admitted, which is, that in the unsettled and ever-varying condition of the decrepit Moslem Empire, the overgrowing power of Russia in Asia, and the indifference of the British government to the means of counter-

balancing that power by strengthening its position in the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris rivers, that our trade in the Pacific Ocean with China, Japan, India, and Australia, may ultimately be compelled to pass through our North American possessions. There are not wanting those—and we rank ourselves among that sanguine class of enthusiasts—who see in the accomplishment of the Halifax and Quebec Railway a first step in the establishment of a great inter-oceanic line of communication, partly by water and partly by rail, if not ultimately entirely by rail.

The distance between London and Pekin would be reduced by such a line to some 10,000 miles, and the journey to thirty days. It would lessen the distance from Liverpool to Vancouver Island to 5,650 miles, the distance between Liverpool and Panama alone being 4,100 miles. The harbour of Halifax is the only one safe port we have on the Atlantic coast of British North America, accessible at all seasons of the year, the rest being closed by ice for six months, whilst we have in the Pacific, in the harbour of Esquimalt, one of the finest ports in the world. It is 8,200 miles from

Panama to Sydney, and 7,200 miles from Vancouver Island to the same place, so that Australasia is as much concerned in the adoption of this line as are Japan, China, or India.

No matter what line is ultimately adopted for such transit, whether by the Vermilion Pass, into the valley of Columbia, or the Kicking-horse Pass into the valley of the Kootanie, or by a more northerly pass into the valley of Fraser River, still the advantages which would accrue to Great Britain, consequent upon the entire service being performed through British territory, are beyond all calculation. The establishment of such a line of communication would not merely open up to civilisation a large territory in British North America hitherto almost unexplored, but it would open up to the cultivators of the soil (in Minnesota and on the Red River, for example, the isolation of which appears to have been hitherto the only bar to progress and extension), as also in Canada, a means of transit to all the markets of the Pacific, and an open passage to the China Seas and to our possessions in the East Indies, Australia and New Zealand.¹

FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC.

I.—THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

TOWARDS the girdling of the earth by a junction between the Atlantic and the Pacific, there are two stations, two great colonies, already formed upon a line having its basis on British territory—these are British Columbia and the Red River. There is further a great belt of fertile country which extends from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, and which is watered almost through its whole extent by

the Upper Saskatchewan River, and destined to feed a third colony. The problem has been how best to accomplish a junction of communication between these colonies with the Atlantic on the one hand and the Pacific on the other, all within British territory. To effect this, it was first necessary to find a pass through the Rocky Mountains; secondly, a roadway likely to pay its own expenses from the Red River; and thirdly, a land or water-way in connection with Lake Superior.²

¹ Luckily we have a government which at once understands and appreciates the whole bearings of the question. "In glancing over the vast regions devoted to the fur trade," said Sir Bulwer Lytton, "which are said to be as large as Europe, the first thought of every Englishman must be that of humiliation and amazement. Is it possible that so great a segment of the earth under the English sceptre has so long been abandoned as a desolate hunting-ground for wandering savages and wild animals—turning our eyes from a trade which, unlike all other commerce, rests on its profits, not on the redemption, but on the maintenance of the wilderness? It must cheer us to see already, in the great border-lands of this hitherto inhospitable region, the opening prospects of civilised life. Already, on the Pacific, Vancouver Island has been added to the social communities of mankind. Already, on the large territory west of the Rocky Mountains, from the American frontier up to the Russian dominions, we are laying the foundations of what may become hereafter a magnificent abode for the human race. And now, eastward of the Rocky Mountains, we are invited to see in the settlement of the Red River the nucleus of a new colony, a rampart against any hostile invasions from the American frontier, and an essential one, as it were, to that great viaduct by which we hope one day to connect the harbours of Vancouver with the Gulf of St. Lawrence."

In every aspect whether viewed politically, socially, or commercially, the colonisation of British Columbia, and the opening up of communication between that great westerly continent, with its giant islands, its noble harbours, and its productive lands, lakes, and rivers, with central North British America, must undoubtedly give a progressive impulse to the affairs of the world, which, in its results, would eclipse anything which has been witnessed even amid the extraordinary development of the present century. In connection with Vancouver Island and the mainland of British Columbia we may be permitted to make mention of what has been

called the San Juan Difficulty. According to the terms of the Oregon treaty the line of demarcation between British territory and that of the United States was determined to be south of Fraser River, and from that midway down the channel of San Juan de Fuca. If, as has been offered on the part of the British Government, the arbitration of an independent power was sought in the matter, such person or persons could not hesitate for a moment in declaring midway down the channel to mean midway between the archipelago of San Juan and the mainland. The channel which separates San Juan from the mainland is narrow, obstructed, and barely navigable. It was never known as the channel of San Juan de Fuca. If, when midway down the channel was said it was meant midway down the land, even then such a line would cut the San Juan Islands in half, and not confer the whole of them on the United States. But no independent person could hesitate for a moment where to draw a line down the middle of the Channel de Fuca. And it is to be hoped that the United States Government will yield so far to reason and to those principles of justice which should always actuate nations, were it even only for the example which is thereby given to the people, as to pass over the question to the arbitration of a third party.

The Hudson's Bay Company was incorporated in the year 1670, under a royal charter of Charles the Second, which granted them certain territories in North America, together with exclusive privileges of trade, and other rights and advantages. During the first twenty years of their existence the profits of the Company were so great that, notwithstanding considerable losses sustained by the capture of some of their establishments by the French, amounting in value to £118,014, they were enabled to make a payment to the proprietors, in 1684, of fifty per cent., and a further payment, in 1689, of twenty-five per cent.

In 1690, the stock was trebled without any call being made

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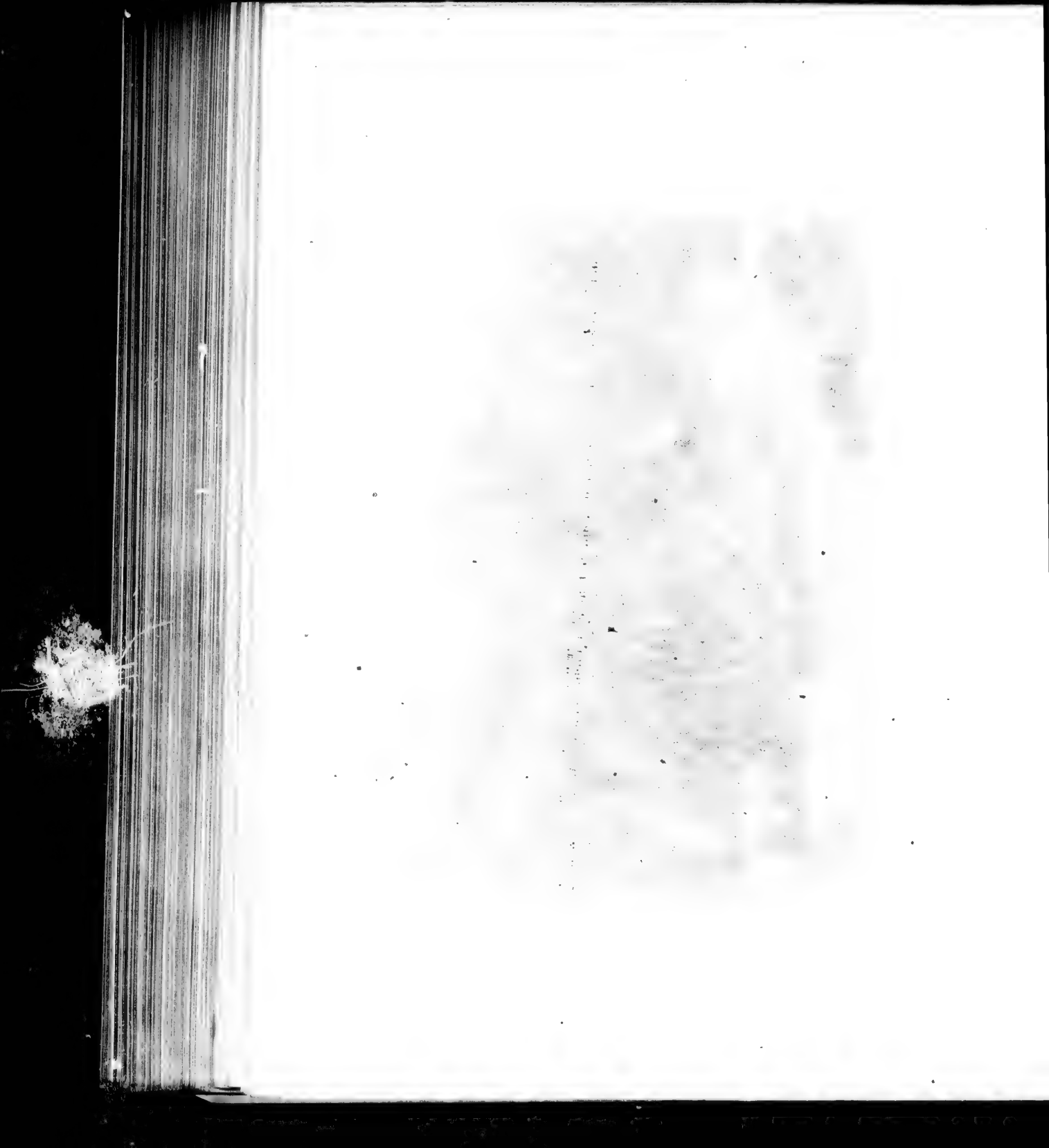
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Steamship at Wharf

L. D. Smith, 1846



The exploration of the central districts of British America, more especially of the long valleys of the two Saskatchewan and of the Assiniboine Rivers, as also of the basin of Lake Winnipeg, have not a

mere geographical interest. The welfare of our transatlantic brethren, the progress of the great colonies of North America, the intercommunication of mankind, and the general onward movement of a universal

besides affording a payment to the proprietors of twenty-five per cent. on the increased or newly-created stock. From 1692 to 1697, the Company incurred loss and damage to the amount of £97,500 sterling from the French. In 1720 their circumstances were so far improved that they again trebled their capital stock with only a call of ten per cent. from the proprietors, on which they paid a dividend averaging nine per cent. for many years, showing profits on the original subscribed capital stock actually paid up of between sixty and seventy per cent. per annum, from the year 1690 to 1800, or during a period of 110 years.

Up to this time the Hudson's Bay Company enjoyed a monopoly of the fur trade, and reaped a rich harvest of wealth and influence.

In 1783, the North West Company was formed, having its head quarters in Montreal. The North West Company soon rose to the position of a formidable rival to the Hudson's Bay Company, and the territory the two companies traded in became the scene of animosities, feuds, and bloodshed, involving the destruction of property, the demoralisation of the Indians, and the ruin of the fur trade. Owing to this opposition the Hudson's Bay Company suffered to such an extent, that between 1800 and 1821, a period of twenty-two years, their dividends were for the first eight years reduced to four per cent. During the next six years they could pay no dividend at all, and for the remaining eight years they could pay only four per cent.

In the year 1821, a union between the North Western and Hudson's Bay Company took place. Under the title of the last-named the proprietors were called upon to pay £100 per cent. upon their capital, which, with the stock in trade of both parties in the country, formed a capital stock of £400,000, on which four per cent. dividend was paid in the years 1821 to 1824, and from that time half-yearly dividends of five per cent. to 1828; from 1828 to 1832, a dividend of five per cent. with a bonus of ten per cent. was paid; and, from 1832 to 1837, a dividend of four per cent. with an average bonus of six per cent. The distribution of profits to the shareholders for the years 1847 to 1856, both inclusive, was as follows:—1847-1849, ten per cent. per annum; 1850, twenty per cent. per annum, of which ten per cent. was added to stock; in 1851, ten per cent.; in 1852, fifteen per cent., of which five per cent. was added to stock; in 1854 to 1856, ten per cent. per annum dividend. Of 268 proprietors in July, 1856, 196 have purchased their stock at from 220 to 240 per cent.

The capital employed by the Hudson's Bay Company is as follows:—June 1st, 1856, amount of assets, £1,168,301 16s. 3d.; amount of liabilities, £203,233 16s. 11d.; capital, £1,265,367 19s. 4d., consisting of stock standing in the name of the proprietors; £500,000 valuation of the Company's lands and buildings, exclusive of Vancouver Island and Oregon, £318,881 12s. 8d.; amount expended up to 16th September, 1856, in sending miners and laborers to Vancouver Island, in the coal mines, and other objects of colonisation, exclusive of the trading establishments of the Company, and which amount will be repayable by Government if possession of the island is resumed, £87,071 8s. 3d.; amount invested in Fort Victoria and other establishments and posts in Vancouver Island, estimated at £75,000; amount paid to the Earl of Selkirk for Red River Settlement, £54,111 18s. 5d. Property and investments: The territory of Oregon, ceded to the United States by the treaty of 1846, which are secured to the Company as possessory rights under the treaty, £1,000,000 sterling; £200,000; total, £1,265,067 19s. 1d.

The affairs of the Hudson's Bay Company are managed by a governor-in-chief, sixteen chief factors, twenty-nine chief traders, five surgeons, eighty-seven clerks, sixty-seven postmasters, twelve hundred permanent servants of different ranks, consisting of voyageurs and servants. The total number of persons in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company is about 3,000. Sir George Simpson has been Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company for forty years. He exercises a general supervision over the Company's affairs, presides at their councils in the country, and has the principal direction of the whole interior management in North America. The governor is assisted by a council of each of the two departments into which the territory is divided.

The seat of council for the northern department is at Norway House, on Lake Winnipeg; for the southern department at Michisicathou, Lake Superior, Mouse Factory, or Jones' Bay.

The council consists of the chief officers of the Company, the chief factors being *ex-officio* members of the council. Their deliberations are conducted in private. The sixteen chief factors are in charge of different districts in the territory, and a certain number of them assemble every year at Norway House, for the northern department, generally about the middle of June, to meet the governor and transact business. Seven chief factors, with the governor, form a quorum; but if a sufficient number of the higher rank of officers are not present, a quorum is established by the admission of chief traders.

The Hudson's Bay Company's operations extend not only over that part of North America called Rupert's Land and the Indian territory, but also over part of Canada, Newfoundland, Oregon, Russian America, and the Sandwich Isles. Thus the operations of the Hudson's Bay Company extend over territories whose inhabitants owe allegiance to three different and independent governments—British, Russian, and the United States. These immense territories, exceeding 1,500,000 square miles in area, are divided, for the exclusive purposes of the fur trade, into four departments and thirty-three districts, in which are included one hundred and fifty-two posts, commanding the service of three thousand agents, traders, voyageurs, and servants, besides giving occasional or constant employment to about one hundred thousand savage Indian hunters. Armed vessels, both sailing and steam, are employed on the North West Coast to carry on the fur trade with the warlike nations of that distant region. More than twenty years ago the trade of the North West Coast gave employment to about one thousand men, occupying twenty-one permanent establishments, or engaged in navigating five armed sailing-vessels and one armed steamer, varying from one hundred to three hundred tons burthen. History does not furnish another example of an association of private individuals exerting a powerful influence over so large an extent of the earth's surface, and administering their affairs with such consummate skill and unwavering devotion to the original objects of their incorporation.

In former days the Hudson's Bay Company used to reach the Red River Settlement by the round-about route of Hudson's Bay and up the York river. This was done to prevent the greater communication between the Canadas and Rupert's Lands—it being well understood that as soon as the English, the Canadians, or the Americans, became enlightened on the subject of the northern possessions, compelled to barbarism and desolation by that Company, that their right would be questioned and their power at once exploded. This has happened, at last, within the past ten years only, and a region as large as the west of Europe has been given to the human race. One mass of land alone, the Saskatchewan and Red River district, amounts to 200,000 acres! Meantime, while engineers, and legislators, and travellers are arguing the merits of respective routes, in place of at once adapting to present exigencies some one of the old ones (as wisely recommended by Professor Hind), a Pickford of the Far West has started and pioneered the way. At the present moment, Mr. Burbank's complement of one hundred waggons, in brigades of twenty-five each, are running from St. Paul, the existing head of navigation in the Mississippi, to Georgetown, on Red River, conveying the freight of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company, for which service Mr. Burbank has a contract for five years, whereby he is bound to carry five hundred tons annually for that period. During the period of navigation, the distance between St. Paul and Fort Garry is accomplished in nine days, six days being required to travel from St. Paul to Georgetown, on Red River, by stage-coaches, and three days by steamer from Georgetown to Fort Garry. The success attendant upon this experiment has been so great that Burbank and Co. were expected to have on the same line, on and after June 1, 1860, fifteen four-horse Concord coaches, making regularly tri-weekly trips from St. Cloud, seventy-five miles above St. Paul, on the Mississippi, to Georgetown, three hundred miles farther north-west on Red River, besides one hundred transportation waggons. From Georgetown the connection with Selkirk Settlement was to be by steam. By the *Nor'-Wester*, dated Fort Garry June 20, 1860, we learn that the *Anson Northrup* steamer ascended Red River to Georgetown, and returned to Fort Garry, in a little over seven days. It is expected that, as the importance of this line of communication progresses, the journey will be made with horses and stage-coaches throughout the winter months by the summer road.

civilisation, are alike concerned in such explorations. Beyond Lower and Upper Canada, with the exception of the struggling settlement on the Red River, no progress has been made to the westward ever since 1763, when the lands discovered by Sebastian Cabot were finally ceded to the British. True that the North-Western Company have formed settlements, but it was their object to keep the country a hunting-ground for painted savages. There have been adventurous travellers and zealous missionaries who have traversed these lands, and these may justly lay claim to having been the pioneers of existing things, but up to recent times little real progress has been made—nothing that will for a moment compare with the magnitude of the interests involved, and the boundless promise to the future held out by these vast regions, as yet unclaimed by civilised man. It is not only that the valleys of the great rivers above mentioned, the far-spreading wood and lake districts, and the boundless meadows that roll between them, all teem with openings to different branches of industry—fishing, hunting, timber-cutting, cattle-breeding, and agriculture, with road-making, house-building, and the thousand-and-one wants of civilised life; it is that a new route presents itself through these neglected realms by which to encircle the globe, and whether our steamers plough the ocean from British Columbia to New Zealand and Australia, or to Japan, China, India, and the Cape; or whether Russia, progressing eastward, will bring the valley of the Amoor into commercial communication with that of the Frazer River, and thus pave the way to the iron rail and steam bridges which shall girdle the whole globe in their embrace; still it is quite certain that not only is civilisation marching from East to West, but that British North America is the real available line (however long neglected) of communication between Western Europe and the Pacific Ocean; and when we come to think that in endeavouring to realise any such a desirable solution of a long-pending question, we are also advancing at every single step taken the material progress of Great Britain, Canada, Central British America, and British Columbia, extending colonisation, bringing new land and new territorial resources under contribution, and subjecting new natural lines of land and fluvial communication to bear upon some main artery of transit—it must be felt that the importance of the questions thus involved are only equalled by their vastness.

From the Atlantic seaboard the communication across is already half effected.

The present position of Lake Superior and its tributaries, it is to be observed, in relation to Montreal and the Atlantic seaboard, is wholly changed since the period when the old North-West Company, established in 1783, and amalgamated with the Hudson Bay Company in 1821, maintained large establishments at Fort William and Fort Charlotte, on the Pigeon River (now the boundary line of British America, and of the United States territories on Lake Superior), and some thirty-five miles in a south-west direction from the mouths of the Kaministiquia River. In those days of canoe transport, merchandise was conveyed up the Ottawa, across the height of land to Lake Huron, thence by the north shore of Lake Superior to Fort William, the starting-point of the long journey into the great interior valleys of Red River, the Saskatchewan, and the Mackenzie. In these days ships can sail from European or Atlantic

ports, and, without breaking bulk, land their cargoes at Fort William for less than one-fiftieth part of the cost involved during the period when the North-West Company became a powerful, wealthy, and influential body.

The completion of Sault Sainte Marie Canal (1½ mile in length, 70 feet wide at bottom, and 12 feet deep), in May, 1855, established an uninterrupted water communication for sea-going vessels between Lake Superior and the ocean. The first ship which sailed from Chicago to Liverpool was the *Dean Richmond*, in 1856; since that period the number of sea-going vessels from the Upper Lake ports has been increasing with great regularity. The trade of Lake Superior is also becoming of unexpected importance. In 1859, between the 1st day of June and the 1st of November, the value of the different articles which passed through St. Mary's Canal amounted to 5,703,433 dollars, and the number of passengers to 11,622. Fifteen years since three schooners constituted the entire fleet engaged in the Lake Superior trade. The number of vessels which passed through St. Mary's Canal, in the season of 1858 and 1859, were, respectively, 443 and 847, with a tonnage of 149,307, and 304,860.

The whole length of this long navigation is 2,030 miles, divided thus; Anticosti to Quebec, 410 miles; to Montreal, 590 miles; to Lachine Canal, 598½ miles; to Beauharnais Canal, 614 miles; to Cornwall Canal, 662 miles; to Farnis Point Canal, 673½ miles; to Rapid Plat Canal, 688 miles; to Point Iroquois Canal, 699½ miles; to Galops Canal, 714½ miles; to Lake Ontario, 766 miles; to Welland Canal, 1,016 miles; to Lake Erie, 1,041 miles; to Detroit River, 1,280 miles; to Lake St. Clair River, St. Clair, and Lake Huron, 1,355 miles; to River St. Mary, 1,580 miles; to St. Mary's Canal, 1,650 miles; Lake Superior to Fort William, 1,910 miles; Superior City, 2,030 miles! With the single exception of St. Mary's Canal, all the great public works which have been contrived and executed for the purpose of reducing the obstacles to uninterrupted navigation between the great lakes and the ocean, lie in the Canadian territory, and are under the control of the Canadian government. Ottawa, the future capital of Canada, is, it is to be observed, upon this line of communication, as also what will be an undoubted improvement upon this line, and will, when completed, connect the whole into a first-class navigation for vessels drawing twelve feet of water.

Nor is the commerce of the lakes on the American side increasing with less marvellous rapidity; 3,065 steamers passed up from Lake Erie to Lake Huron and Detroit, in 1859; and 3,121 passed down. The greatest number up in a single day was 85; down, 73. Detroit statistics show that 5 steamers, 7 propellers, 4 barques, 7 brigs, and 85 schooners, were more or less engaged in the Lake Superior trade during the same year. Forty vessels left during the season for European and outward ports.

We, however, have not only no regular intercommunication between Canada and Central British America, no roads even traced out along the north shores of Lakes Huron and Superior, but we have not even any regular summer communication with the Red River Settlement by river or lake navigation.¹

¹ Within the territory of the United States, the country between Lake Superior and the valley of the Mississippi presents no difficulties for the construction of a railroad. The valley of the Mississippi is in direct communication with that of the Red River of

Now there are three stages. The first from the Atlantic to Lake Superior, which we have shown to be already at our disposal; the second from Lake Superior to the Red River Colony; and the third from the Red River Colony to the Rocky Mountains. We will now proceed to show what has been done or is doing in respect to facilitating the accomplishment of these routes.

II.—THE WAY TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

CAPTAIN PALLISER is well known as "The Solitary Hunter" to all who love the adventurous, from the recitals of his experience in a shooting excursion up the Missouri to St. Louis, and thence to Fort Vermillion, Fort Union, and the Forts of the Yellow Stone River, in the Assine Territory. It was in this country that he was the hero of the following venturesome exploit:

"Next day (Captain Palliser was at the time describing the Missouri River) was so windy that we could not continue our descent, so I went out to look for black-tailed deer in little thickets of brushwood on the old red sandstone hills about the mouth of the Knife River. I shot a fine buck, and was busy skinning it, when I heard '*Monsieur, venez ici!*' loudly shouted. I looked up, and just saw the figure of Dauphin vanish over the brow of a hill; of course I followed with my loaded rifle, and on reaching the summit, beheld a bear standing on his hind legs and staring about him in every direction, while Dauphin, concealed from his view by a rock, was industriously snapping his pistol at him. On seeing me the brute shuffled off at a great pace; but when I came up with Dauphin, the latter, imitating the croaking of a buffalo-calf, brought him back again a little way, so that I got a shot at him, and hit him in the flank, though, blown as I was by my ascent, I could hardly hold my breath to take aim. The bear clawed at the spot where the ball struck him, and charged up to within twenty paces of us, while I was reloading, whereupon Dauphin snapped his pistol again at him without effect. Fortunately for us, Bruin was only a two-year old, and afraid to rush in, though large enough to have smashed both of us, defenceless as we were at the moment, and, before I could get on my percussion-cap, bolted over the brow of the hill. I was still so thoroughly blown from my run over the rocky ground that I gave up my heavy rifle to Dauphin, who threw down the useless pistol and

started in chase, I following him. He soon got a shot at the bear, who turned round, clung at the wound, gave a savage growl, and ran into one of those little clumps which always mark a watercourse in the hilly country. I took the rifle again, loaded, and pursued the enemy right into the clump, in spite of the remonstrances of Dauphin, and getting a sight of him first, gave him a finishing shot between eye and ear. Although he was but a young bear, only in his third year, it was with great difficulty that we could drag him out; he measured five feet four inches from the rump to the muzzle, and his claws were three inches and three-quarters long. Had he been fully grown, and possessed of that amount of courage and ferocity with which the old grizzly bears, both male and female, are endowed, it would certainly have fared badly with us that day. However, we skinned our prize with great satisfaction, and I was exceedingly pleased with the pluck and daring of my companion, who had been twice charged by the bear, and whose pistol had twice snapped.

"The grizzly bear is an animal very little known in this country, the damp climate of which does not agree with him. The celebrated Catlin brought over one or two specimens; but they met with the fate which almost invariably attends pets—an untimely end! There are now some specimens of the grizzly bear at the Zoological Gardens of the Regent's Park, but I fear they do not promise well; they are not attaining the size to which their age entitles them. The grizzly bear is poetically and justly called the monarch of the Rocky Mountains, a name to which his size and ferocity fully entitle him, as he roams over these vast solitudes fearless of everything. The full-grown male measures eight feet six inches from muzzle to stern, and about that size round the body; his feet are in shape something like those of a negro, and are about eighteen inches in length, armed with claws fully five inches long; his arms and legs are enormously powerful, and as he walks and trots he moves the hind and fore-foot together on the same side, and rolls his head at every step. In colour he varies a good deal from a common brown to a beautiful steel gray. He differs materially from the common brown bear in the size and shape of the head, which is much larger, and also in the fore-legs, which are not only much stouter, but covered with very strong wiry black hair, while his claws are much longer and stronger than those of the brown bear. Naturalists are divided in their opinion as to whether the grizzly bear climbs trees or not; but I am perfectly convinced that he does not. Men have told me of escapes they have had from them by ascending trees; and one trapper named Joe Untold me that he once had a moose on his foot while in the act of escaping up a tree, by the stroke of the ponderous paw of a grizzly bear, which, however, was unable to follow him, and sat for a considerable time at the foot of the tree watching for him to come down."

Another adventure—Captain Palliser's second—with the grizzly bear, was not so successful or satisfactory. This occurred in the Turtle Mountains.

"Boucharville's quick eye perceived, under the cliffs, about 300 feet below, a doe-elk, feeding in a glade surrounded with thickets of fruit trees and rose bushes. With his usual deliberation he drew out and struck crosswise in the ground his ramrod and loading stick for a rest, and a deliberate shot brought the elk down

the north by travelled roads, so that the approach to the valley of Lake Winnipeg from the head of Lake Superior is only a question of time, and will not involve any considerable outlay when the necessities of the country, or of commerce, render the opening of this line of communication desirable. Kettle River, flowing into the St. Croix, a tributary of the Mississippi, issues from a small lake not twenty miles from Lake Superior, and the distance of the navigable portion of the Mississippi, adjoining Sandy Lake, is scarcely forty-five miles from Fond du Lac. The Mississippi is said to be navigable for steamers of light draught from Crow's Wing to beyond this point, and Crow's Wing is 130 miles from St. Paul by the travelled road, and less than 120 miles in an air line from Superior City. St. Paul and Crow's Wing will soon be connected by a railway. A large portion of the heavy work on this line is completed, and if no unforeseen events occur, the connection will have been established before the publication of this narrative. The construction of a plank road between Superior City and Crow's Wing is already in contemplation, and the route is even now occasionally travelled. It will no doubt become of great commercial importance to the region of the Upper Mississippi and its numerous tributaries; and it is not improbable that its influence may rapidly extend to other watersheds, viz., those of Rainy River, Red River, and the Saskatchewan.

on her tracks. The spot from which he had fired was so steep that we were obliged to turn back and take a more circuitous course to reach her. Boucherville, who had not loaded, went at that moment to a stream about thirty paces from where the wapiti lay, saying, '*Je vais laver ma carabine*'; and I, leaving my horse to graze, having taken off his bridle and unrolled his halter, was busy, knife in hand, removing the elk's skin, when Boucherville, who by this time had his rifle barrel in the stream, and was sponging away very diligently, suddenly shouted out, '*Un ours! un ours!*' and at the same instant a she grizzly bear emerged from a cherry thicket, charging right at him. Boucherville, dropping his rifle barrel, sprang back into a clump of rose bushes, when the bear, losing sight of him, stood on her hind legs, and I then saw she had a cub of a good size with her. I at first ran to assist my companion, but seeing him safe and the bear at fault, I rushed back to the horse to secure him, fearing that were he to smell the bear he would soon speed his way over the prairie and be lost to me for ever. Seeing me run, the bear instantly charged after me; and when, having reached the horse and rolled the halter a couple of times round my arm, I turned about to face her, she rose on her hind legs. I did not like, however, to venture so long a shot, as I had only a single-barrelled rifle in my hand, and paused for a moment, when she altered her intention, turned aside, and followed the direction taken by her cub. I then caught a glimpse of her as she ran to the left, and fired through the bushes, but only hit her far back in the flank, on which she immediately checked her onward course, and wheeling round and round, snapped at her side, tearing at the wound with her teeth and claws, and fortunately for me, afforded me sufficient time to enable me to load again; my ball was hardly down, when a shout from Boucherville warned me that the fight was only commencing. '*Gardez vous! gardez vous, monsieur! elle fonce en avant*,' and on she furiously rushed at me. I had barely time to put on my copper cap, and as she (See p. 329) rose on her hind legs, I fired, and sent my bullet through her heart. She doubled up and rolled from the top to the bottom of the slope, where she expired with a choking growl. Boucherville now joined me, but we did not venture to approach the enemy until I had loaded, and we ascertained that she was safe dead by pelting sticks and stamps at the carcass. All this time my noble horse stood as firm as a rock; had he reared or shied I should have been in a serious scrape.

"I was greatly rejoiced at my good fortune. She proved a fine old bear, measuring seven and a half feet in length, with claws four and a half inches long.

"We immediately set to and skinned her, preserving the claws; I then brought up the horse, and laid the skin upon his back; he, strange to say, offering no resistance, nor evincing the slightest fear or objection to carry it—a most unusual thing, for horses in general are terrified at the smell of a bear, and I never saw one since that would allow me to throw a bear-skin across his back. Dauphin, on our reaching camp, and relating our adventure, took a couple of coils of rope and his rifle, and started off to try and catch one of the young bears. I thought the prospect of his finding them so doubtful, that I did not accompany him, and was afterwards very sorry I did not; for after being some hours away, he returned, having shot one little bear, and attacked the other with a view of capturing him alive. The little brute, however, fought so fiercely as

to tear his clothes, and cut him with his sharp claws. Dauphin had fortunately provided himself with a good thick stick; but, notwithstanding this advantage, he was right glad to relinquish the fight, and leave it a drawn battle. At one time, he told me, his adversary had secured his leg, and very nearly succeeded in dragging it to his mouth, in which event he would have hurt him severely, when a couple of hard blows on the nose made him let go his hold, but only to renew his charge again and again, notwithstanding repeated thwacks on the head from the young hunter's stick. '*Et, Monsieur*,' continued Dauphin, '*enfin il est échappé, le sere petit enfant du diable*!' The skin he brought home was a beautiful one, as indeed are the skins of all young grizzly bears, whose fur is thick, of a tawny colour, with a stripe of a darker hue along the back, and so long and shaggy that it shakes up and down as the animal shuffles along. In the evening I took a ride with Dauphin, more to enjoy the exquisite landscape than for the purpose of hunting. Our course lay through cedars and rhododendrons, and we found regular paths in all directions made by elk and buffalo, who travel through every wood. In the whole of this region there is not a thicket or point that is not rendered easy to traverse from this cause, and it will be easily imagined that a succession of these heavy animals following in each other's wake would soon form a very convenient riding track. We returned about sunset with the skins of two wapiti, now valuable as being in the red. As we sat round our camp-fire at night, Boucherville remonstrated much on the danger we ran by remaining in this delightful spot, and pressed me so hard, that before going to rest I reluctantly consented that we should depart the following day, taking a northerly direction until we should fall in with the little Missouri, which we should follow up and down to hunt for bear and big-horn. Accordingly we started on the morrow, Dauphin travelling on foot as his horse was heavily laden with the trophies of our hunt in the Montagne de Tortue, and before noon we arrived at some rocky, shingly hills, over and along which we rode with much difficulty, having frequently to dismount and lead our horses. Dauphin here descried a grizzly bear lying down and sunning himself on the ledge of a rock high up on the side of a hill, and, contrary to my directions, instead of waiting for us, ran on, while Boucherville and I were loosening the halters of our horses, so as to catch them again more easily, and under cover of the rocks, got within forty yards of the bear unperceived. He took deliberate aim, but missed him; the bear instantly made off for a thicket of brushwood, while I, not a little annoyed, ran along the base of the cliffs to cut off his retreat, but all to no purpose; the brute passed me at some distance, giving me a snap shot at him which did not take effect, reached the timber, and the ground being too hard for us to track him, finally got away unscathed. As may be supposed, I was in no enviable humour; Dauphin kept out of my way, and I rode silently and sulkily forward. At last my philosophy prescribed a whiff of the pipe, which I drew out, struck a light, and my wrath soon vanished in smoke."¹

¹ Every traveller shoots his grizzly bear, and their accounts of these exploits are not seldom the least interesting portions of their narratives. Paul Kane, the artist, in working his way from Fort Garry to Fort Edmonton, along the Saskatchewan, has the following note in his diary:—"Sept. 24. We passed through what is called the Long Grass Prairie—the bones of a whole camp of

When Capt. Palliser had hunted over the whole country, and blown off more powder than any Sioux or Black-foot warrior, and carried away more game and fur than the hardest of their trappers, he returned southwards,

descended the Mississippi by the way he had come, and returned to Europe by New Orleans.

But the reflection struck the bold hunter that, hitherto, he had made himself acquainted only with the

Indians, who were carried off by that fatal scourge of their race, the small pox, were now bleaching on the plains, having fallen from the platforms and trees on which it is their custom to suspend their dead, covered with skins—which latter, as well as the supports, time had destroyed. (See p. 337.) An immense grizzly bear was drinking at a pond, and our hunter went ahead of the party (Hudson's Bay Company men), to try and get a shot at him. The bear quietly awaited his attack, and the Indian, seeing him so cool, rather hesitated to advance, not deeming it prudent or safe to depend on the fleetness of his horse, unless he had a good start of the bear. He fired, therefore, at too great a distance for the shot to tell. The bear rose up very confusedly on his hind legs, and regarding the hunter for a moment, turned about and walked away. I then determined to try my luck. As I was very well mounted, I rode up to within forty or fifty yards of him, and as he turned to look at me, I discharged both barrels; one wounded him in the shoulder, and with a savage growl he turned and pursued me. I set off at full gallop towards Mr. Rowland, who waited till he came within shot, when he put another ball into him; but still the bear advanced. In the meantime the Indian and I had both managed to reload, and, as the bear came forward, the Indian fired, and must have hit, as the bear again rose on his hind legs; when, taking deliberate aim, I lodged a ball in his heart, and the huge monster fell to the ground. The Indian now skinned him, and cut off his paws, which we found most delicious piecing, when roasted in the evening. The claws, which I preserved, measured four and a half inches. There is no animal on the whole continent that the Indians hold in so much dread as the grizzly bear, and few will attack one of them when alone, unless with a very fleet horse under him." When up to Fort Edmonton in the winter, our adventurous artist (who, by the-by, in his first buffalo hunt, on the Red River, pauses before shooting his third buffalo to take a sketch of him, and gets knocked over for his pains), meets another grizzly bear. "We had not left the Fort more than five or six miles behind us, when we fell in with an enormous grizzly bear, but François (a half-bred voyageur of celebrity), would not fire at him, nor allow me to do so, although I told him I had helped to kill one before. A younger man than he, who had his character to make, might have been foolish enough to run the risk, for the sake of the standing it would have given him amongst his companions; but François had a character established, and would not risk attacking so formidable an animal with only two men. In fact, their enormous strength, agility, and wonderful tenacity of life, make them shunned even by large numbers, and few are killed, except by young men for the purpose of proudly wearing the claws, one of the most esteemed ornaments to an Indian chief, around their necks. The bear walks on, looking at us now and then, but seeming to treat us with contempt. My fingers were itching to let fly at him; it seemed so easy, and his skin was in such fine condition. But though my gun had two barrels, and François was by my side, with the almost certainty of putting three balls into him, yet we well knew that it was ten chances to one that three balls would kill him quick enough to prevent a hand-to-hand encounter, a sort of amusement that neither were Quixotic enough to desire."

Indians report for us one or two grizzly bear stories, as told by Si-ki-to-ma-ken, or the Black Beaver, a Delaware chief at Fort Arkhuckle, on the Mexican frontier. "If you can manage," said our Indian instructor, "to root the Black Bear (Ursus Americanus) out of his den on the Canadian river, and to wound him, so that he is inclined to fight, you may have a delightful hunt; you will be pleased with his pluck, and laugh at his comical attitudes; but mind what you are about, and do not let him come too near, or you may buy his hide and his savoury meat a little too dear. But should he retire into his den, then do you make a torch of dry grass or wood, or anything that will burn, and follow him boldly into his hole, and when the light glares in his eyes the foolish chap will sit up on end and cover his eyes with his clumsy paws. You then make your torch blaze up a bit, and you will see a spot on his breast where the hair grows in a sort of round; you put a bullet in there, and the bear will go down like a Pawnee tent when you have cut the props. One cannot always smoke him out of his den, and even if you do he will sometimes come to the mouth of the cave, dash down, and crawl away the fire with his paws, and go back again. The

Good Mountains of Mexico (the Rocky Mountains) are full of gray bears (Ursus ferox, Lewis and Clarke), but don't attempt to attack him unless two or more of you are together. Whoever sees one of these gigantic fellows for the first time may easily lose his self-possession, and, if he misses his mark, a touch of the claws of his furious antagonist will cure him of his love of sport for ever. The swiftness of this animal exceeds that of the horse, and when he is angry, he quite loses his venerable appearance. His ears disappear, his little eyes flash fire, and you can see nothing but teeth and glaring eyeballs. When I went with some whites through the Rocky Mountains, a few years ago," continued the Black Beaver, "I had one of these inexperienced hunters with me, and he swore loud enough that he would attack the first gray bear he could see. He did keep his word, but he thought himself uncommonly lucky to escape with his life, and I will answer for it he will think twice before he attacks a gray bear again. We had pitched our camp, for the sake of our horses, on a green meadow near the feet of a mountain, where we had about a thousand paces to go to the spring, from which we fetched the water for our little cockeries in skins. I had gone to the spring for this purpose with this green young fellow, and was just stooping to catch the trickling stream, when we both suddenly perceived one of these silver gray bears, who, most likely attracted by our horses, was trotting towards the camp. I had no weapon with me but a horse-pistol in my girdle, but my companion had got his rifle, and, in spite of my warning, he placed himself so as to be able to get a good shot at the bear, who was approaching us from the windward side. I stood by to see what would happen. The shot was fired; the bear shook himself together, but, the next moment, rushed at the unlucky hunter, who was now running fast enough, overtook him a few steps from where I was standing, threw him down, and instantly tore away the half of his shoulder with his teeth. He was just going to seize him a second time, when I spring to them, put the muzzle of my pistol to the nape of his neck, and, not without danger of wounding the man on the ground, fired. The bear fell dead, and my comrade was saved, but in such a deplorable state that he had to stay in that place for several weeks before he was able to mount his horse."

"Captain Beaver," broke in one of his auditors, "I have heard that even the most experienced hunter may come off short in a scuffle with such an ugly customer as that. Very likely you may know the Canadian Villandrie, he is the best white hunter in the Yellowstone River; he is a free trapper, and always will be a free trapper, though the Fur Company of St. Louis have made him the most splendid offers to secure his services. He generally lives among the Sioux, for he has married a woman from amongst them. One morning, when he was riding out to have a look at his beaver-traps, he had to break his way through some thick bushes that grew on a high bank above a small river. He was going along, pushing back the twigs with the barrel of his rifle, and keeping an eye on the bank, when all at once he found himself close to a gray old she-bear, who rose instantly and dashed furiously at the horse, as he was struggling with the shrubs and bushes. One blow of her colossal paw was enough to break his back, and to throw Villandrie down the brook and his rifle into the water. Three half-grown cubs now occupied themselves with the poor struggling horse, while their raging mother rushed towards Villandrie, who was just getting up; but before he had well drawn his long knife, the bear's claws were on his left arm and shoulder. His right arm he could still move freely, and he gave stab after stab in the neck of his fierce enemy, who did not for that relax her gripe, and tried to catch the knife with her teeth. At every movement he made, she seemed to dig deeper into his shoulder and arm. The struggle had not lasted a minute, when the sandy bank suddenly gave way, and down the combatants went into the water; fortunately for Villandrie, for the sudden cold bath made the bear let go; she returned to her cubs, and left her mangled antagonist to get away as well as he could. The next day he reached Sioux village, very much exhausted from loss of blood, but he got his wounds tolerably healed, and is still considered the best white trapper on the Yellow Stone."

A fearful story of a madman and a bear is told by Mr. Atkinson in his "Oriental and Western Siberia":—

"I passed places where fearful encounters with these animals have

Far West of the United States, while the more important *Far West* of Canada remained comparatively unknown. Thus the great problem of a passage within British territory across the Rocky Mountains offered itself to his mind. He entertained a notion of undertaking a journey for this purpose at his own expense, and had communicated with the Royal Geographical Society on the subject, when, the matter coming to the knowledge of the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Labouchere, an arrangement was effected for facilitating, by a public grant, an enterprise of such national importance; and on the 9th of May, 1857,

the expedition, under Captain John Palliser and his associates, Lieut. Blakiston and Dr. Hector, were dispatched by Her Majesty's Government to survey the water parting between the basins of the Missouri and Saskatchewan rivers, and to explore the passes of the Rocky Mountains, within our own territories. A survey was, at the same time, being carried on under the command of Lieut. Colonel Hawkins, who was co-operating with the Anglo-American surveyors in defining accurately, and, if possible, by marked physical features, the boundary between the British possessions and those of the United States, lying to the west of



FIGHT BETWEEN A BULL AND A BISON.

the tracts to be explored by Captain Palliser, and terminating in the Pacific, to the south of Fraser River, San Juan, and Vancouver Island.

Captain Palliser's expedition left Liverpool in the *Arabia* steamer, on the 16th of May, 1857, and landed at New York on the 28th of the same month.

taken place. A very large one had been seen by the wood-cutters about fifteen versts from the gold mine; and two men, one a hunter held in great repute for his daring and skill, determined to make his acquaintance. After wandering about for some time they came upon his track, quite fresh on the long dewy grass. He was evidently near; this made them cautious, and they prepared for action. Presently a loud growl saluted their ears, then out he sprang from a thicket about thirty-five paces distant, where he stood snuffing the breeze and eyeing the intruders.

The hunter fired, and the ball struck but not in a vital part. In an instant the wounded animal charged; the other man, who was less experienced, reserved his shot until within twenty paces. The rifle missed fire; at once the brute raised himself on his hind legs, and, tearing the earth beneath him, rushed on his first assailant, striking him down with a blow that stripped his scalp and turned it over his face; then seizing his arm he began to gnaw and crush

it to the bone, gradually ascending to the shoulder. The man called to his companion to load and fire; but the fellow, when he saw his friend so fearfully mangled, ran away and left him to his fate.

Later in the evening he reached the gold mine, and reported what had happened; but it was too late to make any effort on behalf of the mangled hunter. The officer ordered a large party out at daylight the next morning, with the onward for a guide: he took them through the forest where the encounter had taken place, of which there still remained ample evidence; but no remains of the victim were met with, excepting some torn clothes and his rifle. By the state of the grass it was evident that the man had been carried off into the thick forest. A most diligent search was then made; sometimes the track was lost, but the pursuers of the bear were too well-skilled in woodcraft to be failed, and at length discovered his lair. He had dragged the hunter into a dense



INDIAN SETULCHIRE IN THE LONG GRASS PRAIRIE, ON THE SASKATCHEWAN RIVER.

On the 2nd of June, the travellers started for Detroit, *via* Elmira and the Niagara Falls. They were detained several days at Detroit, as the steamer to the Sault Ste. Marie had not yet returned; she, however, arrived on Saturday, the 6th, reporting much ice still floating on Lake Superior, and also that Sir George Simpson was still detained at the Sault Ste. Marie by the ice. On their arrival at the latter spot, on the 10th of June, they found two birch canoes and sixteen rowers waiting; and arrangements were made, with the captain of the steamer, to take them up with men, boats, luggage, and all, to Isle Royale.

Owing to the lateness of the season, Lake Superior

was found to be crowded with floating ice, offering great difficulties even to a steamer, which came on fields of ice, and was ultimately obliged to make its way along the north shore of the lake, deviating seventy miles from its course, so that Isle Royale was only reached on the 12th of June.

Here the boats were lunched and loaded, and their party started in the canoes, reaching the mouth of the Kaministiquia at nightfall, and Fort William at ten p.m.; and where they learnt that Sir George Simpson had only preceded them eleven days, having been eight days on the north shore of Lake Superior, where his canoe had been broken on the ice.



SALTEAUX INDIANS FIRE-FISHING.

On Saturday the 13th of June, they encamped some miles from the Fort, and on Sunday, the 14th, arrived at the mouth of the White Fish River.

mass of wood and bushes, and to render the place still more secure, had broken off a great quantity of branches and heaped them over his body. These were quickly stripped off, when, to their great surprise, they found the man, though frightfully mutilated and quite insensible, still living. Two long poles were immediately cut, to which saddle-cloths were secured in the middle; one horse was placed in front, another at the back, and the ends of the poles secured to the stirrups, thus forming a very easy conveyance. The sufferer was placed on the saddle-cloths, and carefully propped up, and then the party marched back as fast as possible. On their arrival at the gold mine, he was taken direct to the hospital; the doctor dressed his wounds, and administered all his medical skill and kindness prompted; his patient survived, but long remained unconscious of everything around him. After more than two

Captain Palliser halted here, according to his instructions, and organised a party, consisting of himself, Dr. Hector, three voyageurs, and three Indians, and

months had elapsed, a slight improvement took place, and his reason appeared to be restored. His first question was about the bear, and then he referred to his own defeat. He spoke of nothing else, and was constantly asking for his rifle to go and kill 'Michael Ivanitch' (the bear). The medical man thought his mind seriously affected; as he gained strength, there arose in him so great a desire to have another combat with his powerful and ferocious enemy, that it was considered necessary to place him under some restraint.

The summer had passed over and autumn had arrived, the frost had scorched the foliage, changing it into golden and crimson hues, and as it was now thought the poor lunatic had forgotten his adventure, less vigilance was exercised towards him. The opportunity was not lost, for he secretly left the hospital, and started

ascended the White Fish River. He chose small birch canoes, on account of their drawing but very little water; they could merely carry two paddlers and one passenger each, while the third, with two paddlers, took the provisions for the party, consisting of eight people in all.

Captain Palliser says he can readily understand why the existence of this river has been denied, as its mouth could be easily passed unobserved by those only travelling in canoes on the Kamini-toquoiah, owing to its taking a sudden bend before flowing into that river, and, therefore, appearing much like a recess of the Kamini-toquoiah.

The White Fish River varies in breadth from forty to sixty yards, and is five feet deep at its mouth, but is useless for purposes of navigation, owing to the frequency of the rapids. They punted up a considerable portion of the stream at intervals when the rapidity of the river prevented them from paddling. In the first day of their journey up the river a very large tree fell on one of the canoes and dashed it to pieces, Captain Palliser himself narrowly escaping by jumping out of the way. The rain was very severe, and the men very much exposed, being obliged frequently to get out up to their middles in water to assist in bringing up the canoes.

Owing to the accident which befel the boat with the provisions, they were obliged to return the next day.

Captain Palliser and Dr. Hector started accordingly on foot at six a.m., June 14th, straight through thick woods, in the direction of the Falls of the Kakebeka, distant twenty-seven miles, taking two Indians with them, and sending back the remaining canoes with the third Indian and the three voyageurs to the camp at the mouth of the White Fish River, with directions for the whole party to go on to the Falls of Kakebeka and meet them there.

On leaving the course of the White Fish River, they ascended a steep bank, into a region of birch woods; and, contrary to their expectations, found no difficulty in pushing forward at the rate of three and a-half miles through the country intercepted between the White Fish and Kamini-toquoiah Rivers; and, if they say, they could take their experience of that portion of the country for a fair average of the whole, they do not apprehend any difficulty in connecting, either by means of railroad or a common road, the country around Fort William with the south shore of Sturgeon Lake; but the accident which occurred to the boat and provisions took place before they reached the water-parting which must necessarily exist between the head of White Fish River and the waters which flow into Lake Winnipeg;

off for his cottage. All the family being absent, except some young children, he was enabled to secure his rifle and ammunition, and provide himself with an axe and a loaf of black bread, which he stored in his wallet. Thus armed and provisioned he left the village in the evening without being seen, except by the children, and was soon lost to them in the forest.

"V" it was discovered that he had escaped, people were sent out in various directions to seek him, but they returned without him. More than a week passed over, during which nothing had been heard of him, when one day he walked into the hospital carrying the skin of a huge black bear on his shoulders, and throwing it down he exclaimed: 'I told you I would have him.' This man was a fine old hunter; it was not a spirit of revenge which prompted him to this daring act. The fact was, he could not brook the idea of a defeat. Now his reputation was re-established, he was happy; his health was again restored, nor was this the last bear that fell before his stealthy rifle."

and therefore it still remains to be seen what amount of difficulty to overcome the water-parting will present itself at that point, compared with that which it offers both on the Old Portage Route and the Northern Portage Route, which they have followed.

All this time heavy rain fell with little intermission, and detained them for several days after they had arrived at the Kakebeka Falls.

On the 23rd they reached the height of land, and next morning crossed the Savannah Portage into the Savannah River, and commenced the descent of the water-parting towards Lake Winnipeg.

On the 1st of July they arrived at Fort Frances on Lac la Pluie or Rainy Lake; and, while at breakfast in the fort, a large number of Indians formed a deputation, headed by their chiefs with their soldiers, and led by the old chief of the Lac la Pluie nation. It seems that they had heard a rumour of Captain Palliser's arrival, and had organised this deputation for some time previously.

The old chief assumed an unusually high tone on this occasion, and his harangue contained in it more than the mere ordinary imagery with which they make speeches for the sake of obtaining presents. He said, "I do not ask for presents, although I am poor and my people are hungry, but I know that you have come straight from the great country, and we know that no man from the Great Queen ever came to us and lied. I want you to declare to us truthfully what the Great Queen of your country intends to do to us; hereafter we will take the country from the Fur Company."

All around me I see the smoke of the white man to rise—the 'Long Knives' (i.e. the Americans) are trading with our neighbours for their land, and they are cheating them, and deceiving them. Now, we will not sell or part with our lands."

It was of no use to try and cut him short by any assurances that he was not employed to treat for the sale of his lands, and Captain Palliser told him confidently that if he did not wish to part with his lands, and also if he and his people behaved as always they had done, that is quietly and peaceably with the white faces, he would assure him that the Queen would never send soldiers to deprive them of their lands by force.

Here an Indian (not of their nation, but of a friendly neighbouring tribe) muttered to him in a low tone, "Make him put it into writing on a piece of paper; make him, I say; and now I have said it, for it is nothing to me one way or the other, but I know the whites on the other side where we are, and I say make him put it into writing." But the orator said aside to him, "No; what he will say he will keep to!"

"Now," continued he aloud, "what is to become of us? We have no more animals; they are all gone; and without skins the Company will not give us goods from their store; and only for the little fish we take we would starve, and many of us do starve and die." Captain Palliser answered that they were to blame for not endeavouring to cultivate their lands, and find other resources for maintaining themselves besides hunting. He answered, "There are none to show us, and we have no implements to do it with." He then objected to M. Bourgeau collecting plants, and requested that Dr. Hector should not take away any mineral specimens as long as they were in his territories. He also begged that the Great Queen might be made acquainted with their unhappy condition, and that she might know that his heart was grieved by

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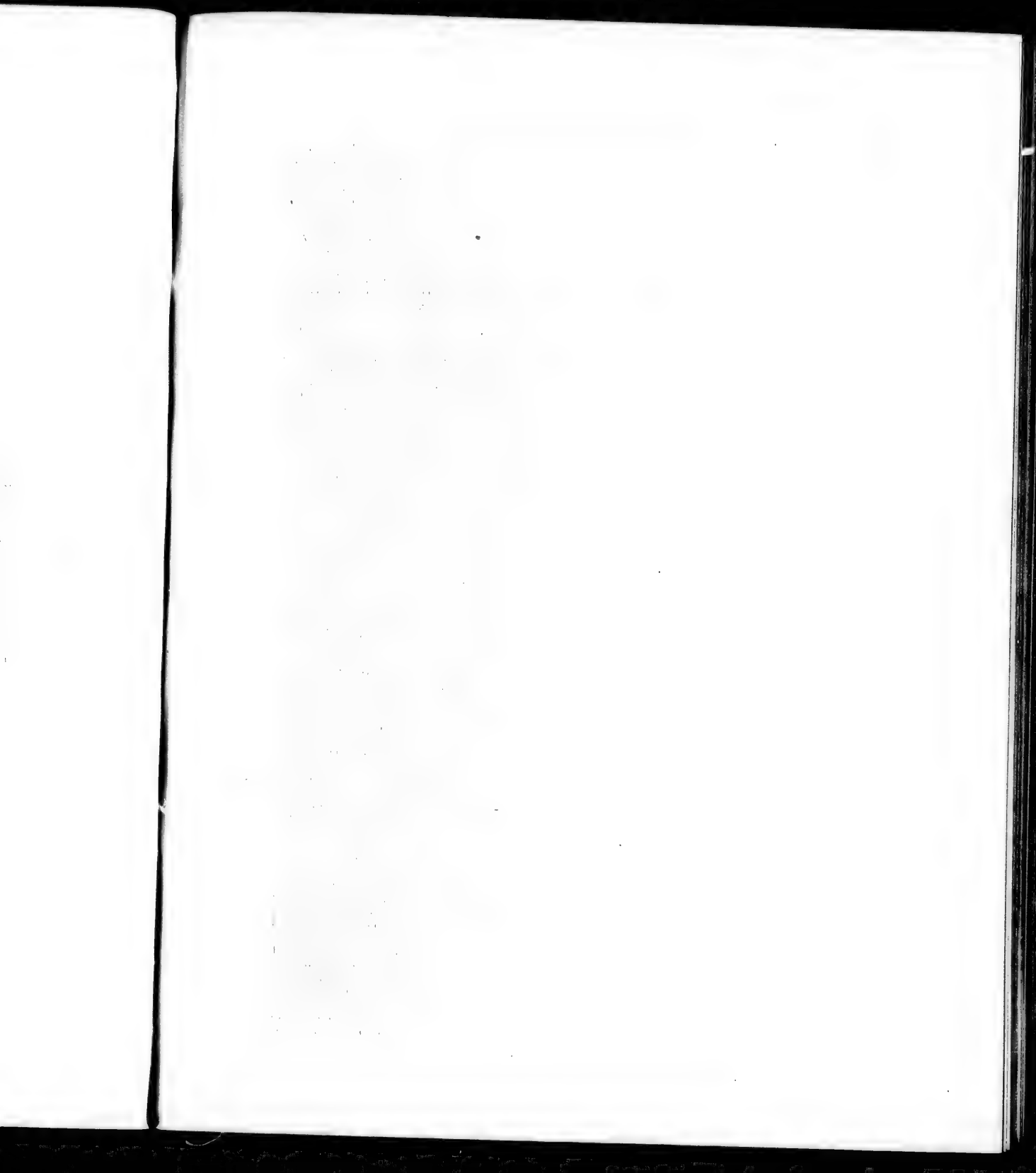
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reason of all those of his children who died by hunger. He asked Captain Palliser to promise that he would acquaint the Great Queen of these things, and to see her himself. But he satisfied him that he would write his words to the big men who were in the habit of giving good advice to the Queen, and so they parted good friends.

All this, insignificant as it may appear, was of some importance to them, as the chiefs, with their old leader and orator, were highly excited. There were upwards of 200 Indians inside the fort, 100 of whom were armed, and their party consisted of Captain Palliser, interpreter, and three companions, and the agent and storekeeper of the fort.

The conference lasted two hours and three quarters, in which period Captain Palliser heard and replied to five speeches, and the gentlemen in charge of the post seemed greatly relieved at the Indians quietly leaving the fort on the successful issue of the conference.

On the 5th of July they camped on Sturgeon Lake, at the mouth of what has hitherto been called Sturgeon River, and, according to his instructions, Captain Palliser started with Dr. Hector to explore back again in a S.E. direction towards the White Fish River. They had not proceeded far when what appeared merely a river turned out to be a passage to a very large lake.

They pushed across in an easterly direction, and searched the opposite shore for an outlet; found a very fine waterfall, and walked up the woods without much difficulty for about a mile and a half, when they came on another lake whose dimensions appeared not far inferior to those of the first. And from all he has seen both immediately on the route and whenever he has deviated (which he has often on foot for hours while the men were resting or coiking), Captain Palliser has come to the conclusion that the whole country between the water-parting and Sturgeon Lake is but a mass of lakes and islands. The traversing of this country can only be effected in winter by means of sledges and snow-shoes when the lakes are frozen, and the underwood, the swamp, and fallen timber are filled up by the snow, over which there is then no difficulty in travelling on snow-shoes; and he was aware that this was not the proper season for carrying out the investigation, on account of the large staff of men, canoes, and provisions which he would have required, and the details of which (i.e. those connected with running a road through a woody, swampy, and lake country) would be far better carried out by a professional engineer with a sufficient staff of assistants and lumberers, the providing of which would perhaps more immediately be the duty of the Canadian than of Her Majesty's Government at home. It is much to be regretted that so many miles of deep and valuable water-carriage should be rendered unavailable by so great a number of small insignificant portages. Many of these difficulties, however, are to be overcome by engineering at but a trifling expense, and if ever the country becomes inhabited it will hereafter enjoy much facility for steamboat communication.

On Wednesday, July 8th, they reached the Island Portage, the last on the route, whence there is uninterrupted communication by water all the way across Lake Winnipeg to Lower and Upper Fort Garry, and as far as Fort Pembina on the other side of the frontier.

They reached Lower Fort Garry on Saturday, 11th; rode to the English Protestant Church on Sunday, about four miles distant, and were much surprised to find

a large attentive congregation of Scotch people and half-breeds of various shades and colour.

The summer here is very warm, and crops seemed quite, by the rapidity of their growth, to make up for the long dreary winter of this country.

Thunderstorms are of frequent occurrence, and though apparently not severe, yet frequently fatal to human life. While Captain Palliser was writing, a flash of lightning fell on an Indian tent and killed one man and three women; he found two of them fearfully burnt, but the remaining two, though quite dead, were seemingly untouched. Captain Palliser describes himself as having frequently, on Lac la Pluie and elsewhere on the route, observed the lightning to flash upwards from the earth to the impending cloud, when it often presents the appearance of a forked string of bright beads.

Captain Palliser engaged, on his arrival at Fort Garry, twelve men, thirty horses, two small waggons, and five carts. In consequence of the absence of buffalo in this portion of the country, he was obliged to carry along with him a considerable quantity of provisions, to last until they arrived sufficiently far to the westward to fall in with these animals. For this purpose he found the small, heavy carts of the country not sufficient, and, contrary to the advice and prejudices of the people, bought two small American waggons, and found them most efficient.

He was not disappointed with the class and condition of the horses obtained for him by the Hudson Bay Company, as he had all along been aware that the half-breeds of Red River had taken their best horses to the summer buffalo hunt.¹

¹This settlement is the chief provision dépôt of the Hudson's Bay Company, and it is also here that large quantities of pemmican are procured from the half-breeds, a race who, keeping themselves distinct from both Indians and Whites, form a tribe of themselves; and, although they have adopted some of the manners of the French voyageurs, are much more attached to the wild and savage manners of the red man. Fort Garry, one of the most important establishments of the Company, is erected on the fork of the Red River and the Assiniboine, in long 97° W., and in lat. 50° 6' 20" N. On the opposite side of the river is situated the Roman Catholic church, and two or three miles further down there is a Protestant church. The settlement is formed along the bank of the river for about fifty miles, and extends back to the water, according to the original grant from the Indians, as far as a person can distinguish a man from a horse on a clear day.

Lord Selkirk first attempted to form a settlement here in 1811, but it was speedily abandoned owing to the manoeuvres and opposition of the Hudson's Bay Company, which resulted in bloodshed, and subsequently of purchasing it of his lordship. It now numbers about 3,000, who live as farmers in great plenty as far as mere food and clothing are concerned. As for the luxuries of life, they are almost unattainable, as they have no market nearer than St. Paul's, or the Mississippi, a distance of nearly 700 miles over a trackless prairie. The half-breeds are more numerous than the whites, and amount to 6,000. These are the descendants of the white men in the Hudson's Bay Company's employment and the native Indian women. They all speak the Cree language, and the Lower Canadian patois; they are governed by a chief named Grant, much after the manner of the Indian tribes. He has presided over them now for a long period, and was implicated in the disturbance which occurred between the Hudson's Bay and North Western Companies. He was brought to Canada charged with the murder of Governor Semple, but no sufficient evidence could be produced against him.

The half-breeds are a very hardy race of men, capable of enduring the greatest hardships and fatigues; but their Indian propensities predominate, and consequently they make poor farmers, neglecting their land for the more exciting pleasures of the chase. Their buffalo hunts are conducted by the whole tribe.

In order to save as much extra travelling as possible to the horses, he sent on four men, with four carts and ten horses, straight to Beaver Creek, with orders to await their arrival in that quarter; while Dr. Hector, Mr. Sullivan, and himself took the route thither, *via* Pembina and Turtle Mountain. This arrangement

and take place twice a year, about the middle of June and October, at which period notices are sent round to all the families to meet on a certain day on the White Horse Plain, about twenty miles from Fort Garry. Here the tribe is divided into three bands, each taking a separate route for the purpose of falling in with the herds of buffaloes. These bands are each accompanied by about 500 carts, drawn either by an ox or a horse. Their cart is a curious looking vehicle, made by themselves, with their axes fastened together with wooden pins and leather strings, nails not being procurable. The tire of the wheel is made of buffalo hide, and put on wet; when it becomes dry it shrinks, and is so tight that it never falls off, and lasts as long as the cart holds together.

Pemmican is made as follows:—The thin slices of dried meat are pounded between two stones until the fibres separate; about 50 lbs. of this are put into a bag of buffalo skin, with about 40 lbs. of melted fat, and mixed together while hot and served up, forming a hard and compact mass; hence its name in the Cree language, *pammi*, signifying meat, and *kon* fat. Each cart brings home ten of these bags, and all that the half-breeds of the Red River do not require for themselves is eagerly bought by the Company (Hudson's Bay) for the purpose of sending to the more distant posts, where food is scarce. One pound of this is considered equal to four pounds of ordinary meat, and the pemmican keeps for years perfectly good exposed to any weather. The band of half-bred hunters with which the writer was journeying on their buffalo-hunting expedition numbered about two hundred hunters, besides women and children. They live during these hunting excursions in lodges formed of dressed buffalo skins. They are always accompanied by an *escorte* of dogs, which follow them from the settlement for the purpose of feeding on the offal and remains of the slain buffalo. These dogs are very like wolves, both in appearance and disposition, and no doubt a cross-breed between the wolf and the dog. A great many of them acknowledge no particular master, and are sometimes dangerous in times of scarcity. I have myself known them to attack the horses, and eat them.

Our camp broke up on the following morning, and proceeded on their route to the open plains. The cart containing the women and children, and each decorated with some flags or other conspicuous emblem on a pole, so that each hunter might recognise his own from a distance, wound off on a continuous line extending for miles, accompanied by the hunters on horseback.

The following day we passed the Dry Dance Mountain, where the Indians, before going on a war party, have a custom of dancing and fasting for three days and nights. This practice is always observed by young warriors going to battle for the first time, to accustom them to the privations and fatigue which they must expect to undergo, and to prove their strength and endurance. Should any sink under the fatigue and fasting of this ceremony, they are invariably sent back to the camp where the women and children remain.

After leaving this mountain we proceeded on our route without meeting any buffalo, although we saw plenty of indications of their having been in the neighbourhood a short time previous. On the evening of the second day we were visited by twelve Sioux chiefs, with whom the half-breeds had been at war for several years. They came for the purpose of negotiating a permanent peace, but whilst smoking a pipe of peace in their council lodge, the dead body of a half-breed, who had gone to a short distance from the camp, was brought in newly scalped, and his death was at once attributed to the Sioux. The half-breeds not long at war with any other nation, a general feeling of rage at once sprung up in the young men, and they would have taken instant revenge, for the supposed act of treachery, upon the twelve chiefs in their power, but for the interference of the old and more temperate of the body, who, deprecating so flagrant a breach of the laws of hospitality, escorted them out of danger, but at the same time told them that no peace could be concluded until satisfaction was had for the murder of their friend.

Three days after the departure of the Sioux chiefs, our scouts were observed by their companions to make the signal of enemies being in sight. Immediately a hundred of the best mounted

would serve to recruit the horses, whose pasture hitherto had not been good.

On leaving Fort Garry, they crossed the river Assiniboine, and proceeded up the Red River for nine or ten miles, in a course a little east of south, through copse and light timber. They crossed the River Sall

hastened to the spot, and, concealing themselves behind the shelter of the bank of a small stream, sent out two as decoys, who exposed themselves to the view of the Sioux; the latter, supposing them to be alone, rushed upon them, whereupon the concealed half-breeds sprang up and poured in a volley amongst them, which brought down eight. The others escaped, although several must have been wounded, as much blood was afterwards discovered on their track. Though differing in very few respects from the pure Indian, they do not adopt the practice of scalping, and, in this case, being satisfied with their revenge, they abandoned the dead bodies to the malice of a small party of Saulteaux who accompanied them.

The Saulteaux are a band of the great Ojibway nation, both words signifying "The Jumpers," and derive their name from their expertness in leaping their canoes over the numerous rapids which occur in the rivers of the vicinity.

The following afternoon we arrived at the margin of a small lake, where we encamped rather earlier than usual for the sake of the water. Next day I was gratified by the sight of a herd of about forty buffalo cows in the distance, and our hunters in full chase; they were the first I had seen, but were too far off for me to join in the sport. They succeeded in killing twenty-five, which were distributed through the camp, and proved most welcome to all of us, as our provisions were getting rather short, and I was abundantly tired of pemmican and dried meat. The fires being lighted with the wood we had brought in the carts, the whole party commenced feasting with a voracity which appeared perfectly astonishing to me until I tried myself, and found by experience how much hunting on the plains stimulates the appetite.

The upper part of the hunch of the buffalo, weighing four or five pounds, is called by the Indians the little hunch. This is of a harder and more compact nature than the rest, though very tender, and is usually put aside for keeping. The lower and larger part is streaked with fat, and is very juicy and delicious. These, with the tongues, are considered the delicacies of the buffalo. After the party had gorged themselves with as much as they could devour, they passed the evening in roasting the marrow-bones and regaling themselves with their contents.

For the next two or three days we fell in with only a single buffalo, or small herds of them, but as we proceeded they became more frequent; at last our scouts brought in word of an immense herd of buffalo bulls about two miles in advance of us. They are known in the distance from the cows by their feeding singly, and being scattered wider over the plains, whereas the cows keep together for the protection of calves, which are always kept in the centre of the herd. A half-breed of the name of Hallet, who was exceedingly attentive to me, woke me in the morning to accompany him in advance of the party, that I might have the opportunity of examining the buffalo whilst feeding, before the commencement of the hunt. Six hours' hard riding brought us within a quarter of a mile of the nearest of the herd. The main body stretched over the plain as far as the eye could reach. Fortunately the wind blew in our faces; had it blown towards the buffaloes, they would have scented us miles off. I wished to have attacked them at once, but my companion would not allow me until the rest of the party came up, as it was contrary to the law of the tribe. We, therefore, sheltered ourselves from the observation of the herd behind a mound, relieving our horses of their saddles to cool them. In about an hour the hunters came up to us, numbering about one hundred and thirty, and immediate preparations were made for the chase. Every man loaded his gun, looked to his priming, and examined the efficacy of his saddle girths.

The elder men strongly cautioned the less experienced not to shoot each other, a caution by no means unnecessary, as such accidents frequently occur. Each hunter then filled his mouth with balls, which he drops into the gun without wadding, by this means loading much quicker, and being enabled to do so whilst his horse is at full speed. It is true that the gun is more liable to burst, but that they do not seem to mind, nor does the gun carry so far or so true; but that is of less consequence, as they always fire quite close to the animal. Everything being

nine miles from Fort Garry, a river about twenty-five yards wide, but not put down on the maps. Shortly after this they emerged on the open prairie, over a well-defined road, indicating a far greater amount of traffic than he had expected to find.

Owing to the peculiar distribution of the wood, which consists chiefly of fine oak-trees, confined principally to the right bank of the river, the tortuous course is very distinctly marked by jutting promontories, called by the people "points." Captain Palliser observed that the agricultural resources of the country were not merely confined to Red River settlement; for the country through which they passed assumed fully equal, and in some places even superior, advantages, being more elevated above the river. He had an opportunity of noting the nature of the soil, where a settler was digging for marl, about six feet deep, and again at Pembina, where he had a special examination made. It consists of about one foot of black vegetable mould, resting on a free clay loam of a light gray colour, but very deficient of sand. The banks of the rivers in this country are composed of remarkably tenacious clay mud, rendering access to them very difficult, and great care is required in passing a cart or waggon across. On the 22nd, they crossed Rivière qui Grate, situated thirty-eight miles south of Fort Garry: this river, as well as the River Sall, they passed in pontoons. The ferryman was a very intelligent American, who had recently arrived in the country by a route from the Lake of the Woods, following the course of Reed Grass River.

He described the first twenty-five miles, west of the Lake of the Woods, as being flat and swampy; he partly paddled and partly dragged his canoe over a slightly rising country, until he reached Reed Grass Lake, out of which a river of the same name flows; the country about the head waters of this river is swampy; but the lower half of its course, according to his account, flows through a dry and finely-wooded country; he described the river as shallow and swift, only fit for very small canoes.

Captain Palliser observed large pieces of driftwood scattered about the higher spots of the prairie, indicating the extent to which the whole country is flooded in spring; by measurement he ascertained that, last spring, the water rose thirty-five feet above the present level of the stream, and it is by no means unusual for the flood to reach ten feet higher. Opposite Fort Pembina, the river is about eighty yards wide and twelve feet deep; in dry seasons it falls five feet lower. From Mr. Iddings (an American civil engineer) he ascertained that the river is fifteen feet deep, two hundred miles farther up; but there its width is reduced

adjusted, we all walked our horses towards the herd. By the time we had gone about two hundred yards, the herd perceived us, and started off in the opposite direction at the top of their speed; we now put our horses to the full gallop, and in twenty minutes were in their midst. There could not have been less than four or five thousand in our immediate vicinity, all bulls, not a single cow amongst them.

The scene now became one of intense excitement: the huge bulls thundering over the plains in headlong confusion, whilst the fearless hunters rode recklessly in their midst, keeping up an incessant fire at but a few yards' distance from their victims. Upon the fall of each buffalo, the successful hunter merely throws some article of his apparel—often carried by him solely for that purpose—to denote his own prey, and then rush on to another. These marks are scarcely ever disputed, but should a doubt arise as to the ownership, the carcass is equally divided among the claimants.

to ninety feet, and the frequent occurrence of sharp bends in its course would make it difficult to ascend in steamboats.

The mouth of Pembina River, which flows from the west into Red River, is situated about two miles south of the boundary line. Upon this river, at a distance of about twenty-five miles from this, Captain Palliser was informed that there is a thriving American town, called San Josef, which, owing to its recent establishment, is not yet recognised in the maps.

Mr. Iddings also informed Captain Palliser that a land company, by whom he was employed, intended to build a town at this point, and establish a railway station. As yet the place is but a wild waste. The Hudson Bay Company's Fort, where they were residing, was a very small establishment, and the American one, situated about two miles on the other side of the present line, is still smaller and more wretched in appearance.

It, however, professes to be a post-office, and carries a mail, said to be a monthly one, from St. Paul's; but as the postmaster was away, and had left the place under care of an Indian woman, who spoke no other language but her own, Captain Palliser could not form very accurate ideas as to the safety of any letters committed to its care. Still, however, he was induced to forward despatches on the assurance of an intelligent half-breed, who told him that the post-office there was "a very lucky one."

The reality of this town, and the life about and towards it, is vouchsafed for by the accompanying extract from a recent Red River Settlement newspaper—(From the *Nov.-Western*, Nov. 15)—We have, within the last few days, received intelligence of an awful case of suffering on the plains. A party was lately journeying from St. Paul to Pembina. A priest, stationed at Pembina, who was travelling in their company, left them somewhere about the Grand Forks to come ahead. On the 2nd instant, when within less than a day's journey of his destination, he was overtaken by a fearful snow-storm, and, losing his way, got mired in that slough of despond, the grand marais, other name Pembina. He had little or nothing to eat, and but an old robe to cover him with. When he got into this swamp, his horse, being in very poor condition, was unable to get through it, and lay down and died the first night. Why the priest did not make a great effort to extricate himself and push on to Pembina, not more than ten or twelve miles distant, seems almost unaccountable. He was, it appears, short sighted, and may from this cause have been deterred from setting out on foot; or, perhaps, he thought his party would soon come up to his relief. At all events, he seems to have abandoned all hope of getting any farther, unaided, and hid himself down beside his horse, under a pelting shower of snow and a piercing northern blast, both of which lasted forty-eight hours. His agony can be better imagined than described. No food thoroughly drenched—cold racking his frame—the near prospect of a miserable death—all combined to produce the gloomiest despair. He lay in this state five days and five nights—from Saturday to Thursday. On the fourth day, feeling life to be fast ebbing, and thinking all was lost, he wrote his will in pencil on a slip of paper. When found, he was on the point of death. He had eaten parts of the raw flesh of his dead horse. He was dreadfully swollen with the wet and cold, so much so indeed that Mr. S. Pritchard (for it was he and his party that found him) could not get off his clothes without cutting them to pieces. He was wrapped in blankets and kept warm; and we are told that every attention possible was paid to him. After some delay the priest was comfortably placed in a wagon and brought on by Mr. Pritchard's men—he himself starting ahead to get help from Pembina. Mr. Rolto at once fitted up a party and sent them off, and in due time the priest was brought to Pembina, much recovered, but still very poorly. The evening before he was discovered, Mr. Pritchard's party encamped within a stone cast from where the poor man lay. His plaintive, piteous moanings were distinctly heard during the quiet hours of the night, to their great alarm and perplexity. The morning search revealed the sad picture we have already drawn.

It appears from a subsequent note from Captain Palliser, that this town, which the Anglo-Americans are about to build at the frontier line, is to be called St. Vincent.

It is to be observed, that another expedition had been despatched by the Canadian government, and led by Mr. Gladman, and of which we shall elsewhere give a full account, to examine the country between Lake Superior and Lake Winnipeg. But by far the most important part of the country is that which Capt. Palliser has explored. Whatever may be the character of the country between the two lakes, it must be a long time before it can be of political interest as compared with the country to the west of Fort Garry. The last despatch of Captain Palliser shows that; and it shows also how the people of the United States are creeping up towards the boundary and settling there. But with reference to the country between Lake Superior and Lake Winnipeg, where Captain Palliser speaks of a district of larch woods, about twenty-seven miles in length, between the White Fish River and the Falls of the Kaministiquia, that being to the east of the water-parting is an important fact, because it shows that there is a large district within the present limits of Canada fit for the habitation of civilised man. More than this, Mr. Salter, provincial and-surveyor, who was sent out by the Canadian Government, writes to the effect, that in running an exploring line from Lake Nipissing to Backwananung Bay, on Lake Superior, he came on a magnificent tract of country abounding in every requisite for immediate settlement—well watered, admirably timbered with maple, beech, iron wood, and other hard woods, and easily accessible. We need not say how important this territory will be to Canada, and this discovery entirely bears out the report which Dr. Bigsby made of what he saw and heard in passing to the north of Lake Superior, with respect to this very region, which he calls the Sugar-Maple District. Mr. Gladman seems likewise to have been highly satisfied with the country which he examined. He pursued the same route as Palliser, but at a later period of the year, and he reports it as extremely fertile and good; he measured trees nine feet in circumference.

The distress found to prevail among the Indians arises from causes not within the control of the Hudson Bay Company. It arises from the unproductiveness of this part of the country. It is not frequented by any large animals, but almost entirely by rabbits. The Indians live principally on rabbits, and clothe themselves in rabbit skins. They also partly subsist on sturgeon, which they catch at times in the lakes. Sometimes they are well fed and sometimes they are in a state of lingering starvation; but this does not imply neglect on the part of those who were the temporary guardians of that territory. A considerable amount of agriculture has been practised among the Indians on the Rainy Lake. Wherever they have perseverance and diligence enough to devote themselves to garden culture they succeed; they grow potatoes, herbs, and other produce to some extent. But as a general rule, as everybody knows, they are very destitute, because they will not labour. They prefer starvation to work.

The population of the new American town of San Jose or St. Vincent consists of British as well as of Anglo-American half-breeds, whose chief dependence is on the proceeds of the buffalo hunt; and, while the more youthful

part of the male population are away on the hunt, the then defenceless inhabitants are subject to the incursions of the Sioux Indians. These Indians, last year, attacked that settlement, stole almost all the horses, and shot a woman and the schoolmaster: indeed, hardly a year passes without some similar depredations. Although that bend of the Pembina River, on which San Jose is situated is inside the United States territory, yet the greater part of the river's course is through the British dominions. It is an important river, and may hereafter prove valuable, as affording facilities for navigation.

Captain Palliser goes on to say, on the 4th August, they reached Turtle Mountain, a hill rising out of the prairie to about 300 feet; it is 30 miles long, 10 broad. This hill is one of a series that they since traced, scattered irregularly in a line from south-east to north-west. The boundary line passes through the summit of this mountain, throwing the "Souris" or Mouse River into the British possessions. This river has hitherto been wrongly laid down in all maps; and he, therefore, paid strict attention that its course should be carefully laid down in the charts.

On the 15th of August they reached Fort Ellice on Beaver Creek. Here Captain Palliser found the men he had sent direct from Fort Garry with the ten horses, and, as they had now rested more than a week, he took these ten horses on an expedition to "La Roche-Percée," leaving the horses, that had been hitherto travelling with them, to recruit.

Proceeding on a south-west course from Fort Ellice, they arrived, on the 18th of August, at Moose Mountain, one of the chain of hills above mentioned. It, like the Turtle Mountain, is covered with dense woods, lakes, and swamps.

On the 20th August they arrived again on the Mouse or "Souris" River, and here Dr. Hector first discovered coal of a very fair quality. From this point of the Mouse River an hour's ride brought them to the "Roche Percée." A singular appearance is here produced on the rocks and stones by the combined action of the atmosphere and water; the layers of sand and clay forming these, being unequal in hardness, are worn accordingly into grotesque shapes, affording much astonishment to the Indians and half-breeds visiting the spot.

Here Captain Palliser was visited by a large number of St. Louis Indians, celebrated as the greatest horse-thieves in the country; however, he concealed all apprehension for his horses. He also discovered that meat was a very scarce article among them, as they had not fallen in with buffalo for many days. He had, however, been fortunate enough to kill two bulls that morning, and secured their good offices and the safety of his horses by giving them the meat, inviting them to cook and prepare their own feast, to which he added some tea, sugar, and flour, desiring them in return to guard his horses all night, which injunction they regarded as a compliment, and faithfully performed.

The following day they returned, and reached Fort Ellice on the 25th of August.

On examining the horses he had left behind at that post when he started for "Roche-Percée," he found them not sufficiently recruited to proceed westward to the Elbow; he therefore determined to wait a few days longer. He likewise found that his guide and interpreter was so frightened at the prospect of entering

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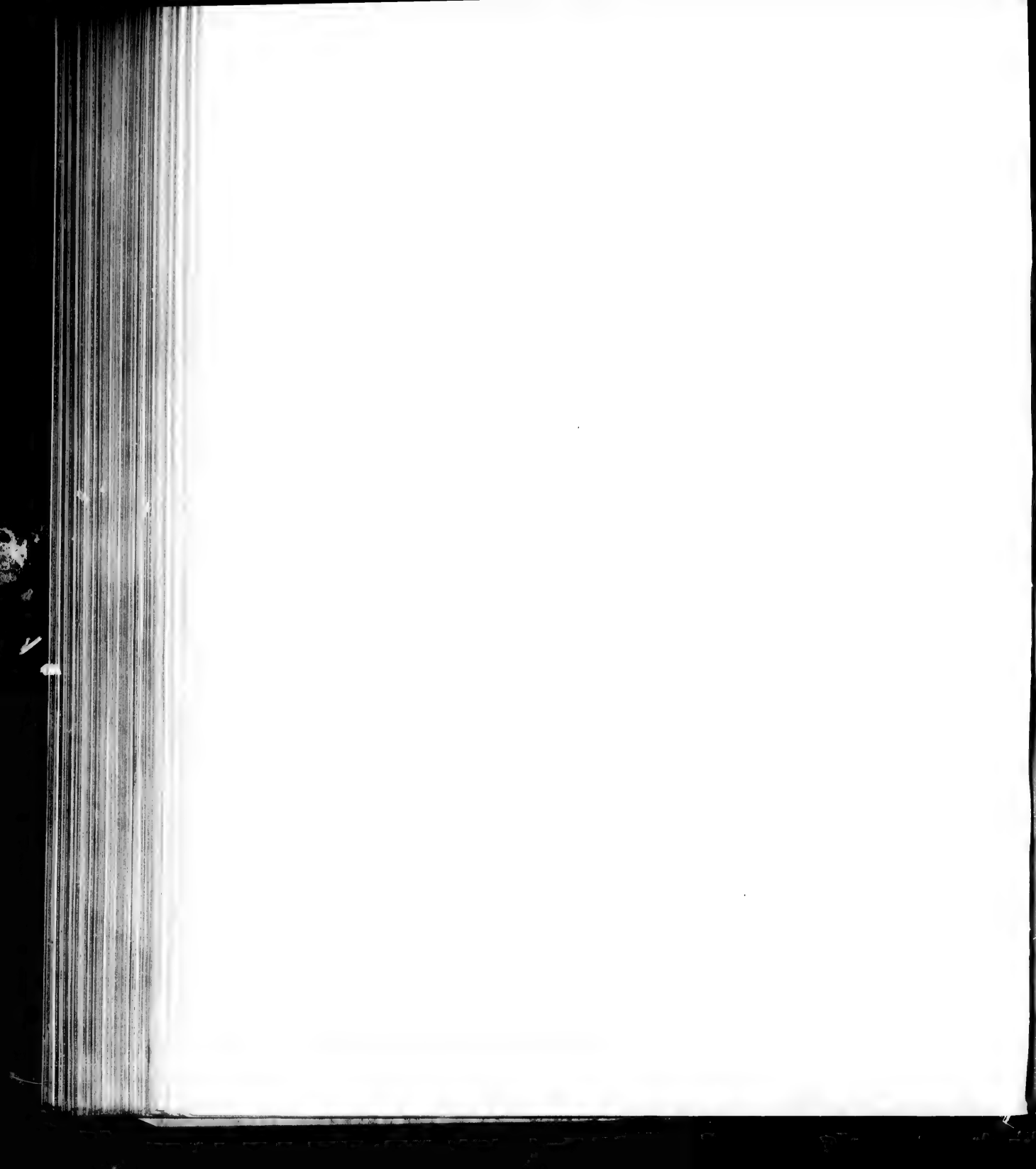
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A PORTAGE ON THE WHITE MUD RIVER.



the Blackfoot country,¹ that he gave him very false interpretation as to the facilities of the route he intended to adopt. He therefore started a messenger to Mr. Christie, the chief officer of the Hudson Bay Company, requesting the services of Mr. McKay (the officer in charge of Fort Ellice) as an interpreter to accompany him on the expedition. Mr. Christie, on receiving his letter, role three days' journey to meet him at Fort Ellice, and brought with him a gentleman to put in Mr. McKay's place, thereby placing the valuable services of the latter at his disposal. In the meantime, on the 7th of September, finding his horses sufficiently rested to resume operations, he started an expedition under Dr. Hector for the "Qui Appelle" lakes, and remained behind at Fort Ellice until he should see or hear from Mr. Christie, whose subsequent arrival on September 9th, set Mr. McKay at liberty; and, after accounts were made up and transferred, he started on horseback, accompanied by McKay and two of his men, and overtook the expedition in three days at the Qui Appelle lakes, about 135 miles west of Fort Ellice.

On Sunday, September 13th, they remained at the Qui Appelle lakes. The Hudson Bay Company have a small trading-post there, the most western fort in the territory; and there they found a large camp of Crees arrived for trading. Captain Palliser sent for Mr. Pratt, the missionary, requesting him to come and pay them a visit. The worthy missionary is a pure Cree Indian, educated at Red River. He reports the Crees as beginning to apprehend scarcity of buffalo, and many are most anxious to try agriculture. He thinks that if they had agricultural implements, such as spades, hoes, and ploughs, they certainly would commence operations. This opinion Captain Palliser found pretty general among the people of the Hudson Bay Company; and he is persuaded much good could be done by importing the simpler kinds of agricultural implements. Pratt has set the Indians an excellent example himself, and grows capital Indian corn, barley, and potatoes.² The Qui Appelle lakes may be con-

sidered the most western part of the territory east of the Rocky Mountains to which the Hudson Bay Company trade: westward of this was almost unknown, and the whole country to the Rocky Mountains was untravellered by the white man.

Among the Indians that had come to trade was a passed since leaving Fort Ellice one continuous forest, broken only by two or three intervals of barren ground. The Qui Appelle Mission was established in 1858. Charles Pratt had, however, resided many years where the mission is situated, and has constructed a comfortable log-house, fenced in a garden, and now possesses six or seven cows and calves. The Rev. James Settee, the missionary newly arrived, a native of Swampy Cree origin, occupied Pratt's house; and in the garden, where we found him, Indian corn was growing, as well as potatoes, turnips, beans, and other culinary vegetables. On Sunday we attended service in Pratt's house. The Rev. Mr. Settee read the prayers, in English, with great care and correctness. He preached in Ojibway, and a hymn was sung in the Cree language. Before the sermon the missionary surprised us by waking up a drowsy Indian, who was enjoying a quiet nap in a corner of the room, and leading him to the temporary reading desk, commenced the ceremony of public baptism. My astonishment was not diminished when the reverend gentleman, turning to me without any preliminary notice, said abruptly, "Name this man?" After a moment's reflection, I said, "John." John walked to his bench, and was soon apparently lost in noisy slumber to all consciousness of the privileges and blessings of which adult Christian baptism, duly received, had made him the inheritor. When the Rev. James Settee arrived at the mission last autumn, the Crees of the Sandy Hills, having received intelligence that the Bishop had sent a "praying man" to teach them the truths of Christianity, directed messengers to inquire whether the "great praying father" had sent plenty of rum; if so, they would soon become followers of the white man's Manitou. The messengers returned with the intelligence that the great praying father had not only omitted to send rum, but he hoped that the Plain Crees would soon abandon the practice of demanding rum in exchange for their pemmican and robes. Mr. Settee speaks English very fluently. The field for his labour is extensive, but, as Professor Hind thinks "not very promising. When conversing with the Crees of the Sandy Hills, many of them expressed a wish to have their children taught by white men, but they did not appear to like the idea of their being taught by a native of different origin. This is an important point to be observed in the selection of native missionaries. The school, however, appears here, as elsewhere among Indian tribes, to be the only sure ground for establishing the true faith among them. 'Teach my children for two or three years, but let me follow the ways of my fathers,' said the Chief of the Sandy Hills to me."

A Cree chief, named "Broken Arm," in the course of a long smoke with Mr. Paul Kane and his fellow voyagers, began talking about the efforts of the missionaries amongst his people, and seemed to think that they would not be very successful; for, though he did not interfere with the religious belief of any of his tribe, yet many thought as he did; and his idea was, that as Mr. Rundle had told him that what he preached was the only true road to heaven, and Mr. Hunter told him the same thing, and so did Mr. Tiebo, and as they all three said that the other two were wrong, and as he did not know which was right, he thought they ought to call a council amongst themselves, and that then he would go with them all three, but until they agreed he would wait. He then told the party that there was a tradition in his tribe of one of them having become a Christian, and how he was very good, and did all that he ought; and that when he died he was taken up to the white man's heaven, where everything was very good, and very beautiful, and all were happy amongst their friends and relatives who had gone before them, and where they had everything that the white man loves and longs for; but the Indian could not share their joy and pleasure, for all was strange to him, and he met none of the spirits of his ancestors, and there was none to welcome him; no hunting, nor fishing, nor any of those joys in which he used to delight; and his spirit grew sad. Then the Great Manitou called him, and asked him, "Why art thou sad in this beautiful heaven, which I have made for your joy and happiness?" Then the Indian told him that he sighed for the company of the spirits of his relatives, and that he felt lone and sorrowful. So the Great Manitou told him that he could not send him to the Indian heaven, as he had while on earth chosen this one, but that, as he had been a very good man, he would send him back to earth again, and give him another chance.

¹ There is a story told of a large encampment of Blackfeet formed in this neighbourhood, for the purpose of hunting during the summer. Growing tired, however, of so peaceful and ignoble an occupation, the younger warriors of the allied tribes determined to make an incursion into the territories of the Assiniboines. Having gone through all the requisite enchantments, they left behind them only the old men, with the women and children. After a successful campaign, they turned their steps homeward in triumph, loaded with scalps and other spoils; and, on reaching the top of the ridge that overlooked the camp of the infirm and defenceless of their band, they notified their approach in the proudly swelling tones of their song of victory. Every lodge, however, was as still and silent as the grave; and at length, singing more loudly as they advanced, in order to conceal their emotions, they found the full tale of the mangled corpses of their parents and sisters, of their wives and children. In a word, the Assiniboines had been there to take their revenge.

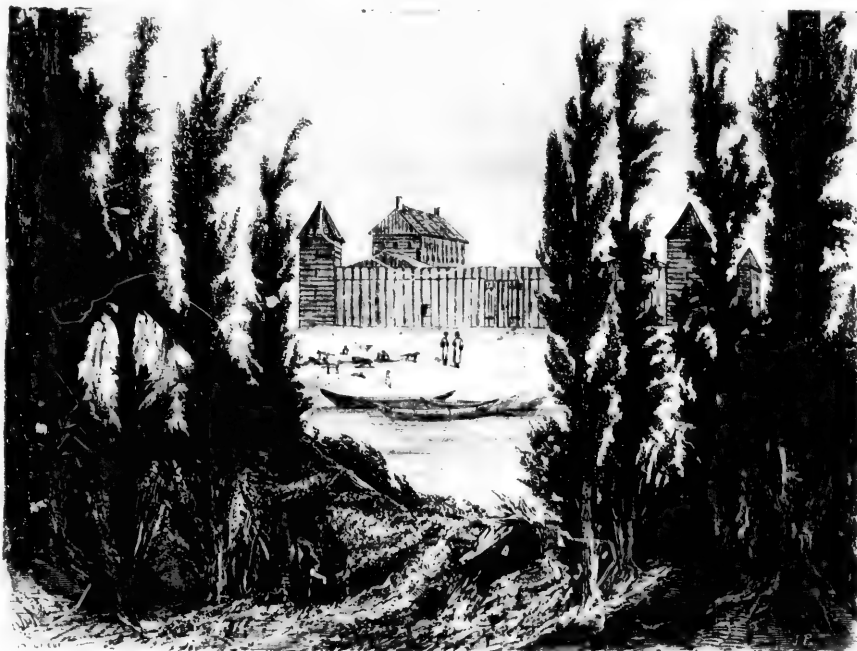
² Charles Pratt, says Professor Hind ("Narrative of the Canadian Red River Exploring Expedition of 1857, and of the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan Exploring Expedition of 1858"), "is a half-bred co-heritor of the Church Missionary Society, well acquainted with the habits of Indians and of the buffalo. He gave me a good deal of valuable information respecting the country, and with characteristic generosity, if not Christian sympathy (why the doubt, Professor Hind?), told John McKay to take a young hunter belonging to him, when he arrived at the Mission, and kill it, in honour of our arrival. Pratt showed me some specimens of lignite coal, taken from a bed two feet thick at the West Hills, eighty miles south-west of the Company's post. An old Indian in his company told us, that he remembered the whole of the province through which we had

man Mr. McKay was acquainted with. This man was a remarkable exception to the generality of Indians: they called him the "peace-maker," and twice within the last two or three years he pushed his way alone into the Blackfoot country, and walked into the enemy's camp unarmed, with the peace-pipe in his hand, exhorting them to peace, and offering them the alternative of killing him. The result on each occasion was a treaty of peace to the Crees and a present of horses to the peace-maker. Captain Palliser engaged this Indian to guide them to the Elbow.

On September the 14th they started from Qui

Appelle lakes for the Elbow, on the south branch of the Saskatchewan, sometimes called the Bow River. On September 16th they again encamped on Mouse or Souris River, at a tributary called by the Indians, Moose Jaw Creek, in longitude 106°. Up to this point in their journey they had suffered no inconvenience from want either of wood or water; here, however, their guide, the peace-maker, advised them to bring wood along in their carts, as they should see no more until they came to the Saskatchewan, which they first came in sight of at sunset on the 21st of September.

They were now in the heart of the buffalo country



FORT EDMONTON, ON THE UPPER SASKATCHEWAN RIVER.

This region may be called a buffalo preserve, being the battle-ground between the Crees and Blackfeet, where none go to hunt for fear of meeting enemies, and where those who go to war abstain from hunting. The whole region, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with buffalo, in bands varying from hundreds to thousands. So vast were the herds, that Captain Palliser began to have serious apprehensions for the horses, as the grass was eaten to the earth, as if the plain had been devastated by locusts. However, the timber on the small tributaries of the river kept off the buffalo, and so a little grass was obtained for the horses, for the buffalo shuns the timber until mid-winter.

At the Elbow they found a large tributary flowing from the east into the Saskatchewan, and Dr. Hector was despatched with one or two men to trace the course of this river. This he found to flow from

the most western of the chain of Qui Appelle lakes, being navigable to large boats the whole way. Hence it was first ascertained that there exists a valuable water communication between the south Saskatchewan and the Red River, and that a good sized boat, and even a small steamer, might descend from the south Saskatchewan, ascend to the west Qui Appelle river, cross the Qui Appelle lakes, and then descend the Qui Appelle into the Red River. The whole of the difficulty of communication between the Rocky Mountains and the Red River being thus set aside, and one half of the distance uninhabited, nothing remained but the discovery of a pass across the Rocky Mountains to the British territory.

After the Doctor's return from exploring the western Qui Appelle, they commenced their ascent from the Elbow, and reached the 109th meridian of longitude

on the 28th of September. That magnificent river, the Saskatchewan, here rivals the Missouri in size and volume, and even at this (the lowest state of water during the whole year) was navigable for craft of any size, as was found by sad experience, the expedition having been so unfortunate as to lose one of its wag-gons in the channel of the river at a depth of sixteen feet. The 109° meridian was the farthest point to the westward explored by the expedition that season! At that point it crossed the river to the north side, and started on a north-east course for Carlton, its winter quarters, where they arrived on the 8th of October.

Captain Palliser himself left the party at Carlton on the 11th of October, 1857, and after a severe journey, four hundred and fifty six miles of which were performed over the snow on foot, he reached Montreal, where he made arrangements for proceeding the ensuing spring to the Rocky Mountains, through the country of the Blackfoot Indians, by engaging twenty men, with a sufficient number of dog sleighs, to convey their provisions. This increased his force altogether to thirty, and with a smaller number he deemed it would have been the height of imprudence to venture into the south-western part of the Blackfoot and Pedjar country.

This dog-sleighting on a large scale is a very exciting amusement. We find a description of a race of 300 miles, from Fort Garry to Crow's Wing, on the Mississippi, in Professor Hinds' account of his second Saskatchewan expedition.

Upon our arrival at Selkirk settlement, subsequently to the exploration of Lake Winnipeg and Manitobah, we had heard that a party of English noblemen and gentlemen had reached Fort Garry, and were then preparing for a short trip into the prairies in search of buffalo. The aristocratic hunters consisted of Lord

Richard Grosvenor, Lord Frederick Cavendish, Henry Danby Seymour, Esq., M.P., and the Honourable Evelyn Ashley. They were successful in meeting and killing buffalo a short distance south of the boundary line, in the direction of Devil's Lake, and returning from their expedition in the middle of November.

The hardships and privations inseparable from prairie adventures at this late season of the year, with the thermometer sometimes as low as zero, was not sufficient to deter Lord Grosvenor from undertaking a much longer expedition to the West, after his return from hunting buffalo. He started on the 22nd of November, in company with James Mackay, one of the most distinguished and enterprising natives of Selkirk settlement, for Fort Ellice, proposing, subsequently, to visit the Plie Chas on the Qui Appelle.

This adventurous journey on horseback, at so late a period of the year, considering the slender outfit of clothing and provisions which Lord Grosvenor took with him, showed no ordinary courage and confidence in the possession of great physical endurance. A journey in dog carioles over the snow is comfort itself compared with riding in the face of a cutting wind, with the thermometer not far removed from zero.

Lord Cavendish, Mr. Seymour, and Mr. Ashley, engaged John Monkman, of Oak Point, Lake Manitoba, to organise their train of dogs, and make arrangements for their journey to Crow's Wing, on the Mississippi, proposing to return to civilised life as soon as sufficient snow fell to make the country possible for dog trains. John Monkman is the most noted runner in Selkirk Settlement; with his magnificent train of dogs, probably the best in Rupert's Land, he has accomplished the journey between Pembina and Fort Garry, a distance of sixty eight miles, in seven hours and a half. The men Monkman engaged, six in number, were generally runners, and provided with good dogs.

The preparation for the winter journey of both parties to St. Paul was rather of a formidable character, even at Red River, requiring not less than sixteen carioles and sledges drawn by fifty dogs in all.

It being necessary that I should take with me a number of geological specimens, field apparatus, books, &c., my party required nine carioles and sledges, and a corresponding number of men; each sledge or cariole on a long winter's journey requiring one man to manage it, although the same individual with well-trained dogs is competent to conduct two sledges on good roads and for short journeys, when time is not an object and food easily accessible.

I engaged a half breed, named Cline, an excellent runner, and a willing attendant, to organise my train.

The distance between Fort Garry and Crow's Wing is about 400 miles by the winter road; and the only places where supplies can be obtained are at Pembina, Red Lake, and Casa Lake.*

* The chief objection to travel with a large number of dogs is the difficulty of supplying them with food, nor can the several stations be always relied on to furnish the requisite quantity. Each dog requires daily about two pounds of pemmican, or three pounds of white fish, so that the provision for a team of carioles, employing thirty dogs, would involve the carriage of 600 lbs. of pemmican, or 900 lbs. of white fish for a ten days' journey; a team of three dogs will draw 300 lbs. forty miles a-day, for ten or twelve days in succession if well fed, and the road be tolerably good over a level country. A winter road, it may be here remarked, is nothing more than a cariole or sledge-track, caused by the passage of this primitive kind of vehicle over the snow, and

* We find the following account of this spot in Governor Simpson's "Journey Round the World":—

"Having passed over a hilly and partially wooded district, we reached the Bow River, being the south branch of the Saskatchewan, about ten o'clock. This stream, taking its rise in the Rocky Mountains, near the international frontier, is of considerable size, without any physical impediment of any moment; but its upper waters are so much infested with warlike tribes, that, though believed to be rich in game, it is seldom ascended by traders. Some years back, indeed, three or four posts were established on its banks; but they were soon abandoned after the sacrifice of several lives in their defence. In addition to these permanent forts, a flying expedition, on a large scale, was effected in the year 1822, with a view of testing the truth of the rumours as to the richness of Bow River.

"The expedition in question, besides Messrs. McKenzie and Rosland, the gentlemen in charge, consisted of eight or ten subordinate officers and a hundred men. After ascending to the utmost limits of the navigation for boat surveying, detachments were despatched in every direction, which met with many natives who had never seen a European before. These unsophisticated savages, however, had their curiosity most strongly excited by a negro of the name of Pierre Bunzo. This man they inspected in every possible way, twisting him about and pulling his hair, which was so different from their own flowing locks, and at length they came to the conclusion that Pierre Bunzo was the oddest specimen of a white man they had ever seen.

"These negroes, of whom there were formerly several in the Company's service, were universal favourites with the fair sex of the red race; and at the present day we saw many an Indian that appeared to have a dash of the gentleman in black about him. Finding that the resources of the country had been overrated, our people retired the following year with the loss of a considerable part of the original outlay of £10,000, carrying with them an enormous quantity of leather, but very few furs. They lived in the midst of plenty, having consumed during the winter 1,500 buffaloes, besides great quantities of venison of every kind."

From the hour it was known in Selkirk Settlement that the two parties would probably start nearly at the same time—great feeling existed among the half-breeds respecting their endurance, and the ease and speed with which their dogs could accomplish a long journey—a warm spirit of emulation arose between the men attached to each party, which rapidly communicated itself to their wives and friends. Cline told me that he had heard confidently that Monkman's plan was to give us the start for two days, and then taking advantage of the road we should make through the untrodden wilderness, pass us triumphantly a few days before we arrived at Crow's Wing. It gradually became evident that the idea of a race from Fort Garry to Crow's Wing communicated itself to the gentlemen of both parties, and, indeed, stimulated, more or less, all who were to make the journey. Cline and his men appeared extremely anxious that they should not be far behind their competitors, and even indulged the hope that if we got a fair start we might not be over-taken. When the subject of a race was first mooted to me by Cline, I regarded our chance as almost hopeless, considering the luggage with which we were encumbered. Afterward it occurred to me that our chance lay in the greater ease with which our party, long inured to exposure and fatigue, would be able to sustain long physical exertion, an hallucination, however, which subsequent experience of the physical capabilities of Lord Cavendish, Mr. Seymour, and Mr. Ashley, during their stay at Red River, served to dispel.

All my train being ready, we started on Tuesday, November 30th, at an early hour from Fort Garry, and took the east bank of Red River through the French settlement. Monkman's party expected to follow in the afternoon, or early on the following morning. On Wednesday we reached Fort Pembina, and stayed the night with Mr. Mackenzie, the officer in charge of the post, whose sad fate last December (de-

scribed further on) is a melancholy proof of the danger attending travelling alone during the winters of this climate. The woods and prairies are then perfect deserts; Indians being at their winter quarters, birds far away in the sunny south, and wild animals hibernating, or seeking food and shelter in the thickest parts of the swamps and forests. So complete is this desolation in the interior of many parts of Rupert's Land during the winter, that Mr. Christie, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, while travelling from Athabasca to Red River, in December, 1859, did not meet with a single Indian throughout a long and dreary journey of fourteen hundred miles.

The thermometer at Pembina Fort indicating 22° below zero on the morning of December 2nd, when we left the post, having procured another train of two dogs at the small village of Pembina, two miles from the Hudson's Bay post of that name, we struck across the prairie to the "first of the Two Creeks," where we camped.¹

On the following day we arrived at Pine River. Cline made a cache of pemmican in the river, some distance from our tracks, to be taken up on his return. A hole was cut through the ice, then about fifteen inches thick, and a buffalo hide thong having been tied round the bag, and fastened to a stick, it was let down into the water just below the ice, the stick being stretched across the orifice. Lumps of ice were then piled on the bag of pemmican, and water poured on them. The temperature of the air being at the time considerably below zero, the water froze the instant it touched the ice, and bound the masses together in one block.

¹ A camp is always made in "woods," if possible, for the sake of fuel and shelter. The first operation is to sweep the snow from the ground, and prepare a place for the fire and blankets. This is easily accomplished with snow-shoes; and as soon as an area, proportioned to the size of the party, is exposed, a fire is made sufficiently long to admit of each man lying for the night with his feet towards it. No tent-covering of any description beyond a blanket, stretched on poles, is admissible, as it would scarcely be possible to fold canvas in the morning, and time does not generally allow of the erection of a hut, nor are the materials always at hand. When pine or spruce is accessible, a very comfortable floor can be made from the boughs; but in the prairie country, or on its borders, these useful trees are rarely to be seen. As soon as the fire is made, and supper in course of preparation, the dogs are fed. After eating their allowance for the twenty-four hours, the dogs seek for warm spots for themselves, or if the night be very cold, and any wind stirring, they partially bury themselves in the snow. As soon as supper is disposed of, which, with the half-breeds, almost only consists of cold pemmican and tea, moose-skins are taken out, dried if damp, and put on again; the floor is replenished, and one by one each man, or two together, cover themselves completely with their blankets or robes, and go to sleep. Moose-skins are necessary in making a winter journey, leather boots or shoes would be too cold, and probably become hard; neither do they admit of that freedom of circulation which makes a soft and pliable moose-skin of dressed buffalo or moose-skin so warm and comfortable. The feet rarely get wet in travelling in these regions; the intense cold preserves the snow perfectly dry, and it is only near the fire that moisture penetrates a moose-skin during cold weather. During a thaw a moose-skin is wet through immediately, and the discomfort must be endured from camp to camp, but colds are unknown from this cause, if exercise be persevered in. Under the moose-skins the half-breeds wear a square piece of flannel or blanket wrapped round the feet, to serve as a stocking. The gentlemen wear a pair of worsted stockings, a half boot of duff, and buffalo-skin moccasins, and no one complained of cold feet at any time.

The first thing, on waking in the morning, is to make up the fire and prepare for breakfast. We generally rose by five, and were ready to start by daylight; breakfast, re-packing the bedding, cutting and harnessing the dogs, usually occupied two hours and a-half.

is liable to be obliterated by every fresh fall. A cariole is constructed of very thin board, ten feet long and twelve or fourteen inches broad, turned up at one end in the form of a half-circle, like the bow of an Ojibway's canoe. To this board a light circle, like the body of a small carriage, is attached, about eighteen inches from the end of the board or floor. The frame-work is covered with a buffalo-skin parched, and painted or decorated according to taste; the inside is lined with a blanket or buffalo robe, and when the traveller is seated in his cariole with outstretched legs, he is only separated from the snow by the plank that forms the floor. A sled is nothing more than a thin board ten or twelve feet long, twelve inches broad, turned up at one end. The baggage is attached by means of buffalo skins, and two or three dogs are harnessed to this simple vehicle by the same material. The bags attached to a cariole are generally decorated with collars, from which head-work and tassels are suspended, together with a string of small bells. When a train is in motion the driver runs behind the cariole or sled, guiding it by means of a loop fastened to each end of the floor; when tired or anxious to ride he sits on the small box containing the traveller's baggage, which is fastened to the projecting floor in rear of the cariole, or else he stands on it if no box is attached. A winter road is a combination of the breadth of the floor of the carioles, rarely exceeding fifty or sixty inches, and of a depth proportionate to the quantity of snow which has fallen. In making a new road where there is no dog, a half-breed walks on snow-shoes some distance in front of the dogs, which follow his tracks with the utmost precision through all its windings, after four or five trains have passed the road is generally considered to be sufficiently hard pressed to admit of the easy passage of the succeeding trails, hence a great profit is gained in dog travelling if a new road has recently been made, or if it is in advance; to make the road is regarded, indeed, as the most difficult part in journeying with dogs.

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Fresh ice being added, and water poured on it, the hole soon became filled with a solid mass; the operation was continued until a mound one foot above the frozen surface of the river was accumulated over the cache. As I was returning with Cline to the place where we had left the carioles and dogs, we observed two of these sagacious animals, who had been unharnessed by mistake, the driver supposing we were going to camp, quietly watching our proceedings from the bank of the river. Cline, with an exclamation of anger and surprise, remarked, "Now, if we don't take care, those *sacres chiens* will try to get at the pemmican to-night, and the rascals will tell the others; I know them of old, they served me that trick before: we'll tie them to night." The conscious dogs, with tails depressed, started at a gallop back to the carioles when they saw Cline's threatening mien. In order to avoid the breaking open of the cache by the dogs, which might be the cause of great inconvenience, and perhaps suffering, to the men on their return, we pushed on for several miles before we camped. Cline counted the dogs before supper, but neglected to tie the spies: having found that none had strayed, he thought that they might be trusted, and, wrapping himself in his blanket, he soon went to sleep. Rising long before daylight, according to our custom, several were soon ascertained to be missing, and not being found, after a rapid search in the neighbourhood, Cline instructed two of the men to make a circle round the camp, and examined all tracks by torchlight. In a very short time one of them came back, stating that fresh dogs' tracks, pointing in the direction of Pine River, where we had cached the pemmican. Three or four of the men instantly started back, and found the missing dogs busily engaged in scratching at the cache. It was so thoroughly frozen and compactly made that they had produced little impression on the small mound of ice, but no doubt time and perseverance would have enabled them to reach the supplies beneath.

Pine River crossing is the spot from which Mr. Mackenzie, who had so hospitably treated us at Fort Pembina, started on the morning of the 29th December, 1859, on his ill-fated journey in search of assistance. He and some companions were escorted by an engineer from George Town to Fort Garry, who was travelling thither to make alterations in the route of the steamer *Anson Northrup*, then laid up at the winter near the Indian settlement. The party, in short of provisions, and Mr. Mackenzie pushed on, in the hope of being able to send supplies from Pembina. After leaving his companions, he appears to have followed the trail for some distance, and at the approach of night to have lost his way. His beaten track showed that, in order to keep himself from freezing, he had spent the night in running round in a circle. At the break of day he started again across the trackless waste, but in a direction considerably to the eastward of his proper course. A second day of fruitless wandering was followed by a night more dreary than the first. The third day's journey brought him near to Roseau Lake, far to the eastward of his destination; here his strength appeared to have failed him, for, having hung some shreds of his coat on a tree, to mark his last resting place, he laid down beneath it, where his frozen body was found, with one hand on his breast, and the other grasping a compass.

On the day succeeding our camp near Pine River, we crossed a very bleak and desolate prairie, about eight

miles broad. Fortunately the wind was blowing at our backs, otherwise it would have been insupportable, the temperature of the air having fallen to 20° below zero. As it was almost impossible to endure the inaction involved in being tightly packed in a small cariole, notwithstanding a liberal supply of blankets and robes, we preferred to run after the dogs across that inhospitable prairie, which, however beautiful it may be in summer, is an exposed and desolate wild in December. Mutual astonishment was expressed at the appearance presented by each individual after his long run; our eyebrows, beards, moustaches, hair and eye-lashes were uniformly frosted; the moisture from the breath had formed icicles down our beards, which was firmly frozen to the hoods of our blanket coats; patches of frost bites on cheeks, nose, or ears, demanded instant rubbing with snow, and the outside of the coat of each man, from the nape of the neck to the loins, was covered with a narrow sheet of hoar-frost, formed by the solidification of the insensible perspiration the moment it reaches the outer air.¹

¹ The appearance of a winter camp, when men and dogs are buried in profound slumber, is very wild and savage. Throwing a few dry sticks into the fire, to light up the scene, the silent, slumbering forms of the travellers are seen stretched in two parallel rows, with their feet to the fire; between the men, one, two, and sometimes three, huge dogs have crept; some are lying on the legs of the half-breeds, for the sake of warmth; others have found a snug berth close to the fire, but in imminent danger of burning their fur; a few lie coiled outside of the circle, half-buried in the snow—the cold is so intense, that their faces are white with frozen breath, and scarcely distinguishable. The fire, even when in full glow, has not power to melt the snow more than a few inches from it, without it is exposed to direct and prolonged radiation. Now and then a watchfire-dog raises his head, probably disturbed by some slight motion of the sleepers; he looks once round, and then buries his face again. Sometimes a dog will utter a low moaning growl, when three or four other dogs, probably old stagers, will rouse themselves for an instant, listen and growl, generally all looking in one direction and snuffing the air. A half-breed sits up, looks at the dogs, observes their mien and actions, and, after a moment's pause, uttering the word "Wolves," he quickly coils himself under his blanket again.

The most disagreeable part of the daily routine of a long winter's journey is the catching and harnessing of the dogs. Some of these animals, at the beginning of winter, when fresh at work for the season, are exceedingly restive under coercion of any description, and not unfrequently snap at their masters, who are obliged to arm themselves with very strong mittens of buffalo skin, which, when fastened on a savage and powerful animal, require continued and most severe punishment, to bring them obedient to the word of command. The treatment to which many of these poor brutes are subjected would give them a fair claim to the protection of a law against cruelty to animals. The faces of some of our dogs were dreadfully disfigured by the blows which their unfeeling and thoughtless masters inflicted on them. An Esquimaux whip is the instrument which every driver should be careful to use; but the half-breeds trust to sticks, stones, or any object within reach on the road, which is picked up as they pass and thrown at the dogs. It is painful to witness the sudden starts of terror with which each animal, looking over his shoulder as he trots along, watches the mien and motions of the driver, as he points the stick which he knows how to throw with such certain dexterity at the terrified animals. All the dogs give a simultaneous bay on one side, as the missile flies past them, when directed at the leader of the train; and not unfrequently would the cariole be overturned, if it were not for the strength and skill of the driver, in holding the loop with which he steers it. When this recurrence takes place, and the dogs are at full speed, the only plan left for the helpless traveller is to draw his arms close to his side, and wait until the cariole is righted by the driver; but any attempt to right the cariole, by putting out an arm, is a dangerous operation which might occasion a broken limb. In descending steep hills, it is always advisable to walk or run, which all would prefer for the sake of exercise, except when

On the 8th of December we arrived at Red Lake, and had a splendid gallop of twelve miles across the ice from the mouth of Red Lake River to the Ojibway village and Missionary Station.¹

the road is very good, and the trains can proceed for many miles at a gallop, without fatigue.

A heavy snow-storm is a serious matter in the prairie. It is then absolutely necessary for all the trains to keep close together; the drifting snow soon obliterates the road, and although the dogs, by means of their sensitive noses, will follow the track of the leading carole, even when completely hidden from view by a light fall, yet when drifts accumulate they are at fault.

Preparing to camp in a snow-storm is not an agreeable operation, or suggestive of that comfort and safety which a camp almost always presents. When the fire is well lighted, supper cooked and eaten, and the party "turned in," then it does not matter how much, how heavily it snows, the trouble being reserved for the following day. After a heavy fall during the night, men, dogs, carioles, and sledges, are covered with a thick mantle of pure white; a golden shout from the guide enlivens many of the apparently lifeless forms recognised only by their outline; but some of the sagacious dogs take advantage of the concealment afforded by the snow, and, quite neglectful of the whistles and shouts of their masters, "lie close." We were detained for more than three hours on one occasion, after a heavy snow-storm, by some of the dogs preserving perfect silence, and a motionless position under their covering of snow, within thirty yards of our camp-fire. They were found by dint of walking systematically round the camp-fire, in a continually enlarged circle, the half-breeds being quite aware of the advantage which these cunning animals would take of their accidental concealment. A loud shout, every now and then, announced that a searcher had stumbled over a truant, whose depressed mien and conscious look showed how well he knew that he had been the cause of anxiety and trouble.

Soon after the arrival of the Red Lake Mission, we learned that the Roman Catholic missionary had been frozen to death two days previously, in an attempt to cross the ice during a snow-storm, from a promontory about two miles below the mission. He had been visiting a camp of Ojibways, who warned him of the perils of a return across the ice during the storm, and invited him to pass the night in their wigwags; but the missionary thought that he would not incur any danger of freezing during so short a traverse, although the thermometer indicated a temperature of 25° below zero, at the opposite station. He was frozen within two hundred yards of the mission-house, near to which were a number of log-houses, tenanted at the time by half-breeds and Indians. When the body was found on the following morning, a number of Indians set themselves to trace his steps from the Ojibway camp across the ice, a difficult undertaking, in consequence of the high wind which was blowing at the time having, to an inexperienced eye, obliterated all traces of his steps. With astonishing accuracy these wild men read the brief history of his journey, and related the incidents to me as we stood on the banks of the Red Lake, with the Ojibway village and the course of the unfortunate missionary in view. "There," said my dusky informant, pointing to the ice not more than half a mile from the houses, "there he first turned his back to the wind, and there he knelt to pray," the Indian suiting the action to the word, and kneeling in the attitude which the track showed the missionary had assumed; "now he faced the wind and ran against the blinding snow and pitiless storm; here he turned his back again; there his tracks showed how he slipped and fell, and once again where he knelt to pray. The marks of his fingers were seen on the crust of snow lying in frozen patches on the ice. Once more he fell, rose again, knelt for awhile, and made a last effort to push against the storm." They came at length to where he had fallen for the last time, and subsequently knelt with his hands on the ice, his head touching the snow. He was found with his hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, his head bent upon his breast. The barking dogs at the mission must have been aware that he was approaching, notwithstanding the gloom of evening and the drifting snow, for they bayed fiercely in the direction he was coming about the time he is supposed to have fallen. The half-breeds heard the dogs, and looked out in expectation of seeing the missionary approach, but as the dogs soon ceased to bark they thought it was a false alarm, and did not go to meet and assist him.

It was painfully interesting to watch the Indians relate the narrative of this short but terrible journey from the inform-

Our course from Red Lake lay through the woods bordering Red Lake River. We traversed these very picturesque sheets of frozen water, and then arrived at Opashkwa Lake, which lies at the foot of the dividing ridge constituting the heights of land, the water on one side flowing into Hudson's Bay, on the other into the Gulf of Mexico. After passing this natural boundary, we crossed Turtle Lake, and numerous branches of Turtle River abounding in wild rice, and camped, on the evening of the 10th December, close on the borders of Cass Lake, and near a cluster of Indian wigwags. Shortly after midnight, our dogs began to bark furiously, and the Indian camp seemed suddenly to receive an unusual influx of visitors. Cline came to me and whispered, "Monkman's come." At daybreak on the following morning I recognised Monkman's dogs fraternising with Cline's, and a short stroll to the Indian camp satisfied me that his party had arrived in good condition, and were distributed among the different wigwags. I found Lord Cavendish and Mr. Ashley in one tent, and Mr. Seymour as comfortably "fixed" as it was possible to expect or wish for, under the circumstances incident to a midnight journey from the summit of the Mississippi slope with the thermometer at zero.²

Starting several hours in advance of Monkman, we arrived early in the afternoon at the Indian agency and village on the south shore of Lok Leech, and were very cordially received by the agent; the other travellers came up with us before nightfall, and the half-breeds of the united party decided upon having a dance. Fiddles were soon procured, a capacious store was cleared of goods and packages, and the female population of the agency and village, which included some very

tion they had gathered from the almost trackless ice and snow. The imitations of the actions and notions of the poor missionary, his attitude of prayer, his drooping head touching the cold ice, his backward water-works, were all so faithfully represented, so true to nature, that the reality seemed to be occurring before me, rather than the solemn mimicry of a savage. After the Indian who was most active in impersonating the missionary had finished his mournful tale, he quietly took a lighted pipe from one of his companions standing by, and, drawing his blanket over his head, rested himself upon the prostrate trunk of a tree, and, without any expression of feeling, covertly glanced at my face, to see the effect of his narrative; and when I asked him, through the half-breed interpreter, where the body was lying, he coldly pointed with one finger to a log-butt close by, without withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, or showing any further interest in the matter.

The name of the missionary was Laurenz Lantiger, from Krainburg, in Carniola; he had been placed by the half-breeds in a rough coffin made from half a dozen pine boards, and, as he lay robed in his priestly vestments, calm, and without any trace of suffering, it seemed almost impossible to realise that he had just met with death in such a terrible form.

When we arrived at Crow's Wing, a few days after this occurrence, I went to see his brother missionary stationed there, and related to him all the known circumstances of his death, as I had received them from the half-breeds and Indians of Red Lake; and then learned that the Rev. Laurenz Lantiger was an Austrian, a man well skilled in many languages, pious, devoted and most enthusiastic in his endeavours to Christianise the Ojibways of Red Lake. He had not been long in the country, or he would have had the experience necessary to guide him in such a night as that in which he met his untimely fate.

² A mission was established in Cass Lake in 1844, and the condition of the Indian is reported to have been much ameliorated by the exertions of the missionaries. The Indian village is situated on both sides of Turtle River, and contains several log-cabins erected by the natives. No spirituous liquor is permitted to be introduced into this part of the Indian Reserves in Minnesota. The prospects of the Indians, and their gradual approach to civilisation, is probably largely due to this prohibition.

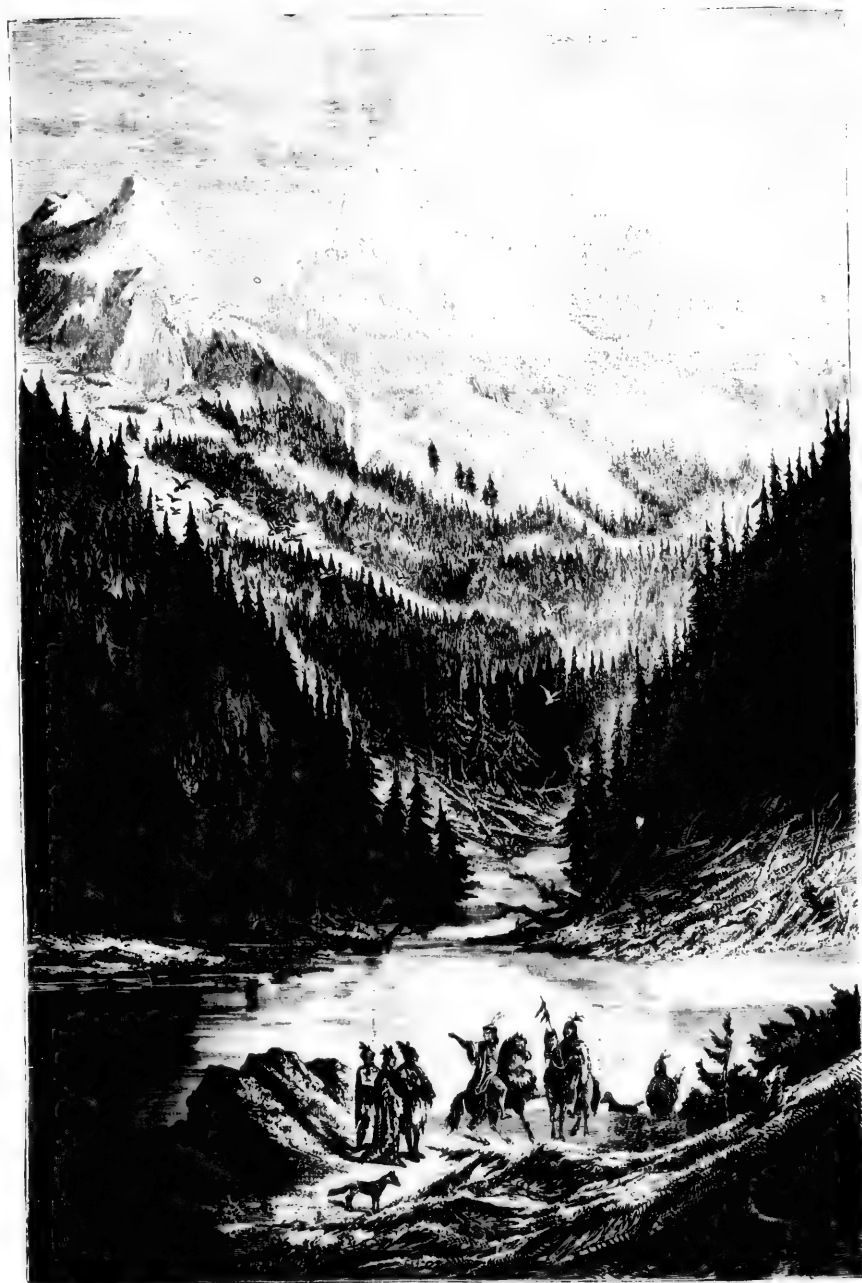
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ROCKY MOUNTAINS.



passable half-breed girls and "wives," having promptly assembled, a series of lively dances commenced, which was kept up till near midnight. In the absence of whiskey, that curse of savage and half-civilised life, strict propriety of demeanour was maintained throughout, although there was no lack of merriment, joke, and song. The scene was rendered more striking and characteristic of the wild life of these remote woods by the presence of some Indians, who were attracted from a neighbouring camp by the unusual sounds of music and dancing.

Monkman started a few minutes before us in the morning, and we had the advantage of the road he made, which, however, was not much gain, as a good track had already been formed between Leech and Crow's Wing. After a fair day's journey through a magnificent pine forest, both parties camped close together about forty miles from our destination.

Cline began to pluck up his courage, which had received a check, when he found Monkman pushing on until midnight in order to overtake us at Lake Cass. If we had not been compelled to wait for the heavy laden sledges we should have made much longer daily journeys, and no doubt Monkman would have travelled more rapidly. Fifty miles a day, with high carioles with good dogs, would not have been out of the way. On the night of the 12th we slept for the last time in the woods, and both travellers and half-breeds looked forward with some anxiety to the race on the morrow. Monkman and Cline had agreed that both parties should start together in the order in which they camped, and our fire was made about a hundred yards in advance of Monkman.

We rose at three and started at five: the thermometer showed a few degrees below zero, but the air was still, and the almost illimitable pine forests completely hushed; not the slightest breath disturbed the tall and light tops of the trees. We ran on in silence for half-an-hour; the hungry dogs themselves appeared to be sensible that their long journey was drawing to a close, for scarcely a note of encouragement or reproval was uttered by the half-breeds. My cariole led the way, the others of my party followed in the rear. Some forty minutes after we had started, the dogs being thoroughly warm at their work, we heard a yelp far behind us, Cline whispered to me, "Monkman's passing there;" and during each succeeding five minutes, yelp after yelp announced that the other trains were being passed until, in little more than an hour from our start, I heard Monkman's well known voice close behind me. Without speaking a word, he and the cariole he was driving passed mine. A thrill of excitement passed through me when I felt the warm breath of his powerful dogs beat upon my face, as the noble creatures swiftly trotted past. Neither dogs nor men, nor the muffled-up inmates of the cariole, made any sign. One after another, Mr. Seymour, Lord Cavendish, and Mr. Ashley, flitted noiselessly by. Cline whispered again, "They make a good road; my dogs will not be far behind."

It is impossible to describe the feelings which this rapid silent gliding through those vast pine forests inspired. Morning dawned slowly, but the gloom of the forest seemed to grow more intense as I occasionally caught glimpses of the brightening sky above. The sun rose without a cloud, gilding the tops of tall trees with an indescribable lustre, beautifully reflected by the sun wherever the golden light penetrated.

After a run of twenty-six miles, Cline came up with Monkman a few minutes after he had stopped for dinner; Mr. Dickinson followed close behind me; and in another hour both parties were together again. The next run was to bring us to Crow's Wing, between nineteen and twenty miles distance. Starting in order in which we arrived at the camping ground, we hurried at a rapid pace down the Mississippi slope, and here the race began in earnest. The road was in excellent condition, the day bright and cold, the dogs eager and hungry, and the men and travellers in good condition and excellent spirits. After a splendid gallop of twenty miles, we entered Crow's Wing in the following order, and close together: Lord Cavendish, first; Mr. Seymour, second; Mr. Hind, third; Hon. Mr. Ashley, fourth; Mr. Dickinson, fifth; Mr. Flemmings, sixth; the rest nowhere.

III.—THROUGH THE COUNTRY OF THE BLACKFEET, TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THE Expedition of Captain Palliser, in 1858, to the Rocky Mountains, through the country of the Blackfeet, was attended with almost unexpectedly brilliant and successful results. The zealous labours of the different members of the Expedition effected the discovery of no less than six new passes, one of which promises to be of the highest importance to the future progress of North America, and, indeed, to the intercommunication of the families of men. These passes were as follows:—

Two, from the south branch of the Saskatchewan to the Kutanie river, viz., the Kananaski and Vermilion.

Two, from the Kutanie river to the Columbia, viz., the Lake and the Beaver Fork.

One, between the south and the north branches of the Saskatchewan viz., the Little Fork.

One, from the south branch of the Saskatchewan to the Columbia, viz., the Kicking Horse.

In addition to these, the Northern Kutanie Pass has been laid down, and found to be within British territory.

The most promising of all the routes, for the purpose of crossing the Rocky Mountains, appears to be that laid down by Dr. Hector. He followed the Bow River tributary up to the water-parting of the continent; then continued forward until he reached a transverse water-parting, which divided the waters of the Columbia and North Saskatchewan on the one hand, from those of the Kutanie and South Saskatchewan on the other. There he found the facilities for crossing the mountains to be so great, as to leave little doubt in his mind of the practicability of connecting the plains of the Saskatchewan with the opposite side of the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, even by means of a railroad.

As regards the scenery of the Rocky Mountains, there is a remarkable absence of peaks. Fine glaciers fill the upper hollows of the range; and from different arms of the same large glacier proceed the north and south branches of the Saskatchewan. The snow-line appears to have been between 6,000 and 7,000 feet above the sea. In lat. 51° 40', at a height of 6,300 feet, snow was lying in patches under the shade of trees, notwithstanding a clear mid-day sun.

There is very little game about the mountains; the most remarkable animal of those that exist is the white

goat. It lives on the highest parts of the range, and seldom descends. As a consequence of the absence of game, Indians are rarely met with, and none of them possess other than very vague knowledge about the passes. The Kutanie Indians are a wretched set, though rich in horses.

The country of the Upper Saskatchewan was found to be far less fertile and well-timbered than had been supposed. There are large tracts of worthless soil, and constant prairie fires have utterly destroyed the greater part of the timber—so much so, that the travellers were usually in difficulty owing to the want of fire-wood.

About Fort Edmonton¹ wheat is raised, and cattle remain out of doors the whole winter. Potatoes grow excellently.

A curious geographical feature resulted from these explorations, which was, that where the rocky mountains rose to their highest altitude, there are to be found the lowest depressions or passes, so that while the Anglo-Americans, in travelling to the central parts of California, have to encounter passes at 7000 feet above the sea, Englishmen may, on their own ground, travel through gorges only 5000 feet above the sea.

The manner in which these important discoveries were effected, was as follows. On proceeding from Fort Carlton, Captain Palliser showed his good sense in approaching these mountains from the rich Buffalo prairies midway between the North and South Saskatchewan. An experienced buffalo-hunter himself, he knew that if his men were not well supplied, by no efforts, however well directed, could they succeed.

¹ Edmonton is a well built place, something of a hexagon in form. It is surrounded by high pickets and bastions, which, with the battlement gateways, the flag-staffs, &c., give it a good deal of a martial appearance; and it occupies a commanding situation, crowning an almost perpendicular part of the bank, about two hundred feet in height. The river is nearly as wide as at Carlton, while the immediate banks are well wooded, and the country behind consists of rolling prairies.

This fort, both inside and outside, is decorated with paintings and devices to suit the taste of the savages that frequent it. Over the gateway are a most fanciful variety of vases; but the hall, of which both the ceiling and the walls present the gayest colours and the most fantastic sculptures, absolutely rivets the astonished natives to the spot with wonder and admiration. The buildings are smeared with a red earth, found in the neighbourhood, which, when mixed with oil, produces a durable brown.

The vicinity is rich in mineral productions. A seam of coal, about ten feet in depth, can be traced for a very considerable distance along both sides of the river. This coal resembles slate in appearance; and though it requires a stronger draught of air than that of an ordinary chimney, yet it is found to answer tolerably well for the blacksmith's forge. Petrifications are also found here in abundance, and at the fort there was a pine stone which had once been a log of wood, about six feet in length, and four or five in girth, the resemblance being so complete as even to deceive the eye.

Edmonton is a large establishment; as it has to furnish many other districts with provisions, a large supply is always kept on hand, consisting entirely of dried meat, tongues, and pemmican. There are usually here a chief factor and a clerk, with forty or fifty men with their wives and children, amounting altogether to about 130, who all live within the pickets of the fort. Their employment consists chiefly in building boats for the trade, sawing timber, most of which they raft down the river from ninety miles higher up, cutting up the small poplar, which abounds on the margin of the river, for fire wood, 800 cords of which are consumed every winter, to supply the numerous fires in this establishment. The employment of the women, who are all, without a single exception, either squaws or half-breeds, consists in making moccasins and clothing for the men, and converting the dried meat into pemmican.

Accordingly, having established a good base, and having secured abundant provisions at Slaughter Creek, he divided his force into three parties. Leading one of these himself across the Kananaski Pass, and returning by the Kutanie Pass in north latitude 49½°, and directing Captain Blakiston to explore the still more southerly or Boundary Pass, he sent Dr. Hector to traverse the chain by the Vermilion Pass, and to explore the much loftier mountains into which the chain rises in its trend to the N.W.

Prevented by his instructions from descending into the valleys of the Columbia, and there to ascertain practicable routes to the Far West, Dr. Hector, though so severely injured by the kick of a horse as to be incapacitated from moving for some days, contrived so to travel northwards as to round the base of the loftiest mountains of the chain before he returned to his winter-quarters in October, after an absence of eighteen weeks from his chief, but laden with valuable geographical and geological knowledge.

In this survey he had the merit of showing that the Vermilion Pass—which is less than 5000 feet high, and therefore 1000 feet lower than any other known pass of the Rocky Mountains—had another decided advantage over them, inasmuch as its western slope, from the summit-level of the horse-path, is so little steep that its explorer has no doubt that even a road for carts may be there established. The descents westward, or into the drainage of the Columbia, in the other passes, are exceedingly steep; and according to Captain Blakiston, the Kutanie Pass can only have a railroad made along it by the formation of tunnels of several miles in length, and by counteracting the difficulty of the steep western gradient of 194 feet per mile.

Another singular natural feature of comparison is, that whilst the Vermilion Pass is less than 5,000 feet above the sea, the adjacent mountains on the north rise to near 16,000 feet, showing the great depth of the gorge. On the other hand, in the range beyond the British boundary, to the south, and where no peak (not even that of Fremont) exceeds 13,000 feet, the passes range from 6000 to 7,600 feet high.

Already, in 1851, Mr. Asa Whitney, of the United States, in proposing his gigantic plan of an inter-oceanic railway, had stated that the best line of intercourse between the two oceans would be found within the British territories, and the Palliser expedition has already gone far to demonstrate the truth and value of this statement.

With a knowledge of the data acquired by the Palliser expedition, men of ardent minds already contemplate the formation of a railroad, or, if not, of a practical route, which, traversing British possessions only, shall connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. But when we reflect that the length of this line is above 2,000 English miles, and that the greater part of the route on the east will have to traverse wild and unpeopled regions, we cannot rush to hasty conclusions as to the practicability of such an enterprise. Neither ought we to deride a plan which may be ultimately called for when British Columbia and Vancouver Island shall have risen into that importance which they must attain as British colonies. For it is now ascertained, that the tract lying between the North and South Saskatchewan on the east is one of great fertility, where no intense cold prevails, and that, once through the Rocky Mountains, the traveller enters a country of

cedars and rich vegetation, in which even wheat may be grown at heights exceeding 2,000 feet above the sea. In the meantime we need, at all events, have no hesitation in assuming that the electric telegraph will, ere long, be at work across British North America.

Whether one of the heights called Mounts Brown and Hooker by Mr. Douglas, in honour of our eminent botanical contemporaries, be still higher than the Mount Murchison of Palliser and Hector, it is certain that the chain diminishes rapidly in its trend from this cluster to the north. We know, indeed, that Mackenzie, the first great explorer of those regions, passed through the range in north latitude 56°, at a comparatively lower level. Again, we further know, that in proceeding northwards these mountains dwindle into insignificance before they reach the Arctic Ocean.

It is further to be remarked, in connection with these discoveries, that the intrepid travellers, for the

first time since nearly forty years, traversed a district which has borne a very ill name among white men—the country of the Blackfeet and Blood Indians. That they had done so in safety is due, in some degree, to favourable circumstances, but also to the tact and skill of Captain Palliser in conciliating their affections. Arrived at the Foot of the Rocky Mountains, their expectations were far more than realised. Not one pass, as they supposed, but many practicable passes were discovered. Two of these seem to merit, in an especial degree, the attention of the public in this country; because, since that expedition was sent out, great national interests have become involved in the communication with the west coast of America, in consequence of the gold discoveries in that far distant region. The new southern pass, which was discovered by Mr. Palliser, leads into the valley of the Kutana river, and passes down the course of that river into



CHIMNEY ROCKS, ON THE BANKS OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

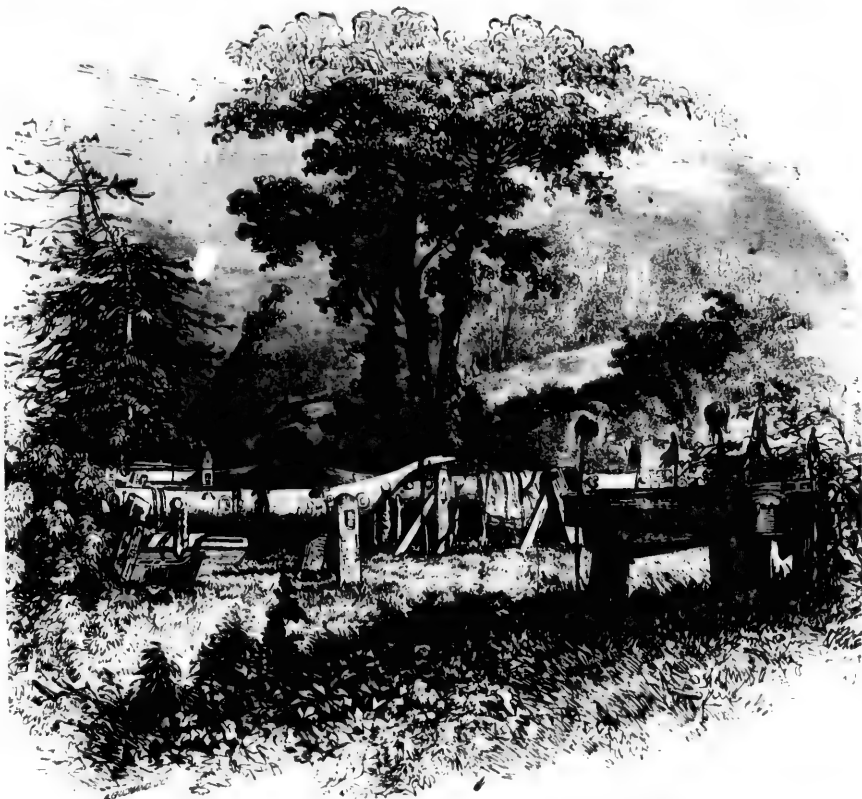
American territory. The two more northerly passes are entirely upon British ground. One of them, the Vermilion Pass, leads to the Kutana river, near to its source; and a second accessory pass presents itself immediately you have crossed the dividing ridge of the Rocky Mountains. Turning to the right, with scarcely any perceptible elevation, you pass from the head waters of the Kutana river to a branch of the Columbia river. Northward of that is another pass, a little higher, called the Kicking Horse Pass, of which we have not yet the full details. It remains to be decided which of these two passes—both of them very eligible in point of geographical position—will be the more available for use, subject to the condition that for a great part of the year the mountain range must be covered deep in snow. One word, however, as to the mode of getting to this country. The real difficulty appears to be in traversing that small portion which lies between the corner of Lake Superior and Rainy Lake. It does appear, however, that there is no insur-

mountable obstacle in carrying a land-road, for a certain distance, to the westward, parallel to the course of the White Fish River, which falls into the Kaministiquia somewhat below the Kakabeka Falls. But then there comes a region of swamps and rocks, so intricate that one never seems to remain long on either land or water; and without some enormous outlay, there seems no practicable mode of making a land-road in that direction. Nor is there any convenient way of travelling by water, except by the tedious one of small canoes and crossing portages, of which twenty-six were found in the lower course of the White Fish River. But the small space of fifty or sixty miles from Pigeon River to the Kaministiquia, has never yet been explored by white men; and it should be found that there is a sufficient amount of dry and solid land on which a road can be made, it will throw open to British enterprise, in the valley of the Saskatchewan, a tract of territory of greater extent than the whole of France and England put together.

Another feature of this country is the extraordinary nature of the water-shed in the Rocky Mountains. Except in the Carpathian chain, we have nowhere in the old world anything exactly like it. The rivers seem to pass across the axis of greatest elevation. The two main branches of the Saskatchewan river pass to the westward of the highest mountains in the chain, Mount Murchison and Mount Hooker; and on the western side of the chain we have this extraordinary fact—two

ivers flowing parallel to each other a few miles apart for a long distance, the Columbia and the Kutanie, one running to the N.W., and the other to the S.E. It appears to be one of the most singular facts that we know of in physical geography.

Hitherto we have been ignorant of the important country explored by the Palliser expedition, because it has been, to a certain extent, shut up by the Hudson Bay Company. That Company held territorial sway



INDIAN SEPULCHRES ON THE BANKS OF THE COWLITZ RIVER

and exclusive right of trade over the whole of the country. The importance of the discovery of these three passes must depend in a great measure upon the value of the land on each side of the Rocky Mountains. If the land to the eastward between Lake Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains, and the land to the westward near to the new colony of Columbia, be valueless, then the discoveries which Captain Palliser has made will be equally valueless. But if we can show that on the development of the country which lies between Lake Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains

the future greatness of British North America almost exclusively depends, then we shall be able to realise the full importance of these discoveries. We have in British territory two of the greatest harbours in the world,—on the Atlantic shore, the harbour of Halifax in Nova Scotia; and on the Pacific shore, that of Esquimaux in Vancouver Island. None can resist expressing a hope that at no distant day we shall see these two connected; and then it will be that the importance of this discovery will come into play. It must also be observed that in as far as regards the existing difficult-

ties in this country, between the waters running towards Hudson and James Bay, and the waters running towards Lake Superior, for the last two years the Canadian Government, as well as the Home Government, has had an exploring party between Lake Superior and the Red River; and it would appear from their explorations that there does not exist such an insuperable objection to the formation of a land road as had been supposed. The greatest obstacle is a swamp called the Savanne. In that swamp, in the space of three-quarters of a mile, there is a fall of thirty-one feet. Except in isolated places, that swamp is nowhere more than three or four feet deep; and at the bottom is a strong clay. It is, indeed one of the easiest parts to form a road. An American would cut down the brushwood and pile it on the top of the swamp, then cut down a few trees and pile them on the top of the brushwood, and that would form a temporary road; and when a better road was wanted it could easily be made on the top of the substratum thus laid. With respect to the remainder of the country between Lake Superior and Red River no great difficulty exists.

Lord Bury, who is one of what would in old times be called a company of adventurers, who have contracted with the Canadian Government to carry their mails from Canada to the Red River, says that they do that with their present small means and inefficient organisation, twice a-month without difficulty. That fact is a sufficient argument to the objection that the Savanne swamp is an insuperable obstacle to road-making. With respect to the value and extent of the cultivable land between Lake Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains, Mr. Blogget, the distinguished American climatologist, estimates that it contains altogether about 500,000 square miles fully adapted for the operations of agriculture in every way. Assuming that estimate to be correct, about 437,000 square miles, or more than 717,000,000 of acres, would be in the British territory. Although but a small part of the territory of North America, it would be enough to support all Great Britain and her dependencies. We know that the buffaloes can winter on the Upper Athabasca just as easily as they can in Minnesota. We know, too, that on the two branches of the Saskatchewan all the grain grown in temperate latitudes can be easily raised. Just south of the boundary-line the great equestrian tribes of the Indians winter their horses, and it is not to be supposed that that boundary, a mere astronomical line, separates the fertile regions of the United States from a sterile region beyond. Experience has proved that that is not fact. Buffalo and wild cattle can live perfectly well there; and wherever grain is tried it has succeeded almost beyond the hopes of those who have undertaken it. The want of a market has been the great thing which has stopped them.

No question of greater importance has presented itself in connection with Captain Palliser's discoveries, than whether this imperial domain is capable of sustaining an industrious population? There is no doubt that for several degrees beyond the most northerly part of the frontier of the United States this question may be answered in the affirmative. In the valleys may be remarked a great fertility of soil proper to the cultivation of barley, oats, a peculiar kind of Indian corn that ripens in eight weeks, called Mandan corn, and potatoes. Nothing is more nourishing to cattle and sheep

in the winter than the sweet fodder of Indian corn. Farther north, the short summers are not favourable to cultivation; but wherever settlers are in possession, they will soon find their way to the deposits of copper and other valuable minerals; and such is the facility of water communication, that these will in time be brought to the settlements, and exchanged for provisions and other necessities with the inhabitants to the south living in milder latitudes.

Captain Palliser's party left their winter quarters at Edmonton earlier in the year than would otherwise have been desirable, on account of a great scarcity of provisions. It was not until May 11 that they fell in with buffaloes, and were able to resupply themselves with stores of pemmican.

Owing to Capt. Palliser having been in the Blackfoot country, both in the summer of 1858 and in the winter of 1858-9, he was well known and unmolested by the natives. Dr. Hector, also, had acquired great influence among them by his medical skill. The consequence is, as Captain Palliser says, they had travelled through the whole of their territories (Blackfeet and Blood Indians), a portion of country hitherto considered so dangerous as to be almost impracticable, and they neither had a horse stolen nor a gun pointed at them by any of those tribes. However, he does not wish to infer that a total stranger would be equally safe, nor that any one accompanied by a military force (unless that force were a very large one) would also be safe. These Indians lie in very large camps of from 400 to 600 tents.

Captain Palliser was, however, much disappointed with the character of the district lying between the meridian $107^{\circ} 30'$ and 112° , on the south branch of the Saskatchewan; his expectations had been that it would afford a most desirable place for settlers, but he found it to be ill watered, barren of grass, and bare of timber, and it was only in a few places here and there, where the land rises 300 or 400 feet above the plain, that the vegetation improves. The Cypress Mountains, in lat. $49^{\circ} 38'$, long. 111° , were well-watered, timbered, and fairly stocked with game. Here the party encamped and hunted, and from here Dr. Hector was despatched on a branch expedition to explore the pass he discovered last year, and to look for a road to the valleys of the Fraser and Thompson Rivers.

As it ultimately proved, this route is not a practicable one. Dr. Hector was entangled in vast forests of extraordinary density, and it was only with the greatest exertions that he even succeeded in forcing himself through it, and in avoiding being caught by the winter snows.

Captain Palliser, accompanied by Mr. Sullivan, followed the boundary line, which passed over a level, arid, sandy plain, in which they could rarely procure water except from occasional swamps; while these were brackish and their neighbourhood barren of grass. He then crossed the mountains, and reported that his efforts to find a route practicable for horses, from Edmonton westwards, across the Rocky Mountains as far as the longitude of Fort Colville, and entirely within British territory, have been *perfectly successful*. In addition to this he travelled 50 miles farther, until he reached the camp of the United States Boundary Commissioners, in long. $119^{\circ} 30'$.

The following narrative, the scene of which is laid in this vicinity, will give a good idea of the nature of the country on the United States side:—

"I have seen the plains on the Nebraska under all aspects, when the spring sun was drawing out millions of buds among the herbs and grass, when the hot summer had unfolded them, and poured out all sorts of gorgeous colours over them, and when the autumn wind rattled their ripe capsules and bent down their withered stalks; and I have seen them, too, when winter has spread its white shroud over the burnt wilderness, and the snow-storm in all its terrors was howling over it.

"It was late in the autumn of 1851 that I had to return, in company of only one person, across the Rocky Mountains to the Missouri. When we got near the Nebraska, or Flat River, and made our way through herds of buffaloes, the Indians began to play us many ugly tricks, teasing and robbing us, and, what was worse, killing one of our horses with a furious blow of a tomahawk: the load that had been carried by four strong horses now fell upon three—that is, on two horses and a mule, which became so weakened by scanty fodder that they could hardly keep up at all.

"We could now see that the first snow-storm would deprive us of them, and expose us to the risk of great misery; and so, sure enough, it happened. We dragged ourselves painfully along until we came to Sandy Hill Creek, where it falls into the Big Blue, when an icy gale sprang up from the north, buried us almost in snow, and killed our last horse. We had a small Indian tent, that we had bought from a fur-hunter at Fort Laramie, some had buffalo meat—some rice and Indian corn: with this food we had passed a few days in a most miserable manner, when the post coming from Fort Kearney to the Flat River passed, and offered to make room for one of us in a little vehicle drawn by six mules, whilst the other should stay in the tent with the goods, and get on as well as he could until the other should send horses from the Catholic Mission, which the post would have to pass, and which lies about eighty or a hundred miles from Sandy Hill Creek. We drew lots, and the lot fell upon me to be left behind in this desolate wilderness, with no other company than that of wolves, who, urged by hunger, would come round me, I thought, in greater numbers every day, and perhaps, when I had grown too weak to offer resistance, fall upon me and devour me and my leathern tent together.

"When the little conveyance containing the only human being existing, as far as I knew, for hundreds of miles round, disappeared at last over the wide white waste, my first business was to see that my weapons were in good order, and lay them as ready to hand as I could in my small tent. I had plenty of arms, a double and single rifle, a double-barrelled fowling-piece, four pistols, and a six-shot revolver, besides a long knife and a heavy axe; and with these murderous instruments I thought I could maintain my post against a good many savages, should any such undressed visitors present themselves. Being, to a certain extent, satisfied on this point, I now set to work to defend myself against the increasing cold and the drifting snow, which managed to find its way into the minutest openings in the tent-leather. I had in no long time raised a wall of firmly stamped snow round my extempore dwelling, and from the neighbouring river dragged a quantity of wood, which I piled up before my low door. A shallow in the ground before my bed of blankets and buffalo-hides served at the same time as a cooking-place and a stove.

"I calculated that in fourteen days, at furthest, I might look for help from the Mission, and I therefore divided my buffalo-meat, rice, coffee, &c., into fourteen days' rations. After having made, in this way, what preparations I could, I crept into my blankets and buffalo-skin, and managed, as I lay, to stir my fire and get my scanty meat ready, and then prepared for my first night alone in the great wilderness.

"With any human creature near, were it but a child, you would not feel so wholly forsaken, and there is comfort in hearing a human voice, were it only a voice of complaint. I was never so forcibly struck with this truth before this evening. I tried talking to myself, but that did not answer; your own voice, somehow, makes you shudder when it reaches no other ear. When the sun set behind masses of snow-clouds, and whilst its last rays were still lingering on the dreary snowy waste, a concert began which I had heard before, but never so little to my taste. A troupe of prairie wolves broke out into a loud howl, and to their long-drawn treble was soon drawn the deep bass of the large gray and white wolf. The wild music was hushed sometimes for a few minutes, and then a solo performer would begin, and make his clear piercing tones heard from afar; then again the full chorus would burst in, the wind carrying the sound far over the desert. In the ravine where the horses had fallen, and where nothing was now to be seen of them but their polished bones and the iron rings of their harness, a fierce contest arose, and by the shrill sounds of lamentations, I guessed the little prairie wolves had the worst of it, and had been obliged to decamp. I tried for hours together to make out, by their voices, the number of the animals assembled in the ravine, but I could not succeed. It was a melancholy occupation, but it helped me to get through the hours of the black stormy night. At last I fell asleep from exhaustion, and was awakened by hunger when the sun stood high in the heavens. One night is got through, I thought, as I cut a notch in one of the tent-poles; when the fourteen are over, the people will be here. It was on the 16th or 18th of November, and I reckoned that by the Christmas Day I might be safe at the Mission. I had no idea how far I was out in my reckoning. The day passed slowly and drearily; I dragged up as much wood and water to my tent as I required, but I remarked, to my terror, that my feet felt weak and lame, so that I staggered as I walked like a drunken man.

"I was sitting in a very dull mood before my tent; but as I was hungry, watching very eagerly the bubbling up and down of the maize in my boiling kettle, puffing away the while at my little pipe, which I had filled with willow-leaves, when I saw some horsemen approaching from the north, driving laden horses before them. Being prepared for all chances, I waited quietly till they came nearer, and then I saw they were Indians, returning from their beaver-hunt to their settlement on the Kansas, and I knew I had nothing to fear from them. When they had come within gun-shot, one of them began speaking to me in English, and relieving me from every feeling of distrust by declaring himself a Delaware. He was soon sitting by my side in my tent, whilst his two companions, a couple of wild-looking fellows, made themselves comfortable outside. Long and earnestly did he persuade me to leave my own and my companions' goods to take their chance with the Indians and the wolves, and go with him to his wigwam on the Missouri. 'The

wolves,' he said, 'will draw nearer and nearer, and will leave you no rest day or night; and if the wandering Pawnees find you out they will plunder you, and scalp you as well.' I declined his offer, and endeavoured to convince him that within two weeks, at most, people would come to my assistance with horses, and that then I should not only be able to save all my goods, of which only the smallest part belonged to myself; but also to get some sort of conveyance to perform the journey, that I feared would be in my present state almost impossible for me to make on foot, or on horseback.

"You will get no help from the whites," said the honest Delaware; "bad horses could not get thus far, and good horses, and their own lives into the bargain, the whites of the Mission would not venture for the sake of a man that, from what your comrades will have told them, they will have given up for lost. But I see a word from a white is more to you than the word and deed of a red-skin. You have the choice. May you not deceive yourself? I persisted in my resolution, though I afterwards bitterly repented of having done so. At parting, the Indian gave me the leg of an antelope, as an addition to my small stock of provisions, pressed my hand, and, without once looking towards my tent, pursued his journey towards the south, and I was once more alone.

"I do not think it would be possible for me to describe the sufferings of the next eight days. I was so lame that I had to crawl on my hands and knees to the water and back to the tent; my head seemed to whirl like that of a drunken man, and my memory was quite failing me, I believed in consequence of the severe cold. Snow storms howled around the dreary settle, threatening to bury me and my tent together; I did not now dare to close my eyes at night, for fear of the wolves, for hunger had rendered them bolder, and they were coming nearer and nearer to me. The great white ones especially were continually describing circles round my dwelling, howling dismally the while; I heard the snow creaking under their feet as I lay listening to every sound; and at last, one night saw the teeth of one of them make their appearance through the tent-leather. I fired my revolver at random through the thin wall into the darkness, and the fierce brutes fled in terror, but it was only to return in a few hours to renew the attack.

"During the daytime these creatures were not so daring, for they dread the light, and then I ventured to take a little rest. But what kind of rest was it? Among the various properties that made a kind of chaos round me in my narrow dwelling, I had discovered a bottle of laudanum, which, with a case of quinine, formed our travelling medicine-chest; and in the morning, after my scanty meal, I used to indulge myself with a good dose, and by that means obtained a sleep of several hours. Gay, pleasant images, then surrounded me in my dreams; I felt neither cold nor pain. I was unconscious and happy; but on awaking, the grim reality again presented itself in all its terrors.

"Nine days I had passed in this manner, and cut nine notches in my tent-pole to mark them; but when I awakened on the tenth, I felt that my limbs were stiffened and powerless, and I could no longer get in my usual supply of wood and water. My thoughts were overpowering and gloomy; I completely despaired of ever being rescued from my terrible situation, and

without having formed any distinct resolution, or well knowing what I did, I put the laudanum bottle to my lips, and almost emptied it; soon after I fell into a deep kind of swoon, so that I was no longer accessible even to dreams. How long I had laid in that state I could not tell, but when I awoke it was pitch dark, and my tent-pole was shaken by a gale that once-howled the wolves. I was tormented by a burning thirst as well as hunger, and having discovered a few glimmering sparks beneath the ashes of my fire, contrived to blow them into a flame and to quench my thirst with some half-melted snow. When the thirst was a little appeased, the hunger began to be more importunate, and in a kind of fury I seized some of the raw, frozen, buffalo-meat, and began to gnaw at it. It tasted deliciously; and, without any thought or care for the future, I then toasted piece after piece over the fire, and consumed at least three days' rations. By the morning I felt better; indeed, the feeling of extreme illness seemed cured at once, as if by magic. Life, even on these conditions, seemed once more sweet; and leaning on my rifle, I tottered out of my tent and wandered a little about. The exercise had a beneficial effect, and in a few days I was able to get to the top of a low hill, and look round on the desolate prospect. In spite of scanty food, and hardships I had to endure, my strength continued to increase; but, unfortunately, my small stock of food decreased in the same proportion, and it was absolutely necessary to think of some method of replenishing it, for it would have been madness now to have to rely on hopes of succour from the Mission. I began to familiarise myself with the thought that I might have to pass the whole winter on this spot, and I calculated that even from my enemies, the wolves, I might levy tribute enough to keep myself from starvation.

"Hunger soon drives out feelings of disgust, and it cost me no effort of self-control when I attacked, for the first time, the thin, dry, tough, sinewy flesh, and gnawed till I was tired at what strongly resembled the sole of a shoe.

"When I had finished this remarkable meal, and liked it, too, for as I had powder and shot in the greatest abundance, I might also consider that I had a well-filled larder. I only needed, at sunrise, to lift a very little the curtain that covered the opening of my tent, so as to get a view of the bank of the small river, and I was sure, before long, to have some beast or other come and place himself so that I could send a bullet through his head. I never took more than the best part of any wolf I had killed, but by the next morning there was never more of it left than a few scattered bones—a fact that convinced me of what I did not before believe, that these creatures devour their own comrades.

"Slowly and drearily my days passed, and still more slowly the nights; but I was able, by degrees, to extend my walk a little further, and moreover, I could whistle and even sing, which I exerted myself to do to keep up my spirits, and also to keep my brains steady, for I must own I occasionally caught them at strange tricks, and made me fear I was going out of my senses. I had still only cut the sixteenth notch in my pole, when one day, after a scanty meal, I put my buffalo robe around me, took my rifle under my arm, and set out on my old way to the neighbouring hill. Fresh snow had fallen during the night, completely effacing the tracks I had previously made, and I was slow in

working my way to the top, so that by the time I reached it the sun was declining, and sending slanting rays over the boundless white plain; not a breath of air was stirring, and I felt warm in the shaggy buffalo hide, though my breath was frozen in drops like pearls on the black wool that surrounded my face.

"Standing on the top of the hill I looked round as usual on all sides, and presently discovered, to my great terror, two human forms, which, though they were still a long way off, seemed to be approaching my camp from the north. I say to my terror, for, independently of a kind of savage shyness I had contracted, they came from a region in which I believed there were none but thievish Pawnees. I considered that if they were Pawnees, it would not be well that they should find me unprepared in my tent. I should do better to await them in the open air and try and find out their disposition and intentions, so that I might in the worse case sell my scalp as dearly as possible. I reckoned I had nearly an hour to make my preparation for it, but when they had once reached a point whence they could overlook my small territory, it would be too late to withdraw myself from their sharp eyes. I, therefore, hastened back to my tent, armed myself with as many weapons as I could carry, and hid the remainder under the bed, after taking out the percussion caps; I then put a good quantity of wood on the glimmering fire, so that a column of smoke might rise through the opening at the top of the tent, and when I left it, took care to walk backwards and leave the opening fastened, so as to appear as if it were done from the inside, and that the Pawnees might suppose the occupant to be within and resting by his fire.

"Sandy Hill Creek was only about 150 paces from the tent, and flowed in a semicircular direction round it; it had high banks, overgrown with shrubs and bushes; thither, therefore, I directed my steps to seek a hiding place. I placed my feet carefully and exactly in the traces that I had left when I went to fetch water in the morning, and these led me to a convenient place on the smooth, glassy surface of the ice, from which the nightly gale had swept all the snow, and drifted it to the high bank. When I got upon the ice, I pulled off what remains of shoes I had on, that the nails in them should not betray me by any scratch; and treading softly, and following the windings of the stream for some time to diminish, as far as possible, the distance between me and the tent, and yet allow me to see from the other side what was going on, I crawled up the banks between the snow drifts, and placed myself on the edge, so that I could look through the projecting twigs and stalks, and get a clear view without being hindered in the use of my weapons. Long I lay and listened, but the fever of expectation prevented my feeling cold, except one hand that lay on the barrel of my rifle was almost frozen to it. At last the heads of the two figures I had noticed, rose above the neighbouring hill, and in a few seconds they stood on its summit, and remained some time looking at my tent and talking with one another. I followed with my eyes their slightest gesture, and I could not help a shiver running through me, when I saw them throw back their buffalo skin, draw their full quivers before them, and string their bows. Their intentions, therefore, were no longer doubtful; and I saw what I had to expect if they should get the best of it. I was prepared, however, and I knew that if they once came

within range of my rifle, their lives were mine; I could not let them escape, for if I had, I should to a certainty have had them back in a few days with a whole troop of their companions. The two Indians soon separated, and making some signs to each other, one proceeded to the hill whence I had first caught sight of them, and began to examine the track I had made, which went straight to the tent; whilst the other, with his eyes fixed on the ground, made a circle round it. He examined with great care the tracks to the water, but appeared satisfied when he had convinced himself that the one line of footsteps lay to, and the other from, the ice. He then noiselessly approached his comrade, who, with his bow in his left hand and an arrow in his right, was standing before the opening of the tent; no word passed between them, but the last comer raised his finger, and put his hand on his cheek, and his head a little on one side—I suppose to signify sleep—he then pointed to the rising smoke, placed his bow before him on the ground, and taking the arrow between his teeth, made with his hands the motion of shooting, after which he took up his bow again, and the two fitted their arrows. Had I been in the tent nothing could have saved me; I understood their gestures but too well. 'Here lives a man; he is lying by the fire asleep; a few arrows will secure this rich booty;' these were assuredly their thoughts, and they now placed themselves so that their arrows, shot in quick succession, should meet at right angles at the empty sleeping place. The blood seemed to stand still in my veins, though I could hear my heart beat as I saw them shoot four or five arrows one after another into the tent, and at that moment I made the discovery how dear life is to a man even in the most dreary and disconsolate circumstances. Nothing stirred behind the thin leathern walls, and the Indians, after listening for awhile, cautiously approached the curtained opening. One then laid his bow aside, and, seizing his tomahawk, knelt down, whilst the other, with his arrow on the string, stood in readiness to shoot. At this moment the shaven skull of the kneeling man was brought into my line of sight, and I cocked my rifle, and, light as the sound was, they both started and cast keen glances around; the kneeling man was now the least dangerous of the two, I therefore shifted my aim, so that the naked breast of the one with the bow became my mark, and instantly fired. The Indian's sharp eye must have discovered me at the moment, for he sprang aside, but he was hit, and fell with a cry that went through every nerve in my body; the other had sprung up, but only to receive the full discharge of back-shot in his face and neck, and to fall lifeless beside his groaning comrade. My enemies were now dead or incapable of injuring me, but a indescribable feeling of despair seized me as I thought of what I had done, and what remained for me to do. I loaded my rifle again, and mechanically approached the bloody spot, and only the groans of the wounded one roused me and recalled me to myself. It was a horrible sight! There lay prostrate before me, swimming in blood, the two men who a minute before had stood there in the full vigour of life. They had, indeed, treacherously plotted the destruction of a man who had never done them any injury, never even seen them, and they had fallen a sacrifice to their own greediness for plunder. The body of the younger one lay stretched out, the toma-

hawk had fallen from his grasp, and the murderous head had entered his neck and one of his eyes, and frightfully distorted his bronze-coloured face. I turned him on the other side, that I might not see it again, and went towards the one who was only wounded. He was an older man, his long black hair almost covered his face, but the fire of deadly hatred gleamed at me from his eyes. The bullet had entered the breast below the left shoulder, though whether the wound was mortal or not, I could not say, but his bleeding, and the clenching of his teeth from pain, awakened the deepest feelings of compassion in me. I bent down over him, and endeavoured to make him understand, by signs and single words, that I would drag him into my tent, wash and heal his wounds, cover him with buffalo skins, and take care of him, if I could thereby gain his good will. At last he made out what I meant, and a wild gleam of joy lighted up his features as he signified his assent by the Indian exclamation, 'Hau! Hau!' For a moment I felt glad, almost happy again; I should save the sufferer, I should gain a companion and a friend in my dreadful solitude. As I was hastening into my tent to make what preparations I could for the reception of my patient, his loud groans called me back. I made signs for me to come nearer, and with a finger to the left hand he pointed to his right which was bent in an inconvenient position under his back, and seemed to beg me to draw it out. Without the slightest suspicion I knelt down beside him, but I had scarcely touched his arm, when the right hand, armed with a knife, flashed like lightning from beneath his body, and seizing me with his left, he stabbed twice at my breast. The blows had been well aimed, but feebly executed. I parried both with my right arm, and snatched, with my left, the knife, which, like the Indian, I wore at my girdle; I plunged it several times into the breast of the revengeful savage. A stream of blood gushed from his mouth, there was a light rattling in the throat, he stretched himself out, and I was again alone—alone in the wide wintry wastes—alone with the dead; the warm blood trickled down my arm, and now first I noticed that I was myself wounded; on drawing back the knife the first time, the sharp blade had passed along the lower part of my arm, and at the second blow the point had struck it almost at the same spot, but only slightly.

The night that followed this eventful day was the most dreadful of my life. I really thought I should have gone mad. The two corpses were but a few yards from me, as I lay on my bed and cooled my hands with snow. Of sleep or rest there could be no thought, for the wolves, attracted by the blood, howled dismally round the spot, and would not have suffered me to have closed my eyes, even if my nervous excitement had not made sleep impossible. I fired my pistol continually into the dark night to keep off the hungry brutes; but, besides this, I could do nothing but resign myself to my fate, and await the day light. With the earliest dawn, however, I hastened out of my tent to drag away the lifeless remains, and, if possible, rid myself of the dangerous company of the wolves.

It was necessary, too, that I should efface all traces of the Indians, since I could not know whether another of their tribe might not pass that way, in which case the appearance of blood would have immediately decided my fate. I approached the spot, therefore,

and shuddered to see that the bodies lay in a different place, and were disgustingly mangled by the wolves.

Hunger drove me to search them, and I found concealed under their leathern girdles some dried buffalo-meat, which I took, and then rolled up whatever might have served to betray me, with the remains, in their buffalo robes. I tied them round, and by great exertion dragged them, one after another, to the hole in the ice where I got my water, and pushed them under, so that they would be carried away by the current.

After I had finished the melancholy task, I made such a fire on the place where the two robbers had left their blood, that even the wolves must lose the scent in the heap of ashes; and at night the usual snow-storm set in, and effaced the last indication that might have led to a discovery. The hoarse cry of the raven mingled in the customary way with the howling of the wolves; but I had now a feeling of security, as well as a revived hope of rescue, which was increased by the additional supply of food I had obtained.

Christmas time came, and I had become, to a certain extent, used to loneliness, and managed to do, in a sort of automaton style, what was necessary just to keep myself alive. The wilderness had lost much of its terrors for me, and I thought of the future with a sort of stupid apathy, and sometimes I scarcely cared to know what was in store for me; and yet it was no pleasant thought when I sometimes asked myself what would be the end of it! Then my mind ran sulkily over past years. I thought of the Christmases in my native country—in my childhood, of the splendid Christmas-trees and the kind friends surrounding me; and lying on my back, looking up, when the night is fine, at the glittering starry sky, through the hole at the top of my tent, I inhaled the fragrant smoke produced by mingling some tea with the dry willow-leaves in my pipe, the only Christmas indulgence I could afford, and fancied the stars looked kindly down on me, as they used to do at home; so they seemed, like myself, to be trembling with the cold. On the Christmas-morning, when I went out into the air, I beheld a flock of prairie fowls sitting among the trees on the bank of the river; and I am ashamed to say how my heart beat, and with what delight, after living so long on tough wolf's flesh and scanty diet, I looked forward to the sensual joys of a roast worthy of Christmas.

I examined my rifle, knowing that these shy birds would not allow me to approach near enough to use small shot.

A grand-looking cock was sitting just within reach of my bullet, but an irresistible covetous desire to get two birds at once induced me slightly to change my position. I trod on some slight twig that was hidden by the snow; it snapped under my foot, frightened the fowls, and the whole flock instantly flew off.

Between hope and disappointment, privation and suffering, the time passed until the first day of January, and I was lying one day under my blanket and skins, neither asleep nor awake, but between the two, when I heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and at the same time the Indian salutation, 'Au-turro-lau' (Hollo, friend!) I was out of my reverie in a moment and my hand like lightning on my rifle, when, before I could get out of my tent, some words that sounded like sweetest music to mine ears, English words, were pronounced, 'You are in a bad case here, friend.' 'Come in,' I cried, almost beside myself with joy

and the curtain rose, and then crawled in, not as I had expected, a white-beaver hunter or travelling Mormon, but a very dirty and very wild-looking Indian, pushing a five-foot rifle before him.

"As I made a distrustful repellant gesture, he exclaimed, 'You can speak English with me, I understand very well.' 'You are an Indian?' I inquired. 'My father was white,' was the answer, 'but my mother was red, and I like better to be an Indian; I belong to the tribe of the Ottos, and am on my way, with five comrades and our women, from the hunt on the Nebraska to our wigwams at Council Bluffs. The smoke of your fire brought us here; our camp is in a deep ravine two miles off, but my companions will soon come up. If you like you shall come into my tent, and go with us to our village on the Missouri. The way is long, and there is a good deal of snow; we must go, for our beasts are laden with meat, but there will be room for your things; our women will sew moccasins on your feet, so that you need not leave any bloody trail behind you. Make up your mind, and say that you will, but first give me something to eat, for I am hungry.'

" 'I knew the Ottos were brothers to the whites,' I answered. 'I will go with you, however far it may be. As for your hunger, I will put my whole stock before you. Here are first two fresh legs of a prairie wolf, not too fat, certainly, but if you are hungry you will eat of them; here is a bit of buffalo meat, and here is some horse fodder (maize). If you like salt, you need only stretch out your hand to that little bag, it is full of it.' 'Wolf's flesh is bad food,' said Louis Farfar, the half-breed, 'we red skins never eat it but in case of need, or sometimes for a cure, when we have got the toothache or the rheumatism; but give it here, I am hungry.'

"With these words he cut two thin slices from the said leg, laid them upon the fire, and filled up the time till they were ready by chewing the hard but well-flavoured buffalo meat. Louis Farfar had not yet finished his meal when two new comers made their appearance, crawling in as he had done, and completely filling up the small dwelling. They were savages, but they stretched out their hands to me in a friendly manner over the fire, and the first, and an old wrinkled warrior, whose name was Wo-ne-shee, threw his blanket from his shoulder, drew a bag embroidered with blue beads from his girdle, and set about the important business of smoking, as a sign of perfect good will. The iron hammer of his war hatchet was hollowed out so as to form a pipe-head, from which a thin tube ran up the handle, so that the dangerous weapon served at the same time as the symbol of peace.

"Whilst Wo-ne-shee was taking his mixture of tobacco and varine-ke-nue (sumach leaves, mixed with willow bark), I turned my attention to his younger companion. He was a man of gigantic height, and, as I could see though he sat crouched together, of fine and powerful form; his hair was cut rather short, and, by great pains bestowed on it, made to stand upright, except the platted scalplock at the top of his head, which hung low down his back. His face was decorated with black stripes; and, in spite of the wild expression of his features, I thought I had never seen a handsomer Indian; his name was Wa-ki-ta-mo-née, or the Fat Soldier. He was one of the most distinguished warriors of the Ottos, and the numerous

scalps that adorned his shield gave testimony to his valiant deeds; and to his quality of dreaded warrior he added too, as I was informed, that of a great medicine man—that is, a physician and conjurer. My unfortunate situation, especially the wolf's flesh, seemed to awaken a strong feeling of compassion in him; for when old Wo-ne-shee handed the lighted pipe to me, he put his hand under the leathern curtain, and pulled into the tent the fresh-bleeding quarter of a deer he had just killed, and with good natured nods, threw it down at my side. We had now such a feast as I had not known for some time. Farfar's sharp nose had scented out, among the heap of things confusedly tumbled together, a vessel containing tallow, which we had for greasing the cart-wheels with; this he put into the pan, to improve the flavour of the fresh venison, and certainly I thought I had never tasted anything more savoury. We ate and smoked, and ate again, and exchanged, in the meantime, but few either of words or signs; but, at every juicy slice I cut off, I blessed my red-skinned deliverers who, without any prospect of gain, had said to me: 'You are hungry, eat; you are ready to perish, come with us; you are sick, we will take care of you—clothe you; and yet, in the eyes of some pious missionaries, they would but have been heathen castaways, not good enough to live with them as menials.

"When we had finished our meal of venison, we made some coffee of roasted corn. Once more, the pipe of old Wo-ne-shee went round, and then we began to talk of our plans for the journey; it was settled that my Indian friends were to come down in full force next day, and take me and my goods to their camp, and thenceforward I was to consider their tents as my home, and their hospitable inhabitants as my brothers and faithful companions for life and death. The worthy red skin left me towards evening, with a cordial farewell, to return to his camp in the ravine. I had now but one more night to pass alone in the steppe.

"With what a different feeling rolled myself this night in my accustomed covering, now that I had this proof that the kind and watchful care of Providence was still over me as truly as it is in every situation of life; how contented and happy I felt that I had not, during this dreadful six weeks, listened to the suggestions of despair. I lay long thinking over the various things that had happened to me; but a few hours since helpless and homeless, and seemingly left to perish, and now, I could have shouted aloud at the thought, I was saved and once more to live among human fellow creatures. I did not know, indeed, how long I might be compelled to remain with savages; but I rejoiced that they were men who seemed, I thought, incapable of treachery, and who looked upon me as a brother, and I did feel like a brother to them as long as I remained with them, and up to the moment when I shook their brown hands on our parting never to meet again, and I saw sorrowful expression in their bright black eyes. I feel like their brother still, when I stand here in full health and strength looking round on the glorious works of God, and remember that I have to thank my faithful Indian friends that I am here to do so. I think I shall still have that brotherly feeling towards them when we both appear, hereafter, to give an account before him whom these poor savages call the Great Good Spirit.

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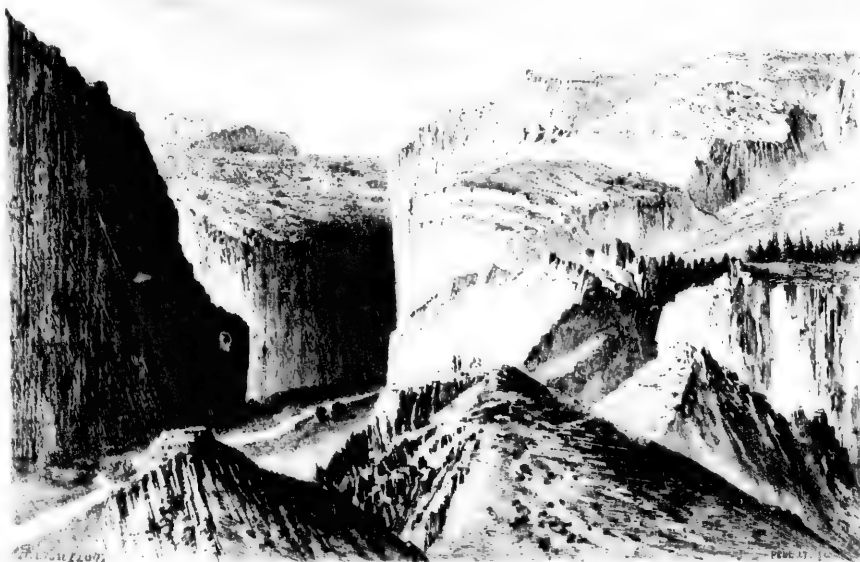
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the following morning, I had packed up all the best things belonging partly to myself and partly to my former companion, and I contemplated with the liveliest interest, as they approached to greet me, the other members of the caravan with which I was to be associated. Besides these already mentioned, there were Sekin-ge-in-keen, a young warrior, Scha-ho-katako, a lad of eighteen, the son of old Wo-ne-shee, and young Wa-ki-to-me, a fine young fellow, son of the medicine man. A swarm of women followed at a modest distance, and as soon as they arrived, set about packing the bundles that lay about into the half snowed-up waggon, which I and my former companion

had brought. They left nothing behind, and when the tent leather was found to be too firmly frozen to the ground to be got up, they cut it off above the snow, and threw it in with the rest of the things. To what purpose the little waggon was loaded I could not understand, until I saw the women and young lads harness themselves to it, and by dint of pulling and pushing, with many a merry shout, roll it away in the direction of their camp, while I myself, carrying nothing but my weapons, followed slowly with the elder warriors. When I had reached the top of the hill, I stood still a moment to look back on the scene of my indescribable sufferings. All lay still under its white



A CANON, OR MOUNTAIN PASS, IN THE SIERRA WAH.

covering; the spot where my tent had stood marked by a heap of ashes amongst which the embers still glimmered, whilst a light smoke rose from it. There I had passed so many dreadful sleepless nights; down there, on the bank, I had lain in ambush with my rifle; there the two Indians had fallen mortally wounded. I looked on my arm where the wounds were scarcely closed, and then at the hole in the ice into which I had pushed the bodies, and a shudder crept over me; but it might be partly from the cold, for the lead-coloured clouds hung low down, and some flakes of snow began to fall. I drew my buffalo skin closer round me and hurried after the rest over the crunching snow.

Mr. Sullivan describes the mountains immediately

to the north of the boundary line as capable of being penetrated in many directions, since they do not assume impracticable shapes. The highest of them does not exceed 2,000 feet, many do not deserve to be called mountains at all, and their gently sloping sides, with wide valleys between them, seem to offer facilities for roads in many ways.

Dr. Hester has expressed the utmost confidence, when an expedition shall be sent to ascertain the real source of the Thompson and the tributaries of the Fraser on the one hand, and of the Great Columbia River on the other, that vast sources of auriferous wealth will be opened out which are now unknown. It has hitherto been considered of deep importance to know what was to become of the population which was

about to inhabit British Columbia? That country, though so auriferous, was of such a configuration—the valleys were so narrow, the rivers so rapid, and the mountains so steep—that it was not probable that it could sustain a large population. But while this was an objection applicable to the Fraser River district, Dr. Hector spoke of the great breadth of the river courses or eastern tributaries of the Columbia, which he descended, and of the richness of the valley of the Columbia itself.

It is generally admitted, that the contemplated line of railway would be the most important upon the surface of the globe. Certainly, as respects the possessions of this country, there was not a line that could be compared with it. It would not merely be a line of great importance to North America, but it would affect other parts of the world, Asiatic and European as well as American.

There is something, it is to be observed, that is very striking and suggestive in the contrast between the way in which the native Indians, dwelling in these countries, look upon each other, and the way in which they treat white men who come among them. Those who accompanied Captain Palliser, when they came to the territory of another tribe, were afraid to go on. The tribes were at war, and afraid of each other in consequence; but, when a white man came among them, he was received as a friend. The question is, whether our expectations of these poor Indians, who have not yet had the experience that other Indians have had of the white man, will be realised. We know what has been the result in other cases: that some of the tribes have been altogether blotted out from the face of the earth, and others have been driven far back from their original possessions, into a part of the country where they cannot get the means of subsistence. It is to be hoped no such fate will befall the Indians, who received Captain Palliser with so much hospitality: it is in our power to prevent it, by watching the progress of our explorers and colonists with the eye of philanthropists, and guarding against the introduction of those evils among them that have been so destructive in other instances. An Indian chief was once told, that the reason why he opposed the progress of Christianity among his people was because he was fond of fire-water. The chief gave his exponent a look of scorn, and said:—"Yes, I love the fire-water: I know it is destroying me and my people, but how came we by the fire-water? Before the white man came among us, we ate fish, deer, beaver, and other animals, and drank the water of our lakes and rivers, and we suffered no harm. The white man came, and told us the fire-water would make us very happy. We drank it, and at last we came to love it. And if you wish us not to make use of it, tell your own people, your traders, not to bring it among us." Something should be done to stay the progress of the evils that have, hitherto, accompanied the white man in going among the Indians, so that, with the progress of our colonisation, there may be a corresponding progress of our Christianity and our civilisation.

IV.—THE COUNTRY BETWEEN CANADA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

So far for official investigation, which of necessity being more precise, loses much of the interest of adventure in the elaboration of local details.

The country thus explored and that which is comprised between Canada and British Columbia, including the district of Lakes Winnipeg, Winnipegosis, Manitoba, and others, the promising regions of the two Saskatchewan, or Bow Rivers, a vast region of forest and prairies—at present the hunting ground of the red men and the half-breeds—the Rocky Mountains themselves, and steep descents along the deep valleys of the Columbia and Fraser Rivers, presents features of deep interest; from the scenes of wild unclaimed nature, teeming with animal and vegetable life, and from the lusty promises held out by these unappropriated territories to a future civilisation.

How fortunate would it be if we could meet with, as a wanderer in such scenes, some daring young artist, sketch book in hand, who combining at once the qualities of back-woodsman, hunter, trapper, and traveller, should unite to them the rare qualification of a knowledge of the languages of the Indian tribes, together with the faculty of acquiring their confidence and friendship.

It is with pleasure, therefore, that we turn to the pages of Mr. Paul Kane, who, although his travels date now some time back, boldly effected his way by lake and river, by prairie and rocky mount, through forest and marsh, and over ice and snow, from Toronto to Victoria and back again, from the warm valley of the Columbia to the sterner climate of the Upper Canada. It was hardly possible that the narrative of such an extensive exploratory journey should not be accompanied by some striking features, and we have not been disappointed in finding them.

Starting from Toronto on the 17th of June, with no companions but his portfolio and a box of paints, his gun and a stock of ammunition, the adventurous artist took the most direct road way to Lake Huron, and the Great Manitoulin Island, where a meeting of 2,000 Indians was assembled, waiting for the arrival of the vessel that was freighted with their annual presents, comprising guns, ammunition, axes, kettles, and other implements useful to the Indian. Here he first heard the Indian pipe or flageolet.

"Strolling one evening in the vicinity of the camp, I heard the sound of some musical instrument, and when approaching the performer, who was lying under a tree, I found that he was playing on an instrument resembling a flageolet in construction, but more softer in tone. This instrument is principally used by lovers, who play for hours in the vicinity of their mistress's lodge. I have often listened with pleasure to this music, as its simple and plaintive notes stole through the stillness of the forest. The lover made no secret of his object, but conversed with me freely upon the subject of his love."

The power of love among the Indians is equally as forcible as poets tell us it has been in more civilized communities.

Among the numerous Indians assembled at Manitoulin was one that particularly attracted Mr. Kane's attention from his venerable and distinguished appearance. This was Shaw wa-nos-soway or "One with his face towards the West." He had been a celebrated warrior in his youth, but owing to a romantic incident had abandoned the tomahawk and scalping-knife for the peaceable profession of the medicine-man, or, in common parlance, the necromancer or conjurer, in which he had obtained great repute among his people.

There dwelt many years before, on the shores of one of the great lakes, a band of Ojibeways. Among them

was a family, consisting of a father and mother, with a grown-up son and daughter, the latter named Awh-mid-way; or, "There is music in her footsteps." She excelled in beauty the rest of the tribe, and was eagerly sought in marriage by all the young warriors of her nation. It was not long before Muck-e-tock-enow, or "Black Eagle," renowned for his prowess in battle and the chase, had, by his assiduities, won her undivided affections; nor did she conceal from him this favourable state of her feelings, but, in accordance with the customs of her people, she had unhesitatingly extinguished the blazing bark which he had sent floating down the stream that glided past her lodge, and thus acknowledged him as her accepted lover. Confident of possessing her heart, he directed all his endeavours to the propitiation of her parents, and eagerly sought how to compensate them for the loss they would undergo in relinquishing a daughter so dearly loved. For this purpose he departed on a long and distant hunt; and, while straining every faculty of his mind and body in collecting trophies and presents wherewith to conciliate them, and show his entire devotion to the object of his adoration, their evil destiny brought Shaw wa-nos-soway, then a great war-chief, in all the pride of manly strength and vigour, to their camp, on his return from a war excursion, in which he had greatly distinguished himself, and spread his fame far and wide as the terror of his enemies and the boast of his friends.

Having heard of the transcendent charms of Awh-mid-way, he presented himself before her, girded with the scalps of his enemies, and loaded with other trophies of his victories. No sooner did he behold her, than, overcome by her charms, he devoted himself to her service, and endeavoured, by every art that the most passionate love could dictate, to win her regard. He recounted the numerous battles he had won, the enemies he had slain: he displayed the reeking scalps he had torn from the defeated enemy—warriors who had been the terror of his nation; he named the many chiefs who had sued to him for peace, and at the same time plied every artifice to win the good-will of her parents; who, proud of what they considered their daughter's superb conquest, listened to him with delight, and urged her by every persuasive argument to accept so distinguished a chief as her husband, expatiating on the honour such an alliance would confer on their family. Constant, however, to her first love, she turned a deaf ear to all the protestations of his rival, whose tales of conquest and bloody trophies only excited her abhorrence.

But, nothing daunted, and determined to win her either by fair means or foul, Shaw wa-nos-soway persevered in his suit, trusting to time and accident to attain his object. The poor girl, now made truly wretched by his undeviating persecution, accompanied by the menaces of her parents, who were determined to overcome what they regarded as the rebellious obstinacy of their child, at length came to the resolution of appealing to the generosity and honour of her persecutor, and, in the hope of propitiating his forbearance, in an evil hour she confessed her long cherished affection for Muck-e-tock-enow. He no sooner discovered the cause of her rejection of his suit, than rage and jealousy took full possession of his heart, and plans of vengeance rapidly succeeded each other, until he decided on the assassination of his rival. Having learned from his unsuspecting charmer the route her lover had taken, he tracked him, and came up with his camp, and, concealing him-

self from observation, crawled towards the fire, where his victim sat alone, preparing his evening repast, and shot him from behind a tree. Hiding the body among some brushwood, he took possession of the game of his murdered rival as a means of accounting for his own absence, and hastened back to the village, where he renewed his suit more ardently than before, to the utter disappointment and distress of Awh-mid-way, who still rejected all his overtures with indignation, and, urged by the positive commands and threats of her parents, she at last, hoping by some artifice still to put off the evil day, consented to name a time when she would receive him as her husband, trusting that her lover would in the meantime return and rescue her from the impending sacrifice, and concealing, as well as she could, her increasing aversion to her persecutor.

The dreaded day at last, however, arrived, but no lover, of course, returned. Little did she think that his mangled remains had fallen a prey to the ravenous beasts of the forest; for still hope fondly directed her gaze in the direction she had seen him take at his departure, when all was sunshine and prospective happiness. With aching eyes and a bursting heart, she saw the evening approach that was to bind her irrevocably to one she abhorred. The bridal canoe, which, according to the Indian custom, had been prepared with all the necessary stores to convey the betrothed pair on a month's excursion together (which is, in fact, the only marriage ceremony), was already lying on the beach. Night had come; the nuptial feast was prepared—the last she was to partake of in her father's lodge—when, lo! the bride was missing, and consternation usurped the place of gaiety in the bridal throng. Eagerly did they seek her, with torches and shouts, through the neighbouring forests, but no answering sound met their ears, although the search was continued with untiring eagerness till daylight. Then, for the first time, it was discovered that the bridal canoe was gone; and, concluding that the bride had availed herself of it to aid her escape, Shaw wa-nos-soway, accompanied by her brother, started in pursuit on foot, following the direction of the shore.

After proceeding for several hours, they caught sight of the canoe and its fair occupant in the distance. Increasing their speed, they reached a point which the canoe must necessarily pass round. Here the lover swam out, hoping to intercept it; in vain did he endeavour, by every means he could devise, to induce her to stop and take him on board. Defeated by her resolute refusal, and the vigour and skill with which she plied her paddle, he was obliged to relinquish the pursuit, and return to the shore. He had scarcely landed when a violent storm, accompanied with thunder, lightning, and heavy rain, compelled the pair to encamp for the night. Notwithstanding the tempest, she continued her efforts until the shades of night hid her from their view. The clouds dispersed with the dawning day, and they continued their pursuit until they, at length, espied the canoe lying on the shore. Thinking they had at last obtained their object, they quickened their steps; but, on coming up to it, they encountered a troop of wolves, and their horror may well be conceived, on discovering the remains of the being they loved almost wholly devoured, and only to be recognised by her torn and scattered garments. With aching heart, they carefully gathered her scattered remains, and placing them in the canoe, returned to the camp, where she was wept and mourned over for

many weeks by her disconsolate relatives and friends, and buried with all the ceremonies of her tribe.

It was evident that the heavy storm had driven the canoe on shore; and it is probable that her materials for kindling a fire having become soaked with water, she had been debarred the only means of protecting herself from these ravenous animals.

Shaw wa-nossoway was so much grieved at the misery which his ungovernable passions had brought upon the object of his warmest love, that he formed the resolution of abandoning his warlike pursuits; and, throwing up the tomahawk to the Great Spirit, that it might be employed only as an instrument of justice, he took in its stead the rattle of the medicine-man; nor did he ever after act inconsistently with his altered character.

From the Great Manitoulin, Mr. Kane proceeded to Turtle Island, in the straits between Lakes Huron and Michigan, where 2,600 Ojibways and Ottawas had arrived to receive 25,000 dollars in payment for land ceded to the United States. Thence to Green Bay, and thence to Fox River, for the purpose of visiting the Manistowee Indians on the Lake Winnebago. "The evening previous to our arrival," says Mr. Kane, "we saw some Indians spearing salmon by night. This has always a very picturesque appearance, the strong red glare of the blazing pine knots and roots in the iron frame or light jack at the bow of the canoe throwing the naked figures of the Indians into wild relief upon the dark water and sombre woods. Great numbers of fish are killed in this manner. As the light is intense, and above the head of the spearman, it enables him to see the fish distinctly at a great depth, and at the same time, it apparently either dazzles or attracts the fish. In my boyish days, I have seen as many as a hundred light junks gliding about the Bay of Toronto, and have often joined in the sport. This, I suppose, gave me additional interest in the scene; so that, although very tired with my long day's paddling I sat down by the fire, and while my companion was cooking some fish in a *nish cook*—Indian fashion, for we had lost our kettle—I made a sketch." (See p. 339.)

The reader will call to mind the description given of the spearing of salmon by torch-light in Sir Walter Scott's *Redgauntlet*, but perhaps the best companion to an illustration of Paul Kane's sketch is that supplied by Captain Palliser while travelling in the same district.

"One evening," says Captain Palliser, "we determined to go out pan-hunting, a species of sport which, for the edification of my brethren on this side of the Atlantic, I must endeavour to explain. It is a method of hunting deer at night. An iron pan attached to a long stick, serving as a handle, is carried in the left hand over the left shoulder; near where the left hand grasps the handle is a small projecting stick, forming a mark on which to rest the rifle in firing. The pan is filled with burning pine knots, which, being saturated with turpentine, shed a brilliant and constant light all round, shining into the eyes of any deer that may come in that direction, and making them look like two balls of fire. The effect is most curious to those unaccustomed to it, and surprised me very much. The first time a deer came up and looked at my light, I drew up my rifle aimed as well as I was able, for I could but imperfectly trace the line of my sight, although marked with chalk. A plan we adopt when shooting wild ducks by night in England, and fired; but my inquisitive buck bounded off unscathed, as did another at which I had a tolerably fair shot also that night.

"My friend, however, bagged one, whereupon we halted, and having lighted our fire in a nice spot surrounded by giant trees, sat down by the side of it, and, lulled by its cheerful crackling, alternately dozed and chatted till I forgot my disappointment in failing in pan-hunting, and composed myself to sleep. My companion, however, having killed his deer, was in great spirits and talkative; so finding it impossible to bask his communicative humour, I roused myself, by filling and lighting my pipe, and made up my mind to listen. 'Well now, I vow,' said he, 'this pan-hunting is an almighty dangerous sort of thing; only to think on what happened to the Major about this time two years.' My readers must know the Major in question had that morning breakfasted with us.) 'It's not forgotten yet; we rile him still about it.' 'Well, I replied, 'I remember you alluded to something this morning which had happened to him, that seemed to me to amuse you much more than it amused the Major.' 'Amused him!' he exclaimed. 'Well now, I'll tell you the whole perticklers, and if you think it ought to have amused him I'll eat my hat, and that's a fact. Well now, here goes. About this time two years, the Major takes it into his head to go out pan-hunting; now he never was at no time anything of a hunter in no ways, but he goes one dark night, and as soon as he sees gliding upon him the eyes of a fine tarantion big buck, he draws his head' (*Laugh*), sight of rifle upon him, and downs him. 'Up gets another, and off a little way. 'That must be the doe,' thinks the Major. So he loads up again and away he goes after her, and soon comes up facing her again. 'Crack, goes his rifle again, and he downs her too. Well, he thought he had played this time, so he makes his way home, mixes himself a stiff drink, and into bed, and in the morning starts a couple of niggers with an old horse to bring home the meat. But, behold you, no tidings of the deer; so he goes off himself, and when he got to the place—holly Moses!—what should he see, stark and stiff before him, but his beautiful blood mare plumed right between the eyes, and, about twenty steps further, the fad too, dead enough this time and no mistake!'"

Mr. Kane left Toronto on a second and longer journey in company with Governor Simpson, on the 9th of May, 1846, for Saint St. Marie, in order to embark in the brigade of canoes which had left Lachine some time previously. Owing to various delays and misadventures, he did not arrive, however, at Fort William till the day after the brigade had started, and had to overtake them in a light canoe, which he did in about ten hours. The brigade consisted of three canoes, with eight men in each, under charge of a gentleman named Lane. The men who usually work this brigade of canoes are hired at Lachine, and are called "m. n. g. e. u. s. d. e. h. a. r. d." or b. a. e. n. e. a. t. e. r. s. among the old hands in the interior. Somehow they are unequal to encountering the difficulties incident to a voyage from Lachine to the mouth of the Columbia, and become almost skeletons by the time they reach their destination, through the unavoidable privations and hardships they have to undergo.

The progress of the canoes up the river is, as we have before seen, interrupted every few hours by Portages. The Falls, one of which is called "Mountain Portage," are said to surpass even those of Niagara in picturesque beauty, for although far inferior in volume of water, their height is nearly equal, and the scenery

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THE GIANT PINE TREES OF SONORA.

surrounding them infinitely more wild and romantic. Here Mr. Paul Kane tells us a tale of horror.

"June 1st.—We passed down the River 'Macan,' where there are some beautiful rapids and falls. Here we fell in with the first Indians we had met since leaving the Lake of the Thousand Islands; they were called 'Saulteaux,' being a branch of the Ojibeways, whose language they speak with very slight variations. We purchased from an Indian man and woman some dried sturgeon. The female wore a rabbit-skin dress; they were, as I afterwards learnt, considered to be cannibals, the Indian term for which is "Weendigo," or 'One who eats human flesh.' There is a superstitious belief among Indians that the Weendigo cannot be killed by anything short of a silver bullet. I was informed, on good authority, that a case had occurred here in which a father and daughter had killed and eaten six of their own family from absolute want. The story went on to state that they then encamped at some distance off in the vicinity of an old Indian woman, who happened to be alone, her relations having gone out hunting. Seeing the father and daughter arrive, unaccompanied by any other member of the family, all of whom she knew, she began to suspect that some foul play had taken place, and to feel apprehensive for her own safety. By way of precaution, she resolved to make the entrance to her lodge very slippery, and as it was winter and the frost severe, she poured water repeatedly over the ground as fast as it froze, until it was covered with a mass of smooth ice, and instead of going to bed she remained sitting up in her lodge watching with an axe in her hand. When near mid night she heard steps advancing cautiously over the cracking snow, and looking through the crevices of the lodge, caught sight of the girl in the attitude of listening, as if to ascertain if the inmates were asleep; this the old woman feigned by snoring aloud. The welcome sound no sooner reached the ears of the wretched girl, than she rushed forward, but slipping on the ice, fell down at the entrance of the lodge, whereupon the intended victim sprang upon the murderess and buried the axe in her brains; then, not doubting but the villainous father was near at hand, she fled with all speed to a distance to escape his vengeance. In the meantime the Weendigo father, who was impatiently waiting for the expected signal to his horrid repast, crept up to the lodge and called to his daughter; hearing no reply he went on, and, in place of the dead body of the old woman he saw his own daughter, when, hunger overcoming every other feeling, he saved his own life by devouring her remains.

"The Weendigos are looked upon with superstitious dread and horror by all Indians, and any one known to have eaten human flesh is shunned by all the rest, as it is supposed that, having once tasted it, they would do so again had they the opportunity. They are obliged, therefore, to make their lodges at some distance from the rest of the tribe, and the children are particularly kept out of their way; however, they are not molested or injured in any way, but seem rather to be pitied for the misery they must have endured before they could be brought to this state. I do not think that any Indians, at least none that I have ever seen, would eat his fellow-creature, except under the influence of starvation; nor do I think there is any tribe of Indians on the North American continent to whom the word 'cannibals' can be properly applied."

With the exception of the rocky passes, the great river

Kaministiquia is described as meandering through one of the loveliest valleys in nature, yet it is only a hunting-ground for Indians. Further up is the first of a series of lakes, which constitute the most remarkable feature of an extensive district, and which may be designated, after its central and largest sheet of water, the Winnipeg District. The water-parting between the tributaries to the Winnipeg, and those to Lake Superior, is alternately rocky and swampy, and lakes are soon met with, one of the first of which is designated as the Lake of a Thousand Islands. Most of these lakes appear to be very shallow, as is the case with Winnipeg or "Mud" Lake itself, and the same character of country extends to Hudson's Bay; the Indians being known as the "Mas-ka-gaw, or Swamp Indians." Ducks so abound in these marshes, that the Indians shoot as many as forty by firing at them in the water, and rapidly loading and firing again whilst the flock is circling round. Vast quantities of white fish—sturgeon, pike, and other fish—are also taken in these lakes and rivers, which further abound in a fish that emits a strange sound, and somewhat resembles the Canadian bass.

The two largest lakes between Lake Superior and Winnipeg, are Rainy Lake and Lake of the Woods, round which dwell the Saulteaux Indians, and the scenery of which is said to be very beautiful. The River Winnipeg itself is described as being broken by numerous rapids and falls, and as being one of the most picturesque rivers met with on the whole route. This region is, however, at times visited by a sad scourge. For full a hundred and fifty miles the trees were found to be literally stripped of their foliage by myriads of green caterpillars, which had, indeed, left nothing but the bare branches.

Besides the Winnipeg River, which is one of the highways to the west, the lake of the same name is fed more to the west by the Red River, well-known for its Scotch settlement. This now numbers three thousand inhabitants, living as farmers in great plenty, so far as mere food and clothing is concerned, but having no market nearer than St. Paul's, on the Mississippi river, a distance of nearly seven hundred miles over the prairies. The half-breeds were more numerous than the whites, and amounted at the time of Mr. Kane's visit, to six thousand. They all spoke the Cree language and the Lower Canadian patois. These half-breeds are a very hardy race of men, capable of enduring the greatest hardships and fatigues, but their Indian propensities predominate, and, consequently, they make poor farmers, neglecting their land for the more exciting pleasures of the chase. Great buffalo hunts take place twice a year, and hence this settlement has become the chief provision depot of the Hudson Bay Company, and the place whence the main stores of pemmican or pimmikon (preserved buffalo's meat) are procured. There are forts, judges, and court-houses, Roman Catholic and Protestant churches, and, altogether, from a view given of it by Mr. Kane, the settlement, which we have heard so much for and against, appears to be flourishing, and to possess, from its open character, quite an old-country air about it.

Mr. Paul Kane joined one of the buffalo hunts from this place. Our artist himself took the affair very coolly. Joining in the pursuit, he came up with a large bull, which he had the satisfaction of bringing down at the first fire. "Excited by my success," he goes on to relate, "I threw

down my cap, and galloping on, soon put a bullet through another enormous animal. He did not, however, fall, but stopped and faced me, pawing the earth, bellowing, and glaring savagely at me. The blood was streaming profusely from his mouth, and I thought he would soon drop. The position in which he stood was so fine that I could not resist the desire of making a sketch. I accordingly dismounted, and had just commenced, when he suddenly made a dash at me. I had hardly time to spring on my horse and get away from him, leaving my gun and everything else behind."

The plain, after the hunt, resembles vast shambles. It was covered with the dead and dying animals, of which the half-breeds destroy at least thirty thousand annually. The women were soon busy cutting the flesh into slices, and hanging them in the sun on racks to make pemmican. At night wolves and half-wild dogs disputed the offal amongst themselves.

Mr. Kane had had enough of buffalo hunting, as a matter of business, and determined to start back alone for Fort Garry, taking with him a sick guide. They travelled the first day's journey of the 200 miles with "their faces over their shoulders," watching for Sioux, whose murderous coming they every moment anticipated, but fortunately met with nothing but a great many stray dogs and wolves, which appeared to be led on by the scent of the dead carcasses. On the third day they arrived at the pleasant stage of "The Swampy Lake," about fourteen miles across. The middle of this they reached at sunset, but here the guide became worse, and they were compelled to halt. "I succeeded," says Mr. Kane, "in finding a small dry spot above water large enough for me to sit upon, but not affording room for my legs, which had to remain in the water, there being no more room in the small cart than was necessary for the sick man. Having no means for cooking, I was compelled to eat my dried meat raw. I tried to compose myself to sleep, but found it impossible, from the myriads of mosquitoes which appeared determined to extract the last drop of blood from my body. After battling with them until four o'clock next morning, my eyes almost blinded by their stings, I went in search of the horses, which had strayed away to some distance into deeper water, tempted by some sort of grass growing there. I had to wade up to my middle in pursuit of them, and it was not until nine o'clock that we were able to proceed."

He now proceeded alone, leaving the guide, who felt better; but he had not proceeded far before he encountered swampy lakes that abound in this region, and render travelling extremely difficult. "I had no doubt," he relates, "got on a wrong track, for in endeavouring to cross, my horse quickly sunk up to his neck in mud and water. Seeing that I could neither advance nor recede, I dismounted, and found myself in the same predicament, scarcely able to keep my head above the surface. I managed, however, to reach the dry land; and with the lasso or long line, which every voyageur in these parts invariably has attached to his horse's neck, succeeded in getting the animal out. I remounted, and endeavoured to cross in another direction, but with no better success. I now found myself surrounded on all sides, as far as I could see, with nothing but swamp. My horse refused to be ridden any further. I had, therefore, to dismount, and drag him along as best I could, wading up to my very middle in mud and water abounding with reptiles.

That I had lost my way was now certain, and as it was raining hard, I could not see the sun, nor had I a compass. I, however, determined to fix upon one certain course, and keep that at all hazards, in hopes that I might reach the Assiniboine River, by following which I could not fail to reach our settlement. After travelling in uncertainty for ten or twelve miles, I had at length the satisfaction of reaching the river, and in two hours afterwards I arrived safe at Fort Garry. The next morning I learned that my guide had been brought in by two men who were looking for stray horses. The poor fellow had got rapidly worse after my leaving, and had only proceeded a short distance when he was compelled to stop. He only survived two days after his arrival."

The start from the Red River Settlement, effected on Mr. Kane's return from his buffalo hunt, was made with all the appearances of civilisation. Two small sloops ply regularly across Lake Winnipeg, between the Red River and Norway House. Whilst crossing the lake, they touched at an island that was literally covered with gulls and pelicans, and their eggs. Lake Winnipeg is separated from Playgreen Lake by a green plain, which the Swamp Indians frequent to play their game of ball. These Swamp Indians, inhabiting as they do a very severe climate and a rude region, are diminutive in stature, and very low in intellect and morality. A regular communication is kept up between Norway House, which is situated beyond the limit of agricultural produce, and York Factory, in Hudson's Bay.

Leaving Norway House on August 18th, the party, after experiencing a storm on the shallow and muddy lake, fetched the mouth of the Saskatchewan, or Bow River, and which has rapids and portages at the very onset: in other places, however, the river expands into lakes, and the shores are flat and marshy. Proceeding upwards, the banks become bolder, and were covered principally with pine and poplar, the latter trees springing up, it is said, wherever the former are burned off. Fort Carlton, which is well defended, on account of the warlike character of its neighbours—the Blackfeet Indians—is built in a more open space, amid these dense masses of unbroken forest. The Crees, who are more friendly with the whites—most of the half-breeds being the children of Cree women—keep up war with unremitting perseverance on the Blackfeet. Mr. Paul Kane, in return for the civilities which were shown to him at the Company's stations, says a word or two in favour of that old and obsolete institution. Opening the trade with the Indians, he argues, to all who wish indiscriminately to engage in it, must lead to their annihilation. This would certainly be deeply regretted, if a correct induction, which we deny. Has the semi-civilisation of the Indians in the United States, or the New Zealanders, led to their extinction by small pox, by abuse of ardent spirits, or by persecution? Has it not, on the contrary, preserved them from all these evils? Could the Indians be in a worse condition than they are here represented to be, under the patronage of the Hudson's Bay Company, in perpetual warfare with one another, whilst the Company's agents are only able to hold their own by walls and pickets, by guns, blunderbusses, and cannon? The Hudson's Bay Company, as far as civilisation and improvement of a country's resources are concerned, is the greatest sham that ever existed.

Buffaloes begin to abound beyond Fort Carlton,

the Upper Bow River. The Indians catch them by driving them into pounds, composed of logs, and even sometimes of buffaloes' bones piled up roughly. The Indians, says Mr. Kane, destroy innumerable buffaloes in this manner, apparently for the mere pleasure of the thing. "I have myself seen a pound," he relates, "so piled up with their dead carcasses, that I could scarcely imagine how the inclosure could have contained them while living. It is not unusual to drive in so many, that their aggregate bulk forces down the barriers. There are thousands of them annually killed in this manner; but not one in twenty is used in any way by the Indians, so that thousands are left to rot where they fall." The great question that presents itself here to the reflecting mind is—Is it possible that the same land, which feeds such innumerable herds of wild cattle, is incapable of being used for other purposes? for the rearing of tame cattle, sheep, and horses, for example, if not for agricultural pursuits? Are the long valleys of the Upper and Lower Bow River, and the vast plains and park-like prairies, watered by their tributaries—the Saskatchewan or Bow River district, as it might be well designate!—good for nothing but as a hunting ground for the Indian and the half-breeds? Shall the forests for ever shelter bears, wolves, and other fierce animals, whose skins the fur-dealing men so covet, as, like the Persian satraps of old, to entertain them as hunting parks and preserves? And shall the flowery prairies be for ever given up to the prairie antelopes, the larger deer, the moose, and the buffalo? Mr. Paul Kane himself describes the whole of that extensive region which lies between Fort Pitt and Edmonton House—a distance of some two hundred miles, and which it took them ten days to travel over—as covered with buffaloes.

"We saw nothing but these animals," he says, "covering the plains as far as the eye could reach, and so numerous were they that at times they impeded our progress, filling the air with dust almost to suffocation. We killed one whenever we wanted a supply of food, selecting the fattest of the cows, taking only the tongues and hump for our present meal, and not burdening ourselves unnecessarily with more." Thus the practice of the whites is the same as that of the half-breeds and of the Indians, a constant waste of the superfluities of a bounteous Providence. And yet is this same region described as "a most delightful country, covered with luxuriant herbage, the plains being enameled with flowers of various kinds, presenting more the aspect of a garden than of uncultivated land." And elsewhere, "As I wished to give a general idea of the beauty of the scenery which lies all along the banks of the Saskatchewan, from this point to Edmonton, I sat down and made a sketch, the rest of the party promising to wait for me at the crossing-place. It was the commencement of Indian summer, the evening was very fine, and threw that peculiar soft warm haziness over the landscape, which is supposed to proceed from the burning of the immense prairies. The sleepy buffaloes grazing upon the undulating hills, here and there relieved by clumps of small trees, the unbroken stillness, and the approaching evening, rendered it altogether a scene of most enchanting repose." What can be more inviting, what more Arcadian than such a picture? And as to the capabilities of the soil, Mr. Paul Kane himself says of Fort Pitt, "grain and other produce might be raised plenti-

fully here if cultivated." It is obvious, then, that such a region will, when intercommunication is established between Canada and British Columbia, become the seat of a flourishing community, of cultivation and pastoral wealth, and of a prosperous commercial intercourse. It is impossible, almost, to overrate its resources in certain points of view; the mere estimation of them would, indeed, lead one into the danger of being taxed with exaggeration.

The party were detained at Edmonton, which is what the Company consider to be a large establishment, being the residence of a chief pastor and clerk, with forty or fifty men, with their wives and children, amounting altogether to about a hundred and thirty, who all live within the pickets of the forts, until the 6th of October, a rather late period of the year at which to effect the passage of the Rocky Mountains. The party consisted, in this further portion of the journey, of Mr. Kane and his wife, a young clerk, a person named McGillivray, and sixteen men. They had with them sixty-five horses to carry the baggage and provisions. This may seem a large number of horses for so small a party, but Edmonton was the last post at which they could get a supply of provisions on the east side of the mountains. At this point, also, leaving the Long Grass Prairies with their innumerable buffaloes, behind them, they were glad to vary their provisions by occasionally shooting wild geese. The country was, however, swampy and wooded, and their progress consequently slow. At Fort Assiniboine (so called from the neighbouring Indian tribe), they took to the boats again, travelling slowly against the current. On the 15th it began to snow, and soon afterwards ice began to form. The banks of the river were still thickly covered with pine. By the 24th all the ponds and still waters were frozen hard enough to bear. On the 30th they had the first view of the sublime and, apparently, endless chain of the Rocky Mountains from the boat, and the men greeted them with a hearty cheer. The atmosphere was at the time clear, but very cold.

On the 1st of November they entered Jasper's Lake, the wind howling dismally through a gap formed by a perpendicular rock on the one side, and a mountain on the other. Although they were now at the foot of the mountains, the country was still pine-land. The forest was composed entirely of very high pine trees, small in circumference, and growing thickly together; these had a very curious appearance in the storm, as they waved in the wind like a field of grain. The immense long roots seemed to be especially provided by nature to prevent their being blown over; and as the soil is very light and upon a rocky foundation, these roots formed a net work over the surface, which was in constant motion, and rocked the weary voyagers to sleep as they lay round their camp fires.

At the head of the lake was Jasper's House: a station of three miserable log huts, with some Indian wigwams around. Here, however, they procured some mountain sheep. This post is only kept up for the purpose of supplying horses to parties crossing the mountains.

They started hence on the 3th of November with a cavalcade of thirteen loaded horses, after laying in a stock of snow shoes. Their way lay now sometimes over almost inaccessible crags, and at others through gloomy and tangled forests. And as they descended the snow increased in depth, and they felt the effects of the increasing cold very keenly. The only living things which they saw were a few mountain goats. On

the 11th they were obliged to take to their snow-shoes, and, as many were novices to them, progress was at first very painful and very slow. Mrs. Lane, who had been accustomed to their use from her childhood, at Red River, turned out one of the best pedestrians. They had also to encamp on the snow, beating down the selected spot previously till it would bear a man on the surface without sinking. The fire was kindled on logs of green timber, and the beds were made of pine-branches—all alike are laid on snow.

On the 12th of November the party arrived at the small lake known as the Committee's Punchbowl, the waters of which flow to the Athabasca and Bow River on the one side, and to the Columbia on the other, or to the Atlantic eastward, and to the Pacific westward. Hence is the spot designated as the Height of Land—the Thalweg, or Water-Parting. The lake being frozen over they walked across it, and shortly after commenced the ascent of what is called the Grande Côte, after having been seven days continually ascending. Unlike the ascent, the descent was so steep as to be a work of great difficulty in snow-shoes; but, on the other hand, it only took them a day to get down to nearly the same level as that of Jasper's House.

A distressing circumstance had taken place here some years previously. Whilst a party were ascending this mountain, a lady, who was crossing to meet her husband, was in the rear, and it was not noticed until the party had encamped that she was not come up. Men were instantly sent back to seek her. After some hours' search they found her tracks in the snow, which they followed until they came to a perpendicular rock, overhanging a running torrent: here all traces of her were lost, and her body was never found, notwithstanding every exertion was made to find it. Little doubt, however, would exist but that she had lost her way, and had fallen over the precipice into the torrent, which would have quickly hurried her into chasms where the foot of men could not reach.

The next day they reached the Columbia, where it was some seventy yards across, with a very rapid current, and they had to ford the river no less than seventeen times in the course of the day's journey. It was the same thing, or rather worse, the next day (the 15th), when they had to cross the river thirty-seven times, and that where it was deep and rapid, and encumbered with floating ice.

This was occasioned by the Columbia at this point making long reaches to and fro through a valley, which was in some parts three miles wide, and backed with stupendous mountains that reared their snowy tops above the clouds, and formed here and there immense glaciers, reflecting the rays of the sun with extreme brilliancy and prismatic beauty. The last part of the route lay through a slimy lake or swamp, frozen over, but not sufficiently so as to bear, so that they had to wade above their knees in a dense mass of snow, ice, and mud, there being no such thing as a dry spot to afford a moment's respite from the scarcely endurable severity of the cold.

At length, however, they arrived at Boat Encampment, almost perishing with cold, hunger, and fatigue, and here they obtained boats by which to effect the further progress of the journey. "Few," says Mr. Paul Kane, "who read this journal, surrounded by the comforts of civilised life, will be able to imagine the heartfelt satisfaction with which we exchanged the wearisome snow shoes for the comfortable boats, and

the painful anxiety of half-satisfied appetites for a well-stocked larder. True it was that the innumerable rapids of the Columbia were filled with dangers of no ordinary character, and that it required the constant exercise of all our energy and skill to escape their perils, but we now had health and high spirits to help us. We no longer had to toil on in clothes frozen stiff from wading across torrents, half-finished, and with the consciousness ever before us that, whatever were our hardships and fatigue, rest was sure destruction in the cold solitudes of those dreary mountains."

There were 1200 miles of river between the point where they took boat and Fort Vancouver, which, in spite of many difficulties and halts to rest (one of three days at Fort Colville, and of five days at Walla Walla), they accomplished in fifteen days, in two boats, formed canoe fashion, with round bottoms of boards, clinker-built. The rapids of the Columbia are innumerable and dangerous. About three hours after their departure, they shot the celebrated rapid "Valle de Mort;" it is about three miles long, and is the most dangerous of all. There are terrible stories told of these rapids; it obtained its name from the following dreadful circumstance.



About twenty-five or thirty years ago, an Iroquois, a half-breed, and a French Canadian, having charge of a boat, had to descend this fearful rapid. Fearful of running it, they affixed a long line to the boat; and, being themselves on the shore, they attempted to lower her gradually, by means of it, over the foaming torrent. The boat took a stream and ran outside of a rock, and all their efforts to get her back, or reach the rock themselves through the boiling surge, were unavailing. The rope, chafing on the sharp edge of the rock, soon broke, and she dashed down among the whirling eddies and broke to pieces, with their whole stock of provisions on board.

They then continued to follow on foot, along the rugged and difficult banks of the river, without food, guns, and ammunition; nor had they been able to save even a blanket to protect them from the inclement weather. At night they encamped in a shivering and famishing condition, not having been able to surmount more than three miles of the obstacles that obstructed their passage at every step along the bank; the next day they proceeded with no better success. They well knew that if they constructed a raft, it would not live an hour in this part of the Columbia

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River, owing to the quick succession of rapids that here beset the navigation; in this starving condition they continued their slow progress till the third day, when the half-breed, fearing his companions would kill him for their food, left them, and was never after heard of, falling, in all probability, a prey to the wolves. The other two lay down, and the Iroquois, watching his opportunity, got up at night and beat his companion's brains out with a stick; and, going to work in a methodical manner, after first satisfying his craving hunger with a portion of the body, cut the remainder into thin slices and dried them in the sun, after the manner in which buffalo meat is prepared. Here he remained three days, drying his meat, which he made into a pack, and continued his journey with it down the river bank until he came to the commencement of the upper lake. Here he made a raft, on which he placed his dried meat and covered it over with pine bark, seating himself upon it and paddling down the lake.

He had not proceeded very far, before he met a canoe, which had been sent from one of the forts below on the Spoken River in quest of them, owing to their long absence. The new comers immediately inquired what had become of his two companions! He replied that they had deserted him, giving, at the same time, an account of the loss of the boat. They took him on board their canoe, and one of the men, seeing the bark on the raft, was desirous of getting it to place under him in the canoe. The Iroquois shoved off the raft, with evident signs of confusion, on which the men, who noticed his embarrassments, paddled up to it, and, lifting the bark, discovered the dried meat beneath it, among which was a human foot. He was asked how he had obtained the dried meat, and replied that he had killed a wolf, swimming across the river.

The foot with the meat was slyly deposited in a bag belonging to one of the men, but not without the act being perceived by the murderer, who, whilst they were asleep during the night, threw the bag and its contents into the river. Appearing not to notice their loss they went to Fort Spoken and delivered him up to Mr. McMullan, the person in charge, detailing the particulars. The Indian was shortly afterwards sent to a distant post in New Caledonia, both as a punishment and to get rid of him, as no *voyageur* will willingly associate with any one known to have eaten human flesh. I had previously (says Mr. Paul Kane) travelled several hundreds of miles with the son of the very man, who always behaved well, although there certainly was something repulsive in his appearance, which would have made me dislike to have had him for a companion in a situation such as above described.

The steersman of the canoe that carried Mr. Paul Kane told him of another melancholy occurrence that had happened there. "About four years ago," said he, "I crossed the Rocky Mountains with a party of forty. When we got to Boat Encampment, we embarked in two boats; the one that I was steering had twenty-two on board. Amongst them was a gentleman sent into the interior for the purpose of botanical research. On his way to Saskatchewan, he had fallen in with a half-breed, who was travelling to cross the mountains and go to Columbia on a visit to some of her friends. They had not travelled far before a mutual attachment induced them to become man and wife, at Edmonton, though few couples in the world I think would choose

a trip across the mountains for a honeymoon excursion, but they bore all their labours and hardships cheerfully, perfectly happy in helping each other and being kind to their companions.

"We had two or three other women with us, and I had my daughter, about ten years old, whom I was taking home to my wife at Fort Vancouver. I had left her two or three years before on the west side of the mountain, with some of her relations, as I was unable to bring her over at the time I had come with my wife. We had also a young man of the name of McGillivray, belonging to the Company, with a small dog; the remainder were principally *voyageurs*. When I came to the head of the rapids I found that the other boat which contained the principal guide had passed on, and I thought, therefore, that the rapids were in a proper state for running them, that is, that the whirlpools were flowing out and not filling, which they do alternately. I, therefore, went on without stopping, and, when in the midst of the rapids, where there was no possibility of staying the downward course of the boat, I discovered to my dismay that the whirlpool was filling. One moment more, and the water curled over the sides of the boat, immediately filling her. I called out for all to sit still, and hold on steadily by the seats, as the boat would not sink entirely, owing to the nature of the cargo, and that I could guide her to shore in this state. We ran more than a mile in safety, when the boat ran close by a ledge of rocks. The botanist, who held his wife in his arms, seeing the boat approach so near the rocks, made a sudden spring for the shore; but the boat, filled with water, yielded to the double weight of himself and wife, and they sank clasped in each other's arms. The boat was suddenly turned completely bottom upwards; but I and another man succeeded in getting to the top of her, and were thus carried down safely. We thought we heard some noise inside the boat, and the man who was with me, being a good swimmer dived under, and soon, to my unexpected joy, appeared with my little daughter, who, almost miraculously, had been preserved by being jammed in amongst the luggage, and supported by a small quantity of air which had been caught by the boat when she turned over. We soon got ashore. McGillivray and four others saved themselves by swimming, the remaining fourteen were drowned. We immediately commenced searching for the bodies, and soon recovered all of them, the unfortunate botanist and his wife still locked in each other's arms—an embrace which we had not the hearts to unclasp, but buried them as we found them in one grave. We afterwards found McGillivray's little dog, thrown up dead on a sandbank, with his master's cap fixed firmly between his teeth."

Fort Columbia, which they reached on the 20th, is described as beautifully situated, about a mile above the Falls of the Chaudiere, or Kettle Falls, which exceeds in height any other in Columbia, and derives its name from the round holes that the water has hollowed out in the rocks, resembling cauldrons of various sizes. Here they "eat and slept" for three days together, and improved astonishingly in appearance. On the 24th, they made the Grand Rapid. "Here," says our traveller, "I preferred getting out to walk, with the object of making some sketches, and had proceeded nearly three miles along the shore, and felt somewhat astonished at not seeing the boats following, when I observed something in the water, which I

at first took to be the head of an Indian, swimming across. I accordingly prepared my gun, in case of an attack, as the Indians about here are considered some of the worst on the Columbia. On close observation, however, I made out the object to be the hood which I had noticed Mrs. Lane to wear in the morning; and soon afterwards I perceived the paddles and oars of one of the boats. I returned to the Rapids as fast as possible. There I saw one of the boats, in which Mr. and Mrs. Lane were, in a most dangerous situation, having struck in the midst of the Rapids upon a rock, which had stove in her side."

The Columbia is here contracted into a passage of one hundred and fifty yards by lofty rocks on either side, through which it rushes with tremendous violence, forming whirlpools in its passage capable of engulfing the largest forest trees, which are afterwards disgorged with great force. This is one of the most dangerous places that the boats have to pass. In going up the river the boats are all emptied, and the freight has to be carried about half a mile over the tops of the high and rugged rocks. In coming down, all remain in the boats; and the guides, in this perilous pass, display the greatest courage and presence of mind, at moments when the slightest error in managing the frail bark would hurl its occupants to certain destruction. On arriving at the head of the Rapids, the guide gets out on the rocks and surveys the whirlpools. If they are fitting in, or "making," as they term it, the men rest on their paddles until they commence throwing off, when the guides instantly re-embark, and shove off the boat, and shoot through this dread portal with the speed of lightning. Sometimes the boats are whirled round in the vortex with such awful rapidity that it renders the management impossible, and the boat and its hapless crew are swallowed up in the abyss.

The conduct of the men in this instance evinced great presence of mind. The instant the boat struck had sprung on the gunwale next the rock, and by their united weight kept her lying upon it. The water foamed and roared around them with fearful violence. Had she slipped off, they must all have been dashed to pieces amongst the rocks and rapids below; as it was, they managed to maintain their position until the crew of the other boat, which had run the rapids safely, had unloaded and dragged the empty boat up the rapids again. They then succeeded in throwing a line to their hapless companions. But there was still considerable danger, lest in hauling the empty boat towards them they might pull themselves off the rock. They at length, however, succeeded by cautious management in getting the boat alongside, and in embarking in safety. A moment afterwards their own boat slipped from the rock, and was dashed to pieces. Everything that floated they picked up afterwards, but still many useful articles were lost.

Another boat was sent for overland to Colville, and then they proceeded, arriving at Okanogan on the 28th of November, having, however, in the interim, been compelled to shoot one of the horses of the establishment, which was roasted, and found very palatable; the men ate so much of it, that some of them were unable to work the next day after.

After five or six days' rest at Walla-Walla of which place more hereafter, they accomplished the descent in fifteen days. They had to kill a horse on the way, provisions having run short, and winter being the busy season on the Lower Columbia, they had to per-

form the last four days of their journey in open boats and an incessant shower.

Fort Vancouver was at that time the largest post in the Hudson's Bay Company's dominions. There were two chief factors, with eight or ten clerks, and two hundred *voyageurs*, residing there. The men, with their Indian wives, lived in log huts near the margin of the river—at that point, ninety miles from its mouth, a mile and a quarter wide—forming a little village; quite a Babel of languages, as the inhabitants were a mixture of English, French, Iroquois, Sandwich Islanders, Crees, and Chinooks. A large farm was cultivated about eight miles up the river, producing more grain than the people at the fort could consume. They had also immense herds of domestic horned cattle, which ran wild in unknown numbers; and sheep and horses were equally numerous.

Mr. Paul Kane visited, from this place, Oregon City, as it is called, albeit only containing about ninety-four houses, with two or three hundred inhabitants, a Methodist and a Roman Catholic church, two hotels, ten grist mills, three saw-mills, and four stores, as also the Roman Catholic Mission on the river Wallamethe, where there is a good brick church, and an establishment of *religieuses* engaged in teaching children, both white and red, and the Jesuit mission on the same river, both being situated in a beautiful prairie—one of the largest tracts of good land that is, indeed, to be met with in Oregon.

In describing the Chinooks, a race of Indians of disgusting habits, Mr. Paul Kane incidentally introduces to our notice a new and valuable vegetable. He first mentions their baskets made of roots and grass, woven so closely, as to serve all the purposes of a pail in holding and carrying water. In these they even boil their fish. This is done by immersing the fish in one of the baskets filled with water, into which they throw red hot stones, until the fish is cooked; which is done as quickly as in a kettle. The only vegetables in use among them are the camas and wapatoe. The camas is a bulbous root, much resembling the onion in outward appearance, but is more like the potatoe when cooked, and is very good eating. The wapatoe is somewhat similar, but larger and not so dry or delicate in its flavour. They are found in immense quantities in the plains in the vicinity.

Fort Vancouver, in the spring of the year, presents a most curious and beautiful appearance, the whole surface presenting an uninterrupted sheet of bright ultra-marine blue, from the innumerable blossoms of these plants. They are cooked by digging a hole in the ground, then putting down a layer of hot stones, covering them with dry grass, on which the roots are placed; another layer of grass is then placed over them, and above this they place another, through which and the grass a small hole is perforated down to the vegetables. Water is poured into this hole, and reaching the hot stones, forms sufficient steam to cook the roots completely in a short time, the hole being stopped up as soon as the water is poured in.

In Oregon City Mr. Paul Kane met Mr. Mackenzie, a Hudson's Bay factor, and the Columbia traveller became, perforce, and not without enjoyment, a listener to some of his tales of Indian life and his own exploits.

While he was in charge of a fort in New Caledonia, and New British Columbia, he had a curat of tobacco, or three pounds, stolen from him. It was all that he

had at this time, and of course was a serious loss. Supposing it to have been taken by some of the Indians, who were trading in large numbers about the establishment at that time, he requested the chief to call a council of all the tribe, as he had something to say to them. On this they all assembled and squatted down, leaving an open space in the centre, into which he walked with his fowling piece; this he loaded with two balls in the presence of the assembly, after which he related the circumstance of his loss, and stated his belief that some one of the Indians then present had taken it. He then told them that he wished that every one present would place his mouth to the muzzle of the gun and blow into it, assuring them that it would injure no one innocent of the theft; but, on the other hand, if the guilty party should attempt to do so, it would inevitably kill him. He himself set the example of blowing into the piece, standing muzzle upwards on the ground; the chief followed, as well as the whole tribe, with the exception of one man, who sat hanging down his head, and when called upon by the chief to follow the example of the rest, refused, saying that he would not tempt the Great Spirit, for that he had taken the tobacco, and would return it, which he accordingly did.

Whilst Mr. Mackenzie was in charge of Walla Walla, he exhibited an instance of great presence of mind under very trying circumstances. His clerk had a quarrel and fight with the chief, whom he beat. The Indian thereupon collected a large party of the tribe, rushed with them into the yard of the fort, and attempted to seize the offender for the purpose of taking his life. Mr. Mackenzie kept them off for some time, but finding he could do so no longer, he ordered one of the men to bring out a keg of powder, the head of which he knocked in, and taking a flint and steel from his pocket, he stood over it as if about to ignite it, telling the Indians that if they did not at once depart he would show them how a white chief could die and destroy his enemies. The Indians took the alarm, and fled through the gates, which he immediately barred against them, secretly sending the clerk, next day, to another fort out of their reach.

On the 25th of March the never-resting traveller started in a small wooden canoe, with a couple of Indians; and at the mouth of the Kattepoutal River, twenty-six miles from the fort, he stopped to make a sketch of the volcano Mount St. Helen's, distant about thirty or forty miles. This mountain has never been visited by Whites or Indians; the latter assert that it is inhabited by a race of beings of a different species, who are cannibals, and whom they hold in great dread; they also say that there is a lake at its base with a very extraordinary kind of fish in it, with a head more resembling that of a bear than any other animal. These superstitions are taken from the statement of a man, who, they say, went to the mountain with another, and escaped the fate of his companion, who was eaten by the "Skoscooms," or evil genii. I collected a considerable bribe, he says, to any Indians who would accompany me in its exploration, but could not find one hardy enough to venture. It is of very great height, and being covered with snow, is seen at a great distance. There was not a cloud visible in the sky at the time I commenced my sketch, and not a breath of air was perceptible. Suddenly a stream of white smoke shot up from the crater of the mountain, and lowered a short time over its summit; it then settled

down like a cap. This shape it retained for about an hour and a half, and then gradually disappeared.

Almost three years before this, the mountain was in a violent state of eruption for three or four days, and threw up burning stones and lava to an immense height, which ran in burning torrents down its snow-clothed sides. About ten miles lower down they encamped for the night, near Collin Rock, much against the inclination of the men, whose superstition would have led them to avoid such a place. This rock got its name from being the place in which the Indians deposit their dead. There is another rock lower down, on which were deposited two or three hundred of their burial canoes; but Commodore Wilkes having made a fire near the spot, it communicated to the bodies, and nearly the whole of them were consumed. The Indians showed much indignation at the violation of a place which was held so sacred by them, and would no doubt have sought revenge had they felt themselves strong enough to do so.

Pushing further up the river, they came, on the 29th, to another burial place, which seemed to be highly decorated. Our artist wished his Indians to put ashore, but they would not do so. He was obliged, therefore, to put them out of the canoe on the opposite side of the river, and paddle the canoe over by himself. He had no doubt but what they would have opposed his going so, had it not been for the name he had already acquired amongst the Indians of being a great medicine man, on account of the ikeresees which he had taken. His powers of portraying the features of individuals were attributed entirely to supernatural agency, and he found that in looking at his pictures they always covered their eyes with their hands, and looked through the fingers, this being also the invariable custom when looking at a dead person. On arriving at the place he found it lavishly decorated with numerous articles of supposed utility and ornament, for the convenience of the defunct in the journey to the world of spirits. These articles consist of blankets, tin cups, pots, pans, kettles, plates, baskets, horn-bowls, and spoons, with shreds of cloth of various colour. One canoe, which was decorated more highly than the rest, he examined particularly. All the articles appended to it were rendered useless for the world by either tearing, breaking, or boring holes in them, the Indians believing that they would be made whole again by the Great Spirit. On examining the interior of a canoe, he found a great number of toqua and other shells, together with beads and rings; even the mouth of the deceased was filled with these articles. The body itself was carefully enveloped in numerous folds of matting, made of rushes. At the bottom of the canoe lay a bow and arrow, a paddle, a spear, and a kind of pick, made of horn, for digging the canas root. The top of the canoe immediately over the body had a covering of bark, and holes were bored in the bottom to allow the water to run out. These canoes were always placed on wooden supports, suspended in the branches of trees, or placed upon isolated rocks in the river to keep them beyond the reach of ravenous animals. (See p. 358.) During his stay, the Indians watched him closely from the opposite bank, and on his return, they examined him as minutely as they could with their eyes to see that he had not brought anything away. Had he been so imprudent as to have done so, he would probably have answered for the sacrilege with his life, death being the certain penalty

to the most trifling violation of the sanctity of a coffin canoe. He endeavoured to discover who was buried in the richly-decorated canoe, but the only information he could get from them was that it was the daughter of a Chinook chief. The Indian chiefs here have a superstitious dread of mentioning the names of any person after death, nor will they tell you their own names, which can only be found out from a third party. One of the men asked him if his desire to know his name proceeded from a wish to steal it? It is not an uncommon thing for a chief, when he wishes to pay you a very high compliment, to give and call you by his own name, and adopt some other for himself.

They had now entered the Cowlitz River, which is a northerly feeder of the Columbia. Its lofty banks are crowned with beautiful forests. The waters of this river rise occasionally from thirty to forty feet. Here Mr. Kane visited the Cowlitz Farm belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, where large quantities of wheat are raised and cattle reared in great numbers. It was here that our artist took a portrait of a Flathead woman and her baby, whose subsequent death (attributed to his "medicine")—what ever our Indians don't understand they call medicine or magic—compelled him to leave the country in a great hurry, to avoid the vengeance of her relatives. Nor was this dread without cause, as we learn from the following story told of the same neighbourhood by Governor Simpson:

"In the month of February last, a chief of the name of Kootlepat, visited Mr. Black, the gentleman in charge of Thompson's River, at his post of Kamloops, where a trivial dispute took place between them. Immediately on returning to his camp, at a place called Pavilion, Kootlepat sickened and died, enjoining his people with his last breath to keep on good terms with the Whites. Whether or not the chief's dying in junctions was interpreted into an insinuation that he had perished in consequence of his having quarrelled with his white brother, the Indians came to the conclusion that Kootlepat's death had been caused by Mr. Black's magic or medicine. In pursuance of this idea, the widow of the deceased worked upon the feelings of her nephew, till he undertook to revenge her husband's untimely fate. The avenger of blood forthwith set out for Kamloops, and, when he arrived, both cold and hungry, he was, by the orders of his destined victim, placed before a good fire and supplied with food. During the whole day Mr. Black, who was a hard student, remained waiting in his own apartment, but having gone out towards evening, he was returning through the room where his guest was sitting, and had just reached the door of his chamber when he fell down dead, with the contents of the savage's gun in his back. In the appalling confusion that ensued, the murderer was allowed to escape from the fort, betaking himself immediately to the mountains. He was chased from place to place like a wild beast, being obliged to abandon first his horses, and lastly, his wife and family; but it was not until more than eight months of vigilant pursuit, that he was finally hunted down on the bank of the Fraser's River by some of his own people. As a proof of his comparative estimation of civilization and barbarism, the miserable being, with the blood of Mr. Black on his conscience, earnestly begged to be delivered up to the Whites, and on being refused this last boon, he leaped into the stream, swimming away for his life

until he was despatched, just like a sea-otter, by arrow after arrow."

Our travellers hence proceeded to Vancouver Island and along the coast, on a voyage not unfringed with danger, among the Indians along the coast. In one place, his party embarked in a small canoe for a traverse of twenty-two miles in an open sea. "When we had been out for about a couple of hours, the wind increased to a perfect gale, and, blowing against an ebb tide, caused a heavy swell. We were obliged to keep one man constantly baling to prevent our being swamped. The Indians on board now commenced one of their wild chants, which increased to a perfect yell whenever a wave larger than the rest approached; this was accompanied with blowing and spitting against the wind, as if they were in angry contention with the evil spirits of the storm. It was altogether a scene of the most wild and intense excitement; the mountainous waves roaming round our little canoe as if to engulf us every moment, the wind howling over our heads, and the yelling Indians, made it absolutely terrific. I was surprised at the dexterity with which they managed the canoe, all putting out their paddles on the windward side, whenever a wave broke, thus breaking its force, and guiding the spray over our heads to the other side of the boat."

On his safe return he was visited by a Yellow Cum, a great chief of British Columbia, the Rothschild of the coast, whose wealth consists in slaves and iougas, or hiaquas, a small shell found at Cape Flating, and only there, in great abundance. These shells are used as money, and a great traffic is carried on among all the tribes by means of them. They are obtained at the bottom of the sea, at a considerable depth, by means of a long pole, stuck in a flat board about fifteen inches square. From this board a number of loose pieces project, which, when pressed down, enter the bottom ends of the shells, which seem to be attached to the bottom by their small ends. The shells stick on the pieces and are thus brought to the surface. They are from an inch and a-half to two inches in length, and are white, slender, and hollow, and tapering to a point; slightly curved, and about the size of an ordinary tobacco-pipe stem. They are valuable in proportion to their length, and their value increases according to a fixed ratio, forty shells being the standard number to extend a fathom's length, which number, in that case, is equal to a beaver's skin; but if thirty-nine be found large enough to make the fathom, it would be worth two beavers' skins; if thirty-eight, three skins; and so on. Sea-otter skins are the most valuable fur found on the North American coast, their usual value in the tariff being twelve blankets; ten blankets being equal to a gun; tobacco and ammunition in proportion.

The characteristics of the different tribes inhabiting these regions are interesting, as they may now be considered our fellow countrymen (C).

The Indians south of the Columbian River tattoo themselves below the mouth, which gives a light blue appearance to the countenance. Those at the mouth of the Columbia, and for four hundred miles up it, as well as those of Puget's Sound, and the Straits of Fuca, and at the southern part of Vancouver Island, have their heads flattened down in their infancy. Those inhabiting the north part of the island have their heads compressed into a conical shape during infancy; this is done by means of a bandage, which is

wound round the forehead and gradually tightened, until the head becomes of the required shape.

The next tribe lying north of these, on the continent, are called by the voyageurs, "Babines," or Biglips, from the fact of the females having under lips enlarged by the insertion of a piece of wood. A small and slender piece of bone is inserted through the under lip of the infant, from below upwards, and is generally enlarged, until a flat piece of wood, three inches long, and an inch and a half wide, has caused the lip to protrude to a frightful extent, the protrusion increasing with age; great importance is attached to the size of the lip, as it constitutes the standard of female beauty, it also marks the difference between native free women and their slaves.

When the stick is removed, on any occasion, the lip drops down to the chin, presenting one of the most disgusting spectacles imaginable.

The men sometimes wear a ring through the nose, formed of bone, or brass if they can get it; but the practice is not universal. They wear a cap made of the fibres of cedar-bark, woven very finely together, and a blanket made from the wool of the mountain sheep; they are very valuable, and take years in making. For one, which I procured with great difficulty, I had to pay five pounds of tobacco, ten charges of ammunition, one blanket, one pound of beads, two cheek shirts, and one ounce of vermilion.

The next tribe, still more north than the last, insert beads of various colours, two thirds of their depth, into the whole length of the upper lip, giving it the appearance of so much bead-work.

In the interior of New Caledonia, which is east of Vancouver Island and north of Columbia, among the tribes called "Tavo-un-tins," who are also Babines, and also among other tribes in their neighbourhood, the custom prevails of burning the bodies, with circumstances of peculiar barbarity to the widows of the deceased. The dead body of the husband is laid naked upon a large heap of resinous wood; his wife is then placed upon the body, and covered over with a skin; the pile is then lighted, and the poor woman is compelled to remain until she is nearly suffocated, when she is allowed to descend, as best she can, through the smoke and flames. No sooner does she reach the ground than she is expected to prevent the body from becoming distorted by the action of the fire, or the muscles and sinews; and, whenever such an event takes place, she must, with her bare hands, restore the burning corpse to its proper position; her person being the whole time exposed to the searching effects of the intense heat. Should she fail in the due performance of this indispensable rite, from weakness or intensity of pain, she is held up by some one until the body is consumed. A continual singing and beating of drums is kept up, throughout the ceremony, which drowns her cries. Afterwards, she must collect the unconsumed pieces of bone and ashes, and put them into a bag made for the purpose, which she has to carry on her back for three years; remaining, for the time, a slave to her husband's relations, being neither allowed to wash or comb herself for the whole time, so that she soon becomes a most disgusting object. At the expiration of the three years, a feast is given by her mentors, who invite all the friends and relations of her and themselves. At the commencement they deposit, with great ceremony, the remains of the burnt dead in a box, which they affix to a high pole, and dance

around it. The widow is then stripped naked, and smeared, from head to foot, with fish-oil, over which one of the bystanders throws a quantity of swan's down, covering her entire person. She is then obliged to dance with the others. After all this is over, she is free to marry again, if she have the inclination and courage to venture on a second risk of being roasted alive, and the subsequent horrors.

It has often happened, that a woman who has married a second husband, in the hopes, perhaps, of not outliving him, committed suicide in the event of her husband's death, rather than undergo a second ordeal. I was unable to learn any explanation of the motives for these cruel rites, and can only account for this in the natural selfishness, laziness, and cruelty of the Indians, who, probably, hope by these means to render their wives more attentive to their personal ease and comfort; whilst, at the same time, it secures them from assassination either by a jealous or an errant spouse.

Accompanied by a Nasqually chief, who had come over to Vancouver Island to look for a lost wife, Mr. Kane now set off for the main land. The chief showed him an old piece of newspaper, which he said he held up when he met with strange Indians, who, supposing him to be carrying despatches, allowed him to pass without molestation. The privilege of the post is a peculiar one in this country. The Hudson's Bay agents in charge of the various stations have frequent occasion to send letters, some times for a considerable distance, when it is either inconvenient or impossible for them to fit out a canoe with their own men to carry it. In such cases the letter is given to an Indian, who carries it as far as suits his convenience and safety. He then sells the letter to another, who carries it until he finds an opportunity of selling it to advantage. It is thus passed on and sold until it arrives at its destination, gradually increasing in value according to distance, and the last possessor receiving the reward for its safe delivery. In this manner letters are frequently sent with perfect security, and with much greater rapidity than could be done otherwise.

While paddling past an isolated rock on their way across to Fort Vancouver, the old chief related the following legend of the Nasqually Rock, which stands about six or seven feet above the water:—

"It is many a moon since a Nasqually family lived near the spot. It consisted of a widow, with four sons; one of them was by her first husband, the other three by the second. The three younger sons treated their elder brother with great unkindness, refusing him any share in their hunting and fishing; he, on the contrary, wishing to conciliate them, always gave them a share of his spoils. He, in fact, was a great medicine man, although this was unknown to them, and, being tired of their harsh treatment, which no kindness on his part seemed to soften, he at length resolved to retaliate. He accordingly one day entered the lodge, where they were feasting, and told them there was a large seal a short distance off. They instantly seized their spears, and started in the direction he pointed out; and, coming up to the animal, the eldest drove his spear into it. This seal was a great medicine, a familiar of the elder brother's, who had himself created him for the occasion. The foremost had no sooner driven in his spear, than he found it impossible to disengage his hand from the handle, or to draw it out; the two others drove in theirs with a like effect. The seal now took to the

water, dragging them after it, and swam far out to sea. Having travelled for many miles, they saw an island in the distance, towards which the seal made. On nearing the shore, they found for the first time that they could remove their hands from the spears. They accordingly landed, and, supposing themselves in some enemies' country, they hid in a clump of bushes from observation. While lying concealed, they saw a diminutive canoe coming round a point in the distance, paddled by a very little man, who, when he came opposite to where they were, anchored his boat with a stone attached to a long line, without perceiving them. He now sprang over the side, and diving down remained a long time under water. At length, he rose to the surface, and brought with him a large fish, which he threw into the boat; this he repeated several times, each time looking in to count the fish he had caught. The three brothers being very hungry, one of them offered to swim out while the little man was under water, and steal one of the fish. This he safely accomplished before the return of the fisherman; but the little fellow no sooner returned with another fish than he discovered that one of those already caught was missing, and stretching out his hand, he passed it slowly along the horizon until it pointed to their place of concealment. He now pulled up his anchor, and paddled to the shore, and immediately discovered the three brothers; and being as miraculously strong as he was diminutive, he tied their hands and feet together, and, throwing them into his canoe, paddled back in the direction from whence he had come. Having rounded the distant point, where they had first desecrated him, they came to a village inhabited by a race of people as small as their captor; their houses, boats, and utensils, being all in proportion to themselves.

"The three brothers were then taken out and thrown, bound as they were, into a lodge, whilst a council was convened to decide upon their fate. During the sitting of the council, an immense flock of birds, resembling geese, but much larger, pounced down on the inhabitants, and commenced a violent attack. These birds had the power of throwing their sharp quills like porcupines; and although the little warriors fought with great valour, they soon became covered with the piercing darts, and all sunk insensible to the ground. When all resistance had ceased the birds took to flight, and disappeared.

"The brothers had witnessed the conflict from their place of confinement, and with much labour had succeeded in releasing themselves from their bonds, when they went to the battle-ground and commenced pulling the quills from the apparently lifeless bodies; but no sooner had they done this than all instantly recovered to consciousness. When all of them had become well again, they wanted to show their gratitude to the prisoners, and offered to grant whatever they should desire. The brothers requested to be sent back to their own country. A council was called to decide on the easiest mode of doing so, and they eventually determined upon employing a whale for the purpose. The brothers were then seated on the back of the monster, and proceeded in the direction of Nasqually. However, when they had reached about half way, the whale began to think what a fool he was to carry them, instead of turning them into porpoises, and letting them swim home themselves. Now the whale is considered as a Socha-h-ti-yah, or Great Spirit—although not the same as the Hais-Socha-h-ti-yah, or Great

High Spirit—possessing greater power than all other animals put together; and no sooner had he thought upon the matter than he carried it into effect. This, accordingly, is the way the porpoises first came into existence, and accounts for their being constantly at war with the seals, one of which species was the cause of their misfortune. After the three brothers had so strangely disappeared, their mother came down to the level, and remained there for days watching for their return, and bewailing their absence with tears. Whilst thus engaged, one day, the whale happened to pass, and taking pity on her distress, turned her into that stone."

On the 1st of July, Mr. Paul Kane left Fort Vancouver, in company with the brigade of boats that had come down the river, from various points, with furs, and returned with their outfits for the winter. The men, who were allowed a regale the first night of starting, plied their oars with vigour, but still the delay of portages was ever in the way of rapid progress. As they approached the place where the Walla-Walla debouches into the Columbia River, they came in sight of two extraordinary rocks projecting from a high steep cone, or mound, about seven hundred feet above the level of the river. (See p. 367.) These are called by the *royapours* the Chimney Rocks, and from their being visible from a great distance, they are very serviceable as landmarks.

"The Walla-Walla Indians call these the 'Rocks of the Kye-use Girls,' of which they relate the following legend, which was told to me by an Indian, whilst I was sketching this extraordinary scene. It must be borne in mind that all Indian tribes select some animal to which they attribute supernatural, or in the language of the country, *medicine* powers. The Whale, for instance, on the north west coast; the Bee-yen, or Were Eagle, on the last side of the Rocky Mountains, supposed to be the maker of thunder; and the Wolf on the Columbia River. Now the great medicine wolf on the Columbia River—according to the Walla-Walla tradition, the most cunning and artful of all Manitous—having heard that a great medicine grasshopper was desolating the whole of the country which of right belonged to himself, and was especially under his protection, immediately resolved to trace him out, and have a personal encounter with him. With this view he proceeded down the banks of the river, and soon fell in with the object of his search. Each of these formidable Manitous thought it best to resort to stratagem to overcome his opponent. Being afraid of each other's 'medicine' powers, they accordingly commenced by exchanging civilities, and then with a view of terrifying each other, began boasting of their wonderful exploits, and the numbers they had killed and eaten. The grasshopper said to the wolf that the best way to ascertain who had devoured the largest numbers, would be to vomit up the contents of their respective stomachs, and he who threw up most hair—that being an indigestible substance—by showing who had swallowed most animals should be considered as the superior. To this proposal the wolf consented, and they commenced retching and vomiting up all in their respective stomachs. The grasshopper, in the violence of his exertions, naturally closed his eyes, and the wolf, perceiving this, adroitly drew a great part of his opponent's share over to his own side without being detected. The grasshopper, when he perceived how much larger the pile before the wolf was than his own, gave up the contest, and pro-

posed to the wolf an exchange of shirts in token of amity and forgiveness. To this also the wolf consented, but requested the grasshopper to take off his shirt first, as he was the first proposer; but the grasshopper refused and wished the wolf to commence the ceremony.

"The wolf finally agreed to this, and striking himself suddenly on the breast, his shirt immediately flew off; the grasshopper was greatly astonished, and not being possessed of any charm whereby he could strip himself so expeditiously, was obliged to take off his shirt by the common way of drawing it over his head; the wolf now watched his opportunity, and while the grasshopper

had his head and arms entangled in the shirt, he killed him.

"The wolf having thus got rid of his troublesome and dangerous rival, commenced his return home. On arriving within a few miles of the Walla Walla, he saw three beautiful Kyeuse girls, with whom he fell desperately in love; they were engaged in carrying stones into the river, in order to make an artificial cascade or rapid to catch the salmon in leaping over it. The wolf secretly watched their operations during the day, and repaired at night to the dam and entirely destroyed their work; this he repeated for three successive evenings. On the fourth morning he saw the



THE BARON DE WOGAN AT THE COUNCIL OF JUDGMENT.

girls sit weeping on the bank, and accosted them, inquiring what was the matter; they told him they were starving, as they could get no fish for want of a dam. He then proposed to erect a dam for them, if they would consent to become his wives; to which they consented sooner than perish from want of food. A long point of stones running nearly across the river is, to this day, attributed to the wolf lover.

"For a long time he lived happily with the three sisters (a custom very frequent among Indians, who marry as many sisters in a family as they can, and assign as a reason that sisters will naturally agree together better than strangers); but at length the wolf became jealous of his wives, and by his supernatural powers changed two of them into basalt pillars on the

south side of the river, and then changed himself into a large rock, somewhat similar to them, on the north side, so that he might watch them ever afterwards. I asked the narrator what had become of the third sister! Says he, 'Did you not observe a cavern as you came up?' 'I said that I had.' 'That,' he replied, 'is all that remains of her.'

On the 12th they reached Walla Walla, said to be situated in a dry, sandy desert, the Indians living almost entirely upon salmon throughout the whole year. These, in the process of drying, are said to become filled with sand to such an extent as to wear away the teeth of the Indians; and an Indian is seldom met with over forty years of age whose teeth are not worn quite to the gums.

In the vicinity of this fort Walla-Walla is the scene of a deplorable tragedy which took place under Mr. Paul Kane's immediate notice, and is narrated by him as follows:—

"July 18th.—Started," says Mr. Paul Kane, "for Dr. Whitman's mission, a distance of sixty miles, neither myself or my man knowing anything of the road. I inquired of one of the Indians here; he pointed out the direction, but told us that we should be sure to die for want of water before we reached it, nor could we prevail on any of them to guide us. However, we started in the direction pointed out; the weather was intensely hot, and we had nothing to shelter us from the scorching rays of the sun, which were reflected back by the hot yellow sand. Towards the middle of the day we observed a bush in the distance, and in our line of march; we eagerly rushed forward, and hoped to find water, for want of which both ourselves and our horses were now suffering severely, but had the mortification to find the stream dried up, if ever there had been one there. Our only hope was now to struggle on as fast as possible, but our horses soon began to fail, and we were obliged to lead them many a weary mile, tottering with exhaustion, before we arrived at the mission-house. This we at length accomplished, about six o'clock in the evening, and I was very kindly received by the missionary's wife.

"Dr. Whitman's duties were those of superintendent of the American Presbyterian mission, on the west side of the Rocky Mountains. He has built himself a house of unburnt clay for want of timber. He has resided at this locality on the banks of the Walla-Walla River upwards of eight years, doing all in his power to benefit the Indians in his mission. He has brought forty or fifty acres of land in the vicinity of the river under cultivation, and had a great many herds of domestic cattle, affording greater comfort to his family than one would expect in such an isolated spot. I remained with him four days, during which he kindly accompanied me amongst the Indians. These Indians, the Kye use, resemble the Walla-Walla very much. They are always allies in war, and their language and customs are almost identical, except that the Kye-use Indians are far more vicious and ungovernable.

"Dr. Whitman took me to the lodge of an Indian called To ma kus, that I might take his likeness. We found him in his lodge sitting perfectly naked. His appearance was the most savage I ever beheld, and his looks, as I afterwards heard, by no means belied his character. He was not aware of what I was doing until I had finished the sketch. He then asked to look at it, and inquired what I intended to do with it, and whether I was not going to give it to the Americans, against whom he bore a strong antipathy, superstitiously fancying that their possessing it would put him in their power. I in vain told him that I should not give it to them; but not being satisfied with this assurance, he attempted to throw it into the fire, when I seized him by the arm and snatched it from him. He glanced at me like a fiend, and appeared greatly enraged, but before he had time to recover from his surprise I left the lodge, and mounted my horse, not without occasionally looking back to see if he might not send an arrow after me.

"Usually, when I wished to take the likeness of an Indian, I walked into the lodge, sat down, and com-

menced without speaking, as an Indian, under these circumstances, will generally pretend not to notice. If they did not like what I was doing, they would get up and walk away; but if I asked them to sit, they most frequently refused, supposing that it would have some injurious effect upon themselves. In this manner I went into the lodge of Sit-aw-kite, the chief, and took his likeness without a word passing between us.

"Having enjoyed the kind hospitality of Dr. Whitman and his lady for four days, on July 22nd I left for Walla-Walla, after breakfast, taking with me, at the doctor's desire, a dog belonging to Mr. McBain. The weather continued intensely hot, and I had not ridden more than an hour when I observed the poor animal in a state of extreme exhaustion, so that I requested my man to place him on his horse, but the man feeling inconvenienced by him put him down on the ground, and in a few minutes afterwards the poor brute lay down and died, actually scorched to death by the burning sands.

"On the day after my arrival at the fort, a boy, one of the sons of Pro-Bo-Mox-Mox, the chief of the Walla-Wallas, arrived at the camp close to the fort. He was a few days in advance of a war party, headed by his father, and composed of Walla-Wallas and Kye-use Indians, which had been absent eighteen months, and had been almost given up by the tribes. This party, numbering 200 men, had started for California for the purpose of revenging the death of another son of the chief, who had been killed by some Californian emigrants, and the messenger now arrived, bringing the most disastrous tidings, not only of the total failure of the expedition, but also of their sufferings and detentions by sickness. Hearing that a messenger was coming in across the plains, I went to the Indian camp, and was there at his arrival. No sooner had he dismounted from his horse than the whole camp, men, women, and children, surrounded him, eagerly inquiring after their absent friends, as they had hitherto received no intelligence, beyond a report that the party had been cut off by hostile tribes. His downcast looks and silence confirmed the fears that some dire calamity must have happened, and they set up a tremendous howl, while he stood silent and dejected, with the tears streaming down his face. At length, after much coaxing and entreaty on their part, he commenced the recital of their misfortunes.

"After describing the progress of the journey up to the time of the disease (the measles), making its appearance, during which he was listened to in breathless silence, he began to name its victims one after another. On the first name being mentioned, a terrific howl ensued, the women loosening their hair, and gestulating in a most violent manner. When this had subsided, he, after much persuasion, named a second, and a third, until he had named upwards of thirty. The same scene of intense grief followed the mention of each name, presenting a scene, which, accustomed as I was to Indian life, I must confess affected me deeply. I stood close by them on a log, with the interpreter of the fort, who explained to me the Indian's statement, which occupied nearly three hours. After this the excitement increased, and apprehensions were entertained at the fort, that it might lead to some hostile movement against the establishment. This fear, however, was groundless, as the Indians knew the distinction between the Hudson's Bay Company and the Americans. They immediately sent messen-

gers in every direction on horseback to spread the news of the disaster among all the neighbouring tribes, and Mr. McBain and I both considered that Dr. Whitman and his family would be in great danger. I, therefore, determined to go and warn him of what had occurred. It was six o'clock in the evening when I started, but I had a good horse and arrived at his house in three hours. I told him of the arrival of the messenger and the excitement of the Indians, and advised him strongly to come to the fort, for a while at least, until the Indians had cooled down; but he said he had lived so long amongst them, and had done so much for them, that he did not apprehend they would injure him. I remained with him only an hour and hastened back to the fort."

We will not interrupt the progress of this sad story by the recital of Mr. Paul Kane's adventures in the intermediate period, but let the narrative of this dismal tragedy run on.

"September 21st.—This evening two men arrived from Walla-Walla, and my grief and horror can be well imagined, when they told me the sad end of those with whom I had so lately been a cherished guest. It appears that the party before mentioned had brought the measles back with them, and that it spread with frightful rapidity through the neighbouring tribes, but more particularly among the Kye uses. Dr. Whitman as a medical man, did all he could to stay its progress; but owing to their injudicious mode of living, which he could not prevail on them to relinquish, great numbers of them died. At this time the Doctor's family consisted of himself, his wife, a nephew, with two or three servants, and several children whom he had humanely adopted, left orphans by the death of their parents, who had died on their way to Oregon, besides a Spanish half-breed boy, whom he had brought up for several years. There were likewise several families of emigrants staying with him, at the time, to rest and refresh themselves and settle.

"The Indians supposed that the doctor could have stayed the course of the malady had he wished it; and they were confirmed in this belief by the Spanish half-breed boy, who told some of them, that he had overheard the doctor say to his wife, after they had retired for the night, that he would give them bad medicine, and kill all the Indians, that he might appropriate their land to himself. They accordingly concerted a plan to destroy the doctor and his wife, and all the males of the establishment. With this object in view, about sixty of them armed themselves and came to his house. The inmates, having no suspicion of any hostile intention, were totally unprepared for resistance or flight. Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and their nephew, a youth of about seventeen or eighteen years of age, were sitting in the parlour, in the afternoon, when Sil-aw kite, the chief, and To-ma-kus entered the room, and addressing the doctor, told him very coolly they had come to kill him. The doctor, not believing it possible that they could entertain any hostile intentions towards him, told them as much; but whilst in the act of speaking To-ma-kus drew a tomahawk from under his robe, and buried it deep in his brain. The unfortunate man fell dead from his chair. Mrs. Whitman and the nephew fled up stairs, and locked themselves into an upper room.

"In the meantime, Sil-aw kite gave the war whoop, as a signal to his party outside to proceed in the work of destruction, which they did with the ferocity and yells

of so many fiends. Mrs. Whitman, hearing the shrieks and groans of the dying, looked out of the window, and was shot through the breast by a son of the chief, but not mortally wounded. A party then rushed up stairs, and despatched the nephew on the spot, dragged her down by the hair of her head, and, taking her to the front of the house, mutilated her in a shocking manner with their knives and tomahawks.

"There was one man who had a wife bed ridden. On the commencement of the affray he ran to her room, and, taking her up in his arms, carried her unperceived by the Indians to the thick bushes that skirted the river, and hurried on with his burden in the direction of Fort Walla-Walla. Having reached a distance of fifteen miles, he became so exhausted that, unable to carry her further, he concealed her in a thick clump of bushes on the margin of the river, and hastened to the fort for assistance.

"On his arrival, Mr. McBain immediately sent out men with him, and brought her in. She had fortunately suffered nothing more than fright. The number killed, including Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, amounted to fourteen. The other females and children were carried off by the Indians, and two of them were forthwith taken as wives by Sil-aw kite's son and another. A man employed in a little mill, forming a part of the establishment, was spared to work the mill for the Indians.

"The day following the awful tragedy, a Catholic priest, who had not heard of the massacre, stopped on seeing the mangled corpses strewn round the house, and requested permission to bury them, which he did with the rites of his own Church. The permission was granted more readily, as the Indians were friendly towards the Catholic missionaries. On the priest leaving the place he met, at a distance of five or six miles, a brother missionary of the deceased, a Mr. Spalding, the field of whose labours lay about a hundred miles off, at a place on the River Coldwater. He communicated to him the melancholy fate of his friends, and advised him to fly as fast as possible, or, in all probability, he would be another victim. He gave him a share of his provisions, and Mr. Spalding hurried homeward, full of apprehensions for the safety of his own family; but, unfortunately, his horse escaped from him in the night, and, after a six days' toilsome march on foot, having lost his way, he at length reached the banks of the river, but on the opposite side to his own house.

"In the dead of the night, in a state of starvation, having eaten nothing for three days, every thing seeming to be quiet about his own place, he cautiously embarked in a small canoe, and paddled across the river. But he had no sooner landed than an Indian seized him, and dragged him to his own house, where he found all his family prisoners, and the Indians in full possession. These Indians were not of the same tribe with those who had destroyed Dr. Whitman's family, nor had they at all participated in the outrage; but having heard of it, and fearing the whites would include them in their vengeance, they had seized on the family of Mr. Spalding for the purpose of holding them as hostages for their own safety. The family were uninjured; and he was overjoyed to find things no worse.

"Mr. Ogden, the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Columbia, immediately on hearing of the outrage, came to Walla-Walla, and, although the occurrence took place in the territory of the United

States, and of course the sufferers could have no further claim to the protection of the Company than such as humanity dictated, he at once purchased the release of all the prisoners, and from them particulars of the massacre were afterwards obtained. The Indians, in their negotiations with Mr. Ogden, offered to give up the prisoners for nothing if he would guarantee that the United States would not go to war with them, but this, of course, he could not do.

Upon his leaving Walla Walla, and during the intervals of this dismal episode, our traveller took the interesting resolution of proceeding to Colville by the Grand Coulelet, which, he says, from the appearance of the two extremities, seemed to have been a former bed of the Columbia River; and to this effect he left the boats, and started with a half-breed called Donny, and two riding horses. By thus leaving the river, however, he was destined to suffer severely from thirst. The first lake they came to was salt, and the second swarmed so with pelicans that their dung had made the water green and thick. The country, generally speaking, was a barren, sandy desert. There seems, indeed, to be much less available land in the Valley of the Columbia than in that of Frazer's River, albeit the former is by far the most extensive. After some time they arrived at an immense gully or dried up water-course, with banks seven to eight hundred feet high, beyond which a basaltic amphitheatre, having in its centre a luxuriant green sward, and a small lake of excellent water. Another long basaltic wall led the way to the Grand Coulelet itself, a wonderful gully about one hundred and fifty miles long, and from one mile to one and a half wide, and walled up in many places by an unbroken length, twenty miles long, of perpendicular basalt, a thousand feet high. There can be no doubt as to having been the bed of the Columbia proper. The same geological change of comparatively recent date by which the river was made to flow at a depth of now some four or five hundred feet below it. The bottom of the valley was level, and covered with luxuriant grass, except where broken by immense rocks, which were once so many enormous rocky islands.

The next day (August 4th), Mr. Paul Kane followed up the course of the Grand Coulelet, absorbed in admiration of its beauty and grandeur, assuming as it did

a new aspect of increased wildness and magnificence at every turn. There was grass of the best quality for the horses, delicious springs gushing from the rocks, which almost tempted him to prolong his stay at the risk of starvation. It was not until the evening of the 15th that he immersed from the gorge of this stupendous ravine, and saw the mighty river flowing at least five hundred feet below him. "This river," says Mr. Paul Kane, "exceeds in grandeur any other perhaps, in the world, not so much from its volume of water, although that is immense, as from the romantic wildness of its stupendous and ever-varying surrounding scenery, now towering in snow-capped mountains thousands of feet high, and now sinking in undulating terraces to the level of its pellucid waters."

On the 8th of August, Mr. Paul Kane arrived at Colville, after a journey which was attended with no small amount of difficulties, and he remained there till about the 22nd of September, when he started for the Rocky Mountains. During his stay at Colville, the sad event occurred at Walla Walla. On the 10th of October, the canoes reached Boat Encampment without any accident, and our traveller was detained there till the 31st, waiting for the brigade from the east. He was at length enabled to start with four Indians and fifteen loaded horses, encamping the first night at the Grande Batterie. The road the next day, through the Pointe des Bois, was about the worst, he says, he had ever travelled. Beyond this came the ascent of the Grande Cote, which was accomplished before sunset, although the snow reached up to the horses' sides, and the party were enabled to encamp once more near the Committee's Punch bowl, and at the great water-parting between the west and the east.

Progress hence was rapid, although the snow lay deep in parts. There was, first, the Grande Batterie, and then the Grande Traverse, these Canadian *ronpapeurs'* names being singularly descriptive. On the 5th of November, they reached the Athabasca River, which was much flooded, and Jasper's House on the 6th; and where, as on the previous occasion, our traveller got a feast on a delicious mountain sheep. These animals abound in the neighbourhood. Mr. Kane says he counted as many as five large flocks grazing in different directions from the house at one time. They are considerably larger than domestic sheep; their horns are also very large, whence they are called "big horned sheep," and their coat somewhat resembles in texture and colour the red deer, but a little darker.

From Jasper's House the journey was continued in snow shoes, with dog sledges for the packs. On the 15th of November, they harnessed their dogs and ran along "with a wind" up the lake. The sledges sometimes flying in front of the dogs, and a cloud of snow enveloping the men, who could only stop themselves by lying down. Half way over the lake they met the Indians, and sat down and had a smoke. The Indians, when they come to ice, or hard frozen snow, where the snow-shoe has to be taken off, always take off their moccasins also, and travel barefooted; by this means, they preserve their moccasins, and when they sit down, they put their feet in their furs. This walking barefooted on ice in such intense cold would seem dangerous to the inexperienced, but, in fact, the feet of those who are accustomed to it suffer less in this way than many do from the ice which always forms on the

lake. It is a wooden fort of large size, enclosed with pickets and bastions. The houses are of cedar, neatly built and well furnished, and the whole place bears a more comfortable aspect than any establishment between itself and Red River. It stands about a league from the nearest point of the Columbia, and about two miles from the Chaudiere Falls, where salmon are so abundant, that as many as 1,000, some of them weighing upwards of 40 lb., have been caught in one day with a single basket. Between the salmon of this river and the fish of the same name in England, there appears to be a slight difference. The flesh of the former is white, while the flesh of the latter is somewhat less pointed; the former is in the proper season is delicious. The soil around the fort is sandy, and the climate is so hot and dry that, during the season, moisture wet some hardy men from the wet, with the exception of occasional showers, in spring and autumn. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the fort is a very agreeable place to live in, and the company are much better off than they are at the other posts. The wheat, which is raised from six to seven to eight acres, is as good as a bushel of money, or thirty dollars, minus the flourishes, but does not keep well for the Indians. The Indians, however, come to the fort to trade, and the company are much better off than they are at the other posts. The wheat, which is raised from six to seven to eight acres, is as good as a bushel of money, or thirty dollars, minus the flourishes, but does not keep well for the Indians. The Indians, however, come to the fort to trade, and the company are much better off than they are at the other posts. Amongst the wild flowers in the neighbourhood of the fort are the lupines, the monardella, and the Indian, in

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inside of the moccasins in long and quick travelling, as the ice thus formed cracks into small pieces, and cuts the feet. Now, on the journey again, which for days was intercepted by *bourdigueaux*, or sharp ridges of ice, like frozen waves, or trap ice, formed in places where the river was dammed up, and the dam being carried away by the undercurrent, the upper ice remains with nothing to support it. Day after day, the following entries occur in the author's journal:—

"November 18th.—Our first trouble was, that the dog Mr. Frazer lent me (the best dog we had) was gone; he had gnawed the cord and bolted home—a serious loss, as, besides his use in drawing the sledge, we might want to eat him."

Then came the passage of the Grand Rapids—a mass of icy pinnacles from ten to fourteen feet high—with bruised limbs and wounded feet.

"November 19th.—The water had overflowed the ice. We had to cut a way through a wall, and were glad to get back to the sharp ice on the river. This day I suffered a great deal; my feet were so severely cut by the frozen strings of my snow-shoes that I left a track of blood behind me on the snow at every step. At night, they were obliged to keep turning round and round before the fire to keep themselves from freezing.

"November 20th.—This morning I found that I had what the *rognageurs* call *mal de racquet*. This is from not being used to snow shoes. It is felt at the instep. The pain is intense. It feels as if the bones were broken, and the rough edges were grinding against each other at every motion.

"November 21st.—River dammed up. We had up to this always given our dogs food every day, but my guide advised us not to do so any more, as he had known dogs travel for twenty days without food, and every ounce we now had was too precious to give them, even if they died; so the poor brutes were tied up superfluous, and their masters went to bed with half allowance.

"November 24th.—Open water on the river; through the woods again; came back to river on a high bank; turned over sledge and baggage, and then pitched the poor dogs after; rolled, scrambled, and fell down ourselves.

"November 23rd.—River running rapid; obliged to encamp; the men wished to scurry Mr. Kane's instep with a gun flint, to ease his pain. Our poor dogs looked so savage and starved, that we had to tie their heads close up to the trees, fearing lest they might gnaw the strings, and make off.

"November 26th.—Tried river; dogs and sledge went through ice; were fished out, and ran forty miles in the day.

"November 27th.—Mr. Kane tried to walk without snow-shoes; fell through ice; got out; pushed on in wet clothes, though sorely chafed with ice: to stay was to starve.

"November 28th.—Up early; there was nothing to cook, and no breakfast to eat. Tortured with *mal de racquet*; wounded with ice inside stockings, an eighth of an inch every day from the freezing of the perspiration; breaks and feels like sharp gravel in shoes. Obligated to halt, though we knew the fort was near. Should they eat dog? No; dogs were too thin."

On the 29th of November, at four o'clock in the afternoon, they reached Fort Assiniboine, having travelled three hundred and fifty miles in fifteen days, amid difficulties, fatigues, and privations of all kinds,

not to mention the *mal de racquet* produced by walking long distances in shoes which are from five to six feet in length! Four days' more travel, still in snow-shoes, but this time with plenty of rabbits on the road, took them to Fort Edmonton, outside of which buffaloes ranged in thousands close to the fort; deer were to be obtained at any distance; rabbits ran about in all directions, and wolves and lynxes prowled after them all through the neighbouring woods. Seven of the most important and war-like tribes on the continent—the Crees, Assiniboines, Blackfeet, Surcees, Gros Ventres, Pay gans, and Blood Indians—also congregate at and are in constant communication with this fort.

The buffaloes darkened the plain, and hunting and hunting stories were in plenty.¹

Now began life in the snow; the men began to gather their supply of fresh meat for the summer in the ice pit. This is made by digging a square hole capable of containing 700 or 800 buffalo carcasses. As soon as the ice in the river is of sufficient thickness it is cut into square blocks of a uniform size with saws, with these blocks the floor of the pit is regularly paved, and the blocks cemented together by pouring water in between them, and allowing them to freeze solid; in like manner the walls are solidly built up to the surface of the ground. The head and feet of the buffalo, when killed, are cut off, and the carcass, without being skinned, is divided into quarters, and piled

¹ Few buffalo stories, which have men for their heroes and buffaloes as victims, possess such interest as one of a buffalo and bull fight related by Captain Palliser (See p. 386) in his "Solitary Hunter."—"About three months previous to my arrival at Fort Union, and in the height of the buffalo breeding season, when their bulls are sometimes very fierce, Joe was taking the Fort Union bull, with a cart, into a point on the river above the fort, in order to draw home a load of wood, which had been previously cut and piled ready for transportation the day before, when a very large old bison bull stood right in the cart track, posing up the earth, and rearing, ready to dispute the passage with him. On a nearer approach, instead of flying at the sight of the man that accompanied the cart, the bison made a headlong charge. Joe had barely time to remove his bull's head-stale, and escape up a tree, being utterly unable to assist his four-footed friend, whom he left to his own resources. Bison and bull, now in mortal combat, met midway with a shock that made the earth tremble. Our previously docile, gentle animal became transformed into an infuriated beast, springing from side to side, whirling round as the buffalo attempted to take him in flank, alternately upsetting and righting the cart again, which he banged from side to side, and whirled about as if it had been a hand-bell. Joe, safe out of harm's way, looked down from the tree at his champion's proceedings, at first deploring the disadvantage he laboured under, from being harnessed to a cart; but when the fight had lasted long and furious, and it was evident that both combatants had determined that one or the other should fall, his eyes were opened to the value of the protection afforded by the harness, and especially by the thick shafts of the cart, against the short-horns of the bison, who, although he bore him over and over again on his haunches, could not wound him severely. On the other hand, the long sharp horns of the brave Fort Union bull began to tell on the furrowed sides of his antagonist, until the final charge brought the bison, with a furious bound, dead under our hero's feet, whose long fine-drawn horn was deep-driven into his adversary's heart. With a cheer that made the wood ring again, down clambered Joe, and triumphantly caressing, also carefully examined, his chivalrous companion, who, although bruised, blown, and covered with foam, had escaped unharmed. It required all Joe's nigger-cloquence to persuade the bull to leave the slain antagonist, over whom he long stood watching, evidently expecting him to get up again to renew the combat, Joe all the while coaxing him forward with "Him dear good bull, him go home now, and do no more work to-day;" which prospect, "Black Joe," in common with all his sable brethren, considered as the acme of sublimity felicity.



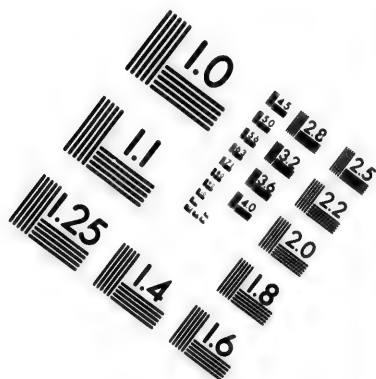
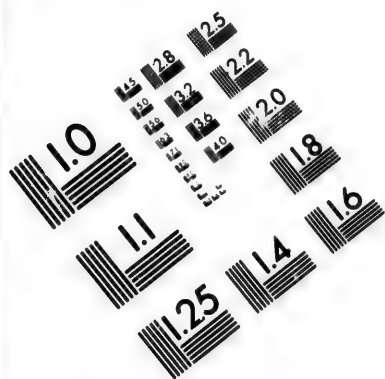
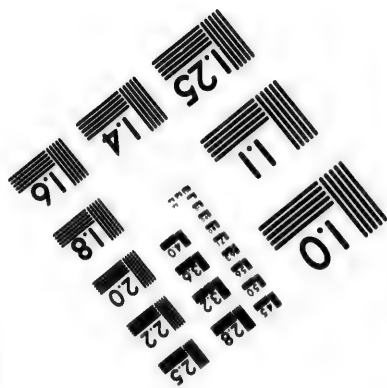
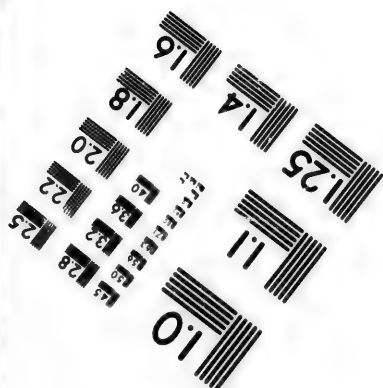
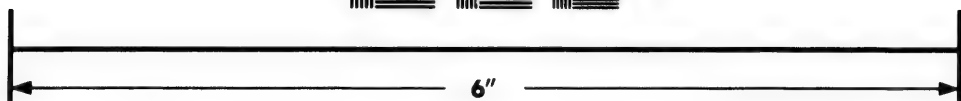
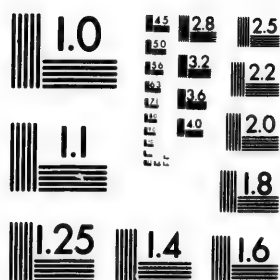


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in layers in the pit as brought in, until it is filled up, when the whole is covered with a thick coating of straw, which is again protected from the sun and rain by a skin. In this manner the meat keeps perfectly good through the whole summer, and eats much better than fresh killed meat, being more tender and better flavoured.

Horses are kept for riding, selected from the wild band of 700 or 800 which roam about the fort, and forage for themselves through the winter, by scraping the snow away from the long grass with their hoofs. These horses have only one man to take care of them, who is called the horse-keeper; he follows them about and encamps near them with his family, turning the band should he perceive them going too far away. Instinct soon teaches the animals that their only safety from their great enemies the wolves is by remaining near the habitations of man, and by keeping in one body they are enabled to fight the bands of wolves, which they often drive off after severe contests. Thus they rarely stray far away, and never leave the road.

A merry Christmas Day, and a wedding on Twelfth Day, with a dance, and then, in company with the bride and bridegroom, Mr. Kane and party started on the 7th to Fort Edmonton, in carioles or light sledges, intended for one person only, a thin flat board, about a foot and a half wide, turned up in front, with a back to lean against, covered with buffalo hide. On the 12th day a diverting incident occurred: a herd of buffaloes had come down the bank on to the ice, and did not perceive the approach of the party until the foremost sledge was so near them as to excite the dogs, who rushed furiously after them, in spite of all efforts to stop them. The spirit of the hunt was at once communicated through the whole tribe, and they were soon all, carioles and sledges, dashing away at a furious rate after the buffaloes. The frightened animals, at last, made a bold dash through a deep snow bank, and attempted to scramble up the steep bank of the river, the top of which the foremost one had nearly reached, when slipping, he rolled over and knocked those behind, one on top of another, down into the deep snow drift amongst the men and dogs who were struggling in it. It would be impossible to describe the wild scene of uproar and confusion that ensued. Some of the sledges were smashed, and one of the men was nearly killed, but at last they succeeded in getting clear and repairing damage.

Our artist, who seems to have had a stomach for sun and starvation, as well as a pencil for Indians, only stayed at Fort Edmonton until the 12th of April, when he was lured away to Rocky Mountain House, 18° S.W. of Fort Edmonton, on the Saskatchewan, by the news of a large party of Blackfeet being about to assemble there. He arrived there and found it beautifully situated on the river banks in a small prairie, backed by the Rocky Mountains in the distance. It is built so as to serve as a protection against the Blackfeet, whose vicious or warlike disposition is well known. "I may state," says our author, carelessly, "that beds of coal are seen protruding here along the banks of the river, similar to that of Edmonton." As there was nothing to be seen but rabbits, they soon made their way back to Edmonton, which place, on the 29th of May, they left for Norway House, passing Fort Pitt, where they saw and hunted the wolves employed in devouring the carcasses of the drowned buffaloes, caught by

the rising streams. They saw, on the 1st of June, a large party of Indians riding furiously towards them—a war-party of Blackfoot Indians, Blood Indians, Surtees, Gros-Ventres, and Pay-guns. After hiding a Cree Indian in one of their boats under the skins which covered their goods—for it was against his nation the Indian party were out—they went down to their encampment, and were welcomed as friends, the arms, guns, bows, and arrows, being placed at their feet in token of amity.

There was one exception. A great man, "Big Snake," walked round the party, cracking and flourishing a whip, and singing a war-song, evidently desirous of getting up a fight, and refusing to lay down his arms with the rest, although frequently requested to do so. At length, however, he put them down, and sat with the rest, and taking (though with evident reluctance) a few puffs from the pipe which was going the round of the party, in token of peace, he turned to Mr. Harriett and said, as he had smoked with the white man, he would present him with his horse, at the same time lending up a beautiful brown animal, which I had seen him alight from on our arrival; he handed Mr. Harriett the lasso.

Big Snake's brother, who seemed to be very proud of him, told us the following anecdote: Some time back Big Snake had the free admission to one of the American forts near the Rocky Mountains. Coming up one day, with two other Indians, to enter the gate, it was shut rudely in his face, by order of the commander, who had only lately arrived in the country. This his pride led him to regard as a direct insult; he rode away, and falling in with some cattle, that he knew belonged to the fort, he commenced firing on them, and killed thirteen. As soon as the sentinel, who had given the offence, heard the shots, he suspected the reason, and informed the superintendent, who immediately collected his men, and sallied out with them, well armed, in the direction of the firing. Big Snake, being on the watch, hid himself, with his two companions, behind a small hill.

The party from the fort, apprehending there might be a large number of Indians hid, hesitated to advance within gunshot; but a negro of the party offered to proceed and reconnoitre. Approaching the hill with great caution, and seeing no one, he began to think they had escaped; but, when within about twenty yards of the top, Big Snake sprang up from his lair and fired, bringing him down, and the next moment bore off his scalp, and waved it in derision towards the Americans.

A short time afterwards Big Snake met a large party of Blackfeet, "pitching" towards the fort on a trade. On his arrival amongst them he stated what he had done, and dared any one to censure his conduct, on peril of making him his enemy. Although the band well knew that what he had done amounted to an open declaration of war, and would, of course, cut off any communication or trade with the establishment, unless they actually gave up Big Snake as a prisoner, yet they suffered their disappointment in silence, rather than incur the anger of one whom they so much feared. Another band of the same tribe, ignorant of the circumstance, arrived at the fort a few days afterwards. The Americans, thinking this a good way of chastising the aggressors, loaded one of their cannons with musket-balls, and while the unsuspecting Indians were standing huddled together at the gate, waiting for admittance, applied the fusee. Fortunately

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it did not explode, and the Indians, seeing the unusual stir and the flash, became alarmed and fled. On a second application of the fusée it discharged its murderous projectiles amongst the fugitives, and killed ten persons, principally women and children.

Some time afterwards, Big Snake heard that one of the most influential Indians of the tribe had blamed him in a speech for involving the tribe in much inconvenience, and destroying their trade. On hearing these remarks, he directly went in search of the censurer, armed with a scalping knife, and on coming up with him, attempted to stab him; his foot, however, slipped in the attempt, which saved the other's life, although he received a severe wound in the side. These two continued for some time in a state of deadly hostility, until Big Snake was persuaded by many of his friends to make peace, to which he at length consented, and proceeded towards his lodge for that purpose. In the meantime he had told his wife, if she saw any disturbance, to move her lodge instantly to the top of a small hill a few hundred yards distant, which might be more easily defended. On his arrival at the man's lodge, he found him seated with his wife and children around him, and, taking up one of the children, he began to caress it, and asked it to intercede with its father for the injury he had done him. The man, however, moodily held down his head without any reply, whilst Big Snake again asked the child to take pity on him still. The father remained silent; on which Big Snake, getting enraged at the rejection of the friendly overtures he had condescended to make to one whom he regarded so much as an inferior, and feeling himself humiliated by the refusal, rushed from the tent, seized his gun, which he had taken the precaution of placing within reach in case of emergency, and commenced firing through the skin covering of the tent, killing two of its inmates, and wounding a third; after which he returned to the hill where his wife was pitching the tent according to his orders, where he remained and defied the whole camp to molest him.

This worthy, Mr. Paul Kane, succeeded in making the centre of a picture of warriors of Indian nations (See p. 386); to the extreme left is a chief, called "Little Horn," with a buffalo robe draped around him, and between him and "Big Snake" is Wah-nis-tsin, principal chief of the Surcees tribe.¹

¹ June 6th the battle came off, and the story is as follows:—In the morning a fugitive arrived, bringing news of a battle between the hostile Indians. It appears that the Crees had a medicine-dance, and had, according to their custom, erected an ornamental pull, around which they hang their medicine-bags, &c., whilst dancing. After the conclusion of their dance, they returned to their camp, a distance of about three miles, which consisted of ninety lodges, leaving the medicine-pull standing; shortly after, the invading war party we had met discovered the pull, and one of their number climbing to the top, to tear off the ornaments, he, from the height, perceived the Cree camp in the distance, upon which the party prepared themselves for battle.

One of the Cree scouts had also perceived that they had formed a very erroneous idea of their numbers, and had mentioned them only as a small party. Upon this the Crees immediately proceeded to the attack, thinking to overwhelm them by their superior numbers, and did not discover their error until they were actually engaged. When they perceived that they were so much outnumbered, they retreated to their camp; all but one chief, Pe-ho-this, who, disdainful to fly, dashed madly into the midst of his enemies, dealing death around him with his poke-man-gun or war club. On every side, bullet and arrow pierced his

The Hudson's Bay agent hurried the party out of so dangerous a neighbourhood, and the 10th of June saw them at Cumberland House, whence they proceeded down the Saskatoonnewan Elbow to Norway House, where the artist traveller secured a sketch of Oye-maw-wah-clack, the "Spirit Chief," an Esquimaux from Hudson's Bay, one hundred years old; but more remarkable for another circumstance than even for his age. He had an only son ("whom I often met," says Mr. Kane), quite elderly in appearance. The mother of this boy had died very shortly after his birth; and there being no woman giving suck near at the time, the father, to soothe the cries of the starving infant, placed the infant's mouth to his own breast, and finding that the child derived some benefit from it, he continued the practice for some days; and, strange to say (not so strange to say, Mr. Paul Kane, as to believe, although it is asserted that the same thing has happened before; and Dr. Livingstone tells us it is not uncommon in Central Africa, and he has seen it), milk flowed from his nipple, and he brought up the child without the assistance of any woman!

Now with favouring winds, and an ascent up the Winnipeg River—stopping only at the White Mud Portage (See p. 345), and its picturesque ascent—with the *voyageur*, and the Indians and their squaws, who were following the party, carrying their canoes across, and then homewards to Toronto, to which place, from Montreal River, "the greatest hardship I had to endure," says Mr. Paul Kane, with the genuine feeling of a true traveller, "was the difficulty I found in trying to sleep in a civilised bed."

body; but he continued the unequal conflict, until his brittle arm was shattered by a ball; when his wounded and frightened horse, no longer under control, dashed with him from the tumult, and carried him, still living, to his lodge, but with only just sufficient strength to enable him to beg his tribe to take care of his wives and children for his sake, when he fell dead from his charger.

The whole camp now fled with their women and children, leaving their lodges standing; except two old and enfeebled chiefs, who, as it is not unusual amongst Indians under such circumstances, remained in the best lodge, and having dressed themselves in their gayest clothes and ornaments, painted their faces, lit their pipes, and sat singing their war-songs, until the Blackfeet came up and soon despatched them. The Crees had nineteen killed and forty wounded, besides losing their lodges and a good deal of property which they could not carry with them. The Surcees lost Wah-nis-stow, before mentioned, and having taken six scalps, thought they had done enough, and returned from the battle to have a dance with the scalps. The Blood Indians, after losing three of their party, also retired, after taking a few scalps, leaving the Blackfeet, who had lost six, to bear the brunt of the battle; the Pay-guns and Gros-Ventres, not having arrived until the fight was over, of course suffered no loss.

In a subsequent part of the work we hear of the death of Big Snake as follows:—Some Cree Indians arrived, and boasted that one of their war chiefs had vanquished the great Blackfoot chief, Big Snake, in single combat. Big Snake had ridden away from the main body of his tribe, in hopes of stealing some horses, as he thought that the Crees, in their precipitate flight, were likely to have left them behind; and hoping to have all he got for himself, he took no comrades with him. The Cree chief discovered him from behind a hill, riding alone on the plain beneath, and burning with vengeance, rushed at him without waiting for his other warriors, who were not, however, far off. Big Snake did not so to the others, and disdainful to fly from a single foe, he boldly galloped to meet his enemy; but the fight was short, as the Cree succeeded in piercing him with his spear at the first meeting, and he was scalped and dead before the others came up.

V.—THE WINIPEG AND RED RIVER DISTRICT.

THE more or less speedy opening of a line of communication from the Atlantic to the Pacific, through British territory, as Professor Hind justly remarks, will be very largely dependent upon the progress of British Columbia. From the return of the value of imports and customs receipts at New Westminster (mouth of Frazer River), for the twelve months ending the 31st of December, 1859, it appears that the imports amounted to £177,219 7s. 6d., and the customs to £18,464. The entire white population of British Columbia did not exceed 5,000 men in October, 1859, with very few women and children. The value of the export of gold was, at the same epoch, estimated at £14,000 a month, or £168,000 per annum.

The Town of Lytton, whose name is a just recognition of one who has always advocated the great cause now under discussion, and the Valley of Thompson River, appear to have become points of the greatest importance in British Columbia. Lytton is at the forks of the Thompson and Frazer rivers, and contains eight or ten stores and a government house. The Thompson River is about 150 yards wide at its mouth, and there is a horse-ferry attached to it. Fort Kamloops is an important port, situated on the forks of the Thompson and North Rivers; the Thompson is here 300 yards wide, and the North River 320 yards. The head waters of the Thompson are about 22 miles east of these forks, and Dr. Hector advanced, in 1859, from the east side of the Rocky Mountains within 60 miles of the source of the Thompson. He says it was his wish to have followed the Columbia River down to its great bend at the boat encampment, and thence, following up the valley of the Canoe River, to have endeavoured to pass to the head waters of the Thompson River, and so reach British Columbia. Want of provisions, the approach of winter, and the extraordinary thickness of the forest, prevented Dr. Hector from accomplishing this very interesting link between the trails east of the Rocky Mountains and the head waters of the Thompson River, from which point a pack-road already exists to the Pacific considerably to the north of the boundary line.

The first expedition organised to examine the country between Lake Superior and the Red River of the north, with a view to determine the best route for opening a communication between that lake and the settlements in Red River, was despatched by the Canadian Government in July, 1857, under the direction of Mr. Gladman, with Professor Hind as geologist, Mr. Napier as engineer, Mr. Dawson as surveyor, and a considerable staff of assistants and *voyageurs*, mainly Iroquois and Ojibeway Indians. The Red River Expedition, as this first party was called, sailed from Collingwood on Lake Huron for Fort William, Lake Superior, on the 24th of the same month. During a fog in the latter, fog-bows were seen, and on looking over the side of the vessel a double halo of very brilliant colours might be observed encircling the shadow of the observer's head, projected on the dark-coloured waters. Every man saw his own halo, but not that of his neighbour. The expedition landed at Fort William on the 1st of August, the *Collingwood* having stuck fast for one day on a rock near Michipicoten Island.

The first portage is met with at a distance of twenty-two and a-half miles from Lake Superior. It is called the Décharge des Paresseux, as if it could be rowed

over by a little courage and spirit. Not so, however, with the Grand Falls, which involve a portage of three-quarters of a mile. The scenery here is beautiful, and the plateau is covered with a profusion of blueberries, strawberries, raspberries, pigeon, cherry, and various flowering plants, among which the blue-bell is most conspicuous. The alluvial valley sustains elm, aspen, balsam, poplar, ash, butternut, and a very luxuriant profusion of grasses, vetches, and climbing plants, among which the wild hop, honeysuckle, and convolvulus, are the most striking. The rear portion of the valley, with an admixture of the trees just named, contains birch, balsam-spruce, white and black spruce, and some heavy aspens. The low table-land is thinly wooded with small pine. The area available for agricultural purposes below the Grand Falls, probably exceeds 20,000 acres, but if the flanks of Mackay's Mountain (trap) be included in the estimate, a large addition may with propriety be assumed.

The Grand Falls mark the limits of a track of country differing in many important physical aspects from the valley of the river lower down. From black argillaceous slates of Huronian (Cambrian) age, we pass to a region in which granite, gneiss, and chloritic schist prevail, and where the vegetation is often scanty and poor. In the forests which line the banks, however, the canoe-birch is frequently seen eighteen inches in diameter, the underbrush consisting chiefly of hazelnut. Extensive areas covered with burnt forest trees consisting chiefly of pine, occur in the valley of the river as far as Little Dog Lake, when the formidable barrier of the Great Dog Portage, sustaining a heavy growth of timber, comes into view. The latter falls are very picturesque, and would take rank, Professor Hind observes, with the most charming and picturesque falls on the continent. The shoals, rapids, and falls on the Kaministiquia River, it is to be observed, will always prevent that river being used as a means of communication with the interior for commercial purposes. The first large area of open water is Dog Lake, and, with a view to reach this elevated sheet of water, a road from the shores of Lake Superior, in as direct a line as possible, will be required. The area of Great Dog Lake exceeds 200 square miles; the country around it is hilly, and covered with forests, in which white spruce prevails, interspersed with groves of aspens, and occasionally dotted with the Weymouth and Banksian pines; white and yellow birch are abundant, and some of them of large dimensions. The lake is bounded by bold primary rocks, and studded with innumerable islands.

There is a communication between Dog Lake and Thousand Lakes to the west, but our party did not explore it, proceeding by Dog River, with its abundant growth of Labrador tea (*Ledum palustre*), and of the fragrant Indian tea plant (*Ledum latifolium*), to the Prairie Portage, or height of land which separates the waters flowing into Lake Superior from those which flow into the Winnipeg basin. On this line of watershed there is an isolated lake at an elevation of 1,485 feet above the sea.

The waterflow to Hudson's Bay commences ostensibly with the Savanne Lake and its feeding swamps. At its south-westerly termination begins the Great Savanne Portage, which descends 31½ feet to Savanne River, the latter meandering away eighteen miles to the Thousand Lakes. The immediate banks are clothed with alder, willow, and dog-wood; behind these are seen tamarack.

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pine, spruce, and aspen. There is also much marshy land. The usual route from Thousand Lakes to the vast expanse of water and islands called "Rainy Lake," is by the Seine, the navigation of which is much impeded by falls and rapids, and necessitates no end of portages, but our party took the line of Baril Lake and Sturgeon Lake and River. The latter lake surpassed all others in its picturesque beauty. There were plenty of rapids and falls, and consequently of portages, on this route—almost as many as on that by the Seine.

Leaving Rattlesnake Portage, rapids and falls followed one another in quick succession. The most important were Crow Portage, with 9.88 feet fall; the Grand Falls Portage, 16 feet; and the great and dangerous Nameaukan Rapids, letting the river down in steps between 15 and 16 feet, and of which an excellent sketch is given in Professor Hind's book, as also of several other of these picturesque falls and rapids. The canoe route, followed by the North-West Company by the Pigeon River from Lake Superior, joins the same chain of communication—that of Rainy Lake—at this point, or rather at Lake Nepauquon, which immediately precedes it. Professor Hind explored this latter route on another occasion, and he does not seem to estimate the facilities as greater in one way than the other. The Grand Portage, which is the chief obstruction on the Pigeon Route, lying within the territory of the United States, loses all interest as the terminus of a Canadian route; but, on the other hand, we are told that that part of the water communication which forms the boundary line, and the country between Arrow Lake, White Fish Lake, and Fort William, "seems to acquire importance in proportion to the extension of our knowledge respecting its capabilities and resources." To how many other points in this vast labyrinth of rivers, lakes, and woods, may not this observation be also possibly applied?

Rainy Lake, which belongs one-half to the United States and one-half to British America, is fifty miles long by 38½ broad, and is 294 miles round by canoe route. Its shores are low, and the rocky ridges and hill flanks present a picture, we are told, of hopeless sterility and desert waste. The islands, which exceed 500 in number, are, however, well wooded. Taking Lake Superior at 600 feet above the sea, Rainy Lake is 1,035 feet. It is frozen about the 1st of December, and remains so till about the first of May.

A delightful odour of the balsam poplar loaded the air, and welcomed the expedition at the entrance of Rainy River, where that fine stream issues from the lake, a broad and rapid river. Rainy River has a course of eighty miles by its windings, from the lake of same name to the Lake of the Woods. There is another route from one of the north westerly bays of Rainy Lake, by the Rivière du Bois, which was explored by Mr. Napier, and the result of this exploration was to establish the fact that, however advantageous this route may be for Indians in their small canoes, it is far inferior to that by Rainy River, as a boat-communication. Elsewhere, Mr. Hind remarks, that communications superior to those now travelled may yet be found, but it seems clear that until the watershed of Rainy Lake is reached, no connection possessing sufficient water to form a boat-route exists, or can be made without numerous dams.

Fort Frances is situated two miles below the head of Rainy River, where it issues from the lake, just

above the Chaudière Falls, at the foot of which is a famous fishing-ground, from which the Ite la Pluie, or Rainy Lake Indians, obtain an abundant supply of their staple food. Wheat is sown at this establishment, and potatoes, turnips, carrots, and, indeed, all common culinary vegetables, succeed well. The great enemies to extended cultivation are the Rainy Lake Indians. They are not only numerous, but very independent; and, although diminishing in numbers, they frequently hold near Fort Frances their grand medicine ceremonies, at which five hundred and six hundred individuals sometimes assemble. The number of Indians visiting this fort for the purpose of trade reaches fifteen hundred. They do not scruple to jump over the fences, and run through the growing crops, if the ball, in their games, is driven in that direction.

On the United States side of Rainy River, from the lake of the same name to the Lake of the Woods is swampy, but in the rear of that there is estimated to be about 170,000 acres of available soil of high fertility; but on the British side there are eighty continuous miles of land fronting on the river fit for settlement! Of late years this fine valley has been afflicted by caterpillars.

The vast expanse of lake and islands called Lake of the Woods, is 325 miles from Lake Superior by the Pigeon route, and 381 by Fort William, and is about 91 miles from the Red River Settlement in an air line. The lake is 977 feet above the level of the sea, and the scenery among the islands is of the most lovely description, and presents, in constantly recurring succession, every variety of bare, precipitous rocks, abrupt timbered hills, gentle wooded slopes, and open grassy areas. The water was, at the time of Professor Hind's visit, tinged with green, from the presence of minute confervæ, which are said to be destructive to fish. Wild-rice (*Zizania aquatica*) grows abundantly in the marshes bordering the lake, and is an abundant article of food to the Indians.

The Indians did not like the expedition proceeding directly across the swamps which separate the Lake of the Woods from the Red River Settlement. The replies and objections of their chiefs were often couched in very poetical language, with a few satirical touches, which were warmly applauded by the audience.

The following is a specimen of the colloquy:—

"What reason can we give to those who sent us for your having refused to allow us to travel through your country?"

Chief:—"The reason why we stop you is because we think you do not tell us why you want to go that way. And what do you want to do with those paths? You say all the white men we have seen belong to one party, and yet they go by three different roads. Why is that? Do you want to see the Indian's land? Remember, if the white man comes to the Indian's house he must walk through the door, not steal through the window. That way, the old road, is the door, and by that way you must go. You gather corn in your gardens and put it away. Did you never see corn before? Why did you not note it down in your book? Did your people want to see our corn? Would they not be satisfied with your noting it down? You cannot pass through those paths."

"We ask you now to send us one of your young men to show us the road; we shall pay him well and send back presents to you. What do you wish for?"

Chief:—"It is hard to deny your request, but we see

how the Indians are treated far away. The white man comes and looks at their flowers, their trees, and their rivers; others soon follow; the lands of the Indian pass from their hands, and they have nowhere a home. You must go by the way the white man has hitherto gone. I have told you all."

At the close of the council, the chief said to the interpreter, "Let not these men think bad of us for taking away their guides. Let them send us no presents: we do not want them. They have no right to pass that way. We have hearts, and love our lives and our country. If twenty men came we would not let them pass to-day. We do not want the white man; when the white man comes he brings disease and sickness, and our people perish; we do not wish to die. Many white men would bring death to us, and our people would pass away; we wish to love and to hold the land our fathers won, and the Great Spirit has given to us. Tell these men this, and the talk is finished."

It was resolved, therefore, to proceed by the Winnipeg River. The island called Garden Island, from its fertility, in which this colloquy was held, was sadly infested by the scourge of the country—grasshoppers, as they are called—but in reality a true locust (*Aceridium femur-rubrum*). It is not a little remarkable that the United States, whose boundary line follows the south bank of Rainy River, and is prolonged from the Lake of the Woods to British Columbia, in the parallel of 49 deg., and which would thus cross the southern extremity of the lake, is made to strike across the Lake of the Sand Hills to Monument Bay, at the extremity of the north-west corner of the said lake, and then to come back again to the parallel of 49 deg.! Sturgeon are very numerous in the Lake of the Woods; they were repeatedly seen leaping out of the water, in their gambols at the approach of evening. Large pike—so to be seen basking in the sun at the surface of the water. They could be even killed by shooting them on the head with the paddle.

The River Winnipeg issues from the Lake of the Woods by several different streams, one of which does not join the parent stream for a distance of sixty-five miles. In its course of one hundred and sixty-three miles to Lake Winnipeg, this great river descends three hundred and forty-nine feet by a succession of magnificent cataracts. Some of the falls and rapids present the wildest and most picturesque scenery, displaying every variety of tumultuous cascade, with foaming rapids, treacherous eddies, and huge swelling waves, rising massive and green over hidden rocks. The river also frequently expands into large deep lakes full of islands, bounded by precipitous cliffs, or rounded hills of granite.

The Hudson's Bay Company's post at Rat Portage is beautifully situated on an island at one of the outlets of the Lake of the Woods. The rock, however, is chloritic slate, which soon gives place to granite, so that there is no area for cultivation between it and Islington Mission. The fertile soil around this latter does not embrace more than two hundred and fifty acres, but Indian corn ripens there, and wheat only requires ninety-three days to mature. There are other available areas of a similar character, varying from fifty acres to three hundred acres in extent, between the Mission and Silver Falls, about eighteen miles from the mouth of the river. In this latter

district alluvial and fertile tracts, bearing groves of heavy aspens and other trees, prevail. Islington Mission is sustained by a munificent gift from Mrs. Landon, of Bath, of £1,000 for its establishment, and £100 a-year for its maintenance. Its prospects are favourable, and it will eventually become an important station in the wilderness by which it is surrounded. The present congregation numbers about forty-five Indians belonging to the Swampy Cree. Other Indians are also conciliated by material contributions, showing the advantage of agricultural operations being associated with spiritual labour at remote stations. The missionaries are indeed here, as in many other places, the pioneers of civilisation.

A mile and a half from Lake Winnipeg is Fort Alexander; and in the country between it and Islington Mission many Indians live, their resources being fish, rabbits, and wild rice. The growths of the latter are described as being at places very extensive, and the Indians fill their canoes by beating the heads with a stick. These natural growths are also, as may be imagined, frequented by large flocks of birds. Red River enters Lake Winnipeg by six distinct channels. The traverse was effected without any incidents, save a heavy squall; and fourteen miles above the mouth the country began to rise, and all the aspects of a level, fertile region gradually invested the scene. It was a pleasant change, passing from the cascades and rapids of the Winnipeg, where half-clad savages fish and hunt for daily food, to the even flow of Red River, where Christian men and women, once heathen and wild, now live in hopeful security on its banks.

The population on the Red River and Assiniboine, which amounted to 5,143 in 1845, was 6,523 in 1856. This population consisted of 816 families of natives and half-breeds; 116 Scots, 92 Canadians, 40 English, 13 Irish, 2 Swiss and 1 Norwegian. There is a governor and recorder of Assiniboine, for the administration of justice; and lands sell at as much as 7s. 6d. an acre. There are three religious denominations:—Church of England, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic; the Catholics being as 2,798 to 2,345 Protestants. There are three Romanist churches, four Episcopalian, and two Presbyterian. The Bishop of Rupert's Land is stationed at St. John's, on the Red River; and the Romanist Bishop of the North-west, at St. Boniface, on the same river. Education is in a far more advanced state in the colony, than its isolation and brief career (it was founded by Lord Selkirk in 1812) might claim for it. There are seventeen schools in the settlements, generally under the supervision of the ministers of the denomination to which they belong. The farms of the settlers, both on the Assiniboine and the Red River, are generally laid out in narrow strips, so as to give to each a small frontage on the rivers. The principal cultivated crops are Indian corn, wheat, hay, barley, and oats. Hops grow wild, and in the greatest luxuriance. All kinds of root crops grow well, and attain large dimensions. All common garden vegetables, which are cultivated in Canada, are equalled, if not surpassed, by the productions of the rich prairie soil of Assiniboine. Considerable quantities of sugar are made from the ash-leaved maple. Were there a market, flax and hemp would also thrive. The live stock of the settlements is represented by 2,799 horses, 2,726 oxen, 3,883 cattle, 2,644 calves, 4,674 pigs, and 2,429 sheep. The vast prairies of Red River and the Assiniboine, clothed with a rich profusion of moist nutritious grasses,

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THE BARON DE WOGAN.



offer unrivalled advantages for rearing stock. But there is no market for wool, beef-tallow, or hides.

The future of Red River colony depends upon a regular connection being established with Canada; and we cannot but, therefore, look with the deepest interest at the progress of expeditions such as Captain Palliser's, and such as we have before us, manned by persons competent to examine and arrive at satisfactory conclusions as to how that desirable object is to be attained.

There are two so-called mails to Red River, the Canadian Government having authorised the conveyance of mails to and from that settlement, *via* Fort William, besides the mail from the United States territory by Pembina, described as "a town and port," with "voters for the State of Minnesota," and "a garrison of United States dragoons;" but in reality a small village, containing about a dozen scattered log-houses. The expedition, on one occasion, met "the mail" near Pine River. It was borne on the back of a half breed, who was accompanied by a boy fifteen or sixteen years old, carrying the blankets and cooking utensils. The mail-bearer was very ill, and had not eaten food for two days, having been longer on his journey than he expected. He had no means of killing the prairie hens which were so abundant on the trail, and which might have provided him with food. He carried the mail in a large leather-bag, by means of a strap passing round his head; he was poorly clothed, wet, and miserable, and had been fifteen days coming from Crow's Wing. They gave him some buffalo-meat and pemmican, on the strength of which he hoped to reach Pembina in two days.

On the ensuing year (1858), Professor Hind conducted another exploratory expedition, from Fort Garry, *via* the Assiniboine and Mouse Rivers, to the boundary line, thence to the Qui Appelle Valley, the South Saskatchewan, the main Saskatchewan, and the basin of Lake Winnipeg. Captain Palliser believes that the best way of communication with the Red River Settlement is, by the Red River Valley, and through the States. Professor Hind, on the contrary, argues strongly that the Arrow Lake, Pigeon, and Kaministiquia lines would be preferable to an alternative which may involve a thousand compromises. Upon this point Professor Hind remarks:—

"Captain Palliser has not had the opportunity of examining and reporting on the Fort William and Arrow Lake route from Lake Superior to Red River. As an emigrant route, the outlay of a few thousand pounds can make it available for summer communication. An emigrant could then start from Liverpool and proceed to Quebec by steam (eleven days), from Quebec to Collingwood, Lake Huron, by rail (two days), from Collingwood to Fort William, by steamer (three days), and from Fort William to Fort Garry *via* Arrow Lake and the Boundary line (six days), or twenty-two days in all from Liverpool to Selkirk Settlement. The route through the United States, *via* St. Paul, cannot offer greater advantages as a summer emigrant route than those presented by the chain of lakes along the boundary line to the north-west corner of the Lake of the Woods. Cattle and live stock generally will necessarily pass to and from the United States over the prairies of Red River, where food is abundant, and can be obtained without cost, but there is no reason why heavy goods should

not in process of time be shipped at Liverpool and proceed direct to Fort William, or Lake Superior, without transshipment, passing through the magnificent chain of Canadian canals, and thence to Red River, through British territory *via* Arrow Lake, Rainy River, and the north-west corner of the Lake of the Woods."

VI.—ADVENTURES IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS OF THE BARON DE WOGAN.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1850, the *Isthmus* steam-boat of the American Pacific Navigation Company landed on the quay of St. Francisco a party of thirty passengers, whom she had brought from Panama. Among these travellers, whom a desire for adventure or the gold-fever had led to California, were four Frenchmen, driven far from their native land by the storm of political convulsions. Starting from different points of their native soil, and from different social positions and political parties, they were bound to each other by a contract under one of those industrial associations that have sprung from the ebullition of society in Europe on the one part, and on the other from the exaggerated reputation of the Californian gold mines. It would seem as if one thing only had been wanting, the discovery of some new machinery, the application of which to gold-crushing must produce enormous results of wealth; and of such machines, there was scarcely a newspaper that had not two or three announced in large type, with plans, plates, and designs.

Of these four associated Frenchmen, the author of the following pages is one; they contain, of course, but an abbreviated narrative, which may be hereafter enlarged, if found agreeable to the public taste.

At the epoch when our story commences, San Francisco was not yet the proud city that now vindicates to herself the title of the "Queen of the Pacific." Her population, now beyond 100,000, was then not a quarter of the amount.

Her rapid and incessant development is entirely due to the rare energy of her population, who possessed every good quality, in conjunction with numerous defects. Nothing could keep her back; not the government excesses; not the scandalous irregularities in administration; nor the frightful disasters of immense fires; nor monetary shocks; alarms, or even panics. San Francisco has triumphed over all these; and her internal wealth has reached a progressive height, that holds forth every promise for the future. Everything seems to feel the happy impulse of her position; whatever is planted there takes root, and thrives. One comprehends at a glance that the precious metals, agriculture, commerce, and trade, must, by their concurrent influences, create the greatness of California.

All the conditions of modern civilisation are combined on this spot. Gas and water permeate every street; the omnibus is seen everywhere going its round; the cab and the carriages rattle in every quarter. Freemasons, benefit societies, savings' banks, assemblies, book-clubs, vast dockyards, and foundries, and sanctuaries, a telegraph, newspapers, theatres, and markets abounding with vegetables, game, and magnificent fruit, all are there collected.

An emigration pours in from all sides, and installs itself in this country, of late so desert and desolate, as

if in a permanent dwelling-place. It has now become a country.

"In 1850 the tumultuous effervescence of discordant elements, newly come together from all parts of the globe, made San Francisco resemble much rather a cauldron in ebullition than the cradle of a great state; so, that after a stay of a few hours, we hastened to quit this theatre of bloody collision and den of the worst passions, by embarking on board a steam-boat, which kept up an intercourse between the city and the gold districts.

"Crossing the harbour of San Francisco, and plunging our way through the crowds of ships bearing the flags of all nations, we reached the mouth of the Sacramento, and entered, to work our way up its stream.

"The landscape on its banks displayed its most smiling aspect; green meadows extended themselves on each side, leading up to beautiful woods, peopled with numerous herds of deer; then follows a chain of hills, topped with clusters of oak, brightening the perspective; while in the horizon a chain of high mountains serve as a frame for the picture.

"We sailed along, following this delicious panorama with our eyes for some hours, until we saw at the distance of about a mile before us an English trading brig, apparently at anchor. We hailed her to leave us on her way; but her captain replied, through his speaking trumpet, in English, 'I am aground, in the middle of the passage; the other part of the river being obstructed by a second bark. This was no affair of our Yankee captain's, whose business it was to pass up somehow, even over the unlucky Englishman, if it could not be done otherwise; in fact, scarcely had he given us a wink of intelligence, than he ordered her chief engineer to get up all steam, backed the vessel, and then keeping on full power, drove the boat full speed between the bark and the brig. The shock was terrible, but the Yankee made his passage, carrying with him the starboard bulwarks of the poor English brig.

"As for us, we knocked away our larboard paddle-box, and some of our crew lost their balance and rolled pell-mell among the packages of all kinds, with which our deck was covered.

"We arrived without further accident at Sacramento, our first abiding place in California. It is the second city of this region, and owes its origin, like Francisco, to the gold mines. It stands on the left bank of the river, whose name it bears.

"As soon as we had disembarked, we sought out a horse and cart, to transport us and our effects to the *placers* (gold-seekings) of the Grass Valley, where we had an intention of making an experiment with the machine we had brought with us from France.

"A year afterwards we were following, with our rifles on our shoulders, a cart conveying what was to make the fortune of our association, and drawn with difficulty by the united labour of four mules. At the end of the day we made a halt, at a clearing by the wayside, to pass the night, and next morning, with the first ray of sunlight, we recommenced our journey. The country through which we travelled was inhabited, but it was only rarely that at the side of some stream we occasionally came upon a solitary dwelling. Sometimes we came upon portions of the ground that must have been, in earlier days, of great beauty. More remains still testified where the pious hand of the missionary had laboured, where, in the time of their power, they

had endeavoured to bring their missions closer together, by making the communication between them easier. The country became more and more steep as we advanced further into it, and our march proportionately slower.

"We generally made a halt from eleven to one, to let the heat of the day pass and rest our mules, and our greatest care in the evening was the choice of the place for camping, and the order of our march by day, the country being infested by bands of vagabonds, searchers after hidden gold, but who, instead of inquiring for it with a spade in the bosom of the earth, found a more convenient and less fatiguing method of procuring the precious metals in robbing travellers.

"At last we arrived at Rough and Ready, a village in the valley, whence rose the Nevada City. Here we had, for the first time, under our eyes the aspect of a *placer* of miners. (See p. 397.) At the bottom of a ravine, that looked as if it had been turned over by a hurricane, a great quantity of trees had been torn from the soil; in the midst of deep excavations might be seen miners bending over their picks with which they drew forth lumps of auriferous earth, which they carried away to wash at about a mile distant; while, still further off, some one, more lucky than the rest, standing in the water up to his loins, was washing this earth in a flat iron-pan, and extracting gold from it.

"On either side of the ravine stood, in long array, the miners' dwelling houses, consisting of tents of every shape, and huts of cedar planks. Having satisfied ourselves with the contemplation of the spectacle, we continued on our route for Grass Valley, where we arrived the next day after. This place, though more considerable and important, presented in almost every respect the same appearance as Rough and Ready.

"Scarcely had we arrived, when a stream of the curious issued from the surrounding tents and huts, and watched with surprise the hauling out of our precious machine. We raised our tent under a broad shade of trees indicated to us by a party of Swiss, with whom we visited the places in all its extent before retiring to that rest of which we had so much need. Towards midnight we were all aroused by a tempest. The thunder growled sharp and quick, its loud voice striking against and being repeated by the echoes of the three mountains that hung over the place, and seemed the more terrible; yet, thanks to the newness of its cords, our tent stood bravely up against the shock of the wind, but not against the rain, which, flying before the blast, filtered through it in heavy drops, and a sleet which quickly found its way through our coverings and garments, and wetted us to the skin. At last came the day, and we lighted an immense fire with the dry branches that the tempest had broken down, and so warmed our frozen limbs. But this was not all that we had to do; we had now to mount our machine and set it working. To this end we chose out a *claim*¹ (See p. 397), where we made our first experiments. These were not at all satisfactory. At last, happening to lean over the recipient in which the mercury was placed, I was able to make out that the gold passed over it without amalgamating; we were struck with consternation at this discovery, and thought, with one common accord, that our mercury, which we had lent obligingly to the

¹ A *claim* is a piece of ground to the extent of ten feet square, and to this every miner in a *placer* has a right.

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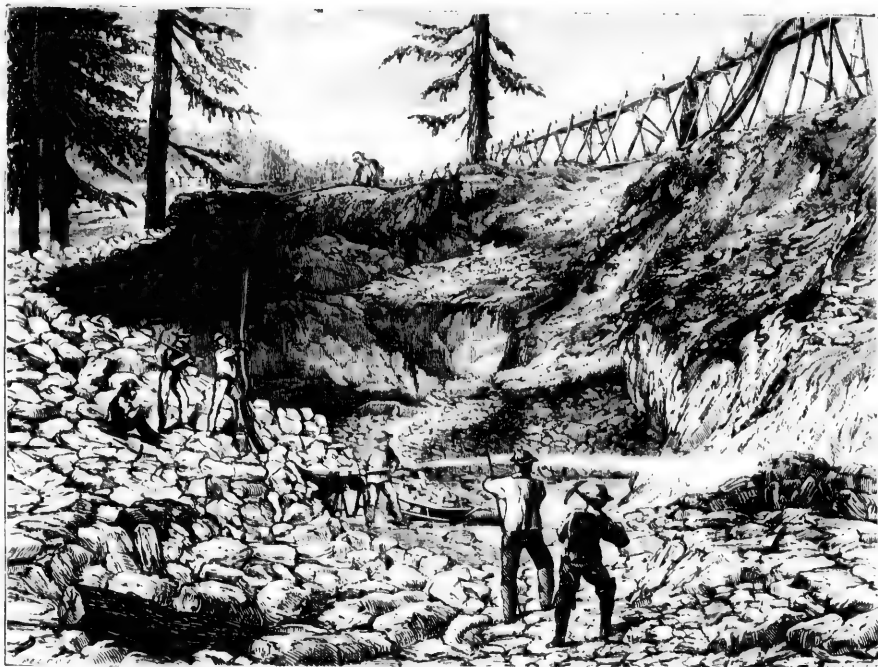
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A "CLAIM" IN CALIFORNIA.



GRASS VALLEY DIGGINGS.

captain of the *Isthmus*, to replace some that he had lost himself on the coast of Mexico, had become deteriorated. So we began again with perseverance, but each time we passed the mercury on the chamois skin, there was not a single bit of gold sticking to it, whereupon we came generally to the conclusion that our machine of itself was one utterly unfitted to gold washing. We felt very much out of heart; my three companions proposed at once to dissolve the society, sharing the materials and what funds we had left. I accepted the offer, happy in the power of living alone in the enjoyment of such a life of adventure, and feeling in that loneliness that I had attained the liberty to which I aspired. Those gentlemen went off to San Francisco; I myself remained in Grass Valley long enough to collect together some gold-dust, and so procure the means of freely making the various excursions that I had projected."

VII.—THE MINER AND THE HUNTER.

"I now looked out for what was necessary for a man to begin work with; next I bought of an American, who was going back to New York, his hut and a set of miner's tools. The claim I picked out at the top of the valley, where I could be alone with my thoughts. What, though my hut was neither spacious nor elegant! it was not the less convenient. It stood upon the banks of a stream, with grass and flowers before it, and at its back a pine-tree of not less than twenty feet in diameter at its base; my villa, less ambitious, only measured eight feet square, and was formed of pine planks nailed to pine poles, and fitted on the top of each other in a manner that insured a free circulation of air. In the middle was a small iron-pot or tripod that held the fire, and a still smaller cauldron inserted in this constituted the whole of my kitchen; here I made my soup, boiled my fowls, fried my eggs, and roasted my mutton, that is to say, whenever I could get them. At the farther end of the cabin was my camp-bed, made of four short sticks driven into the ground, with cross-pieces at the sides to join them, and some sacking nailed over them; as for bed I made that out of a sack of shavings and oak-leaves. Over my pillow, like a protecting ægis, was hung the portrait of one I dearly loved—my good rifle and revolver depending on each side of it.

"Behind the hut I have scratched out a garden, which I surrounded with a hedge of bushes, and planted with such flowers and vegetables of our dear France as would grow there freely. By the side of the garden was a little oven, about a foot-and-a-half high, of earth, where I baked my bread, and delicious I found it.

"The miner, of whom I had bought my cabin, had left me some provisions, including about forty pounds of fine flour. These remnants of stock were of immense value to me.

"About a mile from my dwelling I discovered a small party of four miners, Canadians of French origin; with them I soon became on friendly terms. Although of inferior education they were honourable young fellows. I had always reason to be proud of my connection with them, and rejoice in the end I was the means of their acquiring a good fortune. I have already spoken of what my bed was made of. One day, on a fine afternoon, I went up the side of a hill with my sack and rifle on my shoulder; here I came upon a hollow that was filled with dried leaves, into which I jumped up

to my waist, and set to work, hands and feet, filling my sack. After killing some small birds on the mountain I went home to my rest, and as it was night when I got there, I took only a light supper and went to bed. Fatigue soon brought on sleep. About three o'clock in the morning, when my slumbers grew lighter I felt there was something quickly moving up and down in my sack, and in a manner that was by no means assuring. Thinking it might be a rat, I carried my hand down along the sack, and shuddered with horror as I felt the shape of a snake, which turned its head briskly in the direction of my hand. One bound and I was outside the hut running towards my friends the Canadians, to whom I related my adventure, and begged them to come back with me to the hut. Re-entering with them, I emptied the contents of my sack, and saw escape from it a fine full-grown rattlesnake, which glided off to conceal itself under the trunk of a fallen tree near my garden. Unaccustomed to such visitors, I was at first desirous of approaching it more closely for the purpose of a nearer inspection, but the ungrateful monster that I had warned in my bosom rushed upon the bayonet that I presented towards him, and began to bite at the barrel of my rifle. Fearing that he might take a fancy to bite me, I put my finger on the trigger and lit rally cut him in two. We made out his length to be four feet two inches, and I cut out of his tail a dozen scales, of a ball-shape, which gave a harsh sound when they were put in motion; this is what is vulgarly called the rattle of the snake.

"It would seem that, without knowing it, I had taken this snake out of his hole where he lay coiled up and frozen, and brought him home in my sack with the oak leaves.

"There is also another enemy to be feared in this country; he does not require to be introduced into your house, for he knows very well how to get there without invitation, whenever you forget to shut the door. One Sunday evening, while I was at work in my garden, for I could only attend to it one day in the week, I saw the shadow of a beast that looked like the wolf of Europe, just bounding out of my house on his way to the forest. Seizing the rifle by my side, I fired at the animal, who, feeling himself tickled by the lead, dropped a wild turkey that I had killed the previous evening. This was a coyotte (*Canis latrans*), an animal very common in these countries, and which haunts the neighbourhood of the placers for the sake of the scraps the miners throw away.

"Having often heard speak of a marsh about six miles from Nevada city, where game was very abundant, I was tempted to pay it a visit, and taking with me a mule that I had bought in the expectation of certain long journeys that I had proposed, thinking this a good opportunity of testing her qualities or defects.

"My bearskin folded in four made me a comfortable saddle, that I fixed on the back of the quadruped with the tent-rope that my partners had left behind them in the Gap Valley on their departure. I managed to cook up a bridle and stirrups by the same means. Such was the equipage with which I took the road to the marsh. I certainly should not have reached before daylight, but for an accidental meeting with a miner who was obliging enough to put me on the road.

"About a hundred paces from the bank might be seen a bush of wild roses, under which I went and laid in ambush. At every instant the wild ducks and teal touched my face with the points of their wings. I

even knocked down many of them with the barrel of my rifle; but it was not against the feathered race that I had declared war. I saw something better than that. From time to time I was obliged to make my mule change its place, for the bottom was not by any means firm, and there was a risk of my seeing it swallowed up if I did not take this precaution. I was in this position about three hours, when my attention was attracted by a sound like that of a rushing wind coming down the mountain in front of which the marsh was situated. I had scarcely time to drop two more balls into the barrel of my rifle than a magnificent herd of stags and does appeared on the edge of the forest; about ten paces in advance, a superb buck of ten branches marched at their head. He halted with an air of inquietude, raised his beautiful head and snorted; well I knew by this that he had winded me, and, fearing to see them re-enter the woods, I fired off both barrels, with no opportunity of judging their effect, as I felt myself that moment launched into space, and was only stopped in my precipitate course by the bottom of the lake. This was owing to the confounded mule, who, taking fright at the explosion of my firearms, thought it best to give a vigorous jump and get rid of me the best way she could.

"As soon as I could get on my feet again I caught sight of her making off towards the forest. I was soon after her; and thanks to the long bridle that had got round her legs, and forced her to gallop on three legs, I was not long in catching her.

"Although covered all over with mud, and wet to the skin, I still pushed on to the opening in the forest out of which the herd of deer had come, and there, to my great delight, I saw a noble stag stretched on the ground with one of my rifle-balls in his side; this was a morsel of consolation in my disaster. I was much sooner comforted than dried; for my tinder had got wet in my forced bath, and I could not light a fire. So I managed with a great deal of trouble to put the stag entire across my mule, and directed my steps towards Nevada city, to carry out a little plan I had conceived for selling my game.

"I arrived there towards mid-day, just at the time when the miners were returning from their 'claims' to dinner. As I advanced bravely up the only street of the village, I shouted out in English, 'Venison, at one dollar a-pound!' Such a capital idea was crowned with success; for scarcely had I reached the bottom of the street, which was not above two hundred yards long, than I had sold every pound, and gained two hundred dollars in gold dust.

"Now came another ray of good fortune, for two of my French compatriots, who kept a tavern, to whom I had sold the two haunches of my deer, invited me to dinner, and during the dessert informed me of their wish to enter into a contract with me to supply them with game during the whole year. I accepted this contract for so long as I should remain at Grass Valley, without binding myself to any particular time. As we were all of us Bretons, our words were as good as our bonds, and no written agreement was thought necessary.

"In this village, as in all the placers, gold and silver never made their appearance as coin; in all commercial transactions, goods are bought and paid for in gold-dust; thus you see two pairs of scales on every shop-counter, one to weigh the goods, and the other the price. Every miner carries about with him a leathern purse, in

the shape of a *portemonnaie*, full of gold-dust, for his small expenses.

"I passed a pleasant evening at this tavern with my friend from Nantes; there were guests from all parts of the world, and stories of every description.

"It was hard to leave such company, and the reader will not be surprised if it were not but a very little time before the rising of the sun that I started off on my mule again on the road to Grass Valley."

VIII.—DEPARTURE FOR THE INTERIOR.

"Weeks and months thus rolled on, between work at the 'claim' and the pleasures of the chase, the latter of which, strange to say, generally brought more profit than the former. At last came the moment when I could no longer resist the imperious desire that urged me towards the deserts of the east; consequently, after having placed my cabin in the care of the Canadians, and deposited my little fortune also in their loyal hands, I made, one fine morning, my final preparation for departure. My bearskin and my hammock, folded in four, were placed on the back of my mule, and fastened with my tent ropes; on the top of these I placed the haversack containing my provisions, and, mounted on them all, I gave a last loving look at my peaceable hermitage, my flowers, too soon perhaps to wither on their stems, deprived of my tender care; gave a friendly grasp to my Canadian neighbours, and with a happy heart, eager with hope and adventurous emotion, I set forth on my way. I had contrived for myself a kind of cabin with wolf-skins, for my red woollen shirt was quite used up. With this equipage I was a fine likeness of Robinson Crusoe, all but the skin umbrella, instead of which I had a capuchin's cowl of the same stuff as my garment, which I found infinitely more convenient, whether marching or reposing, awake or asleep.

"The early part of my voyage passed without any incident worthy of report. The day was fine, a brilliant sun gilded the top of the trees of the forest. I voyaged along under a dome of natural verdure, in which myriads of birds fluttered about and sang, apparently but little frightened at my presence. I made about forty or fifty miles of my journey without meeting any Indians, under the gigantic shade of sombre and deep forests, or these vast pines (See p. 369), the pride of the Sierra Nevada (*Taxodium giganteum*).¹

¹ About thirty miles from Sonora, in the district of Calaveras, you come to what is called the Stanislaus River; and, following one of its tributaries that marmors through a deep, wooded bed, you reach the Mammoth Tree Valley, which lies 1,500 feet above the level of the sea. In this valley, which takes its name thence, you find yourself in the presence of the giants of the vegetable world; and the astonishment with which you contemplate from a distance these tower-like conifers, rising far above the lofty pine woods is increased when, on a nearer approach, you become aware of their prodigious dimensions. There is a family of them, consisting of ninety members, scattered over a space of about forty acres; and the smallest and feeblest among them is not less than fifty feet in diameter. You can scarcely believe your eyes as you look up to their crowns, which, in the most vigorous of the colossal stems, only begin at the height of a hundred and fifty feet or two hundred feet from the ground.

Whether it is the enormous girth of the gray moss-grown trunks, the incredible heights, or the straight, beautiful growths, that produces so powerful an impression, it is long before you can collect your thoughts sufficiently to be able quietly to consider their peculiar characteristics, and determine to what species they belong. They are conifers of the family of the *Sequoia* (Endlicher), and many names have been assigned to them by various botanists who have seen and described them. *Wellingtonia* of Lindley

where the calmness reigning around pervaded my spirit with a sentiment of repose and happiness such as I had never really felt until then. My very soul seemed at rest here, and to have lost every thought of the troubles of life.

"It was about six o'clock when I arrived by the side of a pleasant stream shaded with willows and young oaks. This was a charming position for camping, for, on either side the stream was bordered with a bank of grass, enamelled with flowers as fresh as the morning; so I loosened my mule to pasture in these charming meadows, and stretched myself on the grass, where I inhaled with delight the balmy odours of the forest. After sufficient repose, a bath under a natural arcade of branches and entwining flowers, just such a bathing place as a naiad might envy, recruited my strength, and restored to my limbs that suppleness a journey of such a length as I had gone through usually deprives them of; for, to ease my mule, and, still more, from the true feeling of a sportsman, I had walked the distance on foot.

Washingtonia of the Americans. Remy calls it the Mammoth tree, *Sequoia gigantea*. Most of them have blunt tops, which have been nipped or broken off by storms in winter, or by the mass of snow resting upon them; others have been injured at their base by fires made by the Indians; and others, again, have suffered from the avarice of the white population, in the restless search after everything in nature that can bring them pecuniary profit. With this motive, one trunk has been robbed to the height of fifty feet of its bark, which has been carried about and exhibited in various parts of the world; and a spiral staircase afterwards cut in it, by which visitors (paying for their admission) ascended to a considerable height. The owner of this district, who also acts as guide to visitors, had given a name to every tree according to its position, or to some circumstance about it that had struck his fancy. The tree that has been cut down was denominated "Big tree," not without reason, as it is ninety-six feet in circumference, consequently thirty two feet in diameter, and three hundred feet high; it took five men twenty-five days to fell it, and the only way this could be effected was by boring holes in it, which were then brought into connection by the axe. The stump that was left has been smoothed at the top, and offers a surface on which it is said sixteen pairs of waltzers can perform their gyrations, without interfering with one another's movements. By counting the rings it would seem that that tree must have obtained the age of 3,000 years. Another, called "Miner's Cabin," from a hollow in the trunk, is eighty feet round, and also three hundred feet high. The "Three Sisters" are three trees that appear all to form the same root, and the middle one only begins to get its branches at the height of two hundred feet: its circumference is nine feet, and its height three hundred feet. Besides these there are "Old Bachelor," "Husband and Wife," neither much inferior in size to those I have mentioned; and even more colossal is the "Family Group," consisting of father, mother, and twenty-four children. The father has fallen some years ago, has struck another tree in its fall, and has broken off in a length of three hundred feet, the entire trunk measuring four hundred and fifty feet; at the place where it broke, its circumference is forty feet, and at the base one hundred and ten feet; the mother is ninety-one feet round, and three hundred and twenty-seven feet high; and another hollow trunk, which is broken off in a length of seventy-five feet, is denominated the "Horseback Rider," because a man on horseback can ride conveniently through it from one end to the other; and there is also "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a trunk three hundred feet high, and ninety feet round, with a hollow at the base in which there is plenty of room for a party of five-and-twenty. The rest that forms the entrance to this tree is two and a-half feet broad, and ten feet high, and certainly few of the gold-diggers have such spacious dwellings as its interior presents. It is most grievous to think that these magnificent monuments of the power of vegetation should fall a prey to the destructiveness of man, when after their thousands of years of existence they are still vigorous enough to remain, if they were left untouched, as objects of wonder and admiration to generation after generation of our short-lived race.

"My first care after this was to light a fire, and pluck two Californian partridges, which were spitted upon a stick resting upon two others; as they were very fat, I put my tin-plate under them to catch the gravy, and then I had a glorious repast, which only wanted a bottle of our Breton cider to make it perfect. This national nectar I replaced by the water of the brook, liquid and fresh, such as are all streams in the country of the Rocky Mountains. At night, I suspended my hammock between the branches of a pine, not feeling quite sure of the delights of a night passed on the grass by the side of a stream, but still, within hearing of its melodious murmurs. I cut down with my hatchet a large quantity of branches, which made me a magnificent couch through the night, and served me as the safeguard against the indiscreet visits of any ferocious beasts.

"I awoke with the dawn as the birds were singing in the bushes. How grateful to the heart of the traveller is such a pleasant awakening—those sweet notes that give to his heart that assurance of peace and courage so necessary to a man wandering in forests, thousands of miles from his native land. All that surrounded me then was so beautiful and so sweet, that I have often regretted not having been born in these primitive regions, that I might have lived there ever peaceful, and satisfied in the continual contemplation of the beauties of creation."

IX.—MY ADVENTURES.

"AFTER some days' travelling, and numerous dangers, increased by meeting with men and animals in regions seldom frequented by Europeans, dangers, whose constant recurrence made them a daily habit, I traversed the southern extremity of the mountains, whence the River Humboldt flows to the west, and, ascending between the Lakes Nicollet and Sevier, penetrated within that portion of the Sierra Wah, where the search for gold, and the flight of the Mormons, have caused to spring up the Great Salt Lake City and that of Fillmore, the nominal capital of the Mormon state of Utah. But, as yet, the sombre *cañons* or passes of those mountains (See page 365), and the gigantic forests of their sides, had never been gone over but by panthers and the no-less savage men belonging to the numerous subdivisions of the Pah Utah Indians.

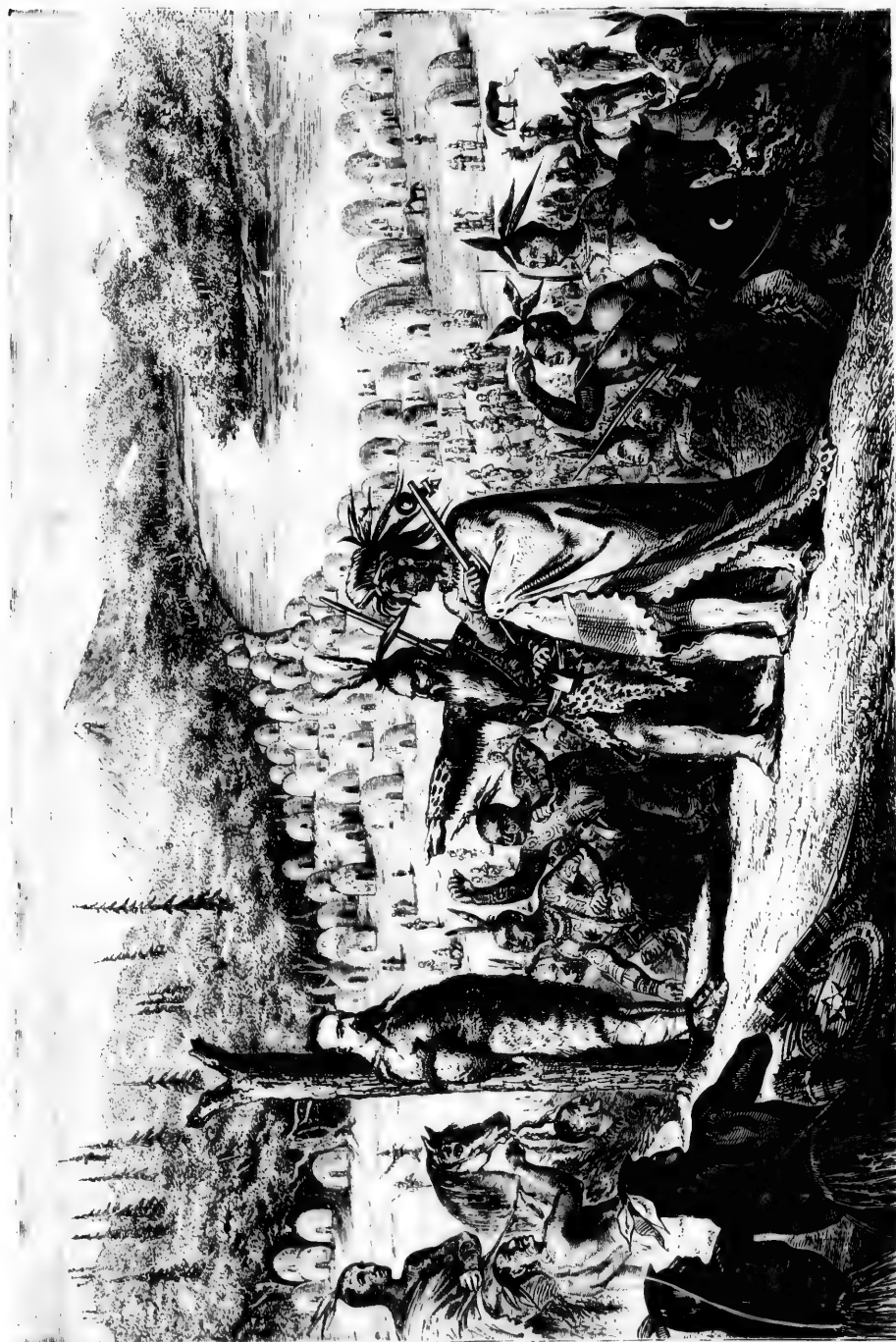
"While encamped one night on the bank of a water-course, which, too late, I recognised as an affluent of the Rio Verde, I was roused up by the growling of a bear, but in a particular tone that was not by any means re-assuring. As soon as it was daylight I looked to the charge of my rifle, and dropped in some iron shot in place of a leaden bullet. I do not know what was in the air, but I felt a kind of presentiment that was not ominous of good,—a spasm of the heart that seemed to say, 'mind what you are about.' I followed this advice, and about nine o'clock resumed my journey. As the river lay along in the direction of my route, I kept on its bank until the middle of the day, and was then about to plunge into the forest, when my attention was awakened by cries in the distance. Following the Indian fashion, I brought my ears in close proximity with the earth, and could then distinctly make out a hubbub of shouts. At one bound I threw myself into a clump of cherry trees and willows on the bank of the stream, and with my belly to the ground, like a fox that sees the hunter, I waited

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THE BARON DE WOGAN AT THE WAR-POST.

rifle in hand. After the lapse of a few minutes I caught sight of a band of Indians, of all ages and sexes, running towards the opposite bank, and leaping into the water like so many frogs. I thought I was about to be attacked, and put myself on the defensive, but I soon recognised my error, for the Indians seemed a great deal more frightened than I could possibly suppose they would be at seeing me. Men and women were swimming as hard as they could, only as the latter carried almost all of them on their backs one or two children rolled up in their birch-work cradles, so they swam much less quickly than the men, who, as soon as they reached the bank took to flight. Three only had the manhood to halt, these encouraging the poor squaws with voice and gesture to push forward. I was all the while expecting to see a band of Indians make their appearance in pursuit from the other side of the bank, and was making ready to beat a retreat. On my own part, I heard the formidable howl that had kept me awake all night resound in close proximity, and at the same moment a mass of gray fur came rolling down the bank and tumbling into the water, showing itself to be a grizzly bear, that frightful beast, the terror of a timorous heart, and the king of beasts in these regions. He swam with such vigour that he was soon close upon the last of the squaws, a poor young mother towing behind her two little children, who cried whenever their mouths were not filled with water. The Indians, on their side, shot their poisoned arrows at the bear, but the distance between them was yet too great, and he was not hit.

"In a scene so distressing, it was not in my power to remain a calm and selfish spectator.

"I came out of my hiding-place, and after calling upon and compelling the Indians, who were strongly disposed to take to flight at seeing me, to continue firm in discharging their arrows, I placed my trusty rifle in the fork of a willow-branch, to make sure of my aim, and fired a long shot. My ball struck the horrible head of the monster, and I saw him shake it in the river, whose waters became red with his blood. His speed became manifestly slower. Then, seizing an Indian, who seemed to be the husband of the unlucky squaw, I pushed him in the water to go and help his wife, who, paralysed with fear, and impeded by her burden, could scarcely manage to swim; but I was obliged to menace him with my rifle to compel him to do so. I then brought my rifle to my shoulder, and sent another iron ball crashing into the skull of the grizzly bear, which stopped his career in just sufficient time to allow the Indian woman to regain the bank, which she had no sooner touched with her feet, than she fell almost senseless. I made a sign to the three Indians—father, brother, and husband of the unfortunate woman—to bear her away in safety to the forest. Emboldened by my first success, I was now inclined for a more intimate acquaintance with my terrible game, so quickly dropped a couple of balls into my rifle, and slinging it behind me, climbed up into one of the willows that fringe the river banks. I had scarcely installed myself, and had not yet had time to fix myself to one of the branches by means of my belt, from a fear that my feet might slip, when the monster should come crawling up the trunk of the willow, foaming at the mouth, and covering me with his fetid breath. At this time I was still ignorant that grizzly bears do not climb trees, and so in my fear, and with the object of stopping

him, I discharged, at a yard distance, in succession, both barrels down his gaping throat, one of my balls went through his jaw and came out at his neck, the other stuck in his large chest; he uttered a terrific howl, and in a violent effort to get at me fell on his back at the foot of the willow. He was up and at me again in an instant. There was no time to reload my rifle, and my revolver that I sought to use had got stuck among the branches of the willow in my girdle in such a manner that I could not draw it.

"But I had all my senses about me, and seizing my hatchet I gave my assailant a violent cut across the head, one of his eyes was wounded, and I was covered with his blood; he fell to the earth and remained about three seconds writhing in convulsions of rage. During this time I managed to disengage my revolver, and seeing myself master of the situation, as it now became evident that the enemy could not mount to the assault, I took a deliberate aim and hit him in the other eye. After that it was easy to make an end of the terrible beast. Sightless as he was, he kept turning and turning round the tree, tearing its bark with its powerful teeth and claws. Finally a last shot from my rifle put an end to his agony, which had lasted nearly twenty minutes, during which he had lain bare the very roots of the willow, and torn away such enormous pieces that the tree was violently shaken. I cut off his claws and knocked out his teeth with my hatchet as a trophy, after the Indian fashion, and then, like a true sportsman, I cut him open to observe the course of my bullets in his body; his heart and his liver I found had been shot through three times. While thus engaged my Indians and their squaws came up, and began a wild dance round us, accompanied with a song and chorus, in which I thought I could recognise a certain gastronomic character in some particular words which they pronounced repeatedly. I let them go on, and seated on the plump sides of my bear, joined with them in the chorus. Seeing that I took it all kindly, they came up at last, took me by the hand and led me into their circle. I yielded with a good grace, and they appeared enchanted.

"When the moment came for parting, one of the Indians who knew a little Spanish addressed me in a speech emphatically sententious, which ended with an appropriate aphorism, 'Gratitude is a virtue of the red skins: ingratitude belongs only to the pale faces.' I left this gentleman, hardly knowing how to reply to such plain speaking. Two days afterwards I knew better what to say, for in two days afterwards I was thoroughly alone and abandoned in the desert, as well as robbed of all my little baggage by the very same Indian whose wife and child I had saved, and who had undertaken to accompany me in the capacity of guide. Nor was this all: at sunrise next day I was thinking, not so much of this Indian mode of gratitude, as of the country from which I was separated, I was suddenly withdrawn from these gentle thoughts by the hissing of an arrow which struck the earth within a pace of me. I turned my eyes in the direction from whence it came, and could see nothing; a few instants afterwards another followed from the same point, and then I took to a tree, peeping from behind which I caught sight of my Indian friend. The ungrateful thief had got behind a rock, and was looking out for the place of my ambuscade. The points of his arrows were red, that is to say they were poisoned. My part was now taken. I fired, and my ball hit him a little

below the right arripit. He fell over the rock, whence he remained suspended with his arms hanging down. Slingsing, my rifle I climbed towards him, working my way up by the jutting pieces of the rock and the roots of the trees, but as the passage was a difficult one, sufficient time elapsed for him to recover himself before I had reached the top. With an agility surprising in one so grievously wounded, he gained the plateau before I could possibly send another shot into him, embarrassed as I was by the difficulty of the ground. When I reached the plateau myself he was already a quarter of a mile in advance, flying across the plain. To follow would have been folly. I sent a conical ball after him, which was all I could do, but it did not hit him, as the distance was too great.

"I came down from the rock, and passing round by the side whence my ungrateful homicide had discharged his arrows, observed the stain of his blood. All this did not give me much relish for my breakfast, and I set forth on my journey again sad, and full of thought. Next day, towards eleven o'clock, a vague and confused murmur attracted my attention. With no very comfortable feeling I put my ear to the ground, and too soon came to the conviction that a war-party of Indians were on my traces. Flight was impossible, concealment equally useless, for I was betrayed. Confiding, therefore, in my lucky star, I waited their coming with a firm foot, my back against a tree, and my face to the enemy. A few minutes and they were within sixty paces of me. Arrows without number now fell around me, but I was protected by the trees that grew thickly on the spot. My first impulse was to defend myself with my revolver, but when I saw them coming nearer and nearer with their poisonous darts, I began to think of surrender, and a thought of my country came over my spirit—sweet thought! that counselled prudence. I laid my arms at the foot of the tree that I had chosen to back me up, and advanced towards them. They received me with their arrows on the string, and a fierce war-cry welcomed my resolve. I was at once surrounded, laid upon the ground, and tied hands and feet.

"I addressed myself to him who appeared to be the chief of the tribe, but he replied in the Indian language with some words which I did not understand. After a great many words and not less gestures exchanged between us, I thought I could understand that there was a question whether to carry me, or untie my legs. The chief, it appears, was inclined to the first plan, but others of the band, who had taken my measure and calculated my weight, had no inclination for such a burthen, so they voted for the second plan; there was an intermediate method proposed for killing me at once, but luckily the second plan carried the day. The fastenings on my legs were loosened, and I set out on a path across the forest, led along by the Indians at a slashing pace.

"Towards two o'clock we were stopped in our course by a river, which they set themselves to cross by swimming, and one of the most robust of the band was told off to carry me on his back, where I was fastened with thongs of buffalo's hide. I confess it was not without fear that I saw the commencement of this operation, the more so, because my hands, being still bound, the danger would be imminent if the Indian was not a clever swimmer. I did all I could to make the chief understand that I knew how to swim, and that if he would let them unbind me I

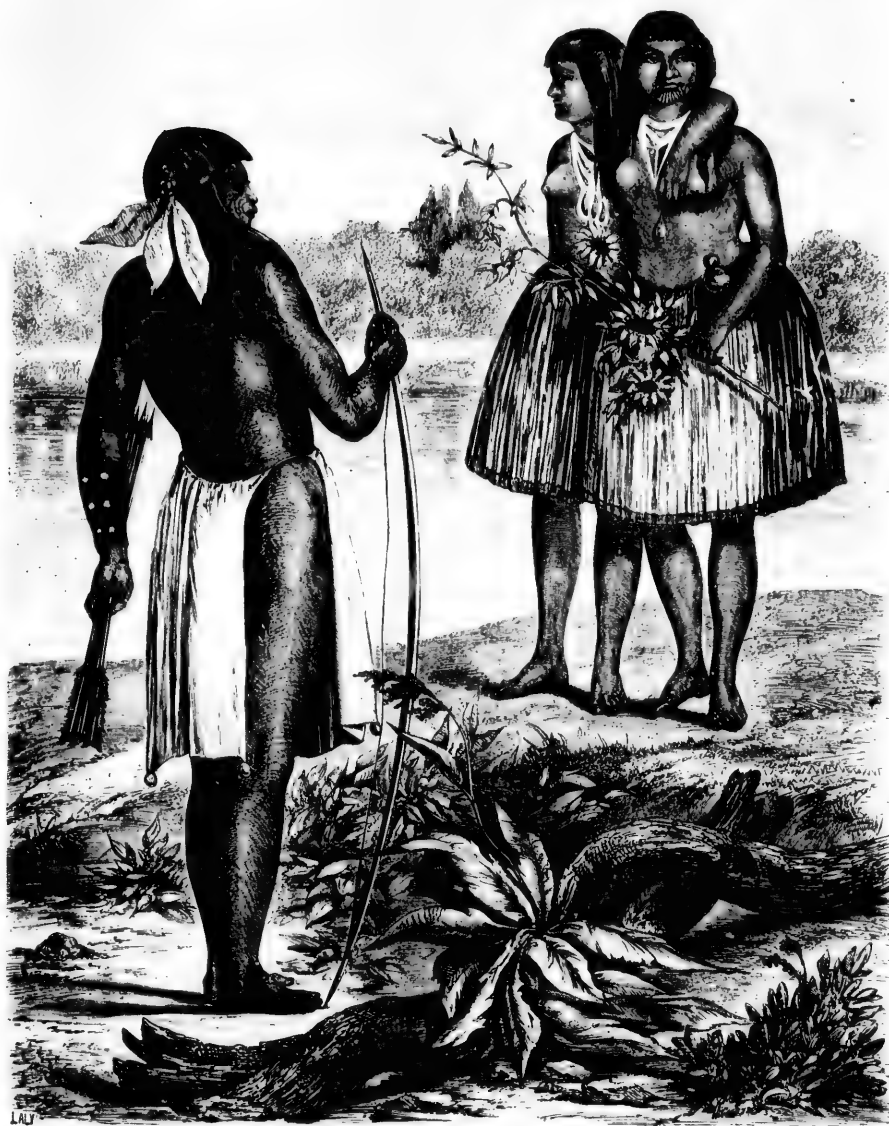
could swim across as well as they; but whether he did not understand my signs, or did not feel inclined to trust me, the arrangement remained as it was. My bag, my arms, all the booty taken with me, was made up into a bundle, and launched into the river at the same time as ourselves. I soon saw that my Indian was a good swimmer, and we rapidly reached the other side, where we halted in the middle of a small creek, bordered with reeds and aquatic plants. As it was very cold I was soon dry, for they had not taken the precaution to take off my skin-coat. We followed the course of the river for about an hour; then we came upon an affluent, whose course we followed, and twenty minutes afterwards came upon three Indian canoes hidden among the willows on the river's side. These canoes were an ingenious work, constructed of willow branches woven together, and covered with the skins of horses ingeniously sewn together. Seated in these, and impelled by paddles, we ascended the river, and after two hours' paddling I was able to distinguish about two miles off an immense prairie before us, covered with what I should have thought to be a great number of hay-cocks, if a little streak of light smoke across the blue sky had not sufficiently indicated them as the dwellings of a tribe of Indians. As soon as we had reached the principal creek where the fleet of canoes were moored, the inhabitants of these huts caught sight of us; cries of joy hailed our arrival, and more than a thousand children, women, and men hurried down to the river bank. Those most impatient to see me threw themselves into the river with most grotesque contortions, and surrounded the canoe, about which the children plunged and dived like so many young porpoises.

"I was seized and carried to land in the midst of a considerable crowd. Our entrance through a large street, formed by two rows of huts, was followed immediately by the arrival of the great chief, who gave orders, without delay, to keep at a distance the crowd, now become so compact that I felt as if stifled by a girdle of living beings. The road we came along was on an ascent, and I perceived before us the hut of the chief, which was much higher and larger than the others; a crowd of Indians of both sexes were mounted on the top, the better to enjoy the *comp-d'ail*, nevertheless, instead of going directly there, my escort took a turn to the right, through the labyrinth of huts, and stopped before one of them, into which I was made to enter, no one following but the great chief and three Indian inferior chiefs. The thick smoke with which the hut was filled prevented my at first distinguishing any objects within it, but having been led to the bottom, I found, lying on a mat, the Indian who I had wounded the previous evening with a rifle ball: near him was his squaw, with all his relations. The chief demanded of me, in Spanish, if I knew this Indian? I made a sign that I did. He then raised the buffalo-skin that covered the man, and pointed with his finger to the wound produced by my ball. They had applied to it a sort of plaster of bruised leaves. When interrogated on the origin of that wound, I was not inclined to conceal my being its author.

"My crime being thus verified, I was conducted to the council-hut, accompanied by a considerable crowd. Though larger than the other houses of the tribe, it differed nothing from them in construction—branches of oak stuck in the ground, and covered with beaten mud. The Indians of this tribe are of good size and

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INDIANS OF THE RIO COLORADO.

stature, well made and vigorous, with aquiline noses and pointed chins. Their women possess in general the peculiar style of beauty which is found in all the Indian tribes; the old women only are subject to hard work, while, as is the case in a great part of other tribes, the younger ladies enjoy the considerate gallantry of everyone. According to my map the village belonging to the great tribe of the Timpabaches, a subdivision of the Pah-Utahs, is situated on the borders of the San Juan River, a tributary of the Rio Grande, a branch of the Colorado of the West. (See p. 405.)

"On entering the house of the chief, we found assembled there the four principal chiefs, who, seated at the end of the hut, were awaiting my coming. These fellows were a grand sight, for they were freshly painted, to judge by the brilliancy of their ferocious countenances. Each of them had his tomahawk placed by his side, and wore an eagle's feather in his hair. Their necks and wrists were adorned with human teeth and bears' claws; around their waist hung tails of the wolf or fox. The interior of the council-hut was adorned with the trophies of war. (See p. 381.)

"There were scalp and arms of every kind, taken in different combats: skins of the panther and of the bear, and one thing that struck me singularly was the meeting again, among these spoils, with the skin of a monstrous serpent that I had killed sometime before that I penetrated into the Sierra Wah; I could not be deceived, there was that dreadful head pierced through by my bullets.

"In the centre burned a large fire in a brazier, the smoke from which found its way through the opening that is always at the top of each Indian hut.

"Two Indians, armed with their tomahawks, guarded the door of the council hut, and the chiefs, apparently annoyed by the cries of the curious crowd, gave orders that the entrance should be closed with a bear-skin. At first they commenced with the ceremony of the calumet; the oldest chief having described a circle on the ground, and made certain cabalistic signs about it, took up a burning coal, and lighted with it the calumet of the tribe. This he first offered to the Great Manitou, the sun, the earth, and the four cardinal points, the other chief looking on with a very serious countenance. After this the calumet was taken round to each of the chiefs in his turn, but not one of them used it in the same manner, as each of them is pledged by an oath before the Great Spirit to smoke in one particular fashion. To my great regret, the calumet was not offered at all to me, but in its place they showed me a tomahawk, stained with blood, the weapon, I suppose, of the executioner. One of the warriors brandished it ostentatiously over my head; it was lucky he knew where to stop, for my arms were still tied behind me, and my head would have been cut into bits if he had happened to let the weapon fall upon it.

"This ceremony completed, they went and replaced the tomahawk behind a hideous picture, traced on a horse's skin, placed on the side of the hut. This painting was a coarse representation of the sun, where the Timpabaches believe the Grand Spirit to reside.

"The squaw of the Indian wounded by me was then introduced, and that one of the chiefs who had opened the sitting questioned her as to what she knew about the charge against me. I could see very well, from the first, that the poor little squaw was more inclined to pity

than accuse me, and I read in her eyes and her gestures that she would uphold my cause, as far as her position as the wife of the wounded man would permit her.

"I understood, also, that she was recounting the scene of the combat against the bear, and how I had saved them all from a certain danger. As they listened to the evidence of the squaw, a flush of good feeling lighted up the countenances of the members of the council, and after a sufficiently animated debate, the great chief addressed to me, in Spanish, the following questions:—

"Wherefore has the Pale Face come to these regions to declare war on the Timpabaches? Let him answer. The Great Chief of that nation waits, that he may justify himself if he can."

"The Pale Face," I replied, "has not declared war; on the contrary, he was attacked and defended himself."

"Then," added he, "let him show the wound he received from his aggressor."

"I had no wound; but I was obliged to give one, to save my life."

"The Pale Face had no such rights; after his bravery before the Grizzly Bear, he should have been gentle, and fled before the arrows of the Timpabache, which did not hit him. He has shed blood; his blood must be shed. The Great Chief of the Horned Snake and his council are of opinion, that the Pale Face has deserved death."

"At these words, the Indian woman uttered some expressions that I did not understand; and, lifting up the bearskin that covered the door of the council-tent, went forth. After her departure, a new palaver got up among the council of chiefs. I thought, at one moment, that there was a division of opinion with regard to my sentence; but, in a very short time, the principal chief cut short the dispute by taking up the tomahawk of war. This he placed on my head, pronouncing, at the same time, some words in the Indian language, all the while keeping his eyes fixed on the picture of the sun, of which I have spoken above.

"I thought of my country, and those loved beings to whom I must bid an eternal adieu.

"At the bottom of the hut stood the trunk of an oak, to which I was fastened by the neck with a strong leathern thong, fixed itself to a ring of massive gold, the polished inside of which would lead to suppose that it had served for more than one victim. A bundle of dry rushes were brought in, upon which a number of Indians laid themselves down and smoked, as they sung, in a monotonous tone, my death-song, which at last soothed me off to sleep, worn down as I was with fatigue, emotion, and hunger, which it was impossible to satisfy with the handful of dried chestnuts, cooked in the ashes, that my guards offered me.

"Two days and two nights succeeded each other, without producing any great change in my situation.

"On the morning of the third day, my attention was attracted by an unusual tumult of voices, and of comers and goers in the camp. All through the night, I had been kept awake by a sinister presentiment; it was not long before the four chiefs presented themselves, majestically equipped, followed by a hundred warriors with eagle plumes in their hair—some of them armed with bows and bucklers of hard wood covered with the skin of the grizzly bear, painted in divers colours—others with flint muskets. The tomahawk of war, of which I have already spoken, was handed to the chief,

and he placed himself at the head of my funeral procession. They untied my legs, and led me out of the hut with a cord round my neck. I felt that the hour of my death had arrived.

"Like a true soldier, I resigned myself to my fate, and marched on with all the pride and assurance that my spirit could muster out of my agitated flesh. As soon as we had got outside the hut, the Indians of my escort mounted their horses—which were magnificently caparisoned with the skins of tigers and buffaloes, and every man had, hanging round his bridle, a number more or less of the scalps of his enemies.

"The immense prairie that surrounded the wigwams of the Timpabaches was covered with Indians. I was not long in discovering, from the diversity of their accoutrements, that a great many different tribes were here collected. My escort of warriors conducted me to the centre of this meadow, a work of some difficulty from the pressure of the curious population. In the centre of the Prairie was raised a kind of hillock, on the top of which was the trunk of a young oak, with the branches lopped off. This was the War-Post, and to this I was immediately tied by the hands and feet.

"I had been in this position some time when the Great Chief came towards me, accompanied by a personage who, although he was robed and swathed in the manner of the Indians, had yet a European appearance. He was a man of about sixty-five years of age, of large stature and robust frame. He wore a very long red beard, contrary to the custom of the Indians, who are a smooth-skinned race; garments of untanned panther skins added much to his savage physiognomy, and he carried a rifle in a sling, a hatchet and a revolver in his belt.

"The Great Chief of the Timpabaches here present," said he to me in good English, 'charges me to tell you that he has condemned you to death; his sageness has counselled him to this resolution for several reasons; the first and most conclusive of which is—your American nationality; the second, is the mortal wound inflicted by you in the territory of the Timpabaches, on an Indian of his tribe. In consideration, however, of the good deeds related as done by you, he has mercifully exempted you from the cruel punishments usually inflicted, and to which I myself, an Indian in heart, and an Englishman by nation, should probably have been opposed.'

"I thank you," said I to him, 'for a feeling that does you honour; but be good enough to inform the Chief that he is mistaken in regard to my nationality; I am not an American; and if I have wounded one of those Indians it was only in self-defence, pushed as I was to the extreme by the man's ingratitude towards one who had preserved him and his family from the teeth and claws of a grizzly bear. For the rest, is it not in the nature of a man to defend his life when it is menaced?'

"Without replying directly, my strange interlocutor answered—

"Sir, your position affects me very much: have you not a family to regret, a wife, a mother, a sister, to deplore your death?'

"Yes," I replied; "and they will all feel the greatest affliction when they see me no more return to the home of my fathers; but, at any rate, they will be ignorant of where or how I have lost my existence. Apart from this, death has no terrors for me: misery has taught me to give it a welcome. When I decided

upon making this excursion to the Rocky Mountains, I had determined upon the sacrifice of my life; death is to me but a common and foreseen accident; for the rest, I am a soldier, and under this title I shall show to these barbarians that a Frenchman knows how to die as bravely as an Indian warrior.'

"At these words, I saw emotion beam from the eye of this man-hunter, who seemed so ferocious at the first glance.

"I have tried every means," said he, 'to obtain pardon for you from these Indians, but there is a powerful party against you in the council of the chiefs. The Indian whom you wounded was the brother-in-law of one of the most influential warriors of the tribe.'

"I thank you again," I replied, 'but permit me to ask from you a single and last service before I die, that you will undertake the task of abridging my punishment, and will undertake to remit a medallion which I have here on my heart to one of my compatriots whom I left behind in France, when about to depart for America. I am unwilling that this image, which recalls the traits of the dearest of women, should be profaned after my death by these savages. You will, doubtless, go some day to Sacramento, or even to San Francisco, where you will be sure to meet some Frenchman worthy to receive the sacred deposit, with the mission of announcing to this lady that I died in the placers.'

"That mission is sacred to me," he replied, 'I will make a journey expressly to accomplish your last wishes, and I promise you, on my honour as an English gentleman and an Indian chief, religiously to carry out this sacred trust.'

"Open, then, my fur-coat, and you will find this medallion." After asking my permission to do so, he opened the coat, and, with eyes wet with tears, said to me, 'You must have been unhappy, indeed, at quitting for ever this lovely creature, whose sad look seems to presage in advance the dangers that awaited your perilous journey.'

"The tears that rolled down on the face of my garments were my only reply. In the locket that contained this picture, I had written my friend's name; when the stranger saw this, he asked me quickly, if that was my name also, and whether I was of English descent?

"Yes; and, assuredly, I am proud of it," I replied. 'My ancestors followed the fortunes of the Stuarts, and abandoned fortune and country to accompany into France their exiled king.'

"He did not suffer me to conclude.

"What then?" he exclaimed, 'are you descended from that Wogan, whose worth has been made so famous by the author of *Waverley*?¹ Then, if it be so,

¹ The Captain Wogan whose enterprising character is so well drawn by Claremont. He had originally engaged in the service of the Parliament, but had abjured that party upon the execution of Charles I., and upon hearing that the royal standard was set up by the Earl of Glencairn and General Middleton in the Highlands of Scotland, took leave of Charles II., who was then at Paris, passed into England, assembled a body of Cavaliers in the neighbourhood of London, and traversed the kingdom, which had been so long under the domination of the usurper, by marches conducted with such skill, dexterity, and spirit, that he safely united his handful of horsemen with the body of Highlanders then in arms. After several months of desultory warfare, in which Wogan's skill and courage gained him the highest reputation, he had the misfortune to be wounded in a dangerous manner, and he surgical assistance being within reach, he terminated his short but glorious career.—*Waverley*, chap. xxix.

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can I, the descendant of Lennox, Duke of Richmond—no, I cannot see shed before my eyes the blood of a man whose ancestors poured out theirs on behalf of my own. Reckon on me!—on Lennox, in life and death.’

“At these words, this man, whose name came to my knowledge in so strange a manner, departed, followed by the principal warriors of his tribe. I waited probably a quarter of an hour, absorbed in thoughts of my native land, when I was withdrawn from these reflections by a sudden rumour that pervaded the camp, and reached the warriors who surrounded the war post. These were the war cries of the tribes, who were making ready for battle. From the height on which I stood chained, I saw the brave Lennox distinctly, as he gathered round him the tribe which had adopted him as its chief, and drew them up with the forest in their rear, while the Timpuabaches kept the centre of the plain.

“Some time afterwards I saw the chiefs of each tribe advance into the middle of the meadow. Their conference, this time, was not of long duration. They

advanced towards me, with Lennox at their head, who cut with his poniard the thoughts that bound me, and restored me to life and liberty. I fell into his arms and pressed him to my heart, in the first impulse of my gratitude.

“In a few minutes the whole scene was changed into one of wild enjoyment. There was a general festivity amongst all the assembled tribes, which lasted several days.

“Nor did Lennox stop at this. Thanks to his protection, I was enabled, in safety, to descend the Rio Colorado, down to the Rio Virgin, then to go up that river, and so finally regain the region of the mines and Grass Valley, where they regarded me as one long since dead.

“B^Y. DE WOGAN.”¹

¹ M. de Wogan is an ex-officer of Spahis, an ex-chief of one of the battalions of the Garde Mobile, in 1848, and is now a director of the Telegraph at St. Sever (Landes).

THE CREMATION GHAT AT CALCUTTA.

BURNING AND EXPOSURE OF BODIES IN INDIA.

AN intelligent foreigner, the Hungarian Count Emmanuel Andreyas, gives the following striking account of the scene presented, until very recent times, at the great Cremation Ghat at Calcutta. The third day of his arrival at Calcutta, the Count says, he went out as early as six in the morning to make an excursion outside of the town. Following the banks of the Hooghly, he found all the population of the town already on foot; activity reigned in every direction: the tradesmen were at their shops, the workmen at their employments. Even the classes who do not live by the sweat of their brows were up and taking the air, some on horseback, some in carriages, but all alike bent on enjoying the early morning breeze. Outside of the town the same animation prevailed; the road was crowded with comers and goers, so much so that it was almost difficult to make one's way.

He had followed the course of the river for about a mile and a half, when a strange smell came to affect his olfactory organs in a very unpleasant manner; a thick cloud of smoke arose from behind a very repulsive-looking wall, poisoning the air around, and what was more singular was, that a number of birds of prey were perched along the top of the wall: these were vultures with naked fleshy necks; falcons of various colours and sizes; and even small hawks, fat and dirty as they generally look after a feast, and the sight of which caused an involuntary feeling of disgust.¹

¹ The only vulture that frequents the shambles and banks of rivers in India, preying on flesh, is the so-called Indian vulture

These birds did not seem to trouble themselves with the passers-by; but some slumbered, while others, disturbed by vermin, thrust their bills through their feathers.

The Count says, he stopped his carriage in order to discover the enigma of the scene, and to ascertain whence the smoke came that ascended over the wall. He was told that it was the place where they burnt the dead, and that that was the cause of the smoke and of the presence of birds of prey.

And this, he says, he found to be really the case; it was in this place that the bodies from the quarter inhabited by the natives were burnt, or rather broiled, for no sooner is the body slightly blackened by the flames than it is removed from the fire and taken away to be cast into the sacred waters of the Hooghly. The birds along the shore await this moment to do their work, so that the relatives of the deceased can actually stand by and see with what limbs these ravenous creatures begin to disembarrass the dead of their carnal envelope. The struggle had just begun with a body that lay exposed on the shore, and wishing to witness so strange a spectacle, our traveller moved towards it, passing over a heap of bones, scattered here and there, and he thus came within a few paces of where the

(*V. Indicus*). Falcons and hawks are birds of prey, feeding mostly on what they kill, although it is true that the Pondicherry eagle (*Falco Ponticeianus*) also eats the remains of dead animals. The great scavengers of India are however the adjutants, or gigantic storks or cranes, which somewhat resemble the African marabout, or holy stork (*Ardea alba* of Gmelin, *Ciconia argala* of Vigors), and which are protected in the streets of populous cities on that account. These and the Indian vulture are the birds figured in the illustration.

anatomical operation was going on; he wished to determine what kind of bird was most skilful in dissecting dead bodies, and he saw that it was decidedly a stork provided with a long appendage to its breast. This excellent anatomist in many respects resembles the European species, but it is stronger and taller (being four feet in height). Its bill alone is about a foot in length—it is as hard as stone, and consequently well adapted to tearing up its booty; it does not indeed give itself much trouble in the matter, for it can swallow a cat in a single mouthful. The substances taken up by this enormous bill are allowed to fall into the pouch in front, and it is only after undergoing a preliminary process of softening there that it is finally swallowed and disposed of in the interior stomach.

Thanks to these peculiarities, the bird becomes thus a member, as it were, of the privileged castes, for it can walk proudly in the streets, in the midst even of crowds, without any one disturbing it; there is indeed a fine of fifty rupees against any one who should do them an injury; to kill one would be a crime. The city of Calcutta cannot indeed be too grateful to these birds; it is they who pick up, in the midst of refuse, the remains of animals, birds and fish, and but for their presence, considering the ill-nature and indifference of the inhabitants, they would run the risk of encumbering the streets, and fatally poisoning the atmosphere.

These two-legged scavengers have a perfect sense of their importance and their utility, for the Count declares that the governor's palace is their favourite residence. How many times, he says, has he been witness from his window, which was directly opposite to the palace, of the irregularities which these sacred hosts permitted themselves over the head of the British lion, when early in the morning they lined the palaceterrace! These funeral and irreverent birds were from five to six thousand in number. The governor himself had the deepest respect for this guard of honour; for he never dared to put his nose out of his window to see what was taking place on the top of his residence.

Count Andreaty was disturbed from his observations by a noise which sounded like crackling, and turning round he saw that a body had just been placed upon the fire behind him. Two others were already exposed to the flames; and the fire was kept up by two men as black as ebony; around and lying on bundles of straw, and even on the naked ground, were other bodies waiting their turn; they were completely nude, although it is only the middle classes who have the bodies of their relatives burnt, the poorer order are satisfied with throwing them into the river.

It must not be imagined that this cremation has any relation to the ceremony formerly practised in Rome on similar occasions. With the ancients, it was a pious custom; children, brothers, relatives, friends, servants, in fact all those who were attached to the deceased by ties of relationship or affection, gathered round the body, mourning and in tears; the ashes were carefully collected, and deposited in an urn.

But in India no one seems to trouble himself with the dead, save those who are employed in the act of cremation itself, for as far as, the Count says, he could observe, it is seldom that a relative of the deceased is seen there. Besides, nowhere in India are bodies respected; they seek to get rid of them as quickly as possible; they are indeed sometimes in so great a

hurry, that they are often deposited on the banks of the river before they are quite dead. If, as it sometimes happens, persons so exposed come to life again, they cannot return within the precincts of the city; they are obliged to emigrate to a distant district situated on the borders of the Ganges, where there are whole villages of resuscitated beings. The Hindhus despise and avoid places thus peopled. Formerly, bodies could be burnt anywhere on the banks of the Hooghly; but now-a-days the authorities have limited the accomplishment of the ceremony to one special point.

It was only when he left this sad scene, and that he found himself in the midst of a purer atmosphere, that the Count says he became fully sensible of the poisonous exhalations with which even his clothes had become impregnated.

Till within a very brief time ago Count Andreaty's description of the Cremation Ghat of Calcutta, however coloured, did not in reality exceed the truth. After quitting the European part of the city and the shipping, together with a great part of the congregated fleet of native store-boats from the provinces that crowd the bank near the northern division of the city, the first object that used to attract attention was a certain bare and dismal-looking quadrangle, open at the river side, upon the high walls of which, overlooking the ground immediately contiguous, where a certain native hide merchant and contractor with the Conservancy Commissioners carried on his delicate operations in connection with the defunct quadrupeds of Calcutta, were perched some fifty or more hungry and expectant vultures; whilst amongst them or beneath, stalking amidst bones and rubbish, and anon scared from their object by a pack of equally hungry and disgusting-looking pariah dogs, disputants for the prize, were seen a score or so of the adjutants, or gigantic crane.

This building was known as the "Burning Ghat," a spot inclosed and appropriated by the Hindhus for the purpose of burning their dead. When the Hindhus are said, all who can afford it must be understood, which, unfortunately, not one-half of the community are enabled to do. As with a very small exception (certain classes and persons who die ascetics) Hindhus do not bury their dead, it becomes naturally a matter of curiosity to know how the poorer classes are disposed of. They are left upon the bank of the river, whither, indeed, they are often taken to die, until carried away by that river's sacred tide—that river from which Calcutta is, in a great measure, supplied with drinking water!

Some years back a very sensible proposition was published in one of the Calcutta papers, recommending the establishment of a subscription fund, in order to put it in the power of the poor, as well as of the rich Hindhus, to dispose of their dead after that manner which, with very trifling exceptions, is not less acceptable to Hindhu prejudices and desires, than advantageous in a sanitary point of view; but, unfortunately, although it was shewn that the expense could be brought within two rupees for each cremation, nothing came of it. Instead of there being a cremation fund, therefore, the police had to keep certain boats and men belonging to them, called domes, whose office it was to remove, by sinking, all offensive objects found floating on the river, which they did often, only after the spectacle had passed through the whole fleet, and found, at length, a resting-place against the chain of some ship,

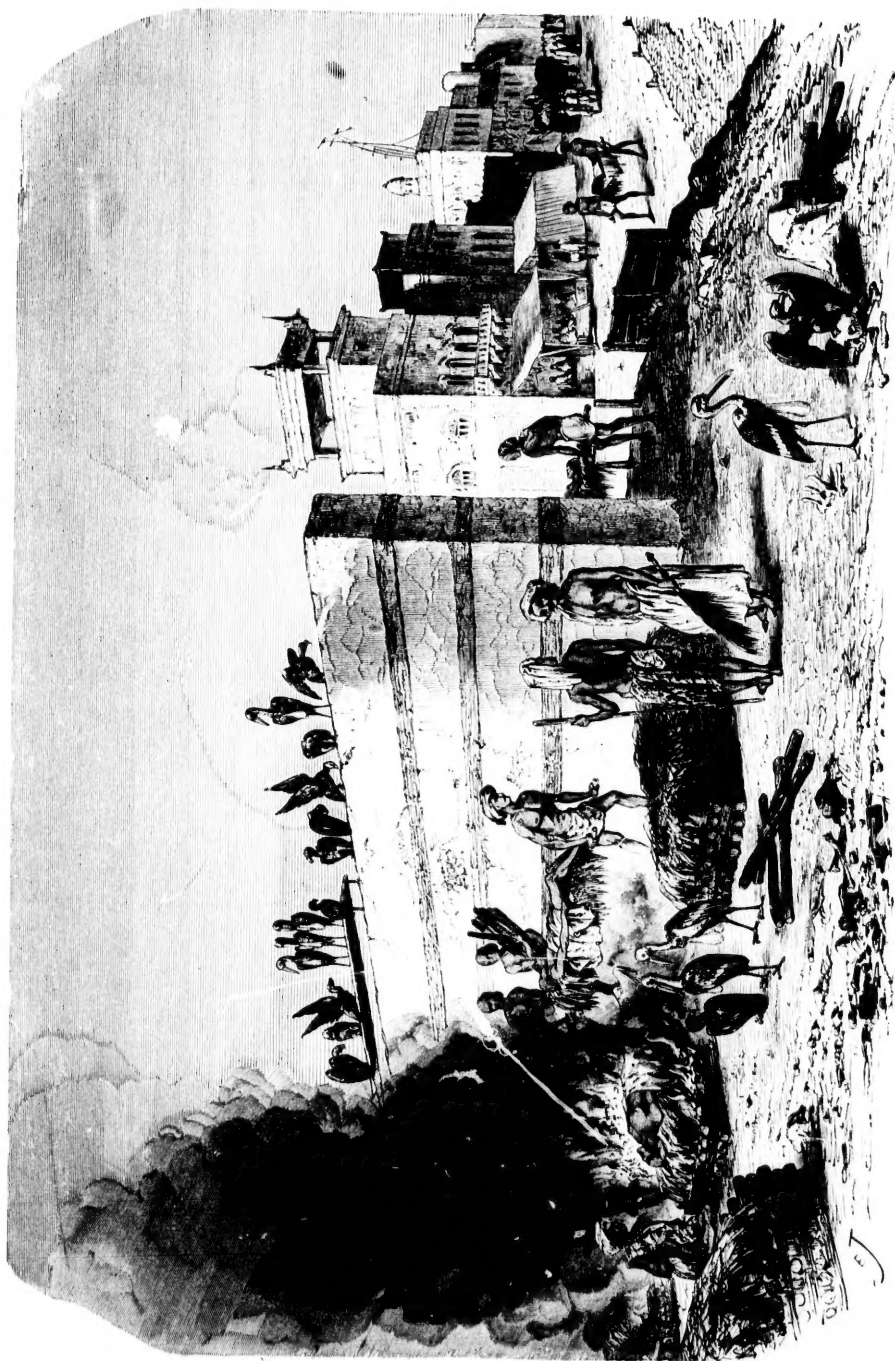
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or the paddle of a steamer, more luckless than the rest. So the eye was relieved at last at the expense of the stomach! for who could doubt that the evil thus cherished and confined to one spot must become a loathsome source of impurity to the water about it?

Since then the subject has been brought under the official notice of Government, the old "dismal quadrangle" has disappeared, and a new and improved building has taken its place. The hide-merchant, likewise, has shifted his ground further north, and so the present cremation ghat is being deserted also by vultures and cranes, and promises soon to be left in quiet and decency. Unfortunately many of the abominations connected with the exposure of the bodies of the poorer classes remain in full force; the fires of Delhi, Meerut, Cawnpore—and where not?—intended to wrap the European population of India in the flames of one stupendous pyre, put all lesser schemes of improvement and amelioration out of the field.

Albeit the burning of the dead, it is to be remarked, is strictly enjoined by the Shasters, and is one of the first ceremonies performed by the Hindhus for the help of the dead in a future state; there are certain persons and sects who constitute exceptions to this rule. These are—1. Stubborn children, or infants under two years of age; 2. Persons afflicted with leprosy, or other specified diseases; 3. Suicides; 4. Persons who, under certain circumstances, are killed by violence—the bite of snakes, &c.; 5. Persons guilty of certain civil or religious crimes; 6. Persons who die followers of sects of mendicants, Voistnanees; 7. Persons who die ascetics, or Purrumbungohees; 8. Jogees, a low caste of Hindhu weavers. The bodies of infants, of the mendicants, and the Jogees, are buried. The bodies of those persons referred to under other classes are, according to the Shasters, to be thrown into a forest or river "like logs of wood," without any sort of funeral ceremony. With this exception, that the bodies of ascetics are required to be put into a stone or wooden chest, or tied to two earthen jars filled with earth, and sunk in the midst of the river. Beyond these cases, no other necessity exists for committing the dead to the water than that of poverty—inability to purchase the wood, oil, and other requirements for the ceremony of burning, which inability compels the relatives to be content with applying a little fire to the mouth of the deceased, and then committing the body to the river.

Much painstaking, inquiring, and argument were brought together to show the difficulty of reconciling the matter to all parties and prejudices, but with something of that impatience which disgust at the continuance of barbarous and revolting practices creates, one is almost led to exclaim—less in the words than in the spirit of Corporal Trim—"One home-thrust of the bayonet were worth it all!" The number of human bodies thrown into the river at one particular ghat at the north end of Calcutta is said to average 4000 in the year.

It is certainly to be hoped that the day is not far

distant when this most revolting and sickening custom, with all its offensive consequences, will be numbered with the diabolical, cruel Suttee, and the almost equally cruel doom of perpetual widowhood, which the courage of Lord Bentinck and the perseverance of a Rothimerus have swept from the land. It may with safety be asserted that there are no educated or intelligent natives who do not already look upon the fiery immolation of the poor Hindhu widow with much of that astonishment and horror with which Englishmen now recall the one-time burning of witches; and in like way will the Hindhu yet learn with surprise and derision the past follies of those prejudices which could add misery to misfortune, and vice to both, by compulsory widowhood; and in no less degree will they view with disgust, equally with their European friends, the barbarous, indecent, and loathsome practice of exposing their dead "like logs of wood," and dead dogs, upon the surface of that stream which they reverence, and those waters of which they drink.

The progress of conversion in the Hindhu mind upon these points has been slow, but not less certain. It is now nigh half a century since the Marquis of Wellesley issued an ordinance prohibiting the sacrifice by parents of their infant offspring to the Ganges; the edict, demurred at at first, is now not only acquiesced in, but is warmly applauded by the natives. It is much more recently that the disgraceful pilgrim-tax has been abolished. With whatever pain the worship paid in the Idol Temples may be viewed, Government are bound on the principles of toleration to leave it unmolested; but it was quite another thing to levy a tax on each pilgrim, and to receive the offerings presented on the altar. Out of this the temples were kept in repair, the salaries paid to the officiating Brahmins, and the balance went to the exchequer. It was argued that the raising of a million sterling, in seventeen years, from the four principal temples of Juggernaut, Allahabad, Gaya, and Tripetty, was a measure which would ultimately prove hostile to Idolatry; but it was justly remarked upon this, that were it not for the sanction thus afforded to idolatrous practices by the Government, and the excellent order in which the temples were kept, there would be a rapid decline of the whole system. It is true that the examples of conversion in India are so few that in a national sense they may be considered as nothing, but we do not on that account despond. Their confidence in the Shastras and the Vedas is becoming shaken; the most formidable of all obstacles, that of caste, is sensibly diminishing. Moral revolutions among every people, even after long and ineffectual exertions to bring such about, in general break forth suddenly at last. The greatest changes in history are illustrations of this great fact. That there is such a silent preparation in the Indian mind appears evident from the prevalence, among a numerous and influential class, of English habits and ideas, and the growing disposition to form themselves upon a European model.